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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

BOOTH TARKINGTON—JOHN J. RASKOB—DOLLY CURTIS GANN
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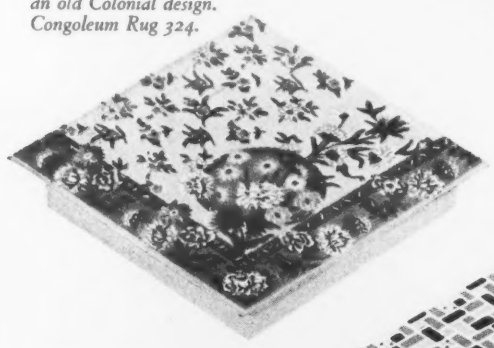

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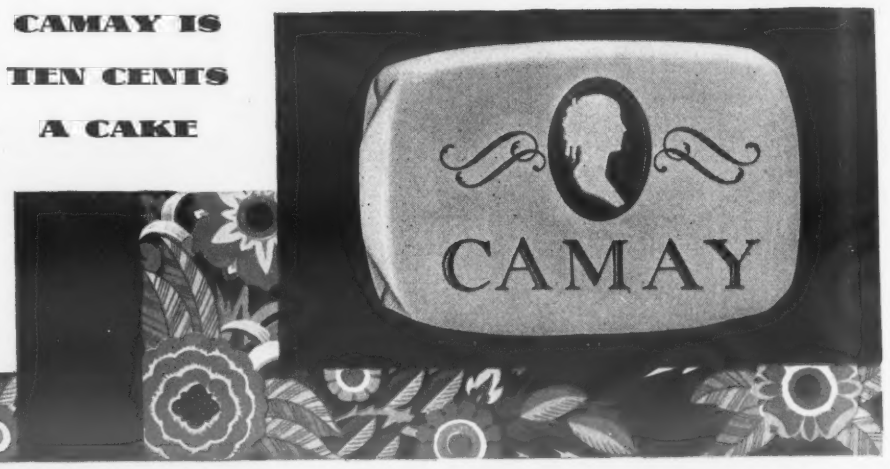
To Mrs. J. M. L. of Seattle who complained that I didn't name the 72 skin-specialists* who tested and approved Camay for delicate complexions

JUST the other day you wrote me that you read one of my Camay articles in your *Delineator*. You said you were interested when I told you that 72 of the most eminent skin-specialists in America had approved Camay. But you objected that I didn't tell you *who* they were and *what* they actually said about Camay.

So I'm going to tell you! I can't actually publish their names—each one of them is a physician of highest standing in his profession, and reputable physicians are not publicity seekers. They are *scientists*, to whom one goes for professional—and confidential—advice.

But I *can* tell you about them—enough to assure you that they



★ **CERTIFICATION**—"I have personally examined the signed comments from 72 eminent dermatologists of America who approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this page."

M. D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association; editor of The Archives of Dermatology and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois)

are *leading* men in their special province — dermatology, the study of the skin. Many of them head the departments of dermatology in our largest universities.

"My family joins me in approving Camay"

And I *can* tell you exactly what they said—as long as my space holds out! I'll start off with part of the comment from a Professor Emeritus of Dermatology in a great New England university.

"My family joins me in approving Camay Soap. It has a dainty, attractive scent, and its free lathering qualities make it an agreeable and satisfactory soap."

When the *family* of a great skin-specialist join their approval to his scientific endorsement of a soap, I think you can be pretty sure that this soap is about as fine as soap can be! Don't you agree?

Another authority, who is professor of dermatology in another great Eastern university and one of the foremost skin-specialists practicing in New York City, says: "I used Camay myself and sent a cake to a daughter whose skin has always been rather irritable. All the members of my family who have tried Camay like it very much indeed."

But here I am running into great length. I'll have to keep the other comments for later articles.

One more word. I'm neither exaggerating nor giving away secrets when I tell you that no other complexion soap in history has ever received credentials from the Nation's highest authorities on the care of the skin.

But, dear Mrs. L., I was sure that Camay was a wonderful soap, even before it received this scientific approval. And I made that discovery from a no less personal source than my own complexion.

When I heard that Procter & Gamble had made a new perfumed complexion soap, I wanted to try it.

And before I had been cleansing my face with Camay's soft, smooth lather more than a week or two, I became convinced that Camay, more than anything else I had ever found, was helping me keep my skin fresh and clear.

So, when these important medical men found out by *scientific tests and experiments* exactly what I had discovered in my own bathroom, I was naturally much pleased with myself!

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness is a booklet of advice from 72 of America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Edited by a former president of the American Medical Association. Mailed free if you write to Miss Helen Chase, Dept. YJ-89, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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SHE FELT SORRIER THAN EVER FOR PATSY. "GOOD HEAVENS! HE'LL PROPOSE TO HER NEXT"

Illustrated By H. R. Ballinger

Beginning a New Series of Stories

By

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Pansy Dale and Patsy Dorker

PANSY DALE passed beyond the epochal mark set by her "coming out" dance on the evening of her eighteenth-birthday anniversary without ever having had a thought wholly detached from herself; it might even be said that she had never had a thought at all. She had feelings and imaginings, likes and dislikes, and at times there were stirrings in her head that almost developed into thoughts, almost roused her to the cognizance of a mind possible to put to service; but as yet she was mainly a lively and charming-looking automaton. Sometimes she had done things that had a little calculation behind them; for instance, when she was seventeen, she contracted a close companionship with Miss Patsy Dorker, and the calculation behind this was that she would profit by such an association.

The two names in collusion, Pansy Dale and Patsy Dorker, had a pleasant effect upon the ear, especially upon the young collegiate ear, suggesting a spirited little team desirable for festal occasions. Pansy was fair and Patsy was dark; neither was beautiful, but both were pretty; they could chatter and gesticulate unceasingly, in concert or separately; they could dance any dance and with any partner; they could laugh at the proper short intervals from mid-evening until dawn, without showing strain, and the success of each of them in proving the power of her own attraction seemed to be complemented and increased by the success of the other, since they moved through the gayeties of the season always together, and were seldom spoken of individually, but were nearly always mentioned, even by society reporters, as a pair.

The slight calculation of profit was not entirely selfish, for the profit was mutual, and the two young creatures had a true and growing affection for each other. Patsy was of a natively happy and gentle disposition that had been tenderly nurtured; she satisfied her aunts with the feminine quality of her sweetness, and she reached the age of eighteen without having been troubled about anything and without anyone's having spoken a sharp or unkind word to her.

Almost as much could be said for Pansy, though there was a difference: In her childhood Pansy had not gracefully accepted her position in the world as a girl; indeed, for a long time she felt that some kind of defeat was involved in the admission that she was "only a girl," and, particularly in the course of pastimes with her boy cousins, she vehemently declined to acknowledge the painful word "only." In various sporting contests with these boy cousins and their friends, she refused to be an outsider; not merely stern but violent things had to be said to her in order to prevent her intrusions upon what was considered the purely masculine province, and she had hoydenishly retorted with equal violence and even gone to the length of personal combat.

She was fourteen before she finally consented to admit that Nature and man had combined to thrust upon her the inferior rôle, and she was sixteen when she began to take some pleasure in the discovery that the rôle was not inferior in every respect. Moreover, this discovery of hers involved one of those stirrings that were almost like thoughts; but, although its results afforded her an amount of entertainment, both her responses to it and her pleasure in it were still too automatic to be classified as thoughts. The scene of this discovery, made at the age of sixteen, was the dancing class she attended; she found that she had only to say to a boy, "I thought something funny about you yesterday," and then evade him, to make him behave like a goose.

This discovery became the basis of the system, so to speak, practiced by both Pansy and Patsy after they "came out"; and, in playing with their system, they were as enchantingly light-hearted as kittens frolicking with a ball of yarn; they gave it little pats that made it roll away, chased it, appeared to forget all about it, then pounced upon it waggishly. "So you're the person I've heard such strange things about!" either of them might say to a boy just introduced, and then, having strained invention thus far, decline to amplify or explain or to do anything except to dance and utter pretty laughter, followed by a mysterious, quick, piquant look when the next young gentleman "cut in." Of course the system was not always so naïve and direct; they paid to the more intelligent-looking youths they met the compliment of making it almost a little subtle.

PANSY DALE and Patsy Dorker danced, coquetted and sparkled through their season as debutantes, so busily and indeed so breathlessly that their fashionable slimness reached the appearance of an extreme fragility; yet they went on, incredibly resilient, keeping dangerous hours, eating hastily and unwholesomely at haphazard intervals, living in a tumultuous hurly-burly, having a dozen things to do at one time and doing a little of all of them, missing nothing and finding everything glorious. The field of their operations was a wide one, its center being the opulent and conservative suburb where they most frequently spent a few hours in morning slumber and consulted with their mothers upon matters of personal ornamentation; the brilliant little team left wilted orchids, violets and lilies of the valley, and partly eaten boxes of candy in half a dozen sleeping cars every month, and they knew but one failure.

It was only one, and for that reason all the more upsetting; almost ludicrously astonished, they defined it gravely as a "terrible jolt." The scene of the shock was an industrial landscape in New England; factory chimneys rose out of a wintry valley along an appropriately icy river, and, upon snow-covered hills near by, the factory owners lived in remarkable content with one another, apparently; at least, they seemed to have no special need for brilliant little visitors from afar. Pansy and Patsy came to this cold place for only one night at the behest of a school friend of Patsy's; but they found that night much too long. The school friend, a New Englander, lived up to rock-bound and stone-fence tradition so well from the start that Pansy inquired of Patsy, within the hour of their arrival, "Then what for Pete's sake did she invite us for?"

PANSY HADN'T CONSCIOUSLY DECIDED WHAT TO SAY TO HIM UNTIL SHE BEGAN TO SAY IT

THE sons and daughters of the industrial magnates seemed to be more closely incorporated than were their fathers; and they gave the impression of seeking to make the corporation still closer. "Mostly engaged in getting engaged to one another," Pansy said to her team-mate in the dressing room; for their extremity was so great that they had been forced back upon this horrid place of refuge before the daunting evening was half over. Yet neither was satisfied with Pansy's desperate explanation.

"The truth is," she said more bravely, the next day on the train, "we simply didn't take." She shivered, profoundly mortified, and went on, "I believe that was the meanest experience in my whole life, Patsy; I'd certainly hate to have to go through it again!"

"I couldn't!" Patsy said. "I simply couldn't! I couldn't live through it!"

"I wouldn't!" Pansy exclaimed, vehement upon this difference in their point of view. "I wouldn't do it. If ever we're caught in such a trap again—with a frozen-faced stag line simply looking straight through us, and the girl that invites us absolutely quitting on us—I'm going to get up and leave and go down to the station and wait for the first train! I'll never go through such a thing again!" But a moment later the angry flush upon her cheeks began to fade and an unusual preoccupation came into her eyes. "Lots of girls do, though," she murmured. "I've never understood before how they must feel. I've never thought about 'em much, Patsy. When I've noticed 'em at all, I've just sort of wondered why in the dickens they came, and been a little contemptuous, I spose. Some of 'em must feel all the time the way we felt last night. Do you spose they do?"

"Yes, I guess they must."

"Murder!" Pansy said under her breath. "How horrible! Prob'ly they wouldn't come if their fathers and mothers didn't make 'em. Goodness, how the poor things must suffer! Just imagine having to go through it evening after evening—not just once, the way we did last night, but all the time! Murder, didn't you hate those boys last night, though! It makes you hate all boys, doesn't it?"

Patsy looked surprised. "Why, no, I don't see that at all. What for?"

"Why, because all girls are at their mercy!"

"Why, no," Patsy returned, her gentle eyes opening wider. "You and I aren't. It's only the girls that don't have a good time who ——"

But Pansy interrupted her. "You and I were at their mercy last night—and they didn't have any!"

"Well, but that was just one freak evening, Pansy; we'd never been to that place before, and I really think they didn't know who we are. Just look who we are everywhere else!"

"Yes; but why are we who we are? It's because we've got hold of a line that makes boys take mercy on us, isn't it? Do you think we'd get on any better than the poor girls who don't have a good time if we didn't always keep terribly busy being attractive?"

At this, Patsy cast down her eyes in a burlesque of modesty. "Yes; but we just are attractive, aren't we?"

"Are we?" her friend said, and that unusual look of preoccupation deepened upon her, for now she was almost thinking, and at least she was reasoning. "No; because, if we were, we wouldn't have to keep so busy being it. That's kind of awful, and it's why I said it would be easy to hate all boys. We have to keep busy being attractive in order to get them to have mercy on us. The girls that don't have a good time either don't know how to keep busy that way, getting mercy for themselves, or else they have too much self-respect, maybe, to truckle!"

"MY GOODNESS!" Patsy cried. "Where'd you get that word 'truckle'? And what on earth's the matter with you? Being attractive isn't truckling; it's just knowing how to keep squads of 'em hanging around."

"Yes; but we're gone if we can't do it, or if we won't do it, and things oughtn't to be like that. I've got just as much right to have a good time without doing it as any boy has. Sometimes I could hate not only them but the whole business!"

She spoke with so much vigor that Patsy was startled. "You sound ferocious, dear," she said. "For heaven's sake, don't begin to get queer, because that's the very first thing that makes 'em shy off!" Then, as her fair friend did not respond but sat with blue eyes fixed angrily upon unseen distances, Patsy languidly projected the delicate little foot she had been sitting on, and looked at it. "Oh, dear!" she sighed. "I wish we hadn't gone. We gave up that dinner in town for it, and I'm almost absolutely certain George Hinchman must have been there. If he was, and I missed it for that old North Pole party, I'll never forgive myself. Listen!" She put forth an appealing, tiny hand and touched her friend's knee. "Tell me! Tell me you don't think George went to that dinner and that I missed sitting by him!"

Pansy did not reply at once; her color heightened a little, and, without meeting Patsy's eyes, she turned her head and looked out of the window.

"Tell me you don't think he was there!" Patsy pleaded.

"What difference on earth could it make to anybody where George Hinchman was or wasn't!" Pansy said crisply, and, in speaking as she did, she meant to be useful. She had thrown a note from George Hinchman into the wastebasket at home half an hour before departing upon this expedition, and the note had begged her not to miss the dinner Patsy was just now lamenting.

II.

WHEN Pansy said, "What difference on earth could it make to anybody where George Hinchman was or wasn't!" she knew that where George was or wasn't made all the difference in the world to Patsy.

Both girls had light-heartedly expected to be "engaged"—as a proper feature of the general excitement in being debutantes—before the end of the season; one of their group of

contemporaries, indeed, had set out to be "the first girl engaged," openly declaring her intention, and she evidently felt that she had distinguished herself in attaining her objective by accepting the first proposal of marriage made to her. What manner of man made the proposal was obviously a secondary consideration; her happiness consisted not in her betrothed but in being known as "the first girl engaged." To Pansy and Patsy, this appeared to be at the cost of carrying the thing a little ridiculously too far; nevertheless, "getting engaged" was a desirable and exciting feature of being "out," they understood, and, until after the disaster in New England, neither of them expected to deviate from such tribal rite and custom.

But when Pansy came home from the uncomfortable excursion, she brought back with her not only the unusual stirrings aroused in her head by her conversation with Patsy on the journey but a prodigious cold in that same region; she was feverish, and had to indulge maternal solicitude so far as to permit herself to be put to bed. Recumbent for three days, she found the cold decreasing but the stirrings more active; they even kept her awake, and it may be said that this little period of bodily repose gave her time to think, though she did not realize that she was having an extraordinary experience. It seemed natural to her to be thinking, as if she had always done a great deal of it, and she was not aware of the change in her processes. She began then to be able to look forth upon herself as if from a remote point in space, and coolly to consider the position in which she and Patsy, and the other maidens of their separate and special tribe, found themselves.

PANSY saw that they had been reared and educated with the greatest care that one motive should prevail within them: They were to get themselves properly married. To attain this end, they had first to get themselves popularly danced with, and next to get themselves advantageously engaged; this was why, then, she and the others had mechanically put so much stress first upon "popularity," and it was also why "the first girl engaged" had felt an ambition to be the first, without knowing what urged that ambition upon her. It was why all these maidens were excited about "engagements"—so excited about this step in their destinies that it seemed to them not indeed a step but the top of the stairway; here, they felt, their bright and thrilling ascent culminated in a blaze of glory. They had been so much a part of a kind of machinery, Pansy perceived, that they were not aware of the mechanism of their own movements; innocently and often joyously they believed themselves to be acting upon their own volition, and rather abruptly it seemed to Pansy that this belief of theirs was not only pitiable but ignominious.

Of course she had shared it, herself, just as she had been part of the machinery, and had already approached nearly to that spurious and imaginary bright culmination, betrothal. She had been exhilarated by five offers of marriage, three of them from gentlemen who would have been highly acceptable to her family; it frightened her now, as she lay upon her prettily painted little bed, to realize that she had almost closed with the acceptable who had spoken last—young Bayard Pelley.

The Pelleys had clung to superabundant affluence for four generations, and, throughout that length of time, they had more and more conservatively imposed a grandee tradition upon Long Hills, where the Dales and Dorkers also occupied ancestral country seats, now become suburban. Bayard Pelley was twenty-three; the Pelleys believed in youthful marriages; he was anxious to establish himself as a family man in his own separate estate; Long Hills, in general, placed him as the Crown Prince whose choice would be the most fortunate of her sex, and just before the New England excursion the choice had fallen upon Pansy Dale.

That is to say, Pansy was his first choice, as the form of his proposal made somewhat definite, not altogether to her pleasure; at the moment of his declaration she was favorable, but not entirely so. She said cheerfully that she'd "let him know later"; whereupon he implied that her clean-cut response could not be postponed indefinitely. His implication was that his ardor could not wait; but she had a strong impression that the case was otherwise and that if she delayed much he would look elsewhere, so she had promised to "let him know" upon her return from New England, and, until her mother put her to bed, Pansy had supposed that she would ornament herself with this particular blaze of glory.

But the singular New England experience of what it means to be a wallflower, one of the girls who "don't have a good time," had shocked her into thinking of her dependence upon the mercy of young men; she saw that she was dependent upon the boys as much for an "engagement" as for "cutting in" at a dance. That is, she and Patsy, and all of their kind, were here again—and this time for marriage, itself—dependent upon that very mercy of which she had spoken to Patsy on the train. They had to win the mercy that gave them marriage by the same kind of exertion of their "attractiveness" that won for them the mercy of being danced with. They exhibited themselves; they displayed their graces; they "worked" their "lines"—"Why, it's exactly like slaves in a slave market showing themselves off and hoping to get the richest and most indulgent master!" Pansy thought, and was a little pleased with herself for this brilliant new comparison. Then she added reasonably to herself, "But after all, there's nobody else to marry except a boy, and of course you're supposed to get married. So there's nothing else to do but to work your line as hard as you can on as many as you can and sign up with the best one you can make show mercy enough to be a goose about you! There isn't any way out of that, is there?"

If there weren't any way out, then young Mr. Bayard Pelley represented the most effulgent blaze of glory in sight—precisely the triumphant engagement she had been brought up and trained to obtain for herself. Unfortunately, however, when she thought of Bayard, she couldn't feel any triumph.

To feel triumph she had to think of the other girls, and so if she should promise to enter into matrimony with him she wouldn't be doing it on his account, or for his benefit; she wouldn't be doing it on her own account, or for her own benefit, because she didn't really wish to promise to enter into matrimony at all. Therefore if she got engaged to Bayard it would be entirely on account of the other girls, and yet it would not benefit them, or even please them.

"I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD SUCH NERVE, DEAREST! IT'S SIMPLY HEARTBREAKING!"

Abruptly she sat up in bed, startled. "Good heavens!" she murmured, and in thought continued this murmur. "Am I going to get myself married—married for life!—just to give some of my friends a little excitement and make a lot of the others sore?" But she was supposed to get herself married, wasn't she? Well, who was it did this supposing? Everybody she knew did the supposing; but the only supposers whom she cared about were the members of her family. And again, she murmured, "Good heavens!" and continued mentally, "I don't have to marry Bayard, or anybody else, merely to carry out a supposition of my relatives, do I?"

She was sentimental enough to imagine that something called "love" ought to be mixed up in the matter somewhere. The other girls seemed to be able to feel they were in love as soon as they got engaged; some of them seemed to be able to feel they were in love even before they got engaged; this custom appeared to be strong upon them, and nearly all of them conformed to it with apparently genuine enthusiasm.

BUT Pansy didn't know how they "managed it," in spite of the fact that she had often believed herself "almost in love." She knew how Patsy could have "managed it," if George Hinchman had proposed to Patsy, because here seemed to be something not far from a true passion. George Hinchman was one of the "older men"; he was twenty-nine, a little mysteriously picturesque; he had made an Arctic voyage, and took friends behind the scenes to meet theatrical celebrities. Patsy was stricken almost at first sight of him; she was stricken so hard that she told Pansy about it immediately, and, having told her once, had told her intermittently every day thereafter.

But in the meanwhile Mr. Hinchman had shown a strong inclination toward the wrong half of the team, and Pansy already knew that it was going to be difficult not to add to her list of five proposals this sixth one, for he had exhibited persistence as well as ardor in the face of rebuff. From the start she had done her genuine best for Patsy with him, but strikingly without result—all the more without result because the languishing Patsy had too openly done her own best for herself with him. Poor Patsy, indeed, had made the young man feel beset, and that was ruinous to her cause.

"She ought to've made him think she was running away from him instead of trying to run away with him," Pansy thought. "She oughtn't to've let him see it was real; but she actually wanted to make him see it was that way with her. She's behaved all along as if she couldn't bear for him not to know what was the matter with her, and there isn't

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THE BALLROOM FLOOR WAS SOFT WITH LIGHT, DRIFTED WITH COLOR AND A KALEIDOSCOPE OF COSTUMES

Beaux Arts

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Illustrated by James M. Preston

THE moment she saw the announcement of the ball Pamela knew what she was in for. She knew with that familiar sinking of the heart that a formal party always brought on. Besides, it was an unexpected blow. She had so hoped that she was through for a while; rather counted on it. Lent was only a few weeks off. The Christmas holidays were safely behind her and she had ceased to sting at the memory of the dull figure she had cut on New Year's Eve and the way that Tommy Murray—deep in his cups and so not to be held responsible—had told her she was at least a good-looking millstone.

Tommy, of course, didn't remember having said it, and meeting her on the street next day had stopped to speak in his blandest and best banker's manner about the weather and ask her affably how the children were. But though he might not recall having said it, Pamela remembered having been it. There was no use pretending any longer. If she couldn't get away with certain kinds of things, she couldn't. And why wasn't it enough, she thought defensively, to keep your figure and your friends and have pleasant dinner parties for eight people? That, she knew, she could do very well. The other stuff—all the upside-down lingo and action that denied everything a person really was—wasn't her line. It wasn't anything she cared about. And just because Kirk did, because he was so much in demand, why should she go round with a glass smile pretending to be gay when she wasn't and trying to give a lot of half-lit people the only kind of good time they could understand?

It sounded—plainly put—like a reasonable case. But the apprehensive, sinking feeling in her persisted. A costume ball! Masks, balloons, parades, nothing but cut-in dances—and a faster pace to keep up with than the one she already was lagging behind.

She read further. Yes, of course it would be Corinne Folwell who would head up the whole thing. Easy enough to be chairman of anything when you were Mrs. James Bell Folwell, and to ask people to do anything meant that they were immediately flattered into action. Not that Corinne wasn't competent, thought Pamela, as well as the most generous friend in the world. At least until dinnertime. After that, like all women, she hunted alone. That was the worst thing about these dinners. It was each woman for

herself after one of them got under way, and even the devil didn't particularly want the hindmost.

Pamela grew dreary at the mere thought of fancy dress. Last time she had to dress in costume, what had she worn? Some sort of gypsy thing. Rings and brown paint. Of course, there were always pierrettes. "It has to be cheap," thought Pamela conclusively.

Just now, when her accounts seemed at last to have some idea of making a treaty with her allowance, to have this thing crop up was too much.

The society editor had written blithely that local society was enthusiastic about the Beaux Arts ball, which had come to relieve the end of a season which was growing dull. It was her own provocative way of putting it, but there were those who knew better. A few people, of course, were glad, and even excited. Kitty Warner, for instance, who loved to act and never had a chance; Corinne Folwell, who sometimes felt malice rise as she watched the orderly procession of her days, and wanted to disturb it.

THE hotel management where the ball was to take place was delighted, and so was the shabby costume shop on Devonshire Road, and all the committees took in one another's washing as far as enthusiasm went. But not the rest of the city of St. Stephen, nor even that part of St. Stephen's population on which the ball must rely. The rest took it, as they took most parties, with plenty of salt. For society in St. Stephen, lifted as it might be by its few tens of millionaires, invigorated by the forty or fifty couples who didn't tire out at midnight, conscious of many charming faces and excellent figures, was none the less sustained on the shoulders of those who counted the cost of one more dinner, even a Dutch-treat one, of one more five-dollar dance ticket, of one more night's sleep lost, of one more costume or wig. There was hardly a man in town who could be forced to admit that he even considered going, two weeks before the ball. But the wives, consolidating into dinner parties, began to consider costumes. And after the first few days of getting used to it, glamour began to get in its work. In costume anything might happen. With a mask so many inhibitions could be concealed.

"I want something different to dance in," said Corinne Folwell over the telephone to a costumer in Chicago.

"How would you like something Spanish?" asked the far-away voice released at two dollars a minute.

"There'll be too many of them."

"We have a very lovely and original Hula costume."

Corinne tried to make it clear to space that since white shadows had so increased in the South Seas that one's parents went there for winter vacations, hulas had lost novelty and lure.

"How about a circus costume?"

"You mean a clown?" asked Corinne with some impatience.

The voice grew insistent and the connection better.

"OH, NO. This is really a very handsome costume. For a bareback rider. Or ring mistress. Cream satin, with very full skirt and cape. Mrs. Toby Altor wore it at the Ninety Club here. It is really very handsome and unusual. She wore a purple wig with it and carried a satin-covered whip to match and the effect was beautiful. Perhaps you saw the picture of her in Mayfair."

"A purple wig, you say?" inquired Corinne, ignoring the snobbery. That was the sort of thing she had been feeling for. Something that would make her completely unlike herself. "But wouldn't it be hot?"

"Our wigs are not the ordinary kind," the costumer protested. "They are made like transformations. You'd hardly know it was on your head, Mrs. Folwell. Why don't you let me send this costume up to you to look over? It is one of our most exclusive ones. Of course, none of our better costumes are ever worn more than a few times. If you like, I could send you one of gold lace—a Spanish one—and a charming one of the Napoleonic period. There are several period balls going on here, so some of our most beautiful costumes are unavailable." There was an instant's pause, and she finished in a tone of unimportant detail: "The circus costume is twenty-five dollars for the evening, with the wig. The Spanish one is twenty. Of course, our costumes are worn only a few times."

"Send those three along and I'll pick one out," answered Corinne in the beautifully regardless way that is heartening to almost any dealer. And she added a few references and names of places where she had accounts, which was more cheering still.

Hanging up the receiver, she meditated on the purple wig. There was something very exhilarating in the thought. She wouldn't even feel like herself, and that was what she wanted. For when at twenty-six you have tried your beauty and all your methods on your fragment of world, and it has succumbed almost without a struggle, the mood of the young Alexander comes readily. Corinne called the garage and ordered the car, and as she waited for it tried a little more lipstick, wiped it off, substituted gold earrings for the pearl ones and found time to think again of the insolence of Harvey Baldwin. It was the last chance he would ever have to turn down a dinner invitation of hers. He'd been so politely automatic about it, so apparently decided in advance that he would have another engagement. "I terribly dislike," thought Corinne, "these bachelors who are town institutions and make a profession of never losing their heads. So he doesn't care for my type!" For that remark had drifted back to her as if borne by a concealed current. She decided, just as the maid came in to tell her that the car was in front, that she was not going to wear any earrings at all. The hat was better without them. Every line of it knew just where it was going and the earrings detoured a little. "It's a hat that suits me," she thought, as her eyes found another mirror on the way out. And she smiled to think of that firm young face, which had been wearing a sun-tan complexion for six months, under a purple wig.

In Wayne's she met Pamela Kirkbridge. Pamela had come in with some stockings to have the runs in them mended, and Corinne was ordering half a dozen of that Number 22 chiffon, the very soft tan shade which is so hard to find and practically impossible to locate at less than six dollars a pair.

"Hello, Pam."

"Hello, Queen of Sheba," said Pamela. "Looking for a special shade of silkworm?"

Corinne laughed. She was used to that tone, mixed of flattery and teasing.

"I'm looking for something to cover my legs in an unobtrusive way," she said—"stockings that keep their place."

"Stockings that keep together is all I ask. I keep trying to find something my knees won't go through if I do a little free-hand and spontaneous scrubbing. I'm thinking of wearing leather patches the way my boys do."

"Are you all fixed for the ball?"

Pamela groaned.

"The more I think about that ball the more my friendship for you wanes," she said.

"Oh, it's going to be a lot of fun."

"So they claim," said Pamela.

"You and Kirk are coming, aren't you?"

"I GUESS SO. Kirk pretends indifference, but his eye gleams at every suggestion of a dashing costume for him. Those men have vanities you never guess at in times of peace."

"You can't blame Kirk. He's altogether too good-looking."

"It makes an expensive husband," answered Pamela.

Corinne put her arm through Pam's.

"Darling," she said, "I love your lemon-sour tongue. You're like a very dry one. You're coming to that dinner at the hotel before the party, aren't you? The Dutch one?"

"If we pinch and squeeze," said Pamela, "if we save and hoard. I suppose so."

"Come to my house first then. I'm not asking the whole crowd who will be at dinner, but just some of us who—you know ——"

"Who like the same drinks. You know very well that I'm no good to you," demurred Pamela. "Better leave us out, if you are wise. I'll only drag your party down."

"You're perfectly absurd. Everyone adores having you and Kirk."

"And Kirk," repeated Pamela.

"Why don't you go as a gypsy?" asked Corinne helpfully. "You're so dark that you'd be stunning."

"Do you really think that would be better than going as an albino?" asked Pam, who was growing a little tired of that gypsy suggestion from all sides.

Corinne laughed.

"THAT'S an idea. Or go as a surgical instrument or a bottle of poison, just as you are," she said. "Well, I've got to be on my way. And it's a hard way. I'm going to my annual luncheon with Mrs. Maitland and a long, bitter afternoon of contract. Mrs. Maitland despises my bridge. Once, in an effort to make a party sprightly, I bid first hand on a queen and four. Tell Kirk I can hardly wait to see him in costume."

"What's Jim going to wear?"

"Oh, he's going to be too divine," said Corinne, "but I haven't told him about

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"I COULDN'T LET IT GO FOR LESS THAN FIFTEEN. NOT IN JUSTICE TO THAT HAIR. THAT'S VERY GOOD HAIR"

Precedence and Precedents

Dolly Curtis Gann

Talks to **MARY LEE DAVIS**

PHOTO. BY BACHRACH

"DOLLY," I said, "what do you think of all this?"

"It doesn't matter what I think. I'm just the Vice President's sister."

"But people are talking about you. The elevator boys in our apartment house, the men I sit next to at dinners and women I overhear on the street and in restaurants. I know you have refused consistently to talk or to be interviewed; but all these people don't, and can't, know you intimately. So, because we have been friends so many years, I urge you as your friend to break your silence, dignified though it is."

It was only after a long moment's hesitation that she finally spoke.

"All right. Since you put it that way—and only because you do put it that way—I will. What do you want to know?"

"I want a real picture of the duties of the Vice President and his official hostess. I want to know about your brother's new job—and yours."

"But," said Dolly, "don't you think it would be foolish for me to talk about the 'job'? We are so new at it—three months, and only just learning."

"Three months in harness is enough for breaking in," I parried. "What does the vice presidency mean to his own household? Give me a first-hand picture of the job—from the inside."

"The job!" she chuckled. "Don't you know the story of the little boy who asked his mother what vice meant? 'Why, vice means being naughty.'

"'Oh, then the Vice President is the man who is naughty for the President!'

"Don't laugh—for the little boy wasn't so very far wrong, at that, if being naughty means doing something you mustn't do! Doing something for the President is a very big part of the Vice President's 'job,' as you call it. But perhaps that needs explaining, and I will, the best I know how. But you must keep in mind that I am just a learner yet; and to tell all of the why and how of anything in Washington takes a constitutional lawyer—and goodness knows I'm not that! But when you've lived in Washington, as I have, for more than thirty years you learn some things by observation. You just can't help it.

"You see, it is a fact—and such a real fact, but I don't think it's generally understood outside of Washington—that any President as President does not usually accept purely social invitations, beyond the very limited circle of his inner official family—the dinners given during each winter in the line of the presidential succession, first by the Vice President, next by the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and so on, in the order of the creation of these offices by law. Being President of the United States puts a man in a position where he must do a lot of things he doesn't care to do, perhaps, but which his very great office demands. But he must also give up doing many other things which he would personally like to do; yet, if he did do them he might complicate or embarrass the smooth running of the Government he heads. The result is that time and time again he must take into consideration not his personal inclination but the dignity and the symbol of the office."

What the Vice Presidency Means

"SYMBOLS are such terribly real things. Like the flag. Looked at one way, it's just a piece of bunting, of no value at all—merely the same common material that you and I use daily for the most domestic purposes. But take that same piece of cloth and make a flag out of it, and you have at once a symbol of something men will fight and die for. And everyone knows that this symbol, because it is a symbol, must be treated reverently and not put to any common or undignified uses. In just the same way, any man who accepts a public office always keeps in mind that, although he is of just the same common cloth as other men, for the time being he has been made into an emblem of something national and great; and so he must keep reverently in mind the national ideal of which he has been made the symbol, for what is just a short political day, by the votes of his fellow citizens.

"There's an old yellowed document they keep very carefully up at the Library of Congress. I know you've seen it there. It's a very precious thing, kept under glass, with a gold frame round it.

"This document is the Constitution of the United States, and it says, you may remember, about brother's new 'job': 'The Vice President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote unless they be equally divided.' What this really means is that Brother Charles must be at the Capitol every day, and all day. He's up at seven, and on The Hill by eight-thirty. It's office work all morning—letters and letters, people and more people, and conferences until the Senate convenes at noon and he has to pick up the strictly constitutional part of his job and preside there.

"But you know how it is, even in a relatively simple organization like your woman's club. Certain duties are set down for certain offices in the club's constitution and by-laws. But if your club has been in existence for any great length of time, certain other duties, by use and custom, come to be associated with that office. And the unwritten law of custom is as binding in most ways—and as necessary, often, to live up to—as the actual written law. And so the office of Vice President of our country has come to mean much more, through use and through the passing and experience of years, than merely presiding over the Senate and occasionally casting a deciding vote when there is a tie ballot—although when that one vote is necessary it may swing very important legislation.

"As our country grew—and as our city of Washington grew with it from a scattered village on a Maryland mud flat to one of the most beautiful capitals in the world—the office and the function of the Vice President grew too. There was more work for each of the firm's officials to do, you see, as the business of the company expanded. At the same time, too, there was growing up here a society as complex as that of any foreign capital, but set down in a land which knows no rank, which has no hereditary titles or degrees. There was never any question about the position of the President, of course, as outranking all others; but as time went on and the country became greater in every sense of the word, it came about that our Presidents of necessity had to shut themselves away more and more from the crushing of too friendly crowds, from fanatics, cranks and bores, from the millions of would-be office holders. And more and more the President's contacts with Washington society and with all the charming diversity of our diplomatic circle came to be quite strictly limited. This is a phase of things which has been slowly growing up for more than a hundred years.

"The World War intensified this growing tendency, for it made any indiscriminate contacts more dangerous; and every effort was made to keep the person of the President secure. All the added responsibilities of heading what is perhaps today the most going concern in the civilized world haven't diminished but have increased these quite necessary restrictions in social contact. The President still entertains official and social Washington at four large receptions each winter, and entertains certain definite members of his official family and of the diplomatic corps at stated times; and he attends one dinner each season at the home of his Vice President and each Cabinet officer, as I said. But this is very nearly the extent of his purely social formal contacts in our city."

Social Obligations

"THERE is always the added problem of extraterritoriality to be kept in mind, in speaking of any Washington social life. There exist today, within five minutes' drive by car from the White House, some fifty of the most attractive homes in Washington, occupied by some of the most varied and charming people in the world—and each one of these fifty homes stands on what is, by international law, considered actual foreign soil so long as it remains occupied by these same charming people. Fifty little foreign nations, so to speak, are set down within the small compass of the District of Columbia, facing our President's front door. And the members of these foreign legations live here in our midst but still remain under their own countries' laws—just as also our own legations in foreign lands live there under their own home laws. Anything else would be an all but impossible situation, as you can see, and certainly very confusing; and so this custom is a gentleman's agreement among the nations, of long standing and old diplomatic usage. Yet it doesn't take much imagination to realize the complications that might just possibly arise if our President did much visiting on foreign soil, where our laws do not extend.

"All told, there are a thousand and one problems, of time, of good taste, of expediency and of dignity, which tend with the growth of the nation to hold the President's self within the White House, where those who would see him may still do so in democratic fashion, it is true, but under his own roof and with the wings of the American eagle spread protectingly about him. And when the President wishes to see anyone living here in Washington a White House car is usually sent for that person. As a guest of the United States of America then, in dignity and in comfort—unless he is too overawed by the symbol of the eagle on the door of the big blue limousine—that man comes to the President, as is right and fitting, and the President does not go to him. Have I made that clear?"

"Very," I answered. "But I doubt if many people, even if they know the facts, realize their implications."

"It's just those very implications I am coming to. For, you see, custom as well as common courtesy does impose certain purely social obligations upon the Government of the

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Everybody Ought to be Rich

An Interview With John J. Raskob

By **SAMUEL CROWTHER**

BEING rich is, of course, a comparative status. A man with a million dollars used to be considered rich, but so many people have at least that much in these days, or are earning incomes in excess of a normal return from a million dollars, that a millionaire does not cause any comment.

Fixing a bulk line to define riches is a pointless performance. Let us rather say that a man is rich when he has an income from invested capital which is sufficient to support him and his family in a decent comfortable manner—to give as much support, let us say, as has ever been given by his earnings. That amount of prosperity ought to be attainable by anyone. A greater share will come to those who have greater ability.

It seems to me to be a primary duty for people to make it their business to understand how wealth is produced and not to take their ideas from writers and speakers who have the gift of words but not the gift of ordinary common sense. Wealth is not created in dens of iniquity, and it is much more to the point to understand what it is all about than to listen to the expounding of new systems which at the best can only make worse the faults of our present system.

It is quite true that wealth is not so evenly distributed as it ought to be and as it can be. And part of the reason for the unequal distribution is the lack of systematic investment and also the lack of even moderately sensible investment.

One class of investors saves money and puts it into savings banks or other mediums that pay only a fixed interest. Such funds are valuable, but they do not lead to wealth. A second class tries to get rich all at once, and buys any wildcat security that comes along with the promise of immense returns. A third class holds that the return from interest is not enough to justify savings, but at the same time has too much sense to buy fake stocks—and so saves nothing at all. Yet all the while wealth has been here for the asking.

The common stocks of this country have in the past ten years increased enormously in value because the business of the country has increased. Ten thousand dollars invested ten years ago in the common stock of General Motors would now be worth more than a million and a half dollars. And General Motors is only one of many first-class industrial corporations.

It may be said that this is a phenomenal increase and that conditions are going to be different in the next ten years. That prophecy may be true, but it is not founded on experience. In my opinion the wealth of the country is bound to increase at a very rapid rate. The rapidity of the rate will be determined by the increase in consumption, and under wise investment plans the consumption will steadily increase.

We Have Scarcely Started

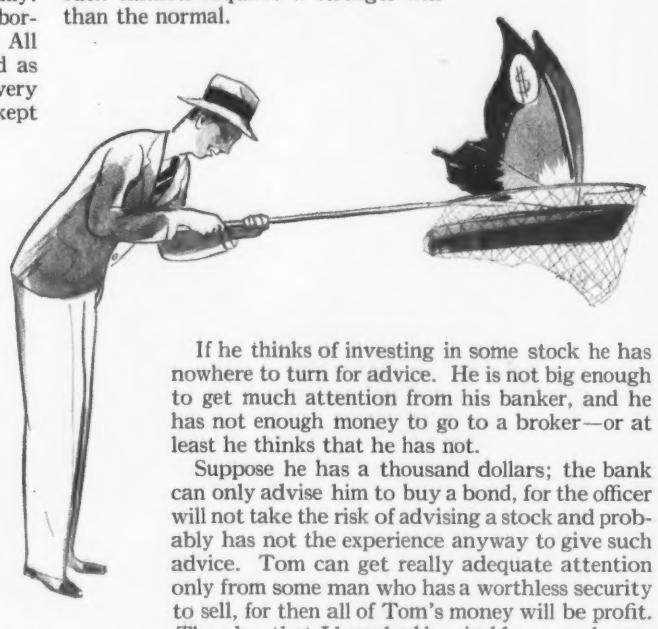
NOW anyone may regret that he or she did not have ten thousand dollars ten years ago and did not put it into General Motors or some other good company—and sigh over a lost opportunity. Anyone who firmly believes that the opportunities are all closed and that from now on the country will get worse instead of better is welcome to the opinion—and to whatever increment it will bring. I think that we have scarcely started, and I have thought so for many years.

In conjunction with others I have been interested in creating and directing at least a dozen trusts for investment in equity securities. This plan of equity investments is no mere theory with me. The first of these trusts was started in 1907 and the others in the years immediately following. Under all of these the plan provided for the saving of fifteen dollars per month for investment in equity securities only. There were no stocks bought on margin, no money borrowed, nor any stocks bought for a quick turn or resale. All stocks with few exceptions have been bought and held as permanent investments. The fifteen dollars was saved every month and the dividends from the stocks purchased were kept in the trust and reinvested. Three of these trusts are now twenty years old. Fifteen dollars per month equals one hundred and eighty dollars a year. In twenty years, therefore, the total savings amounted to thirty-six hundred dollars. Each of these three trusts is now worth well in excess of eighty thousand dollars. Invested at 6 per cent interest, this eighty thousand dollars would give the trust beneficiary an annual income of four hundred dollars per month, which ordinarily would represent more than the earning power of the beneficiary, because had he been able to earn as much as four hundred dollars per month he could have saved more than fifteen dollars.

Suppose a man marries at the age of twenty-three and begins a regular saving of fifteen dollars a month—and almost anyone who is employed can do that if he tries. If he invests in good common stocks and allows the dividends and rights to accumulate, he will at the end of twenty years have at least eighty thousand dollars and an income from investments of around four hundred dollars a month. He will be rich. And because anyone can do that I am firm in my belief that anyone not only can be rich but ought to be rich.

The obstacles to being rich are two: The trouble of saving, and the trouble of finding a medium for investment.

If Tom is known to have two hundred dollars in the savings bank then everyone is out to get it for some absolutely necessary purpose. More than likely his wife's sister will eventually find the emergency to draw it forth. But if he does withstand all attacks, what good will the money do him? The interest he receives is so small that he has no incentive to save, and since the whole is under his jurisdiction he can depend only upon his own will to save. To save in any such fashion requires a stronger will than the normal.



If he thinks of investing in some stock he has nowhere to turn for advice. He is not big enough to get much attention from his banker, and he has not enough money to go to a broker—or at least he thinks that he has not.

Suppose he has a thousand dollars; the bank can only advise him to buy a bond, for the officer will not take the risk of advising a stock and probably has not the experience anyway to give such advice. Tom can get really adequate attention only from some man who has a worthless security to sell, for then all of Tom's money will be profit.

The plan that I have had in mind for several years grows out of the success of the plans that we have followed for the executives in the General Motors and the Du Pont companies. In 1923, in order to give the executives of General Motors a greater interest in their work, we organized the Managers Securities Company, made up of eighty senior and junior executives. This company bought General Motors common stock to the then market value of thirty-three million dollars. The executives paid five million dollars in cash and borrowed twenty-eight million dollars. The stockholders of the Managers Securities Company are not stockholders of General Motors. They own stock in a company which owns stock in General Motors, so that, as far as General Motors is concerned, the stock is voted as a block according to the instructions of the directors of the Managers Securities Company. This supplies an important interest which can exercise a large influence in shaping the policies of General Motors.

From $25,000 to a Million

THE holdings of the members in the securities company are adjusted in cases of men leaving the employ of the company. The plan of the Managers Securities Company contemplates no dissolution of that company, so that its holdings of General Motors stock will always be *en bloc*. The plan has been enormously successful, and much of the success of the General Motors Corporation has been due to the executives' having full responsibility and receiving financial rewards commensurate with that responsibility.

The participation in the Managers Securities Company was arranged in accordance with the position and salary of the executive. Minimum participation required a cash payment of twenty-five thousand dollars when the Managers Securities Company was organized. That minimum participation is now worth more than one million dollars.

Recently I have been advocating the formation of an equity securities corporation; that is, a corporation that will invest in common stocks only under proper and careful supervision. This company will buy the common stocks of first-class industrial corporations and issue its own stock certificates against them. This stock will be offered from time to time at a price to correspond exactly with the value of the assets of the corporation and all profit will go to the stockholders. The directors will be men of outstanding character, reputation and integrity. At regular intervals—say quarterly—the whole financial record of the corporation will be published together with all of its holdings and the cost thereof. The corporation will be owned by the public and with every transaction public. I am not at all interested in a private investment trust. The company would not be permitted to borrow money or go into any debt.

In addition to this company, there should be organized a discount company on the same lines as the finance companies

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"I WAS TERRIBLY AFRAID YOU HADN'T COME AT ALL—OR THAT YOU'D GONE. I FANCIED YOU WAITING UP THERE, ALONE, ON THE TERRACE, LOOKING DOWN AT OUR AZALEAS"

Mocker's Moon

By KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Illustrated by Pruett Carter

PETER CAREY sat on the terrace edge and sipped from the tall iced glass he held in his right hand. His left hand lay on the stone coping close to Cynthia Page's. Their little fingers interlaced. Beyond Cynthia, the young man was vaguely aware of moonlight and a whippoorwill. It was a scented Carolinian night. Because of the vague effulgence and because Cynthia's gaze rested upon the windows of her home, Peter had been able for several minutes now to look at her with eyes from which was banished his habitual carefulness. For Cynthia was embittered, cynical, experienced, nineteen, and Peter was three years her senior. Accordingly it behooved him to keep his disillusionment, his scorn of a sad world's outworn traditions visibly riding in his eyes, so that Cynthia should suffer no disappointment, should not mistake him.

Peter, the Peter of her choice, was hard-boiled. She could trust him to laugh even by moonlight while the magnolia blossoms spread out their petals to a Southern night. If he made love it would be in the spirit of the daytime mockingbird, a trill on that key of one's own elaboration of a time-worn theme. If he was sorrowful—and love seemed to Peter already something sorrowful—he was to blue the blues as other slaves had taught themselves to blue them, to shake desperation into fragments of grotesquerie. If he was tender—oh, Cynthia, what by all the rules was he to do with tenderness?

He set down the glass with its minty icy fragrance and stared at Cynthia, whose lashes were level and composed. He could not see her eyes, nor could he see his own reflected in them, thank the Lord! For they were making love without laughter as busily, as absorbedly as Flemish weavers, and they were sorrowful without a gesture and they were tender, as the mockingbird must not allow his song to be.

THE whippoorwill flogged the silence with a soft regularity at longish intervals. From inside the house which stretched above their terrace in low, dark, broken outlines, opened here and there by yellow windows, Peter could hear more vaguely a man's voice reading aloud. The voice of Mrs. Page's visitor, that old actor fellow. A "dated" sort of voice, thought Peter, even for an actor, golden, vibrant, serious.

Peter discovered to his amusement that Johnnie Claire was not reading aloud but reciting poetry, walking up and down to do so, passing and repassing the lighted panes, his unmistakable, graceful, stooping figure at gestures as he moved. Near the open window he paused for a moment, and at that moment there was a longer interval in the whippoorwill's castigation of the night, so that to Peter and Cynthia his words came out, sudden and clear, as though the moon had spoken them:

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears ——"

Cynthia turned her head with that mocking glitter which was called her smile. "Did you get that, Peter? Think he's been listening in?"

"He wouldn't have heard soft music," Peter rallied with his sharpest nonchalance, "but you—swearing at me!"

"Swearing beside you, darling. I never break the army regulations. Come on. Let's go. I'm fed up with Romeo and moonlight. They're playing Black Bottom over at the club. It came a moment ago to my attending ears. Let's go, Pete, shall we?"

"Let's go," said Peter.

During their swift passage across the open lawn to the black narrow pathway between box hedges, Peter clenched his hands and controlled his breath. Those words, so beautifully spoken, seemed to make it trebly difficult for him in this moonlight, in this garden, to live up to Cynthia and to himself. He could, of course, snatch at her in the blackness between the hedges. Doubtless she expected that, would understand, would frankly thrill to it; but somehow that was not what he wanted.

He wanted to pour out upon her something melodious, suppressed. There were such idiotic phrases in his throat; they came to him, he did not encourage them. "I love you, darling Cynthia, so beautiful, so sweet. Namesake of a summer moon. White Cynthia. I want to kiss your insteps in the silver dew."

Louder than the lash of any whippoorwill he could imagine the phrase that she would use for his punishment, if he should speak such words aloud. He dreaded the phrase. He had used it often enough himself. "Apple sauce!" As they came out of the pathway he winced, although he had not provoked nor heard the horrid little exclamation.

"Why didn't you kiss me then?" asked Cynthia.

There stood her car.

"Not feeling so—biological tonight?" she went on as she drew herself strongly and slenderly into the driver's place, moving her body before she moved her feet as no member of a less machine-trained generation has learned to move it.

"Don't," gasped Peter.

VERY deliberately, while she worked her lever and moved her clutch, did Cynthia turn her head to look at him. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I was thinking that in one more month, one more—moon"—this he ventured in a faltering voice—"we'll be married, Cynthia."

"I suppose," she said, "we will." She let the machine go forth. She sat beside him, taking their speed for granted, taking the whole revolving world for granted, taking the galaxy, the supergalaxies of shining suns and worlds for granted, and thinking actively. Her mouth corner was a small pocket for contempt.

"What a fool world it is. We know what we know. We even know what we want, you and I, but we will be married: A gold ring for slavery, a lace veil for modesty—and how often have you seen me in a swimming suit? A wedding march for male resignation and female triumph, or is it the other way around? And two more civilized savages will be ready to break their obsolete vows and what they're pleased to call their hearts. Such is the great god, Convention. We see through it, but we will bow down to it—with our tongues

in our cheeks. A month from tonight, Peter, we will be married, you and I. And four years from tonight—what'll you bet?—you will be running with another girl, and I ——"

"Don't, Cynthia!"

"Why kid yourself, my dear? You see it all around you. They all begin the same way—same ring, same veil, same wedding march, same 'Don't Cynthia.' Let's keep our eyes open and be cheerful even if we can't be good. You know we're the helpless victims of a biological urge, Peter. Haven't you told me so? Haven't we worked the whole thing out?"

He gave her the agreement she seemed so urgent to win from him. Then she broke forth again.

"I'm glad, aren't you? We'll go into it like sportsmen, knowing the rules. Ready to play fair. We're modern. Hard. I like it. I can take care of myself, and I won't try to take care of you. I have my own money, you have yours; not such a lot, maybe, but enough for self-respect. I don't need you, you don't need me; we stand on our own feet. There's to be no sense of possession, no obligation, no compunction."

"Sound like big words, Cynthia."

SHE hurried on. "They are. Bigger and better. Wait until I'm through with them. And you. You don't know how well I can sling words when I feel that way."

"Don't let me slow you down."

"I won't. Where was I? Oh—what I'm trying to say is just this. No matter how many fool vows they make us register, Peter, let's be free. No jealousy, no whining, no reproach and no hypocrisy. When we're through with this"—she meant his arm perhaps, or his lips upon her neck while she drove straight-eyed along the moon-paved road—"we'll just be through. Thank the Lord, you're you, Peter. Hard-boiled. I can talk to you." She interrupted herself sharply, setting on her brake. "For heaven's sake, who's that? Ashley Brookes. Has he gone mad? I nearly ran him down."

A tall figure in dark coat, white flannel trousers and wide uncovered head had crossed on foot just ahead of them; and now, as Cynthia's car, under her pressure, glued all four wheels to the ground, he came with a reckless grace of movement close beside them and spoke to Cynthia in a queer, deep, drawling voice.

"You . . . " he said, taking note of her face, her scarf, her dress with a rapidity of observation which denoted strongly arrested interest.

"Trying to kill yourself, Mr. Brookes?" asked Peter bitterly.

"Not especially." The man spoke absently, not taking his eyes from Cynthia. "Will you give me a lift as far as the club?"

"Certainly. It's where we're going."

BROOKES climbed into the back seat and rested his folded arms behind Cynthia's shoulders, leaning forward into their company. He was a man of what Cynthia was pleased to call the older generation—forty perhaps, with a curious face, drained of its color, handsome and bright-eyed.

"Like this moon?" he asked them.

"We do."

"But you're going indoors to dance?"

"This moon is good for six more hours at least."

"True. Will you two share a table with me? They're serving a new drink these hot nights at the club that I think you'll like. Between dances."

"Great," said Peter.

He had an inexplicable sensation in his shoulder blades because of Brooke's nearness to Cynthia. He did not understand his feeling. Naturally, being released, he had no sensations of a possessor where Cynthia was concerned. They were both perfectly free. She could take care of herself. They'd talked all that over, had laid down the ground rules.

"You look like a snow queen by moonlight, Cynthia," said Brookes, and he just almost touched her neck with a finger tip. "You're as white as a vase of alabaster."

There was the club. Thank heaven, the ride was over. In rising Peter knocked Brookes' arms away. "Sorry, old man," he said.

"Not at all. I was awkward. You youngsters move too quickly for me. You're so supple."

He was out and beside Cynthia, however, with what seemed to Peter a more than sufficient suppleness. Cynthia was looking at Brookes, he noticed, in a funny veiled way. Shy? Not possible. Cynthia! But how could she put up with this fellow's mocking softness? A snow queen—a vase of alabaster! That was worse than any fool thing his own brain had suppressed. Cynthia hated such slush as that. And the man's way of hovering. Never touching; just hovering. Nothing forthright about him; his eyes did the touching. Peter stalked behind them to Brookes' table, Cynthia's chiffon wrap across his arm.

Then, in an instant, they were dancing together, Cynthia and Peter, and that was ecstasy. Unforbidden ecstasy. Roses and nightingales and whippoorwills and a magnolia blossom and a moon. She was so tender, for all her lightness and her vigor, that she made him feel strong, strong enough to protect her forever, even from himself.

No fire should touch her. She should know no pain, no bitterness. She was happy now, a bird, a flower. So would he keep her by his love. . . . It isn't all passion, Cynthia darling, darling Cynthia. There is more to it, as you will know some day when you are older and wiser. There is really a sweetness, a deep desire for loyalty and long assurance and ancient peace. We may stumble, we may be hurt, but we must want to come back, we must want to come back to the sorrowful enchantment that holds us. Swinging away and back—the waltz music knows something of all this ——

Brookes touched Cynthia's arm. Peter dazedly moved back to their table, alone.

Presently, he thought, he'd cut in with Sue Beazely. He'd seen her somewhere—over there—in a green dress. She looked like a charming little snake, a little garter snake, harmless and bright, with a foolish suggestion of sin and peril in her sinuosity.

It was nearly midnight when Cynthia and Brookes found Peter again at their appointed table of rendezvous. As the young man rose, Brookes took up Cynthia's little wrap from her chair. Cynthia wore that strange shy air of hers, and she lifted her lashes to Peter with an effort.

"I'm going out for a run with Mr. Brookes. We're taking my machine. He'll bring me home, Peter. Will you come back with someone else?"

PETER hated this girl, Cynthia. For hours now he had been hating her. There was no tenderness left in him anywhere, and the sorrowful enchantment had become a sort of blasting glare turned full upon them both. And upon Brookes. Peter heard himself saying in an ugly voice, "You're coming home with me"; but as her eyes widened he amended hastily, "Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't understand. Of course. All right, Cynthia. I'll go over to Kate's. See you later. Thanks, Mr. Brookes. Good night."

What in the name of common sense, he wondered, was the matter with him, Peter Carey, the hard-boiled? This bitter blackness of the soul, this twisting pain! The drink must have disagreed with him. Cynthia was going out into the late moonlight with Ashley Brookes. Cynthia was her own mistress. She was free. There was to be no possession in their love. He looked back at her from the door and saw that her eyes had followed him, that she stood taller than usual and that her face had a pinched look.

That pleased him. He liked that pinched expression on Cynthia's nonchalant face. He liked it. She was suffering. The mention of Kate had brought it there. Before the days and nights of Cynthia, there had been hours and evenings of Kate. Cynthia sometimes laughed with him about those ancient, those immensely foreign hours and evenings. But certainly it was his mention of Kate that had brought that satisfactory change to the outline of Cynthia's lips.

Good enough! Should she not get a taste of choking bitterness? This happy bird, this flower. Apple sauce! He was fed up with her, with her disgusting complaisance toward this—this sugar daddy! His brain searched for the ugly phrases, the wounding epithets that might spatter her graceful whiteness with the unsightliness of ridicule. Apple sauce!

By the time Cynthia came out to climb with Brookes into her car Peter Carey was gone.

THAT shyness of Cynthia's in which Peter had been unable to believe was genuine enough. In the company of Ashley Brookes she felt herself excited and ill

(Continued on Page 110)

PETER HATED THIS GIRL, CYNTHIA. FOR HOURS NOW HE HAD BEEN HATING HER. THERE WAS NO TENDERNESS LEFT IN HIM ANYWHERE

The Personality of a House--Color

By EMILY POST

MUCH as style, form and proportion mean to the beauty of every interior, nothing means so much to the personality of a house as color. Color can so enchant you that all other details are overwhelmed. Or it can so distress you that there are no compensations possible. Without color, life itself is lacking in beauty, gayety, sympathy, strength and vitality. Most people love color, much as most people love music—both appeal to the emotions, both create visions of beauty to those who merely look, or listen, as well as to those who design or compose. And the point that I want to make is this:

That just as it is not necessary to have a flawless ear for music in order to learn to play the piano with ease and pleasure, it is not necessary to have a flawless eye for color in order to understand the principles of color harmony. Musical skill is accomplished by learning to read notes, and practicing with the fingers and cultivating a listening ear; color skill is accomplished by learning the rules of harmony by means of color charts and cultivating an observing eye. This article therefore is especially written for those of you who really love beautiful color arrangements when you see them; and for those of you who would like to make arrangements for yourselves, but who have never happened to be shown the mechanical processes by which color harmonies are chosen and discords avoided.

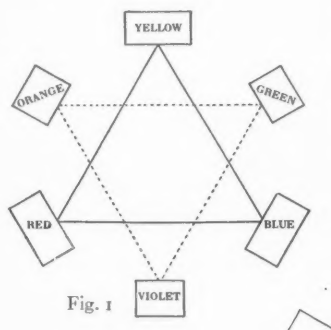

Fig. 1

Those of you who made a study of color in Fine-Arts classes—and have kept your color charts—should, of course, skip the first part of this subject. (As far as Figure 4, which is a device of my own.) But to those of you who do not happen to know about triad harmonies, monochromatic neutrals, complementary accents, barricaded family groups, and near-relation discords, I will try to explain them as briefly but as clearly as possible by means of two color charts. The principles may be understood by merely looking at the diagrams in this article, but in order to practice color combinations accurately colored charts are invaluable.

Though the directions for making the charts suggest kindergarten work, they are not quite so easy as they sound. Because, unless you are as painstakingly accurate as a chemist following a formula, an unequal mixture—or weakness of the intensity—of the colors will so alter the combinations that the results will be all wrong, and the charts useless.

However, this is how to begin: Go out and buy a sheet of white drawing paper and six small-size tubes—or little square dishes—of any reliable make of water-color paint, one tube—or dish—each of cobalt blue, alizarin crimson, cadmium yellow, violet, white and black, and a small paintbrush. Also collect a pencil, a pair of scissors, a five-cent piece, and a piece of thin cardboard, and a dozen cups and saucers or other receptacles, a saltspoon, and a pail of clear water.

Now squeeze half a tube of yellow paint in a cup; squeeze the same amount of blue paint in another cup; and the same amount of red paint in a third cup. Add just enough water to each to make the paints fluid. The paints must be about as thick as medium cream, because the colors must be as intense as possible. Cut a twelve-inch square of drawing paper; cut an even-sided triangle, measuring about six inches on each side, out of the piece of thin cardboard; lay it in the center of the drawing paper; put a pin—or a thumb tack—in the exact middle of it, so that it will revolve on this center but cannot side-slip. Turn it so that one point rests at the top and the other two at each lower side. Cut a small pattern of cardboard an inch wide by five-eighths of an inch high, lay it across the top point and draw around it. Do the same at the other two points.

Charts and Combinations

FILL in the rectangle at the top with the yellow paint you have dissolved, the one at the lower right with blue, and put red in the lower left. These three colors, painted as strong as they can be, are the primary colors, from which all colors are made without any other addition, excepting white or black. Next, turn the triangle so that the points come midway between the rectangles drawn. Cut three-eighths of an inch from the long side of the pattern, making it a square, put it at each point of the triangle and draw around it.

Now take a saltspoon and put two spoonfuls of yellow on a clean saucer, rinse the spoon and add two spoonfuls of red and mix them thoroughly. The result will be orange, called a secondary, or binary, color. Now mix equal quantities of yellow and blue, which will give you the secondary color green. Violet, the third secondary color, is made by mixing equal parts of red and blue. This can be done if your paints behave nicely, but they so often insist upon separating into red and blue granulations that won't mix, that this one combination is much safest and easiest to buy mixed by a paint chemist, in a tube called violet. At all events, whether mixed by you or the manufacturer, paint pure violet in the bottom square you draw; put green in the upper right one and orange in the upper left. It is very important to notice that these mixtures are even; that no binary favors one primary more than the other. Remember that the three primary colors are in the rectangles, and the secondary colors in the squares. See Figure 1.

Now in six fresh saucers, mix a spoonful each of two neighboring colors, yellow and orange, orange and red, red and violet, and so on. Now turn your triangle so that the points come exactly between the yellow and orange, red and violet, blue and green. Place the five-cent piece at each point and draw around it. Turn it again and draw a circle between yellow and green, blue and violet, red and orange. In these circles paint a half-and-half mixture of the primaries and binaries that each is between. These are the "third-degree" colors. The one halfway between yellow and orange is made

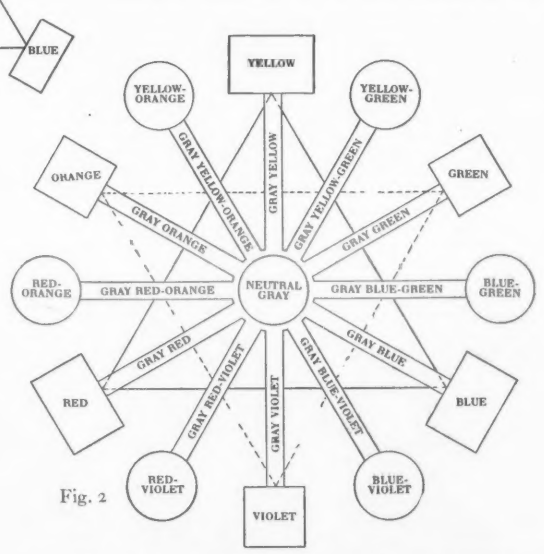

Fig. 2

COLOR CHARTS. FIGURE 1 (AT LEFT) SHOWS PRIMARY AND SECONDARY COLORS; FIGURE 2, THE FULL CHROMATIC SCALE DEVELOPED FROM FIGURE 1

of an equal mixture of yellow and orange and is called yellow-orange. The one midway between red and violet is made by mixing an even quantity of red and violet and is called red-violet. The third, between blue and green, is blue-green. Yellow-green is between yellow and green; blue-violet between blue and violet; and red-orange between red and orange. These twelve hues complete the chromatic color scale in its brightest intensity.

Remove the cardboard triangle and draw a five-cent-size circle at the hub of the chromatic circle—where the pin went through. In this hub circle paint the color neutral gray.

This color, or colorlessness, is made by mixing an equal portion of your original primary red, yellow and blue.

Having painted this gray in the center of your circle of colors, mix half of the neutral gray color with half primary yellow and paint a narrow spoke between the yellow outer rectangle and the gray center. This color is called gray-yellow. Mix half gray with half yellow-green and paint a spoke of it between the yellow-green circle and the gray hub. And label this spoke, or strip, gray-yellow-green. Repeat this with the twelve colors; mark each of the neutral tones, gray-red or gray-yellow-orange, or gray-blue-violet, and the chromatic chart is finished. (Figure 2.) The use of this chart, now that it is complete, will be explained as soon as we make a value chart.

This is very simple. Take a fresh piece of paper and divide it into six perpendicular sections. In the center of one of these paint a horizontal block of undiluted yellow. Now mix one-quarter white with three-quarters yellow and paint a strip of it above your primary yellow. Then mix one portion yellow with one portion of white and put it in a strip above that. Then mix one-quarter of yellow with three-quarters of white and put it above others. Then take black and do the same. Three-quarters yellow and one-quarter black just below the primary yellow, half and half below that, and three-quarters black to one-quarter yellow at the bottom. Repeat this procedure with each of the primary and secondary colors.

These various tints and shades are known as high and low color values. The original undiluted color is known as "middle" value or "full intensity." A tint that is a quarter white is called "low light." Half white is called "light." Three-quarters white is "high light." A shade that is one-quarter black is "high dark," half black is "dark," and three-quarters black is "low dark." See Figure 3.

There are three ways of changing a color. Mixing with other colors changes its hue; mixing it with black or with white changes its value; mixing it with its complement makes it a "pastel" color.

Put the chromatic chart in front of you, and in place of the triangle cut a strip of cardboard like a double-pointed arrow, put a pin through the middle of it and pin it, so that it can swing around like a weather vane. The colors it points to are complementary because each is a stranger to the other.

Harmonies and Discords

COMPLEMENTARY colors are actually so opposed that they lose all brilliancy if mixed together. Equal parts of yellow and violet result in neutral gray. The same is true of blue and orange, green and red, or any of the intermediate hues such as red-violet and yellow-green. A small amount of a color's complement mixed with it turns the color to a pastel hue. Put near each other but not mixed, complementary colors are the most brilliant contrasts possible to produce. It is very necessary to know the complement of the keynote of each color scheme, because a complementary accent is to harmonious color arrangement what salt is to food. If there is none of this ingredient, the composition is apt to lack flavor, but too much of it is a violent emetic! And now to explain how harmonious combinations of color are actually produced.

On a piece of thin paper trace an outline of your chromatic chart and color it. Next, draw a long line through the center of each rectangle and square *except orange*, continuing through each pastel spoke and connect these barricades with encircling lines, so that the chart is divided into one double and four single family sections. See Figure 4. The safest recipe for harmony is to keep within an immediate family section as marked by these boundaries. For instance, the line through the center of yellow and gray yellow, and connected with the line running through green and gray green, separates the family of yellow married to green and their variously yellow-green-hued children. The sister of green in the same way is married to blue. Blue's brother is married to violet; violet's sister to red. But red is married to yellow, and orange is one of their children. In each of these family sections—one double sized and four small—discord is impossible, and the two parent colors with their intermediately hued children live in perfect harmony with each other, and with their own neutrals and their values, including every shade and tint; creams, browns, slates, and grays in the big yellow-red family. Gray-reds, gray-violets, lightened to pink-violet creams and violet-silver gray in the smaller red-violet family, and so on.

But just as the families within the bays made by each barrier are in undisturbable accord, the neighboring cousins on either side of the barriers are *discords*. Red-orange and red-violet fight like Kilkenny cats. Red-violet put next to blue-violet, and blue-violet put next to blue-green, and yellow-green put next to blue-green, all have hysterics. Yellow-orange and red-orange alone are in cousinly accord. Only the greatest masters of color can make discords behave harmoniously. The warning, therefore, cannot be too strongly posted that

(Continued on Page 45)

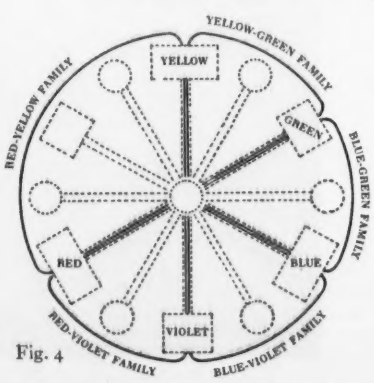

Fig. 4

FIGURE 4, BASED ON FIGURE 2, INDICATES THE COLOR FAMILIES

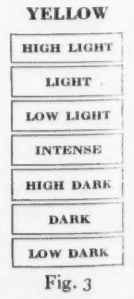

Fig. 3

FIGURE 3 IS A VALUE CHART SHOWING THE SERIES FOR YELLOW. IN MAKING YOUR OWN CHART REPEAT THIS FIGURE FOR BLUE, RED, GREEN, VIOLET AND ORANGE

Color Photography by W. O. Floing

MRS. POST REGARDS THE DRAWING-ROOM OF HER NEW YORK APARTMENT, ABOVE, AS HER GREATEST COLOR-PROBLEM TRIUMPH

A PERSONAL SCHEME OF COLOR HARMONY THAT FULFILLS ITS EVERY REQUIREMENT AS ACHIEVED BY MRS. POST IN HER OWN BEDROOM

Lima Nights

By RICHARD HALLIBURTON

PHOTOS. BY DUBREVIL, LIMA

"BUT FOR A HUNDRED YEARS THE GAY TAPADA WAS THE MOST PRIZED POSSESSION OF EVERY WOMAN IN LIMA"

FROM coast to coast, from pole to pole, the beauty and the wit of Lima's ladies have been sung. After several weeks of investigation at the capital of Peru into the cause of so much singing, I had about decided in my unkind heart that the *Limeñas'* reputation was founded more on chivalry than on fact—when I met Manuella, and reversed my decision on the spot.

It was not for any startling perfection of her features that I loved my Manuella. Her nose was a trifle Louis Seize. Nor was it for a youthful sprightliness. She admitted twenty-five. Certainly my interest was not aroused by her figure, since her figure had considerable embonpoint. But I'm ready any time to fight a duel with anybody who claims that she is not the most beautiful señorita in South America, including Cuba and the West Indies. After all, a large nose is generally a sign of strong and generous character. As for age, I'd reached the time myself when very young and very pretty-faced *jeunes filles* had ceased to attract me. And as for the figure, who can deny that the buxom models are vastly superior to all other makes? They are invariably jolly; their laughter frequent and infectious; their health inexpensive; their dispositions like unto the angels; their bosoms motherly, comforting, all encompassing. Ever since knowing Manuella, in my nightly prayers I've never failed to ask God please to bless the fat girls.

I became acquainted with her at a party given at the Lima Country Club. A friend seeing me standing all alone in a corner asked if I would not like to meet one of the grandest girls in Peru. "She knows all about history," he said. "She's been places. She speaks English better than you do. She's a real student of Spanish-American culture—writes about it, I believe, and quite a raconteur too. I think she's terribly intelligent."

"Then maybe I'm the wrong one to meet her. Terribly intelligent women scare me to death."

"Oh, this girl won't," he assured me. "She's a great sport. You'll love her."

Manuella

TREMBLINGLY I submitted. He led me up to Manuella and we were introduced.

Her appearance was instantly arresting—handsome black eyes, jet hair, and pink, healthy skin that seemed out of place in olive-cheeked Lima. Vivacity, sensitivity and abundant good humor shone from her face. No wonder she was somewhat overweight; such a merry, mirthful nature could not be otherwise.

Our friend, making some quip about my clipped head and struggling beard, sent her into tinkling, unrestrained laughter that started everybody near her to laughing as well. Her English was splendid, and with reason, since I learned that her mother was of that nationality, and that she had been reared from childhood equally at home in the language of either of her parents. But she was jealous of her Lima heritage and though her gown was straight from Paris, her hair done in the smartest French mode, though Continental culture dominated her completely, Lima was her home and her heaven.

"GREETINGS, MY BEAUTIFUL DOLL"

The moment we met I liked everything about this buxom, handsome lady; and particularly her name. Manuella! How lilting, how utterly Latin!

I told her she looked like the Mona Lisa, only lovelier.

She told me that with my chin beard I looked like John the Baptist, only funnier.

Seated on a sofa away from the crowd we were fast getting acquainted.

"Manuella"—it never occurred to me to call her anything else from the very first—"you're the answer to my prayers. I've been in this town over a week trying to make friends with you Lima girls, but they all insist on speaking Spanish, and I'm so dumb I can't understand unless they say things out of my phrase book like 'Good morning, señor, how are you?' or 'What is the name of your dog?' or count up to one hundred; so I've not made much headway.

"And now you come along—just when I'd given up hope. You can tell me things and take me places. This town completely fascinates me. I feel there is drama and history all about, and I must pass it unheeding, a foreigner, understanding only the bank buildings and the garages. But I am sure the ancient Spanish atmosphere is still here, half hidden away, waiting to overwhelm me—if only I could go native and capture it."

"You see very badly," she said, laughing again, "if all that meets your eye is garages and banks. Lima overflows with sixteenth-century relics, with Moorish balconies and medieval churches; and there is no society in South America that has clung to Spanish culture as the Lima people have."

"Exactly! And that's just what I'm missing. As it is, my romantic dreams of your city are being shot to pieces. I've had visions of Spanish gentlemen with guitars serenading their ladies at every street corner, and conversing only through the barred windows with dark-eyed damsels in shawls and mantillas—and look at this," I said, indicating the guests dancing about us, all dressed in the severest Parisian or Bond Street manner. "I'll bet there's not a mantilla or Spanish shawl left in all Lima—much less a barred window."

"I have a mantilla," exclaimed Manuella, "several in fact—and a barred window too!"

"Well, see here! I've a guitar. Let me come to call on you and bring it along. All I can play is Jolly Farmer, but it will look well in the picture."

"I'd love to hear you play Jolly Farmer," she laughed. "If you will come and serenade me, I'll sit behind the window and wear all the shawls and mantillas in the house."

"You're wonderful! When may I? Tomorrow night?"

"*Bueno.* Tomorrow night."

She gave me her address, and I agreed to be there with the guitar, *á las ocho.*"

As the hour for my date with Manuella approached, the problem of what costume best fitted my guitar confronted me. If I dressed up the way I'd seen Spaniards dress when they were "playing bear"* in the movies, I'd be arrested in black-garmented Lima before I could get out of the hotel. But if Manuella was going to greet me in shawls and mantillas, it would not do to appear myself in my mail-order creations.

So I got out the yellow corduroy trousers, yellow flannel shirt, and blue sweater. This, with the clipped hair and John-the-Baptist beard, could hardly be called a Spanish make-up, but it certainly wasn't Grand Rapids.

The lift boy stared at me as I entered his elevator.

"Don't stop at the lobby," I said. "Take me all the way down."

*The South American custom of "courting" through a barred window, called in Spanish *haciendo el oso*, "playing bear," has practically died out with the emancipation of Latin women.

There was a tradesmen's entrance leading into the street from the basement, through which I could escape without passing the desk. I dived into a yellow taxi, and was whisked down the boulevard through the motor traffic, and out to the suburban address Manuella had given me. It was a large and elaborate modern house set back in a walled garden. The butler came out as I rang the bell on the garden gate and informed me that Señorita Manuella would receive me on the terrace at the side of the house.

It was impossible to miss her. Brilliant electric light streamed out through an enormous barred window onto the terrace, and there behind the bars sat the lady, all dressed up in about six shawls and mantillas.

I had planned my "entrance" very carefully, just as I'd seen it done in the movies. I was going to slip very quietly up to the rendezvous, lean languidly against the bars, and lure my inamorata to her starlit window with soft strains of Jolly Farmer. Then I'd recite something from Romeo and Juliet in amorous tones, as she sat and toyed with a rose.

And instead here was this glare of electric light, the Lady already waiting for me, and inside the room a radio loudspeaker blaring forth its usual raucous din.

When Manuella saw me and my costume there was a cascade of laughter.

"I'll bet you rented the guitar," she said by way of greeting.

"You're so unromantic, señorita. You don't know how to 'play bear' at all. For the Lord's sake turn the light off—and that blasted radio. I can't compete with such screeching."

She obeyed, but just before the light went out she asked me if I'd rather have cigarettes or chewing gum. "Papa always keeps chewing gum for our American guests."

I took the chewing gum—anything to quiet her so I could play Jolly Farmer.

I thought it sounded elegant in the quiet starlit garden, but the only response I got was another peal of tinkling laughter.

"If you'll stop laughing, I'll sing, too," I offered.

That sent her off into fresh gales.

"Very well then, I won't sing. You sing."

"No, no. I'm no singer. But I tell the mos' beautiful stories."

"Grand! Do you know the one about the negro woman going home late through the graveyard?"

"Oh, not that kind—history stories. Stories about Lima."

"Then tell me a history story about a Lima girl named Manuella."

"All right," she agreed. "A girl named Manuella who was my great-grandmother's grandmother—at least she lived a long time ago, three centuries almost. She was the most beautiful señorita in all Lima, and at a time, too, when beautiful women were more beautiful than now. The only unpleasant thing about her was her papa. His name was Don Egas, and he was old and dry as a sand dune, very overbearing and terribly obstinate. Have you heard this story, señor?"

"Often! But not about your ancestress, señorita. Please don't stop."

She continued:

"Manuella could not be happy with such a papa. The poor girl was deeply in love with a young Spanish physician, Don Enrique, but the father would not hear of their marriage. Don Egas, who was a justice, had determined to marry Manuella to a fellow justice over fifty years old. But she would not marry him. She did not love him.

"'Girlish foolishness,' exclaimed the obstinate father. 'Love can be, and must be, cultivated.'

"But fortunately for Manuella, she would not listen. She was her father's own daughter. Her will was as strong as his own. She vowed she would rather enter a cloister than marry the elderly justice. Don Egas thundered that this was the proper place for a daughter who had no sense of obedience to her parents.

"And so she became a nun in the convent of Santa Clara, and found herself hopelessly and eternally cut off from Don Enrique now.

"Two years went by and Sister Manuella was entirely resigned.

"Then one afternoon there arrived at the convent the new physician who had been appointed to attend the infirm old abbess. Sister Manuella collapsed when she saw him, for she recognized her beloved Enrique in the new physician. A fever overcame her, putting her life in danger—and many visits of the doctor were required.

"This association caused her love for Don Enrique—vows or no vows—to blaze forth anew. He begged her to run away with him, and knowing full well the punishment that awaited—burial alive—if she were caught, she had not the power to refuse.

"And love helped them find a way to escape together.

"The only person who ever entered the convent from the outside world was the laundress. This good woman the doctor pressed into his service by means of a large bribe. He prevailed upon her to hide a corpse which he had secured from the hospital, in her wicker basket, convey it into the convent, and conceal it in Manuella's own bed."

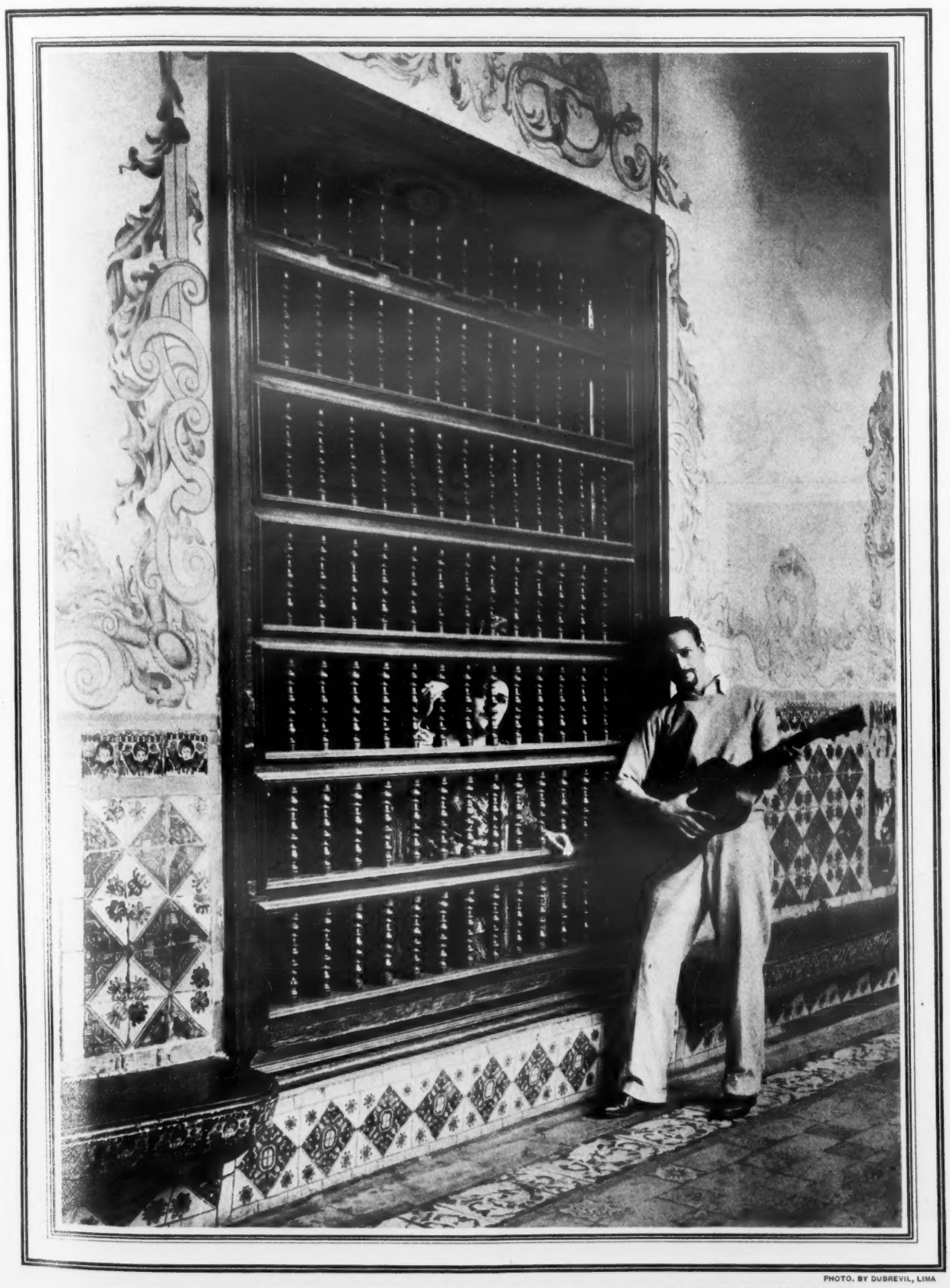

PHOTO. BY DUBREVIL, LIMA

BEHIND THE BARS SAT THE LADY, ALL DRESSED UP IN ABOUT SIX SHAWLS AND MANTILLAS

Benedicta's Revenge

"THAT night the girl set fire to her blankets, and in the confusion brought on by the smoke and alarm escaped unnoticed into the street.

"When the fire was quenched an entirely carbonized body was found upon the bed.

"And on the next day, after the ceremonies, the late sister was interred with all honors in the cemetery of the convent of Santa Clara.

"Later, in Chile, Don Enrique brought a very beautiful wife with him to Valparaiso. Their first-born son was my own ancestor.

"You asked for a story about a Lima girl named Manuella. There!"

"That's much better than my music, señorita," I said, climbing onto the window sill. "You're a charming story-teller. Know another one?"

"All the stories I know are just about Lima," she complained.

"And that's all I want to hear."

"Shall I tell a comic one or a tragic one?"

"Oh, tragic—let's have a nice murder."

"All right. This one is going to be very depressing.

"In the year 1675 Lima was already a great city, the greatest city in the New World. The viceroy held his court here, and had become as powerful on this continent as the king was in Spain, and richer, for Lima sat on top of the gold mines of Peru. The social life was in keeping. Dukes and marquises, great artists and rich merchants, courtly women, the princes of the church, lived and moved in Lima while your New York was still being scalped by Indians.

"One of the gayest and most beautiful of the court ladies was a girl named Benedicta Ramos. Many men were in love with her. She loved only one—Aquilino del Leuro. He was an officer in the viceroy's guard, and a very fine *caballero*. But he had a fickle heart, for in time—a short time—he abandoned the girl who loved him too well. In shame she was exiled from court, and forced to work for her own living in the trade of seamstress. Repeatedly she tried to renew

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Stately Delphiniums

By

DAVID CHURCHILL

Photographed in Natural Color by W. O. Floing

THE developed delphinium of our time comes in several types. Without going into the technical points upon which a rating at one of the trials would be based, we may yet consider certain of the best-known of these types, each distinct enough to merit the entire attention of some delphinium specialist.

Foremost in popularity is the hollyhock delphinium, so called because of its size, its habit and its robustness. The famous Wrexham delphiniums are of this type, and the colors range from sky-blue through violets, mauves, opalescent pinks and fawns; through intenser blues, royal blues, purples, plums. The florets are often three inches and more across, and the spike of bloom runs to two and a half feet and more—often much more. There are records of spikes with five to six feet of solid bloom, although the ideal of this type remains longest in bud at the tip, till the lower florets begin to fall, thus giving the desired "spire" effect.

Another desirable characteristic of the hollyhock delphinium is the spiral arrangement of the florets on the stalk, like steps, and as clearly defined as the steps in a circular stairway. In the ideal stalk of the Wrexhams the florets are not crowded, though full-bodied, even touching one another. A number of specialists are developing this type, working forward from the so-called Wrexham. Among the most notable, and developed directly from the Wrexham, is the still rare Advancement delphinium. We may look for new surprises out of what was already a masterly achievement.

The use, these later decades, of given names for the individual delphiniums both dignifies these indescribably magnificent masterpieces of hybridization and makes it easier for amateurs to find their favorite hybrids. Some of the following better-known named varieties will serve as typical of those which have won medals at delphinium shows in England in the past few years.

MRS. A. J. WATSON has enormous spikes of bloom, three feet and over in length, backed with blue and with a large dark "bee" center. It often reaches six feet in height and on the second and successive bloomings throws up three to eight or more stalks at a time; in fact, these hybrids often give us three times of flowering in a single season. They are proof against light frosts.

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It would be unfair to encourage anyone to begin owning delphiniums without warning him also that it rapidly becomes a mild form of monomania. Only rose growers are worse!

There are a thousand combinations to use with delphiniums which will still leave solitary glory to the spires, blue as clear skies, warm purple as the hills at sunset, opalescent as reflected moonlight. They wait for the touch of the amateur, the lover. To look forward to seasons of such experiments is to color our own distant sunsets with rainbow tints, as all true gardeners know.

Before Bunny Came Here

By DOROTHY COTTRELL

Illustrated by Lucile Patterson Marsh

ENID held the telegram and prayed: "Please God, help me to feel like I ought about him and make him very happy." The telegram said: "Miss Elgood died today; sending Bunny to you. Doctor Seford."

When Enid married Rodney, she was seventeen and cream-skinned and red-haired with a glint of gold in it. Rodney was forty, strong and merry, and reddened with sun and wind, his nose comically twisted where it had collided with a branch when he "left a horse in a hurry," as he expressed it; and his first wife had died three years before, when Bunny was born. Bunny was fat and round and nice to feel, being very firm and pudgy beneath his cream woolly sweaters; his eye was wicked and blue, his cheeks and nose pink as morning, and he progressed rapidly, with a hilarious, rather bandy-legged step, which sometimes got away from him, going faster and faster until he sat down hard.

Miss Elgood, Rodney's elder sister, who was called "Aunt" by everyone, had looked after Bunny and loved him, so that there was no question of Enid's having to take him when she came to Rodney's farm as a bride.

Enid was glad of this. For one thing, she was very much in love with Rodney, and, although she tried not to be, very jealous of the first wife; and for another, where Bunny was there did not seem to be anything much else—except wreck! On her rather formal calls upon Miss Elgood at the old home of Rodney's people conversation was difficult, because Bunny was in all probability "a roary lion" and "clothes" somehow became "tears" after he had sat in people's laps for a time. And at Miss Elgood's instigation he was lavish with strange smackings of his countenance against other people's, these being termed by Miss Elgood "beauty kisses." They were also moist and usually adhesive.

The ordinary activities of life in his presence resolved themselves into "seeing where he was," consoling him when his legs got away, scolding the floor when it bumped him behind, or beating the table when he stood up under it. Pretending that you wanted to eat what he did not, in the hope that he might be induced to partake of those things that he should . . . Also, although again she tried not to, she resented just a little bit that, just because of Bunny, she could never give Rodney his first child.

Now Bunny was coming to her and she would have to keep him—not just on her lap for a little while—but always.

"I WILL," said Enid, "be very good to him and try to love him. But," she added, remembering, "I think perhaps people have to be born to love Bunny."

But when he came that night he was asleep. A fat, heavy, sweet-smelling burden in the arms of the old mailman. Enid staggered under his weight as she carried him to his little bed, and in undressing him saw his fat bangled limbs and plump body rosy with sleep, and tucked him away at last in his little cream-silk shirt. He lay there looking lovely as a seraph, a little fat boy happily unaware that the only woman in the world who had really wanted him was dead!

All at once Enid felt a stirring of exquisite maternity and, kneeling, kissed him lightly where fair lashes lay across a velvet cheek.

"Perhaps . . . perhaps it won't be so hard to love you," she said; and the things she would have to give up for him did not seem so hard.

Next morning she was wakened by the patter of feet, and looking out over the bed edge saw Bunny in his nightshirt—a rather long nightshirt, which belled out from him, giving to his whole figure a pearlike aspect.

"'Ollo, Eni," he said. Then he was gone at a keeling run toward her dressing table.

She cried quickly, "No, Bunny!" He looked at her out of a laughter-puckered, jovial eye and grabbed for her cut-glass powder bowl. She sprang from the bed and ran toward him, but he had already started for the door, hugging the precious bowl to him with one arm and balancing himself precariously with the other. A sinful, fleeing, pear-shaped form!

Enid was in agony for the bowl, but there was a certain appeal of sheer sin about Bunny. . . . They sped down the linoleum-covered passage, Bunny looking over his shoulder, rosy and hilarious with evil. The crash came at the bathroom door. He fell flat, and slid; the bowl flew against the door jamb, breaking into a thousand pieces. Instead of crying, he called in a surprisingly loud voice, "Boom!" dramatically illustrating with his arms the fall of the powder bowl.

She thought: "You can't feel so angry with him as you ought to!"

Then behind her was a shout of laughter, and there stood Rodney, fairly rocked with mirth.

"It was a good race, lad," he called approvingly. Bunny grinned. Something in Enid's heart that had been near to laughter went unexpectedly hard.

"You must not encourage him in disobedience, Rodney!" He laughed again.

"He doesn't seem to need it—that lad's got character!"

She picked Bunny up and carried him to his room; then, going back, she said:

"Listen, Rodney—I'm going to try and be good to him and make up to him, for—for . . . And then when he has just broken one of my things that you know I value, just when he should have been punished, you go and praise him so that it is impossible for me to scold him without confusing him."

Rodney, shaving, smiled at her through the lather.

"Don't be too hard on him—he's a bit little."

"I'm not hard on little children," said Enid, her soft cream skin flushing, her lip quivering, "but it's me that's going to have to look after him—you mustn't make it hard!"

"Oh, meet me, pretty Lindy,
By the watermelon vine!"

sang Rodney. Enid swept up the pieces of her bowl.

From then on it seemed to her that her life became one long difficulty. Bunny was naughty, naughty as only little red-haired boys who have been brought up by gentle old ladies can be. He ran and rolled and climbed in all the places where he had no right to roll and climb and run. He smote with his spoon into his porridge; he upset his milk. All childish things, which in themselves should have been borne with patiently, but terribly trying when their correction was made impossible by Rodney.

If Bunny was shut in his room, Rodney would go sneaking in and play with him. If he had his dinner taken away from him for willfully upsetting it, Rodney smuggled him bits of his. Often she prayed beneath her breath, "O God, give me patience for another day!" For the first time, too, she came upon the disconcerting knowledge of how tremendously fond Rodney was of Bunny; much fonder, she decided, than he was of her.

She thought: "Before Bunny came here I did mean something—now I'm just his servant."

Once she had taken such pleasure in wearing her prettiest things when Rodney came home at night. But now Bunny watched for him as the one consecrated and unvarying act of his day, and his cries of "Ey! Ey!" as he scrambled crablike from one stair to another announced Rodney's coming before his step did.

Once if she had not been there Rodney would have called, "Where are you, Eni?" But now he had Bunny. She was hungry for love, and hunger became resentment.

Her resentment deepened to anger. Anger to almost hate against them both, the big man and the small one, who walked over her life with such careless feet and robbed her of her rights and her leisure, and even, it seemed to her, her love—and laughed at her.

And the bitterness grew and grew and clouded all her world and spoilt her marriage. But neither Rodney nor Bunny seemed to care.

Bunny was five, and then six.

Rodney's only comment on her struggles with Bunny was that they were "both red-heads."

THEN one day she thought: "I won't do any more! I'm still young and I'm still pretty and I've still got a life of my own, if I take it!" She went to her room and began to write to Rodney: "What is there in it for me? I'm young and I want love and I want a life of my own—not just a living for other people who don't care for me, and only want the things I do for them, and laugh at me and think I haven't any rights at all. . . . I've never forgotten, Rodney, how you laughed when Bunny broke the powder bowl! It was only a little thing—but there've been such lots of little things. You've made me hate you both, and I did so love you and I was going to try to love him! Now it's too late—I don't even want to try. I just want to be myself again. I am going away."

She did not hear Rodney coming. When she looked up he was already within the door, his face white and stricken, Bunny in his arms, the round red head that was still glinty with babyhood hanging over his arm and one round cupped cheek pressed against his coat and smeared with blood.

He said hoarsely, "I'm sorry to come on you like this, Eni dear—but he wanted you—if—if he comes round, he might want you again . . . any minute. . . ." He stumbled to the bed and very gently laid Bunny down. "I've telephoned the doctor. . . ."

She asked faintly, "What happened?"

Rodney came to her and leaned toward and above her, groping for her hand:

"He ran behind the horses . . . waiting in the yard . . . they—they kicked him. . . ."

When the doctor came they learned that Bunny might live, with greatest care, with greatest luck. That night, they sat beside his small bed where he lay so startlingly still, who

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"WHEN DID THESE MANIFESTATIONS START TO MANIFEST?" "LEMME SEE. CAL'LATE IT WAS JUST OVER TWO WEEKS AGO"

Phenomena, and So Forth

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

MALACHI BANGS was the most enthusiastic litigant within a radius of fifty miles of Jonesboro. He made a debauch of it. Litigation to him was what liquor is to some folks, and it was nothing short of amazing to observe the number and variety of grievances he could find against his neighbors. It would seem that he counted that day lost whose low descending sun found no case started or no lawsuit won. And he quarreled with his attorneys.

He had worked his way around the town's legal counsel until it seemed he would have to import foreign talent—until Mary Jane Ware opened an office and took up the practice of the law. She was his last resort and he pounced upon her with grim joyousness.

Mary Jane was not the sort Malachi would willingly have picked as his legal representative. He liked big men with roaring voices and floods of invective, for he doted on hearing his neighbors flayed before juries of their peers, but any lawyer was better than no lawyer, and so he hied himself to Mary Jane. This young woman was old enough to obtain a license to practice law, though she looked about eighteen. But that wasn't the worst of it. One would have guessed her to be the final word in society fluffs, for she was tiny and very lovely, and she not only wore clothes but knew how to wear them. Also her conversation was on the light side and did not give promise of erudition or even of adroitness. In consequence of which sundry persons had fallen into error and had underestimated the young woman, to their own considerable disadvantage.

MR. MALACHI BANGS, who was nearing seventy and whose disposition grew worse with each passing day, stormed into Mary Jane's office one morning and fixed his small, cold, gray eyes upon her disapprovingly.

"I dunno what lawyers is comin' to," he said by way of breaking the ice.

"Many don't," said Mary Jane.

"When," said Malachi, "the only one a body kin git is nothin' but one of these do-de-do girls that hain't bigger'n a pint of peanuts."

"By any chance," asked Mary Jane, "do you mean me?"

"The state hadn't ought to allow it," said Malachi.

"Where's your invitation?" asked Mary Jane.

"What invitation?"

"To come to my office," Mary Jane said pensively.

"I come of my own accord."

"Then," said Mary Jane, "I guess the best thing you can do is to go the same way."

"But I come to hire you to sue somebuddy."

"Did you?" asked Mary Jane. "Well, sit over in that chair, and be very still for five minutes, and remember all the manners you ever heard of vaguely. If you've improved in that time, maybe I'll talk to you."

"Say!" began the old gentleman, but Mary Jane interrupted. "That chair," she said, pointing, "or that door."

Malachi, struck between wind and water, subsided, muttering and blinking. Mary Jane allowed a full five minutes to elapse, while she pretended to read out of a big calfbound book; then she turned to Malachi.

"Well?" she asked.

"I want to sue somebuddy," he said more docilely.

"Who and why?" asked Mary Jane.

"I don't know who."

"Am I expected to supply defendants for you?"

"I don't know who done it."

"Is this a guessing game?" asked Mary Jane. "Because if it is, the answer will be that this is my busy day!"

"If the' was sich a thing as ghosts," said the old man, "I'd say it was them."

"Then," said Mary Jane, "we might sue the Society for Psychical Research."

"I hain't a-goin' to endure it no longer. I want an injunction or suthin'. I'm a law-abidin' citizen, I am."

"Suppose," suggested Mary Jane, "we have a few facts."

"The's cats," said Malachi. "Every place I look a black cat skedaddles out of it. I never tolerated no cats around my farm, but the's a million now. Blacker'n the underside of a chunk of coal. They set on the shed and caterwaul; they come bustin' out of the barn; they run out from under the steps; they scramble up trees. I never knew the' was that many cats."

"Anything else?"

"Flashes," said Malachi, "and moans."

"What sort of flashes?"

"That come into winders and kind of dart around rooms."

"At night?" asked Mary Jane.

"Jest in the daytime. But the moans comes all times. Around the house and back in the sugar orchard and all over. Kind of in the air."

"Is that all?"

"All but the pieces of paper."

"What about them?" asked Mary Jane.

"THEY'RE red," said Malachi. "Red as blood and cut three-sided. Kind of triangles, you might say. Place is full of 'em. Find 'em in the oat bin; find 'em in the woodpile; find 'em in the mail box. When I git up in the mornin' the'll be one on the back steps, and the'll be one in the middle of the pasture. Seems like I can't turn my eyes 'thout lightin' onto one of them three-sided chunks of red."

"Any small boys hanging around?"

"They don't dast. I chase 'em off."

"You've quarreled some with your neighbors, haven't you? Possibly they're playing tricks on you to get even."

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Snoozer'll Do Nicely

By ERIC HATCH

Illustrated by Harold Brett

"I THINK he's sort of a stupid brute," said Peter Sesselenden. "But if you really want to marry him, I suppose I'll have to see what can be done about it." He was lolling in an easy chair on his brother's broad veranda. His feet were at a pleasant angle and he had a glass within easy reach. Half an hour before, his niece, Penelope Carter, had planted him there and told him the tragic end of her romance with Harry Grant. He looked off over the terraced lawns to where the Blue Ridge Mountains framed the edge of the valley. He was distressed.

"What did you quarrel about?"

Penelope took a silver pitcher from a near-by table. She filled her uncle's glass and stuck a sprig of green mint into it.

"He was unfaithful to me, Uncle Peter. He—he took that New York girl home from the Bowies' dance. I told him I couldn't marry a man who'd do a thing like that. He said something about she was sick and if I couldn't understand better than that we'd better not be engaged any more, and I got mad and said, 'Well, you just go to!' and he did!"

"Too bad," said Peter Sesselenden. "And then what?"

Penelope put her hand on his bony knee. "That was two weeks ago and I haven't heard from him since."

Peter Sesselenden removed her hand from his knee. "If you'll stop tickling me for a minute, I'll be more help to you."

His niece looked at him with wild-eyed pleading.

"If I could only just see him again, Uncle Peter. I know I could fix it up with him all right. We—we were. . . ." She broke off, catching her lips in her teeth as though something unintended had almost slipped out.

"Stop stuttering," said Peter Sesselenden, "and tell me what you-you were."

"We-we ——"

"Cut it out!" threateningly.

"We were going to Leesburg and get married the day after the dance, and now I don't reckon we ever will."

She buried her head on his knees. He said, "Those pants were clean this morning. Don't shrink them." Then he took out a terrific bandanna and blew his nose. He had no wish whatever for Penelope to know that her story had touched him. It was his boast that he was above sentiment . . . had been, as he put it, "Ever since marriage had shown him the futility of it."

"Have you thought," said he, "of the telephone?"

PENELOPE straightened. "I'm a Carter of Virginia!" she answered indignantly.

"Carters of Virginia can telephone just like anyone else," said Peter, "if they pay their bills."

"I couldn't run after him, Uncle Peter. He's got to come to me."

"H'm," said Peter Sesselenden. He found this very distressing on a September evening, for action was unquestionably indicated. He waved his glass in the air.

"I want to think a moment, Penelope. Get up."

Peter Sesselenden's method of thinking was simple. It was also inherited. After two more juleps, he turned to his niece.

"I'll talk with Harry."

"I won't let you talk to him about me. That's as bad as if I ran after him myself."

"Talk to him about you? Of course not! I'm going to talk to him about hawg calling."

"Uncle Peter!"

"Unfortunate choice of words, my dear. I meant I would talk with him conversationally. I think I can arrange it for you. I'll ride over to his inn, if you'll lend me a horse. It's a nice evening and the ride would do me good."

"I've nothing but old Snoozer."

"Do I know Snoozer?"

"You must—he's been here for years."

Her uncle brightened. "Been here for years? Snoozer'll do nicely."

Wondering a little what he meant, Penelope went with him to the stable and ordered Dudley to saddle the roan mare. An hour later Peter Sesselenden rode up to the inn where Harry Grant made his home during the hunting season.

"Hyaah, Harry Grant!" he called out from the street.

"Who is it?"

"Peter Sesselenden. Want to see you about a horse."

A moment later young Grant appeared on the porch. He was in his pajamas.

"Evening, Mr. Sesselenden," he said coldly. "Blast you," he thought, "turning up here and reminding me all over again about Penelope when I'm just beginning to get over it a little! . . . If you've come to try and get me to go back and apologize, I won't . . . see? I've got pride, too." Aloud he said, "How are you?"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Peter, leaning from the saddle and beckoning with his hand. The young man came over to him. Plainly he was puzzled by this extraordinary conduct of a pillar of the community. He looked a question.

"Sh-h-h!" said Uncle Peter again. "I've found just the horse for you. Win the Warrenton Gold Cup with his legs tied!"

"What a horse!" exclaimed Harry Grant.

"Sh-h-h!" said Uncle Peter.

THE young man looked at him again. Uncle Peter knew he was thinking what any right-minded young man would think if an old coot on a crazy roan horse came shushing around at that time of the night. It was just what Uncle Peter wanted him to think.

"Isn't it a little late?" asked Grant.

"Late?" echoed Peter. "Late for looking at a horse that could win the Warrenton Gold Cup with his ——"

The young man interrupted. "I know," he said. He'd decided to humor the old gentleman . . . after all, he had

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"SH-H-H!" SAID UNCLE PETER AGAIN. "I'VE FOUND JUST THE HORSE FOR YOU!"

THE FEUD WENT LIGHTLY AND GAYLY OUT OF EXISTENCE THE INSTANT THEY LAID EYES UPON EACH OTHER

The Merivales

By

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

DOWN in the Blue Ridge lie the broad acres of the Merivales, a mighty family now in its fifth generation, with Ursula Merivale Spaine as its matriarch. Though past eighty, she is undisputed ruler, for control of a great fortune in land and mining properties is vested in her capable hands. Her clan numbers eighty-four and ranges from her own six sons and five daughters down to her great-great-grandchildren, the infant twin daughters of Joe and Ella Bellwilliger. The four Bellwilligers enjoy the hospitality of her home.

The world knows Ursula as the mother of eleven children by the late Herbert Spaine, but she was also the mother of a twelfth—out of wedlock. David France, the grandson of her first and only love, is employed as her superintendent. Ursula has kept her secret all these years, but she watches over David with a yearning love and is ambitious for him.

Among the regular guests at the Coach and Saddle, a Revolutionary inn on the estate, are the Traffordsons, a wealthy and socially important Richmond family. Miriam Traffordson is beautiful and talented, and Ursula quietly begins to play the rôle of matchmaker. When Edgar Spaine, her only unmarried son, professes his love for Molly English, her pretty secretary, she promptly encourages his suit and promises him an advance on his inheritance if he marries, fearful lest David and Molly are unduly attracted to each other.

Miriam is secretly in love with David, but he has shown no signs of being in love with her. The Traffordsons learn of Miriam's passion and are dismayed, for they regard David as a social inferior, as little better than Mrs. Spaine's "hired hand." Mr. Traffordson beards Ursula in her den and demands that she send David off the estate. His pompous snobbery is met with stern refusal.

The following week a levee is held at Merivale Hall. Mr. Traffordson watches his daughter like a hawk and is studiedly rude to David. The wily Mrs. Spaine warns David to let Miriam alone—that the Traffordsons look upon him as superintendent of the estate and nothing more. She is rewarded by seeing the light of battle leap in David's eyes.

X.

THE days and weeks slipped by. One morning frost was reported up in the hills. The exodus from the Coach and Saddle had begun; thin-blooded Southerners were returning to warmer lands; thicker-blooded Northerners were getting back to steam-heated apartments; only the constant lovers of Merivale Springs remained to see the trees strip themselves nude in bold contempt for the chill, shrill winds and the sleet of the winter that was so near at hand.

Huge log fires burned in the sparsely populated "main hall" of the Inn; steam radiators clacked and sizzled throughout the house; dozens of waiters and house employes already had migrated to the mid-South and places even farther away; golfers went the rounds in heavy sweaters; and everybody exclaimed that this was the most glorious time of the year at Merivale Springs. October was well beyond its middle; little more than a week remained before the house was to close on the twenty-seventh. There were no more than twenty guests at the hotel.

Among them were Mrs. Traffordson and Miriam. The latter had given up tennis for the season, but was keeping up golf and riding. Her mother thought she looked a little thin. Overdoing it, said Mr. Traffordson, when his attention was called to the matter on one of his week-end visits toward the end of September. It should go without saying that he failed to carry out his threat to abandon Merivale Springs. Either he thought better of it or didn't think of it at all—proof of which may be found in the statement that he had reserved rooms for the following season.

Strange to relate, their daughter was seeing very little of the pernicious David nowadays. As a matter of fact, she rarely came in contact with him, either on the bridle paths, in the village or about the grounds.

A remarkable thing had happened. Conditions, it seems, were completely reversed: Where once Miriam, in a manner of speaking, had been the hunter, she was now the hunted, for David was constantly on the lookout for her. Pride alone kept him from making a fool of himself. And now that she knew or at least suspected his increasing, unmistakable regard for her, she suddenly became shy, even to the point of avoiding him.

As for David France, he was now in a most bewildering state of torment. He was in love with the "banker's daughter," and he knew that his case was hopeless. She gave him every reason to suspect as much; indeed, she made it only too plain that she wished to have nothing to do with him.

His thoughts, his longings had to do with Miriam now; Molly English had passed out of the picture. The shadow of her lingered, however, vaguely and mischievously haunting him at times, but love had its demands, and they were cruelly inconstant. In fact, David found himself in a most distressing position; he had lost Molly to Edgar—there could be no doubt about that now—and he had lost Miriam at the very moment when he realized how much she meant to him—after all the years of loving her without knowing it.

Molly English, still loving David, crept back into herself and buried her hopes where no man could ever find them.

She was no fool. And so when Edgar Spaine, now honestly and deeply in love with her, asked her to marry him, she accepted him, but imposed two conditions, one of them causing him considerable annoyance. The other did not bother him in the least, for he knew that his mother would gladly accept Molly as a daughter-in-law. But when Molly told him he would have to go to her father and ask for her hand in marriage—what a silly, old-fashioned habit that was!—his pride was terribly hurt. He felt injured. As if Doc English wouldn't jump at the chance to have his daughter become Mrs. Edgar Spaine! What father wouldn't?

For the life of him, he couldn't imagine anything so incredible as poor Doc English having the slightest doubt or hesitancy about it. Nevertheless, Molly was firm. She said he would have to ask her father. And so Edgar, after first receiving his mother's rather ironic blessing, sauntered down to the doctor's office one afternoon.

It had not occurred to him to make an appointment; he didn't consider himself a patient, nor, for that matter, was he seeking medical consolation. He was, therefore, not a little put out to discover that there were five people ahead of him, and so, in the nature of things, he would have to await his turn.

PRESENTLY he got up and left, pausing long enough on the porch to glance at the little sign beside the door which read: "C. W. English, M.D., Office Hours: 11 to 1—3 to 5." It was now ten minutes past four. He decided to stroll up to the hotel and get a haircut. On second thought he reëntered the office and instructed the bespectacled attendant to say to Doctor English that he would return at five o'clock sharp to see him about a matter entirely personal.

"Oh—er—not professionally then, Mr. Spaine?" said the young woman, and he had an idea that she looked disappointed.

"Not professionally. I'll be here at five. Be sure to tell him. Thanks."

He lit his pipe and started up to the hotel. As he started to cross the main street of the village an automobile honked severely at him. He jumped and shot an apprehensive look first to the right, then to the left of him. There was but one car in sight and it was standing perfectly still alongside the curb, not thirty feet away. It honked again.

"Well, for the Lord's sake!" he exclaimed, recognizing the person at the wheel, but not the car.

It was a neat, brand-new little roadster and the driver was Joseph Bellwilliger. Joseph beckoned to him.

"Say, Uncle Edgar," the latter began as the older man approached, "I'd like your opinion on this car. You know something about cars, don't you?" He put the question as an afterthought.

"Not very much. Why?"

"Well, I'm trying this one out. Seeing what she can do and all that, you know. What do you think of her? Peach, eh?"

"Trying it out, you say? For whom?"

"Well, if she's as good as Jackson says she is—and I'm sure she is—I thought something of asking grandmother to give it to Ella for her birthday next month. She was asking me what I thought Ella would like for her birthday. But, say, for Pete's sake, don't mention it to Ella. It's supposed to be a complete surprise to her."

"Have you mentioned it to my mother, Joe?" inquired Edgar with his dry smile.

"Not yet. As a matter of fact, I haven't mentioned it to anyone yet—that is, except Jackson."

"Then it will be as much of a surprise to you as it will to Ella if my mother gives it to her, eh?"

"How's that?"

"What's the price?"

"Seventeen-fifty. Jackson brought it up from Richmond yesterday. He's in the drug store now telephoning to ——"

"I thought you were helping Davy France this afternoon," broke in Edgar rather frostily. "Checking up Brown's accounts out at the dairy farm. I suppose you know that Brown skipped out day before yesterday." This last remark bore a distinct trace of sarcasm.

"Sure. Jackson's explaining to Davy why I couldn't get out there to help him this afternoon."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed Edgar angrily.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said Joseph beamingly. "Ella drove out to the dairy in the station car to take my place. I asked Molly English to do it, but she said nix. And so ——"

"You've got more gall than —— Do you mean to say that your wife is out there helping Davy?"

"Sure. Why not? She's dotty about Davy—in the right way, of course. But listen, this car can do ——"

"So Jackson is in there telephoning to inform Davy you are not helping him this afternoon, eh?"

"IF YOU DON'T SKIP OFF HOME NOW I'LL—I'LL SICK THE DOGS ON YOU"

"SOMETHING like that. Oh, yes, I forgot the main point, Uncle Edgar. I've sort of got this car on the brain, see? Can't seem to focus on anything else. What Jackson is telephoning Davy about is to say that Brown has been caught and confesses he tried to get away with seventeen hundred dollars ——"

"The deuce you say!"

"Yep. I was about to say that Jackson guarantees this car will stand up under any kind of ——"

"I am not interested in the car. Where is Brown? Where was he caught?"

"Oh, Brown? Why, he's up at Jackson's house with two men guarding him. Jack's telephone is out of order, so we had to come down here to get in touch with Davy to find out whether we ought to send word to the sheriff ——"

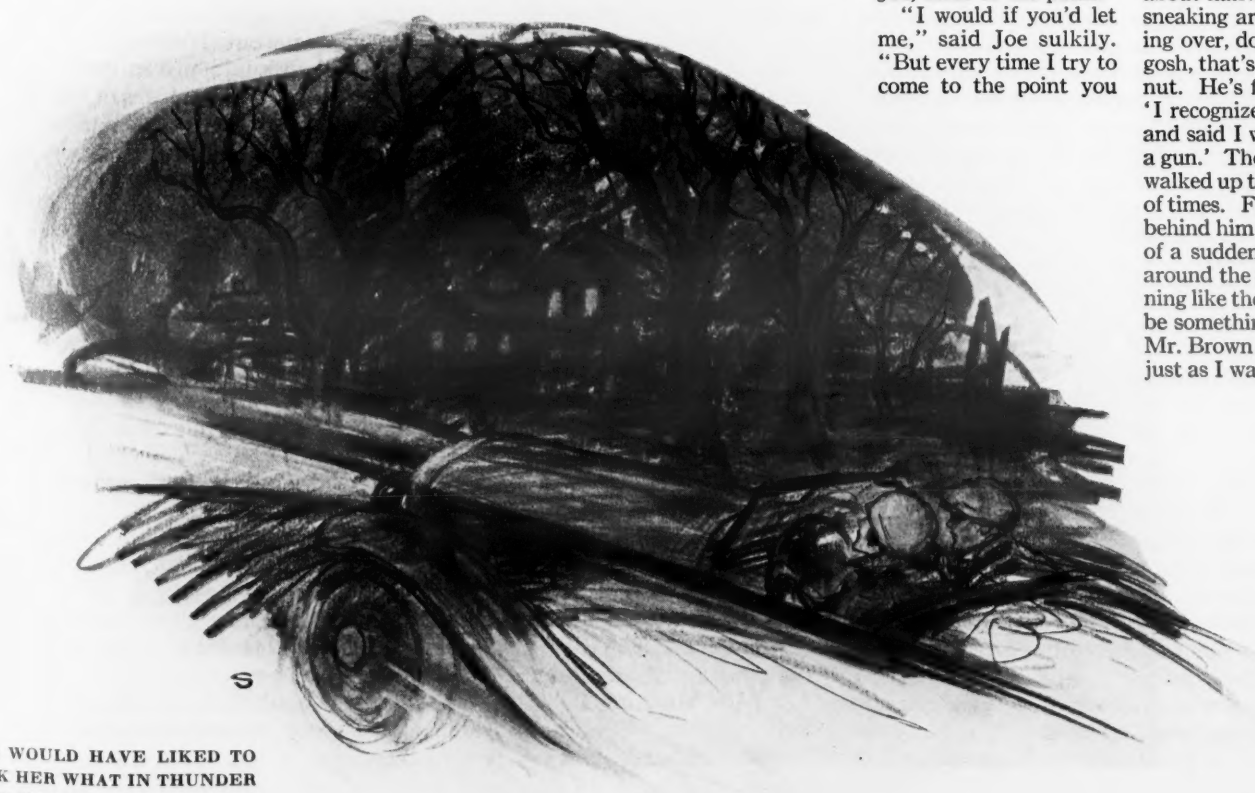
"Come to the point, Joe, come to the point."

"I would if you'd let me," said Joe sulkily. "But every time I try to come to the point you interrupt, Uncle Edgar. Of course, everything depends on whether grandmother is willing to spend so much money on a present for Ella. It's a peach of a car and ——"

"By gad, Joe, I wish I could concentrate as you do. If I had the —— But never mind. Sidetrack yourself for a few seconds, my boy. Just long enough to tell me about Brown. Where was he caught?"

"Why, we were trying the little bus out on the dirt road up Turtleback Mountain—you know where Turtleback is, don't you?"

"Certainly. I've lived in these parts all my life. It's over at the other end of the gap, a good twenty miles from Merivale Springs. Now, go on."



HE WOULD HAVE LIKED TO ASK HER WHAT IN THUNDER SHE MEANT BY DRIVING SO RAPIDLY, BUT DISCRETION PREVENTED

"WELL, we were passing a shack about halfway up when I happened to catch sight of a man sneaking around the corner and into the door, sort of stooping over, don't you know. So I said to Jackson: 'Hey! By gosh, that's Frank Brown.' And Jack said: 'You're off your nut. He's five hundred miles away from here by this time.' 'I recognized him positively,' said I. So I stopped the car and said I was going to get out. Jack said, 'Maybe he's got a gun.' Then I said, 'Maybe he hasn't.' So Jack and I both walked up to the door and knocked. We had to knock a couple of times. Finally an old man opened it. An old woman stood behind him. So Jack asked if Frank Brown was there. All of a sudden we heard a back door slam and so we dashed around the shack. Sure enough, there was Frank Brown running like the devil down a trail. We took after him. I used to be something of a sprinter when I was a kid—and, of course, Mr. Brown isn't young any longer. He must be forty. But just as I was catching up with him I tripped over a root and got an awful tumble. See the way I tore the leg of my pants. And say, there's a lot of skin off of that knee too. Better not look if you're squeamish about blood. So Jackson kept right on. Brown suddenly stopped and waited for Jack to come up. Then he hauled off and hit Jack a wallop on the jaw that would have knocked out a heavyweight. Down went Jack and away went Mr. Brown, lickety-split.

"But I was after him again. I hurdled Jackson as he was getting to his feet and kept right on. I don't know as I've ever mentioned it to you before, Uncle Edgar, but I used to play on the football team at our high school. I'd have made the team at Columbia sure if I hadn't got married instead of —— But that's past history. When I got close enough I made a

(Continued on Page 67)

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

Save the Mothers

THE United States has the highest death rate of mothers, from accidents and diseases incident to childbirth, of any country in the world. We have learned how to save the lives of babies, but we are letting as many mothers die today as ten years ago.

For every one thousand babies who are born alive in the United States, there are six mothers who give up their lives—a rate that, beside other countries', is a national scandal. In Scotland the rate is 5.8; in Germany, 5.3; in England and Wales, 3.8; in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, 2.6; in Holland, 2.3.

Fifteen thousand women die in the United States each year as a result of childbirth—more than from any other single cause except tuberculosis.

There is no reason for this high maternal mortality rate except ignorance and inertia.

Prenatal care alone would assure the entire safety, and save the lives, of at least two-thirds of these mothers who are now dying. The Maternity Center Association of New York has demonstrated this easy and simple life-saving method. Among two thousand prospective mothers under the care of this association, following simple methods that may be used by any woman in her home, there was not one death from causes incident to childbirth. The New York City Department of Health has made a similar life-saving demonstration, and others are being carried on in other cities with similar favorable results.

European countries make widespread use of midwives. In every country but the United States, midwives are well trained and practice under governmental supervision. In the United States, with few exceptions, we make use of midwives who have no training at all, or at the best a limited amount, and who are under little if any supervision.

Under the provisions of the Federal Maternity and Infancy Act, a definite beginning has been made for state control of midwives, and some cities, notably New York, have a fine record in this regard. But, on the whole, we have been criminally neglectful of the safety of mothers who must have the care of midwives, and there are still many parts of this country where any other care at the time of childbirth is unobtainable. The recognition, training and adequate supervision of midwives would inevitably result in the saving of thousands of lives that are now needlessly sacrificed.

The adequate teaching of obstetrics needs better recognition in our medical colleges. In hours of work and seeming importance, it now ranks far below the various other specialties, which offer to the student a greater lure and the promise of greater future financial return. Our leading obstetricians have recognized this danger and are now making every effort to have the teaching of obstetrics placed on a par with the other subjects of the medical curriculum.

The immediate remedy, and the one that offers safety and surety of health for both the mother and her baby, is proper and continuous prenatal care. Such care and oversight cost very little or nothing and should be available for every prospective mother. There can be no other civic duty or opportunity of more far-reaching importance than the establishment of prenatal clinics in every community.

These changes alone, if put into effect, would reduce our present high maternal mortality rate to a point as low as that of the Scandinavian countries or the Netherlands, and perhaps lower. It is not too much to hope that when this country is aroused to the importance of this menace to our motherhood, any possible danger that may now be associated with childbirth will be practically eliminated.

Equal Rights

EVER since the adoption of the equal-suffrage amendment to the Constitution, certain ultra-modern-minded groups have been striving for further legislation to eliminate all other sources of inequality between men and women. At each session of Congress there has been introduced another constitutional amendment providing that "men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction." But the demand for this legislation has come from a very limited number; most women oppose it because they realize that they would probably lose more than they would gain by this leveling process.

An excellent diagnosis of the situation is contained in a pamphlet by Ethel M. Smith, recently published by the National League of Women Voters. Miss Smith shows that the proposed amendment would be ineffective, uncertain, destructive and expensive.

In some states there still exist family and property-rights inequalities that mostly favor men. The right of jury service is withheld from women in twenty-seven states. The property laws of six states allow the husband to take his wife's wages, and in eight states the husband has complete control of all the property of both parties during his lifetime. No state allows to the wife the right of choice of domicile, nor is joint headship of the family allowed by law.

On the other hand, practically all public-health laws and a great many of the labor laws have been enacted for the sole benefit of women, and to destroy these acts by imposing "equal rights" would be to set the clock back, legally, by scores of years.

For though men and women may be equal in mind and in soul, they can never be made equal in body. "Equality," says Miss Smith, "is a relative thing, and different things may be equal"—just as men and women in fact are different though equal.

One single formula can never be applied to the correction of inequalities between men and women. Far better to retain those advantages which women have gained, which they need for their protection and well-being, and gradually to wipe out those hand-me-downs from the old common law that still work injustice in family and social relationship. Only in this way can the inequalities of different beings be adjusted to the gain of society as a whole.

New Jobs for Women

FIVE more short paragraphs before we leave this subject of "equal rights" for women:

A young woman, Miss Anna Weinstock of the Federal Department of Labor, brought about settlement of a textile strike in Tennessee after all negotiations begun by men had failed.

The 141st General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church decided to submit to the presbyteries three overtures placing women on a parity with men. These would make women eligible to ordination as ministers, as elders, as lay evangelists.

Miss Ada Louise Comstock, president of Radcliffe College, was appointed by President Hoover to serve on the National Law Enforcement Commission.

Women voters in Great Britain outnumbered men by more than a million and a quarter in the recent election, and their ballots played a great part in returning the Labor Party to power.

Miss Margaret Bondfield, Minister for Labor in Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald's new cabinet, is the first woman ever to serve in the British Ministry.

Symphonies in My Garden

By

CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

Decoration by M. J. Gallagher

IN THE darkness I hear a slight sound. A sort of gentle plop, and a faint splash of water as a sportive goldfish flips its tail at the surface of the pool beside me. There is no need to snap on the flashlight in my hand, which I have with me for the purpose of seeing some gorgeous moth as it hovers over my night-blooming lilies. I know that the goldfish are feeding among the nymphæa and water hyacinths planted in this miniature water garden by my own hand. Other nights have taught me that.

A slight breeze stirs in the birch and red pines behind me. Gentle at first, like the faint caress of mother to sleeping babe, so imperceptible that I close my eyes instinctively and wait, daring not to stir for fear the spell will be broken. Then, as if the goddess of sleep were shaking out her hair before retiring, comes the rustle of breeze on needle and leaf. How refreshing, how soothing, how life-giving that breeze with its night fragrances! My ear catches the slight melody of tunes played upon the sighing pines, and I am at peace with all the world for the first time in the whole of this wretched day.

It has been more than annoying, this day. Cherished plans have been overturned; the telephone has jangled and clamored incessantly; a dozen and one people whom I have not wanted to see have ruthlessly pushed themselves in, to remind me of this or that triviality, lingering exasperatingly when I wished they would let me alone. And the heat—it has been almost unbearable. I have felt like a spent flag, hanging sodden and listless, chained to my mast. My ears have roared with the shriek of pavements and the grinding clamor of traffic. My tongue has been parched as if I were in Death Valley; my cheeks burning; my nerves frayed and whipped out.

But, tonight—ah, the symphonies of peace and relief my garden brings to me quite repay all the day has exacted, quite repay all the hours I have spent in drudgery on my knees wooing rain, and soil, and seed, to bring forth their united treasures.

Night's Kingdom

A BIRD sleepily twitters to near-by mate, and in the distance across the hills comes the faint, far-off bark of a dog. The flush of the city tints the sky to the east and a silent finger of light reaches into the heavens with sweeping curves to guide some wandering aviator safely to port.

I listen intently, but the roar of the city is gone, utterly gone, and I am thankful it is so. I feel almost like shaking out my ears so that by no chance these clangs and roars and shrieks of the wide-awake world could deprive me of hearing the sounds and murmurs of my garden now. For these hums, these sighs, these whispers, soothe the ear as much as the others have burdened and irritated it.

Who is there who can be irritated at, or who would shut out, the hum of insects on a summer's night? They have a harmony all their own, from crickets, katydids—or didn'ts, as you prefer—to lumbering June bugs and the more precise, insistent mosquitoes. There are times when even the latter cannot be annoying to the true gardener, and if you can contemplate them philosophically, you will be charmed—but not for long, I grant—by the music of their flight.

I like the common cricket, filthy old rogue that he is. He has his element and he is quite serene in it, although a little saucy and bossy at times. He chatters a great deal at night, when it is dark enough for his black jacket to camouflage him perfectly. Brave as any braggart when no danger is abroad, he climbs out of his moist lair and boastfully notifies all the world that he is satisfied with himself and his music, and that you'll get your concert whether you like it or not. He only proves that Nature's seeming inharmonies after all contribute real harmony to her larger symphony, for he gives point and emphasis to the whole chorus of evening insects.

The buzz, and hum, and chatter—now loud, now shrill, now faint and whispering—all move in earth-wide chorus wherever one may go from one end of the land to the other. One may close the eyes and hear the reassurance as one has done a thousand times this side of Paradise. And you nestle back lovingly in the lap of Old Mother Nature, tempted to slumber, thankful that summer nights are ransom enough for trying summer days.

There is a kingdom that belongs to night alone, ruled by sounds that are heard only in the night, caressed by breezes and intrigued by odors that one finds at no other time. Night has her flowers in her hair, as well as her perfumes, her giant moths, her silent, flitting birds that dart in and out, quick shadows upon the lighter sky. Night is a world as moving and as busy in its way as the world of day. Sometimes, I think that it is a better world than the one I was born to live in, because it is so silent, so quick and efficient.

Night has ten million candles hung in her eternal sky, tapers ceaselessly burning upon her universal altar. I see much activity in the heavens at times—comets, shooting stars—strange sights to these puny eyes of mine, but I hear no noise, detect no strife, am punished by no warfares. Truly has it been written, "Silent night, holy night" . . . for any night is a kingdom of silence, and there are times when silence is indeed holy. Silence that caresses and soothes and heals.

My Night Birds

THE mocking bird is, to my mind, the king of all the night birds. I love it when it has learned and gives me the thrilling song of the Kentucky cardinal. I loathe it when it has learned the whistle of some man and startles me out of my reveries with such alien notes. When it imitates the thrush, it is exquisite, and it often favors us with the robin's sweet roundelay. The other morning I was awakened by the clear, clarion notes of the robin; in fact, I was startled at the sound, so foreign to night. Outside my window the moon was shining brightly and I looked at my watch. It was four o'clock. Wondering what could possibly cause a robin to sing at that hour, I lay back on my pillow, the song running through my mind. Then, I caught the rogue! A peculiar whistling call mingled with the robin's song, gave the mocking bird away. Such fun as he was having! And I blessed him, in spite of the fact that he had shattered my early morning sleep.

The whippoorwill has never come into my garden at night, but what matters it? I have heard him in the neighboring woods, and what I hear in my garden is as much mine as if I put it there. Indeed, if I had to depend upon what I put in my garden for all the lure it holds for me, I am frank to confess that it could not hold me half an hour any day or night. The whippoorwill brings a vagabond note to my ears that is quite as thrilling and reassuring as any sound they ever hear. Somehow, I shall always feel that as long as I hear a whippoorwill I have not strayed too far from the greatest gardener of us all. It is best heard just as dusk falls, deepening into shadows that mystify and bewilder the eyes, when it is hard to tell for

(Continued on Page 124)

Maison Paul Poiret
1180

Maison Paul Poiret
1179

Lanvin
1188

Maison Paul Poiret
1176

Dœuillet-Doucet
1177

Dœuillet-Doucet
1183

Maison Paul Poiret
1178

Redfern
1190

Paris Frocks to Reproduce for Two to Seventeen

PROOFS that the great dressmaking houses of Paris take designing for the jeune fille and her even smaller sister quite as seriously as they do creating for an older clientele are the two coats at the upper left, designed by the Maison Paul Poiret for the schoolgirl. No. 1180, designed for ages 4 to 14, continues the pointed yoke line from the front to a waist-deep point in back, where there are also a belt and an inverted pleat. The scarf collar and patch pockets add to its smartness. Design No. 1179 is a double-breasted model with a skirt flaring slightly under the belt, notched collar and unusually cut patch pockets. Designed for ages 6 to 14.

The Maison Paul Poiret has also designed a frock, No. 1176, which could be combined with either of these coats for a school ensemble. Four inverted pleats under the cut-out point in the front of the skirt and an inverted pleat at each side seam give fullness to the skirt. The dress may be made with short sleeves or with long bishop sleeves with turnback cuffs to match the flat collar. Designed for ages 6 to 14.

Lanvin, whose children's clothes epitomize the chic of the French child, has designed a suit, No. 1188, for school; the dress has applied trimming bands just below the neckline in front, a narrow belt and an all-around circular skirt. The little jacket is made with standing collar and inset pockets. Designed for ages 13 to 17.

For that exciting acquisition, the first evening frock, Redfern has created a dress, Design No. 1190, shown in the right panel, which is in excellent taste by reason of its absolute simplicity, and yet is as smart as mother's newest ball gown. The short-waisted bodice, with its round neckline and deep armholes, is caught with a narrow girdle tying in front; the two circular tiers of the skirt point upward in front. Designed, in jade-green chiffon, for ages 13 to 17.

A two-piece afternoon dress for a little girl, No. 1177, is designed by Dœuillet-Doucet in light blue crêpe de chine, trimmed with applied shaped bands of white embroidered linen at the armhole and blouse hem to match the turndown collar. Designed for ages 6 to 14. Dœuillet-Doucet also designs a smaller party frock, No. 1183, for ages 2 to 6, in pink organdie with embroidery done in appliquéd blue organdie and wool.

Design No. 1178 indicates that the Maison Paul Poiret can also create picturesquely in miniature. The little girl's party frock has a short, tight bodice and a full gathered skirt with an insert of lace, and a narrow blue tie girdle. Designed in pink chiffon for ages 4 to 10.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Price, Adults, 65 cts.; Children, 50 cts. Canada, 75 and 60 cts.

Your family welcomes hot soup with summer's cold meals!

Harping on one string soon tires the ear . . . Contrast and variety are just as necessary to charm the appetite . . . True, your family wants cold foods in summer, but a meal made up of nothing but cold dishes misses the touch of contrast to give life and sparkle . . . Among all your cooling salads, ices and frosty beverages, serve hot, bracing, invigorating soup—and see the difference it makes . . . It quickens the sense of taste . . . All the food seems to take on new zest and flavor . . . Everybody enjoys the meal more . . . And of course, it is more healthful, for the hot soup acts as a splendid tonic to the digestion . . . For this one-hot-dish of the summer meal, millions select Campbell's Vegetable Soup—it's so hearty and delicious . . . Already cooked . . . 12 cents a can.

I'm rolling home to Campbell's
As hungry as a bear!
I hear my tummy calling
For the soup that's waiting there!

A choice for every day in the week

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Paris Designs for August Foreshadow Fall Changes

JANE RÉGNY is at her inimitable sports-and-street-clothes best in Design No. 1193, at the left. The belt suggests the high waistline, the standing collar ties smartly in front, and the skirt is circular. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

The applied-band motif of Jenny's No. 1181 appears on the blouse below the diagonal neck line and is repeated on the circular skirt, above the inset circular section. A scarf collar is drawn through a slit on the left shoulder. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Lanvin emphasizes the important high waistline in Design No. 1185, a charming afternoon gown suitable for summer formal afternoon affairs, or informal dinners. The cowl collar is repeated in back, and the motion of the skirt is achieved by inset godets. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. The effect of the increasingly important longer skirt is derived from a dipping circular section in Worth's No. 1182. There is a fitted right-side hipband and a draped girdle. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

Jane Régny suggests an Eton jacket in her jaunty street frock, Design No. 1191; undervest and cuffs are pleated; the circular skirt falls from a fitted hip yoke. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Hats: Jane Blanchot, Patou, and Reboux.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Bldg., 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Price, 65 cts.; Canada, 75 cts.

What leading stylists say the well-dressed floor will wear

A few room corners from the Style Show held at the Hotel Biltmore, New York

THESE INTERIORS WERE PRESENTED BY THE HEADS OF THE INTERIOR DECORATING STAFFS OF THREE LEADING MAGAZINES TO A LIMITED FEW WHO LEAD AS CREATORS OR INTERPRETERS OF STYLE TRENDS

Style Show sponsored by the makers of Scranton Drapery Fabrics

Mrs. Hope Harvey, Editor, Interior Furnishing Department, Woman's Home Companion, found the keynote for this young woman's room in an Armstrong Floor that mirrors the modern. Moulded Inlaid Design No. 3195.

Ladies' Home Journal's Interior Decoration Department selected a textured rubblestone pattern for the floor of this comfortable dining-room. Embossed Inlaid No. 1102. Each color goes through to the burlap back.

The Studio of Good Housekeeping Magazine chose a black all-over marble effect in Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum as the decorative foundation for this modernistic interior. Handmade Marble Inlaid Design No. 89.

SMART people in evening clothes... All arbiters of fashion ... More than a hundred of them meet at the Hotel Biltmore, New York, guests of the Scranton Lace Company.

Style editors of three national magazines—Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Woman's Home Companion—independent of one another, exhibit fashionable interiors. "How to use lace at your windows," is their problem. And in the smart solving of that each also ably demonstrates what the well-dressed floor will wear!

Three of the room schemes are shown above. In each a floor design specifically suited to the spirit of the room is seen. Each is different. Yet all three floors are the same foot-easy, quiet, easily cleaned material—Armstrong's Linoleum—though one shows marble squares of regal black; a second, hand-laid rubblestone, textured in three planes; the third, a modern motif based on building shadows.

Here, right in front of you now, is the outstanding reason why Armstrong's Linoleum Floors today enter the very best of homes, why they take part in almost every exhibit by interior decorators, why women who want their homes to be in fashion start their decoration with a modern Armstrong Floor.

See them yourself, the three shown here and many more, at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores. Their many practical virtues will appeal to you. The quick yet permanent laying (trimly tailored and cemented in place over builders' lining felt). The wide range of prices. The warmth, quietness, foot-comfort. And, of course, the new Accolac-Processed surface that is spot-proof, stain-proof. This alone is a big feature, for now just a light waxing and polishing keeps your floor like new. Even in such rooms where tracked-in dirt may make frequent floor washings necessary—in kitchens, bathrooms, and entrance halls—an occasional renewing with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer quickly restores the satiny surface. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Floor Fashions Illustrated

Please permit us to send you our new bookful of model rooms that show in full color how well Armstrong Floors fit into smart interiors. "New Ideas in Home Decoration" it is called. Written by Hazel Dell Brown, well-known decorator. Offers the author's service free for your own home planning. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover cost of mailing. (In Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 920 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Philippe et Gaston
1186

PHOTO. BY SCAIONI, PARIS

Mrs. Dean Bushby wears a Molyneux black chiffon and tulle evening gown, a huge choux placed on the strass shoulder straps.

Nicole Groult
1194

Midsummer Paris Frocks

CDV19—CABLE—PARIS 51 14/1236
SMART WOMEN RITZ LUNCHEON AND OUTDOOR OCCASIONS WEAR BLUES ESPECIALLY NAVY BOTTLE-GREEN PRINTS FEW YELLOWS AND MANY BLACK-AND-WHITE PIN CHECKS IN TWO-PIECE TWEED COSTUMES—SKIRTS GENERALLY ARE MUCH LONGER EVENING GOWN SILHOUETTE FITTED HIPS PANEL SKIRTS LONG BACKS DIP BOTH SIDES OR ONE SIDE ALL PASTEL SHADES REDS MANY OFF-WHITES RELIEVED BY COLORED ACCESSORIES

Joseph Paquin
1187

Marian Glynn

Premet
1192

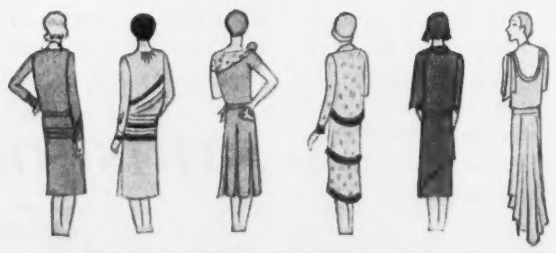
SO REPORTS our Paris office by last-minute cable. What does it mean to "smart women" in America? Navy blue? Nicole Groult's Design No. 1189 in the lower right corner was designed in navy-blue foulard with a tiny white figure, finished with white crêpe de chine cuffs and neckband. The one-sided scarf and circular tunic over the straight skirt are unusually smart. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Prints? Lucile's afternoon frock, Design No. 1184, is shown in printed georgette. The circular-shaped bolero dips in a curve in back, a line followed by the two flounces of the skirt (and "skirts are much longer"). Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40. Premet, in Design No. 1192, combines a brilliant crêpe de chine printed in crimson, pink and orange on a pencil-blue ground with solid pencil-blue crêpe in one of the most charming of summer frocks. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Yellow? Joseph Paquin's dress, Design No. 1187, is designed in beige crêpe de chine with applied bands of tête de nègre and yellow trimming the blouse. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Navy blue? Philippe et Gaston use it for a smart frock, Design No. 1186, shown in the upper left corner. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

The lines of the exquisite Nicole Groult evening gown, Design No. 1194, echo exactly the dictum of the cable. Its smart high waistline, shaped circular side sections and long-pointed back section were designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40, in pale blue satin, but would be smart in red or off-white.



Lucile
1184

Nicole Groult
1189

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Price, 65 cts.; Canada, 75 cts.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Lady Violet Astor

Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday

The Duchesse de Gramont

DISTINGUISHED IN THE SOCIETY OF FIVE NATIONS • • •

THEY TRUST THEIR BEAUTY TO THE SAME SURE CARE

The Duquesa de Alba

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Jr.

Lady Louis Mountbatten

The Countess Howe

WOMEN in society are subject to the keenest scrutiny. They know that to be well groomed one must have a meticulously cared for skin. So they use the four famous preparations Pond's makes which cherish the skin perfectly in any climate.

In our own America, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., says, "Even on our Nevada ranch I have my daily facial—with Pond's." A lovely, ivory-skinned bride, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Jr., uses Pond's "three times a day for charm" as the old rhyme goes. Charming Mrs. Adrian Iselin II, declares, "Pond's method makes daily treatment simple and practical."

In France, the chic Duchesse de Gramont attributes the velvety smoothness of her skin to these delightful aids. The fascinating Marquise de Polignac exclaims, "I have got the Pond's habit!"

A Viennese beauty, Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday—says charmingly, "I like them so very much."

One of England's six most beautiful women, the Countess Howe, calls Pond's "a straightforward way of keeping fit." Lady Violet Astor declares, "Pond's has done a wonderful service to women." Lady Louis Mountbatten is another Pond's devotee.

In Spain, The Duquesa de Alba, patrician beauty, says, "No aid for my skin is more effective than Pond's."

So, in Europe and America, and, indeed, all over the world, Pond's preparations are the favorite way to a lovely skin. This is how to use them:

First—for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously over face and neck several times a day and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes; the pure oils sink into the pores and lift the dirt to the surface. *Then*—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. Repeat these two steps. *Next*—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck to remove oiliness, close the pores, invigorate the skin. *Last*—smooth on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

At bedtime—thoroughly cleanse with cold cream, removing with Tissues.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 Preparations

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. V
107 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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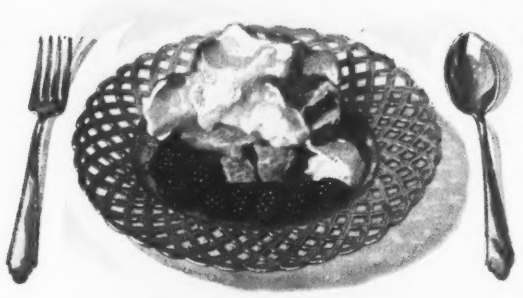
The Marquise de Polignac

Mrs. Adrian Iselin II

Pond's four preparations are the simplest, safest way to a lovely skin . . .

Summer desserts – old and new



BLACKBERRY ROLY-POLY

Since Shakespeare's time the roly-poly has added enjoyment to countless meals as well as a word to the English language—for over-indulgence in this favored dessert was wont to make the consumer "roly-poly."

This is another quick Crisco recipe and can be made by the most inexperienced cook. For Crisco combines easily and smoothly with the other ingredients of a recipe and lends its own delightfully fresh flavor to the foods cooked with it.

2 cups flour — 5 tablespoons Crisco
½ teaspoon salt — ½ cup milk — 1 egg beaten
2 tablespoons sugar — 3 teaspoons baking powder

Sift dry ingredients. Cut in Crisco until mealy in appearance. Add beaten egg and milk and blend. Toss on floured board and roll out about ¼" thick. Brush with melted Crisco.

3 cups blackberries — ¾ cup sugar — ½ teaspoon ginger
⅛ teaspoon salt — 2 tablespoons Crisco

Spread dough with berries which have been mixed with sugar and spices. Dot with Crisco. Roll up as for jelly roll. Place in Criscoed pan and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes. Serve with favorite pudding sauce.

PEACH COBBLER

Cobbler is a strange name for a dessert! Dictionaries throw no light on its origin as applied to food. But the phrase "to cobble" was an early Americanism meaning to concoct hurriedly. Perhaps some housewife said proudly of the dish long ago, "Oh, it's something I've just cobbled up"—and thence the name cobbler came down through generations.

This Crisco peach cobbler is rich enough to satisfy grown-up appetites and simple enough for the children, too. No shortening could be better for children's foods than Crisco. One taste will tell you how pure and sweet and fresh Crisco is. And Crisco stays fresh through the hottest August without ice-box help.

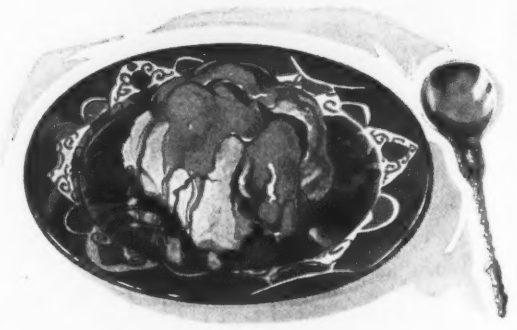
1 egg beaten — ¼ cup sugar — 1 cup flour
⅓ cup milk — 2 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons melted Crisco — ½ teaspoon salt

Beat egg light, add sugar, Crisco and milk. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to first mixture. Beat thoroughly.

8 peaches, pared and sliced — ⅔ cup sugar
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Half fill Criscoed baking dish with peaches blended with sugar and spice. Cover with batter and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 30 minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream. This recipe will serve from 6 to 8 people. Canned peaches may be substituted for fresh fruit.

You taste milk. You test eggs. Now, taste Crisco – then any other shortening . . . . Then you'll understand why Crisco's own sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your



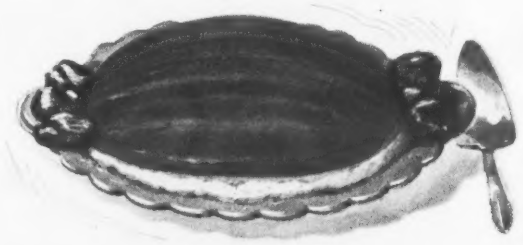
APPLE DUMPLING

A ripe, sweet apple encased in rich, sweet pastry baked to golden crispness and oozing fragrant juice! That's a Crisco apple dumpling! An apple dumpling made with Crisco—a shortening so pure and sweet that it tastes sweet and fresh just as it comes from the can.

6 medium apples (peeled and cored) — ½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup granulated sugar — ⅓ cup raisins

Use the same pastry as for blackberry roly-poly. Roll to ¼" thickness. Brush with Crisco and cut into six squares. Mix sugar and nutmeg. Place apple on each square of pastry. Fill wells with raisins and sugar mixture. Enclose apple with pastry and bake in Criscoed pan in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes or until apple is done. Serve with favorite pudding sauce.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.



CHANTILLY

Invited to an afternoon party and company coming to your house for dinner! Here's an emergency Crisco dessert. It can be prepared in the morning, chilled while you're away in the afternoon and served at the peak of its suave perfection for dinner. And it's an entirely new dessert—apricots, prunes, nuts (nature's health foods) blended in a mound of cool delight and combined with Crisco, a shortening so fresh-flavored that it tastes sweet and pure all by itself—and so improves the flavor of things you make with it.

1 tablespoon gelatin — ½ cup Crisco
⅓ cup water — 1 cup powdered sugar
2 cups apricot juice — ½ cup pecans chopped
1 square of chocolate (unsweetened) — 3 egg whites beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup prune pulp — ½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup sugar — 3 egg yolks beaten

Soak gelatin in cold water for 10 minutes, then set over hot water until melted. Add juice drained from cooked, dried apricots. Stir until thick, pour into chilled mold, and turn until jelly coats the entire surface. In the meantime melt chocolate over hot water. Add prune pulp, sugar, the well-beaten yolks of eggs. Cook till very thick, then chill. Cream Crisco, add gradually sifted powdered sugar and salt. Beat till creamy, add cold prune mixture and pecans. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, and add vanilla. Pour into mold. Chill until thoroughly set. Unmold on a layer of sponge cake. Garnish with stuffed prunes.

Free: Miss Splint's Selected Recipes

199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish, practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail me the coupon.

WINIFRED S. CARTER.

IN ITS NEW AIRTIGHT CAN AS FRESH AND SWEET AS THE DAY IT WAS MADE

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XJ-89, Cincinnati, Ohio. Please send me free the cook book "Sarah Field Splint's Selected Recipes."

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The Small Parisienne Concerns Herself With School Frocks

Latest Notes From Paris

Jenny Billioque, who creates so many charming clothes for the younger set, has designed three of the models on this page. The one at the left top is in a pin-check washable silk—red and white—with a white silk collar, which she calls "Claudine à l'École." The coat below this model, at the left, indicates her preference for the side opening and simple easy line. It is made in a herringbone-pattern tweed of beige brown piped with red. The other frock at the top of the page, intended for the very young, is in a rather pale green woolen trimmed with white braid embroidered in brown to give long, acute-angled effects. "Colinette," as the model is called, has a white collar and long brown grosgrain tie.

Jenny Billioque

At the right of the Lanvin model is one from Henry à la Pensée, which is a type preferred by the French child, whether she is six or twelve. The pullover is black-and-red Scottish plaid and the skirt is in kasha with pleats in the front.

Jenny Billioque *Lion*

Fairyland

The practical little coat-and-frock ensemble at the left is from Lion, another French specialist in children's clothes. "Nuage" is the charming coat, and "Pinson" the frock, of crepella with the bolero effect defined by white piqué.

The pair of designs at the left shows an ensemble from Fairyland. The frock, named "Madrilene," is made of beige etamine, trimmed with pale green-and-white plaid binding the zig-zag closing of the blouse. The little coat, called "Bridge," is in beige kasha trimmed with the same kind of incrusted woolen plaid, and a green collar. The little hat is "Tristram," in felt, with bands of faille ribbon clasped with a small silver-and-gold buckle.

Lanvin *Henry à la Pensée*

Jeanne Lanvin, who began her scintillating career by making children's clothes, has designed the smart frock at the lower corner of the page and named it "As de Carreau." With an eye to the practical as well as the chic, she has made the little pleated skirt in serviceable navy gabardine enlivened by red-and-white triangles in the geometric idea used so much for the grande dame this summer. The blouse, with its close collar and tie and gay belt, is in crêpe de chine. This costume is quite typical of the truly smart frocks the French child wears.

Spotless now . . . but you should see their play-suits!

ANOTHER
ACTUAL LETTER
FROM A
P AND G HOME

(*Father asks, "How do you keep them clean?"*)

Bloomington, Ind.

Procter & Gamble Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

GENTLEMEN: I live in a "house by the side of the road," a snug, small house that you might overlook in your "Actual Visits to P and G Homes." But in that tiny house, set back from the street, lives the happiest family imaginable. Two little girls are forever running in and out, around and about, getting into mischief, and getting out again by the magic of their winsome smiles. Never still for a moment, until they're tucked away in bed!

And you should see their clothes! Their father says it would wear him out trying to keep them clean.

"But I use P and G," I tell him proudly. Being a man, he can't understand that P and G saves me from breaking my back at rubbing and boiling. P and G helps me in all my housekeeping and leaves me free to enjoy my family.

It has given me great pleasure to write this to you, for I have wanted you to know what an important place your soap holds in our home.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. W. P. Sarber

Yes, as Mrs. Sarber says, P and G Naphtha is wonderfully good soap—so white, so firm it doesn't waste away in the water—so quick to loosen the dirt whether you use warm water or cold! And if, like Mrs. Sarber, you have colored frocks and rompers and shirts on your washline, you will prefer P and G, which keeps even delicate tints as fresh as new!

How does it happen, then, that this superior soap actually costs *less* than ordinary soaps? This is the reason: P and G is used by more women *than any other soap in the world.*

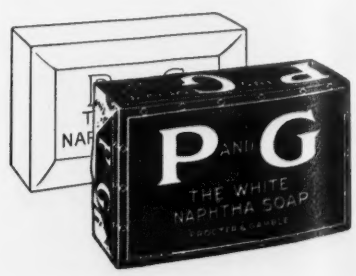
This unequalled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs proportionately less than small-scale manufacturing, P and G can be sold at a lower price, actually ounce for ounce.

So P and G costs less *because* it is so popular. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! Rescuing Precious Hours—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods,* are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NJ-89, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hold a smooth white cake of P and G Naphtha. Compare it with any other laundry soap. See how firm and clean-scented P and G is! And so white. Doesn't it seem *nicer* to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P and G.



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The largest-selling soap in the world

Cottons for Summer Fun and School Preparation

IN THE hot fragrance of summer days, gay organdies, voiles, ginghams and crêpes bloom colorfully on active young figures, breezes toss ruffled collars under round fat chins and swing diminutive skirts above short socks.

The first costume on the left, Design No. 6225, delights its wearer by an important little blouse that buttons in front and tucks under a scalloped hipband attached to a jaunty box-pleated skirt. A round Dutch collar turns over the short jacket, which has long sleeves. Designed for ages 6 to 14.

The model, second on the left, Design No. 6230, planned to be worn with or without sleeves, is charmingly suitable for morning or travel in a dark shade of cotton or lightweight jersey cloth. Its straight-fitting blouse joined to an all-around box-pleated skirt under a low-placed belt is becoming to the figure of any growing girl. Designed for ages 6 to 14.

The boy's suit, third from the left, Design No. 6228, combines a bright, figured cotton blouse with abbreviated little trousers of a solid color. The deep scalloped collar is sewed flat on the blouse. And the mannish belt is drawn through loops made on the trousers. Designed for ages 2 to 6.

Next is shown Design No. 6227, a sweet frock of dotted Swiss, printed cotton, linen or crêpe. It is simply made with narrow bands across the shoulders, gathers across the chest and back, and with a scalloped collar, hem and cuffs. The hem may be made of the same material as the dress or in the French manner may match the plain collar and cuffs. Designed for ages 2 to 6.

Fourth from the right, Design No. 6226, is a soft voile or organdie afternoon dress cut with a pointed yoke in front. The square scalloped collar and cuffs are trimmed with a buttonhole stitch worked in color to match the smocking. Designed for ages 2 to 10.

Design No. 6204, shown next, is a warm, practical coat, chic in line and becoming in cut. The shawl collar narrows and crosses over four or five inches in front. The raglan sleeves are loose enough to be comfortably worn over any garment, and the simple tailored effect is accentuated by the diagonally shaped pockets, simple narrow belt and the slight flare in the skirt. Designed for ages 6 to 14.

In the upper right-hand corner, Design No. 6200, is a simple frock made in a dainty sheer material with a hat to match. The round neck shaped on a yoke opens at the back. Three pleats at each side of the front and back of the frock make a smooth panel and allow fullness for romping and fun. The hat, with its sectional crown and scalloped poke brim, frames the face cunningly. Designed for ages 2 to 6.

Design No. 6229, in the lower right-hand corner, has excellent straight lines, with sleeves or without, suitable for play or school. The inverted pleat running straight up the front ends at the flat, turndown collar, and the sleeves, if added, end in simple turnback cuffs. Designed for ages 6 to 14.

These attractive little models sponsoring childish simplicity suggest styles and materials suitable for early school days when the sun is still high and the breezes warm. Like the models for grown-ups, nowadays children's frocks are influenced by Parisienne creations, and the little models, hanging straight and full from the shoulders under single and double berthas trimmed with fine bias bands of self material and touches of hand hemstitching, are simple, useful ideas adapted directly from the French mode.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents.

and *half* your washday work is saved!

RIGHT now—sign your name on the coupon, and mail it to us. We want you to know La France—the wonderful cleansing flakes that do your rubbing and bluing for you. They cut washday work in half!

You've never known anything like La France. Use it with your regular soap, and you'll find that it quickly and thoroughly soaks away all grease and dirt—*and blues clothes perfectly, at the same time!* You'll be through in half the usual time. Your clothes will be fresher, more beautifully clean.

La France is just as wonderful for dainty linens and lingerie as it is for the family wash. It won't harm the finest fabrics—nor fade the most delicate colors. It is safe for your hands—in fact, La France tends to whiten and soften the skin.

Your grocer sells La France. 10c a package—enough for three washings.

Follow these simple directions: Thoroughly dissolve 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of La France in a saucepan of boiling water, together with a cup of soap—chipped bar soap, flakes or powder. Add this to your water, then put in the clothes. Soak as usual or scald in a boiler if you prefer. (If you use a washing machine, run it *half the usual time.*) You don't need a washboard! You don't need bluing! Just rinse through two fresh, warm waters—and your washing is done. La France has soaked out the dirt and blued your clothes perfectly.

SATINA FOR EASIER IRONING

With the sample of La France we'll send you also a sample of Satina. Add it to hot starch. It prevents irons from sticking, gives an exquisite finish to table linens and garments, and keeps clothes clean longer. Your grocer sells Satina.

Free Test Package
Mail Coupon Now!

La France Manufacturing Co. (Inc.) L. H. J.—8-29
113-125 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And P. S.—please include a free sample of Satina.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

(Print name and address—fill in completely)

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The Patch Box

BE THOUGHTFUL and particular about the care of your hands. Remember that your hand is the first thing you present to a stranger—it is your card of introduction. By its appearance you immediately indicate your character and taste. Smooth skin and shapely nails are simple attributes of charm and should be cultivated with the utmost care. The achievements of modern cosmeticians help to make this easy.

The greatest enemy of the hands is neglect. Grease or dirt of any kind should not be permitted to remain on the hands longer than necessary lest it work under the skin and become difficult to remove.

The loveliest hands come from regular, daily attention of the simplest kind. To use a good pure soap, plain but faultless in quality, is one of the first necessities, and a good cleansing cream rubbed on before washing is beneficial for hard, dry spots and for rounding out the contour of hands that are too thin. Excellent lotions can be found that are invaluable for their softening and bleaching powers, and a bit of lemon or the pulp of a tomato is a safe and infallible aid for removing stains. Therefore, one would advise natural acids for removing stains, greasing the hands before washing—when dirt has been allowed to enter the pores—and a simple, softening lotion rubbed in each time they are dried. To whiten the hands and refine the pores, special, chemically treated gloves can be found to wear upon retiring, or simple white-cotton gloves drawn over hands which have first been massaged with a good nourishing or bleaching cream will give with regular use the extremely attractive velvety texture.

Creams and Soaps

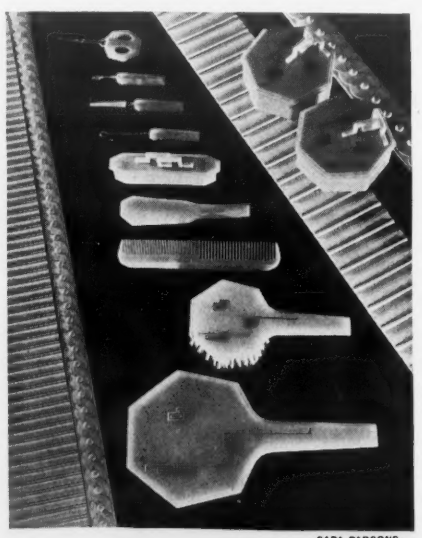
A RECENT contribution of the cosmetic specialists is another fluffy, white vanishing cream that gives a satiny smoothness to the skin and is light and cool. A cream soap has also been offered that travels efficiently in a tube and is of the purest quality and delightful to use. For habitually cold, damp hands, caused often by poor circulation, a solution of warm water and alum powder, in proper proportions, is a useful remedy.

Perhaps the most noticeable parts of the hands are the nails. Unkempt or ill-kept finger nails are blatant signs of personal carelessness, for the same simple care applies to the well-groomed nail as it does to the hand. Some of the old, well-known facts are still the best guides: Shape the nails to the form of the hand; avoid an extremely long and pointed effect and give instead a narrow oval finish to the fingers. One should never cut the nails but always file them, starting at the outer edge and working toward the center in one stroke. A sawing motion files the nail against the grain and tends to coarsen and chip it. Push the cuticle back gently with an orange stick rolled in cotton to frame the half-moon; the use of a cuticle remover or astringent gives a more lasting result, and a neat and well-defined effect. The undernail should never be ill-treated with a steel file or a rough-edged tool, but should be kept immaculate with a nail brush and occasionally whitened with peroxide or a bleaching salve made for the purpose. An overaccentuated varnish, as a finishing touch, is the epitome of bad taste, but an even, conservative gloss, either white or slightly tinted, is attractive and preserves the nails.

Aids for Manicuring

AMONG the luxuries most recently placed before us for the convenience of manicuring is the tiniest of brushes, short bristled and firm, that comes on the end of an orange stick and saves one the time and trouble of continually rolling fresh pieces of fluffed cotton around the stick. Another is a perfumed liquid polish that is delicately scented, the aroma of which lingers faintly on the hands long after the manicure is finished. Another recent example of an immediate response to an urgent demand is the yellow-red nail polish toned especially to harmonize with our sun-tanned hands. And a fourth discovery is a most convenient whitener for the undernail—a bit of cord which, when wetted and passed under the nail leaves an even opaque whiteness.

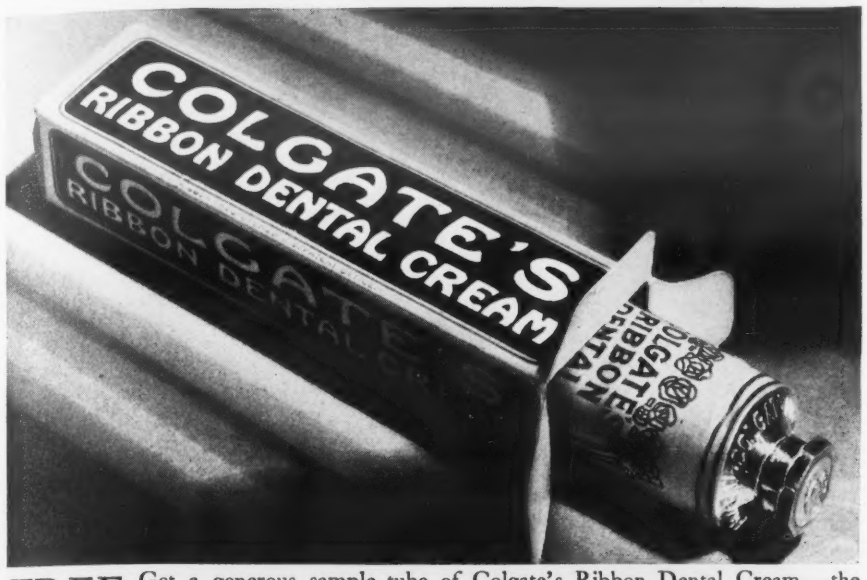
Further recommendations of definite care for the hands may be had by sending a two-cent stamp to The Patch Box, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



SARA PARSONS

Modern enough to be extremely smart and most effective, the La Verne pattern in Amerith toilet-table sets will fit charmingly into the decorative scheme of any smart bedroom.

This pattern comes in sets of three or fourteen pieces, in Nile green, coral or tan, with gold or black decoration. It is a most reasonably priced addition to the dressing table.



FREE Get a generous sample tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the cleansing dentifrice—simply mail the coupon below and be convinced.

A 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste

. . . than any other leading brand priced at 25c. More important—Colgate's has a greater penetrating power—its active foam washes away decayed impurities in crevices not reached by ordinary brushing. Hence Colgate's cleans better.

AN ordinary dentifrice which polishes the teeth on the surface and makes them look attractive has a single appeal. Likewise, a dentifrice which is merely cheap may win others.

But Colgate's has become the largest-selling dentifrice in the world because it not only is a satisfactory surface polisher and is economical, but more important, because its wonderful penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in the tiny crevices of the teeth, not reached by ordinary brushing.

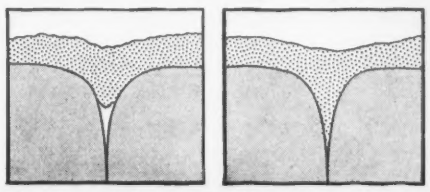
Recent scientific tests confirm the fact that Colgate's has a greater penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market. Colgate's active foam possesses a remarkable property ("low surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates* into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where brushing can't . . . an extra not found in ordinary toothpaste.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

**How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1663, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." FREE

Name.....

Address.....

"Nothing short of a miracle!"

Read how little Jack Clark's life was saved

He was a normal, healthy baby when he was born. But Nature's food, as sometimes happens, didn't agree with him. He didn't gain. So the search for a suitable feeding formula began.

One after another, different foods were tried. One after another, they disagreed. Poor little Jack simply couldn't digest them. Some babies are like that, you know.

At last a fortunate suggestion was made to the worried mother and father: "Why don't you try Eagle Brand Condensed Milk?" They tried it. Jack was then three months old and weighed nine pounds. Let his mother tell the rest.

Mrs. Clark's story

"No one knows how much I had cried over my baby! Oh, it was a wonderful sight to see the way he took the first bottle of Eagle Brand! We will never forget it. Never did it fail to satisfy. His improvement was nothing short of a miracle.

"He was four months old when his first tooth came through the gums, and at the age of thirteen months he had them all—and no trouble with any. He was walking strong at fourteen months, and weighed thirty pounds at eighteen months. He is as straight as a plumb-bob and well developed.

"You may broadcast this wonderful news to the world! That is just the way we feel about the wonderful blessing that Eagle Brand bestowed upon our baby!"

(Signed) Mrs. F. V. Clark,
1220-12th Ave., Moore, Pa.

• • •

A WORD TO MOTHERS

If your baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Mail the coupon below for "Baby's Welfare"—a free booklet containing practical feeding directions. Also, "The Best Baby," a gift book for recording baby's growth.

The Borden Company I—L. H. J.—8-29
Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copies of "Baby's Welfare," and "The Best Baby." My baby is_____months old.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Please print name and address plainly

Everybody Ought to be Rich

(Continued from Page 9)

of the motor concerns to be used to sell stock of the investing corporation on the installment plan. If Tom had two hundred dollars, this discount company would lend him three hundred dollars and thus enable him to buy five hundred dollars of the equity securities investment company stock, and Tom could arrange to pay off his loan just as he pays off his motor-car loan. When finished he would own outright five hundred dollars of equity stock. That would take his savings out of the free-will class and put them into the compulsory-payment class and his savings would no longer be fair game for relatives, for swindlers or for himself.

People pay for their motor car loans. They will also pay their loans contracted to secure their share in the nation's business. And in the kind of company suggested every increase in value and every right would go to the benefit of the stockholders and be reflected in the price and earning power of their stock. They would share absolutely in the nation's prosperity.

Constructive Saving

THE effect of all this would, to my mind, be very far-reaching. If Tom bought five hundred dollars' worth of stock he would be helping some manufacturer to buy a new lathe or a new machine of some kind, which would add to the wealth of the country, and Tom, by participating in the profits of this machine, would be in a position to buy more goods and cause a demand for more machines. Prosperity is in the nature of an endless chain and we can break it only by our own refusal to see what it is.

Everyone ought to be rich, but it is out of the question to make people rich in spite of themselves.

The millennium is not at hand. One cannot have all play and no work. But it has been sufficiently demonstrated that many of the old and supposedly conservative maxims are as untrue as the radical notions. We can appraise things as they are.

Everyone by this time ought to know that nothing can be gained by stopping the progress of the world and dividing up everything—there would not be enough to divide, in the first place, and, in the second place, most of the world's wealth is not in such form it can be divided.

The socialistic theory of division is, however, no more irrational than some of the more hidebound theories of thrift or of getting rich by saving.

No one can become rich merely by saving. Putting aside a sum each week or month in a sock at no interest, or in a savings bank at ordinary interest, will not provide enough for old age unless life in the meantime be rigorously skimped down to the level of mere existence. And if everyone skimped in any such fashion then the country would be so poor that living at all would hardly be worth while.

Unless we have consumption we shall not have production. Production and consumption go together and a rigid national program of saving would, if carried beyond a point, make for general poverty, for there would be no consumption to call new wealth into being.

Therefore, savings must be looked at not as a present deprivation in order to enjoy more in the future, but as a constructive method of increasing not only one's future but also one's present income.

Saving may be a virtue if undertaken as a kind of mental and moral discipline, but such a course of saving is not to be regarded as a financial plan. Constructive saving in order to increase one's income is a financial operation and to be governed by financial rules; disciplinary saving is another matter entirely. The two have been confused.

Most of the old precepts contrasting the immorality of speculation with the morality of sound investment have no basis in fact. They have just been so often repeated as true that they are taken as true. If one buys a debt—that is, takes a secured bond or mortgage at a fixed rate of interest—then that is supposed to be an investment. In the case of the debt, the principal sum as well as the interest is fixed and the investor cannot get more than he contracts for. The law guards against getting more and also it regulates the procedure by which the lender can take the property of the borrower in case of default. But the law cannot say that the property of the debtor will be worth the principal sum of the debt when it falls due; the creditor must take that chance.

The investor in a debt strictly limits his possible gain, but he does not limit his loss. He speculates in only one direction in so far as the actual return in dollars and cents is concerned. But in addition he speculates against the interest rate. If his security pays 4 per cent and money is worth 6 or 7 per cent then he is lending at less than the current rate; if money is worth 3 per cent, then he is lending at more than he could otherwise get.

The buyer of a common share in an enterprise limits neither his gains nor his losses. However, he excludes one element of speculation—the change in the value of money. For whatever earnings he gets will be in current money values. If he buys shares in a wholly new and untried enterprise, then his hazards are great, but if he buys into established enterprises, then he takes no more chance than does the investor who buys a debt.

It is difficult to see why a bond or mortgage should be considered as a more conservative investment than a good stock, for the only difference in practice is that the bond can never be worth more than its face value or return more than the interest, while a stock can be worth more than was paid for it and can return a limitless profit.

One may lose on either a bond or a stock. If a company fails it will usually be reorganized and in that case the bonds will have to give way to new money and possibly they will be scaled down. The common stockholders may lose all, or again they may get another kind of stock which may or may not eventually have a value. In a failure, neither the bondholders nor the stockholders will find any great cause for happiness—but there are very few failures among the larger corporations.

Beneficial Borrowing

A FIRST mortgage on improved real estate is supposedly a very safe investment, but the value of realty shifts quickly and even the most experienced investors in real-estate mortgages have to foreclose an appreciable percentage of their mortgages and buy in the properties to protect themselves. It may be years before the property can be sold again.

I would rather buy real estate than buy mortgages on it, for then I have the chance of gaining more than I paid. On a mortgage I cannot get back more than I lend, but I may get back less.

The line between investment and speculation is a very hazy one, and a definition is not to be found in the legal form of a security or in limiting the possible return on the money. The difference is rather in the approach.

Placing a bet is very different from placing one's money with a corporation which has thoroughly demonstrated that it can normally earn profits and has a reasonable expectation of earning greater profits. That may be called speculation, but it would be more accurate to think of the operation as going into business with men who have demonstrated that they know how to do business.

The old view of debt was quite as illogical as the old view of investment. It was beyond the conception of anyone that debt could be constructive. Every old saw about debt—and there must be a thousand of them—is bound up with borrowing instead of earning. We now know that borrowing may be a method of earning and beneficial to everyone concerned. Suppose a man needs a certain amount of money in order to buy a set of tools or anything else which will increase his income. He can take one of two courses. He can save the money and in the course of time buy his tools, or he can, if the proper facilities are provided, borrow the money at a reasonable rate of interest, buy the tools and immediately so increase his income that he can pay off his debt and own the tools within half the time that it would have taken him to save the money and pay cash. That loan enables him at once to create more wealth than before and consequently makes him a more valuable citizen. By increasing his power to produce he also increases his power to consume and therefore he increases the power of others to produce in order to fill his new needs and naturally increases their power to consume, and so on and on. By borrowing the money instead of saving it he increases his ability to save and steps up prosperity at once.

The Way to Wealth

THAT is exactly what the automobile has done to the prosperity of the country through the plan of installment payments. The installment plan of paying for automobiles, when it was first launched, ran counter to the old notions of debt. It was opposed by bankers, who saw in it only an incentive for extravagance. It was opposed by manufacturers because they thought people would be led to buy automobiles instead of their products.

The results have been exactly opposite to the prediction. The ability to buy automobiles on credit gave an immediate step-up to their purchase. Manufacturing them, servicing them, building roads for them to run on, and caring for the people who used the roads have brought into existence about ten billion dollars of new wealth each year—which is roughly about the value of the farm crops. The creation of this new wealth gave a large increase to consumption and has brought on our present very solid prosperity.

But without the facility for going into debt or the facility for the consumer's getting credit—call it what you will—this great addition to wealth might never have taken place and certainly not for many years to come. Debt may be a burden, but it is more likely to be an incentive.

The great wealth of this country has been gained by the forces of production and consumption pushing each other for supremacy. The personal fortunes of this country have been made not by saving but by producing.

Mere saving is closely akin to the socialist policy of dividing and likewise runs up against the same objection that there is not enough around to save. The savings that count cannot be static. They must be going into the production of wealth. They may go in as debt and the managers of the wealth-making enterprises take all the profit over and above the interest paid. That has been the course recommended for saving and for the reasons that have been set out—the fallacy of conservative investment which is not conservative at all.

The way to wealth is to get into the profit end of wealth production in this country.

The Old Dutch Cleanser way is the modern and perfect way to clean painted and enameled surfaces

Cleans quickly and easily and brings Healthful Cleanliness

You'll like to clean painted or enameled surfaces the Old Dutch Cleanser way. It's so simple and the cleaning is done quickly and perfectly. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch Cleanser on a damp sponge or cloth, as you prefer. A sponge and Old Dutch do a wonderful job. Wipe gently, don't scrub, it's not necessary.

You'll be amazed at the ease with which dirt, smudges, grease and stain can be removed. Old Dutch leaves the surface spotless and fresh. When surfaces are to be repainted, clean first with Old Dutch and you will be assured of better results.

Old Dutch Cleanser has established a standard of cleanliness which should prevail in every home. Safety—thorough cleaning without injury to the surface. Efficiency—thorough cleaning quickly and easily done. *Healthful Cleanliness* most important of all—thorough cleaning by removal of the invisible and often dangerous impurities as well as the visible dirt.

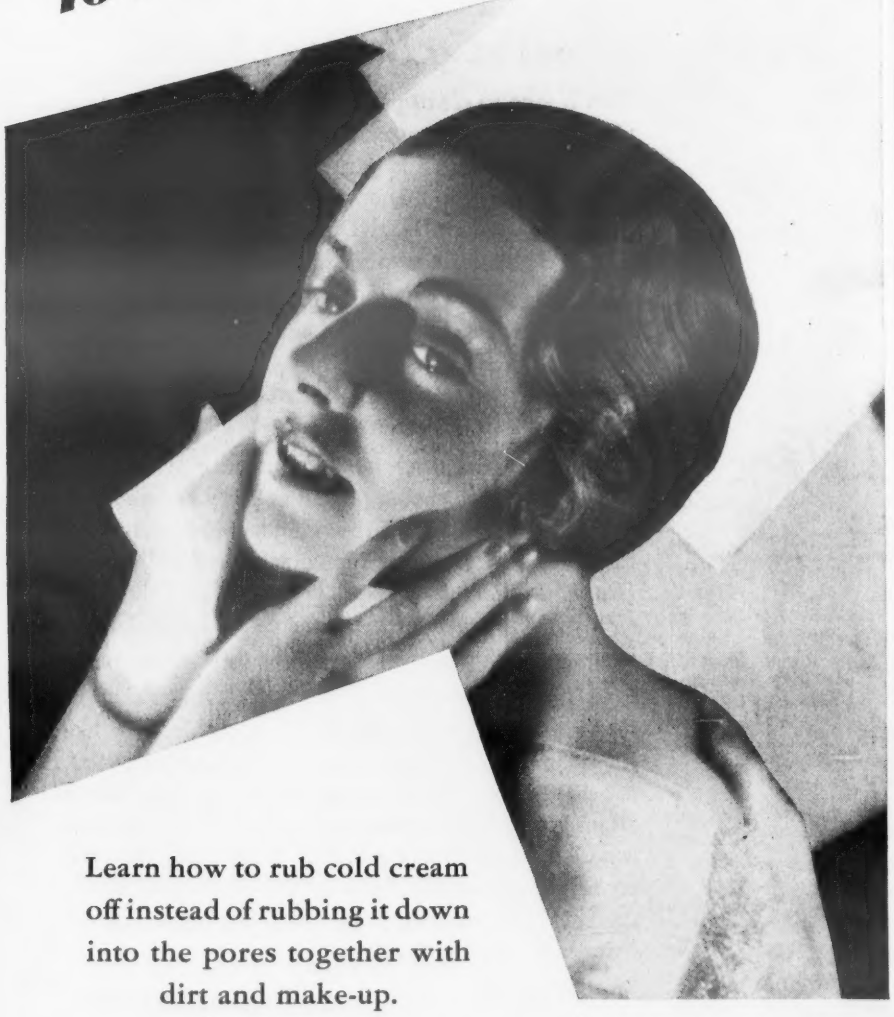
Old Dutch Cleanser is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. There is nothing else like it. Its unusual detergent energy is derived from flaky, flat-shaped particles of "Seismotite"—a pure, natural cleanser, free from harsh, scratchy grit. That's the reason Old Dutch doesn't scratch. "Seismotite" does not contain acid or caustic—it is not a chemical. Old Dutch doesn't injure surfaces. It is kind to the hands; doesn't irritate or roughen the skin.

Old Dutch is economical—a little goes a long way

The greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency

© 1929 The C. P. Co.

how to use cold cream to have a good Complexion



Learn how to rub cold cream off instead of rubbing it down into the pores together with dirt and make-up.

COLD CREAM is a cleanser, cold cream is a skin softener, but cold cream is also a menace to beauty unless you rub it off, instead of rubbing it further into the pores.

The oil in face cream gathers dust and dirt, powder and rouge. Very often by the wrong method of removing cream you send half of these poisonous accumulations back under the surface of the skin. There they begin to form blackheads, pimples, all sorts of skin irritations.

Grimy cold cream cloths only aggravate this condition. Harsh towels are neither entirely germ-free nor absorbent enough to take up the excess oil.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues, however, are perfect for the purpose. They are made of a wondrously fine absorbent fabric that actually rubs cold cream off, not in. They are soft, dainty, hygienically clean.

And—using three sheets twice a day, as you do—it costs about 6c a week. Cheaper than high laundry bills, softer than old cloth or linen, safer than anything. The coupon will bring you a sample package to try, if you don't already know Kleenex. Fill it out now.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name.....

Address.....

L-8

City.....*State*.....

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

Beaux Arts

(Continued from Page 7)

it yet. I'm waiting for an affectionate moment. Don't forget. Come to our house—along about a quarter past seven. That ought to give us time enough if dinner's at eight."

It was a busy month in a busy city. Quite a few things were happening. The Beaux Arts ball seemed entirely inconsequent, but it managed, none the less, to get more than its share of public attention. It took hold of the city psychology. And all sorts of persons, who had not taken the party seriously at the beginning, began to wonder if it might not be a great mistake to miss it.

That was what happened to Barbara Owens. She did not even consider it at first as relating to her. It was just one more thing that life had done her out of. Just one more thing that didn't come within that concentric circle of the school where she taught, and Mrs. Lane's residence, which claimed not to be a boarding house, though it so often smelled like one. It lay outside Barbara's world, in that tingling atmosphere which seemed just outside, which she so wanted to feel, no matter what kind of sensation it might give her. It was in another world, which for her was mirage, and she knew it. But she could not help straining in that direction. That was why she wore the kind of shoes she did, and used very expensive loose powder and never wore batik scarfs over her evening dresses at school receptions or pinned stray flowers on the lapels of her coats. It was why she read books which were not in the least helpful toward a master's degree. The books Barbara read were sophisticated in that final manner which laughs at its own sophistication, or were cruel with truth or prodigally beautiful. They had persuaded her to have no patience with sentiment or any hope of romance, taught her that life is both violent and infinitely delicate, that conversation at its best is deft and elliptic and that all knowledge is free to the human intelligence.

SOMETIMES she saw plays of the same fiber, delicious plays which danced on the point of a needle of dialogue, plays which tore fragments roughly out of life. But that was not in St. Stephen. That was when she was on one of her annual trips to New York, when she spent two weeks appearing to be one more beautiful and fashionable girl as she walked along Park Avenue or lunched at Maillard's on Madison, and went back at night to a boarding house near Columbia. She knew New York in a way of her own, which was not the provincial way. Sometimes when she was there she almost fooled herself, forgot that she really belonged in a classroom in Webster High School with Mr. Parcher intermittently poking his head in the door. She forgot that ultimately she would probably marry Mr. Parcher. For Barbara had a fatalistic feeling that in the end she would. Not that she loved him, with his thinly spread mind and his snobbish, futile, academic airs and his delusion that he was a wit. Sometimes she could not bear him. But there were other times when even life with Mr. Parcher seemed better than a life which had never touched anything close enough for love or hate.

The art supervisor in the high school, Miss Laura Hankins, was going to the ball. That was how it happened to come up again.

"It's an opportunity to study the costumes and get some ideas," said Miss Hankins, "and Elmer had to buy a ticket. A friend of his was selling them down at the Board of Trade. I think he ought to get the worth of it, don't you?"

"What are you going to wear?" asked Barbara, thinking of Elmer and how curious it was that Miss Hankins could make a boast of that pasty-faced widower with the cowlicked hair. But she did. She was preening herself because she had a man.

"We're going as artists. From the Latin Quarter. It seems so suitable at a Beaux Arts ball. With smocks, you know—and bérets."

"That ought to be good," said Barbara, with an honest attempt at enthusiasm. But after the art teacher had left, she leaned her elbow on her desk and her chin in her palm and thought of what she would wear if she were going to a costume party. It certainly wouldn't be any dowdy smock. It would be gay. Just a little fantastic, as a disguise should be. It would be my own idea of myself, and I would act the way I really feel.

Mr. Parcher appeared in the door.

"Deep in thought?" he inquired.

She looked at him and wished that he wouldn't teeter on his feet like that.

Barbara said, "There are lots of costumes that would just suit you for the Beaux Arts ball."

"You think so?" he asked, strutting a little as he came over to her desk. "I wonder what, now?"

She did not like to tell him that Henry the Eighth in his late maturity had come into her mind and been displaced by Mr. Micawber. Because if one had a head shaped like an egg it seemed a pity to waste it on anything else.

"I WAS just thinking that you'd lend yourself to costume," she told him evasively.

"I suppose that will be a very notable occasion," said Mr. Parcher, "that ball."

"It will make history in this town."

"Perhaps, as a teacher of history," he remarked affably, "I ought to go."

"You certainly should."

"I would, if I could persuade a certain young lady to go with me."

She gave it a moment's thought. She had tried going to a hotel dinner dance once with Mr. Parcher. He crooked his knees as he danced. He kept saying "excuse me" and stepping on her feet again. Still—in costume ——

"All right. Let's go," she said.

She decided many times in the next few days that she was a fool. Mr. Parcher took it all with a terrible seriousness. He had spent hours already at the local costumers. Again and again she nearly told him she wouldn't go. Perhaps she would have, if one night she had not run across that picture in Mayfair. That gay magazine was on the table by her bed, with the educational journals and the French biography, and it seemed to open by itself to a page of pictures in fancy dress. There was a photograph of a girl about Barbara's own age, which took her attention. The girl, whose name was printed as Mrs. Toby Altor, as if everyone would know at once who that was, had frank, amused eyes which seemed to have always looked on a friendly world and the poise of her head could only have come from complete confidence. Barbara looked at it twice and turned the pages but evidently not her mind. For she came back to the picture.

After all, any dressmaker could make that costume. There wasn't much of a trick to it. It would mean that she couldn't buy a new street dress next month. But with her red one cleaned, she could get along. And it was just the kind of costume that would be different from anyone else's. The only thing was the wig. Where could one get a purple wig? Were such things to be had?

Mrs. Lacey, the costumer on Devonshire Road, didn't know. She was very much confused by this time. People came in and out all day long, people whom she

(Continued on Page 40)

"Marvin T. Jones, *look* at that towel!"

WE SYMPATHIZE, Mrs. Jones. It does seem as though your husband might have put off using that pet towel until sometime when he hadn't been fixing the car.

Yet, maybe it isn't such bad luck, after all! You've probably read about Fels-Naptha Soap and its *extra* help. This rather stubborn washing job is an opportunity to try it out—and what you learn will make *all* your washing easier.

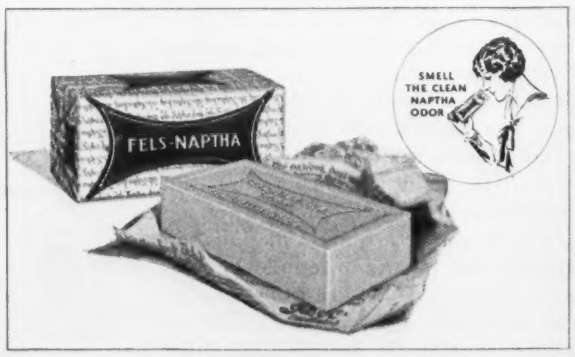
Get some Fels-Naptha, Mrs. Jones, and meet this *extra* help face to face. Unwrap the bar and smell the naptha. There's plenty of it . . . and naptha is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener that dry-cleaners use. So Fels-Naptha brings you two cleaners instead of one—not "just soap," but good, golden soap and plenty of naptha, working together.

Now wash your "almost ruined" towel with Fels-Naptha—and watch as you wash. See how easily the brisk, busy soap and naptha suds loosen the dirt. See how even grease smudges come off without hard rubbing. Then, as you rinse it, look! It's fresh and spotless; and with so much less work on your part than you expected! That is what we mean by *extra* help—that is what Fels-Naptha brings you, whether you are doing a single piece or the weekly wash.

Fels-Naptha works well in washing machine or tub; in hot, cool or luke-warm water or when the clothes are soaked or boiled. It is gentle to both hands and clothes. It is excellent for general household cleaning, too. Just try it for any soap-and-water task, Mrs. Jones, and we're certain you, too, will agree that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

P. S. to brides: Don't wait until your husband misuses one of your "show" towels! Put Fels-Naptha on your grocery list today and have its *extra* help for your next wash.

Fels & Co., Philadelphia



FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1929, Fels & Co.

How much sun can YOUR skin stand without SCORCHING ?

EVERYWHERE—this is a sun-worshipping year. Backs, legs and arms are exposed as never before—to say nothing of faces, necks and hands. All the world has gone in for sun-tan. But—woe to you of the sensitive skins! Instead of acquiring the much-to-be-desired golden tan, your skin has a way of becoming unhappily red and blistered. For you, particularly, is Hinds Honey & Almond Cream a boon. For you, it does double duty. If your skin is already sunscorched—blistered—painful—smooth on Hinds Cream as soon after exposure as possible. Almost immediately it will relieve the sunburn—take out the fire—soothe your burning skin—make it cool and comfortable again. This is the emergency use of Hinds Cream for sensitive skins—one well worth your while to remember.

But—it's so much better to protect your skin from that violent sunscorch in the first place. *Before* ever exposing yourself to the hot rays of the sun, smooth on fragrant, almond-scented Hinds Cream. Smooth it on your neck, shoulders and back, on your arms and legs. Smooth it on well—and generously. It takes but a minute and it is so easy to do. The Hinds Cream on your skin tempers the action of the sun just enough to permit you to acquire a glorious tan without the painful interlude of sunburn. It saves your skin from sunburn and sunscorch, and from the harsh exposure that actually shrivels it and takes away its freshness and youth. However—if the damage has already been done—the magic touch of Hinds Cream will help your skin to become radiant again—to be silky smooth and lustrously young-looking.

Hinds Cream protects from all exposure

WIND, dust and dirt, too, are deadly enemies of youthful skins. But smooth, soothing Hinds Cream will protect your skin—prevent it from ever losing its freshness. This cooling cream is so light, soft and thin, that it seeps gently into the skin and is absorbed gratefully—and it doesn't clog the pores.

The secret is to use it often

USE it before going out into the glaring sunlight—smooth it on at night to freshen your skin while you sleep—rub it into your hands each time after washing them. See how much smoother, silkier and lovelier your skin will seem even after a few days' trial—tho', of course, it is the steady, persistent use that brings real results. The sample bottle is of generous size. You can get it by just sending the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 7 p.m., Eastern Standard time; 6 p.m., Central Standard time.

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HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors
Dept. 49, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

This coupon not good after August, 1930
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, 8
(Mail coupon to the *Bloomfield* address)

(Continued from Page 38)

had never seen before, and asked impossible things of her. She was not used to this kind of trade. The people who went to masquerades in the Zenith Hall or at Power's dancing academy didn't make so much fuss. They were content with what she had.

There had been women who had tried on costumes and made a great many jokes about them, which didn't seem funny to Mrs. Lacey, and then went away, remarking to their friends that they could easily make something better out of old evening dresses at home. But there were also a great many orders. It was going to be a good month if Mrs. Lacey lived through it and managed to finish the costume for Mrs. Kirkbridge. She was enjoying the making of that but it took time. It was a beautiful costume and Mrs. Kirkbridge was going to look lovely in it. She would be a good advertisement and it was queer how that order had come about. At first Mrs. Kirkbridge had seemed to decide on that cheap four-dollar gypsy costume. But after Mr. Kirkbridge had ordered the Spanish grandee and was having those red shoes and the special ruff made to go with it, his wife had begun to take some interest. She had come in the next day with her idea and pledged Mrs. Lacey to secrecy. Mrs. Lacey always threw a sheet over the costume if she was working on it when a customer came in.

"NO, WE don't have any purple wigs," she said to Barbara Owens, "we have red and black and white wigs. And that yellow one with the long braids. There's no call for purple wigs."

"I particularly want a purple one," said Barbara. "You don't know where I could find one, do you?"

Mrs. Lacey had no idea.

"Wouldn't a white wig do? That one with the two little curls on the neck is real cute. We have them cleaned, you know, and then curled. Would you like to try it?"

Barbara took off her green felt hat and substituted the rather tousled wig. She could see what it would do.

"But it really should be purple," she said sadly. "Could you have it dyed for me?"

"We could—but we couldn't rent it out again. Nobody else might ever want that color. We'd be out the price of the wig."

Barbara fingered it.

"If I bought it ——" she said.

Mrs. Lacey's expression was one of tolerance for fools.

"You could do that," she said. "Of course, that's a very fine wig. That's one of our good wigs."

"How much is it?"

Mrs. Lacey did some rapid head work.

"Well," she said, "I couldn't let it go for less than fifteen. Not in justice to that hair. That's very good hair."

It's foolish, thought Barbara. I can't buy a spring hat if I do this idiotic thing. But since that costume is being made now and needs just this ——

"I'll take it," she said and looked around as the door opened and a young woman came in.

"Just a moment, Mrs. Kirkbridge," said Mrs. Lacey, "I'm all ready for you."

PAMELA, standing by the counter, looked at the wig passing from hand to hand. Her eyes met Barbara's and they both smiled, though they had never seen each other before, as if in recognition of their mutual foolishness. And each of them wondered what the other was wearing. Barbara knew the name of Kirkbridge. She saw it often enough on the society page. She was one of the smart crowd, the crowd that started things. Awfully pretty, decided Barbara with a wave of envy, and this is just one more good time for her. This is the kind of thing she just laps up. It's so ridiculous for me even to attempt to play such a game. From the door she nearly went back, to return the wig and reclaim her fifteen dollars. But embarrassment held her. It would mean explanations and protestations and Mrs. Kirkbridge would hear them all. No, she'd better go through with it.

MR. PARCHER as a troubadour, stout of swathed stomach and merry of mood, was worse than Barbara had feared. He looked at what he could see of her under her fur coat.

"Now at last I am to know your disguise," he said.

"Oh, I'm a kind of what-have-you," said Barbara. "It's a circus costume."

"Let me see it."

She wanted someone to see her. There were times when no mirror could be trusted. She opened her coat, tossed it back and Mr. Parcher's eyes bulged a little. He hadn't expected anything like that. The skirt—if you could call it a skirt—brazenly parted in front and underneath were legs he had never suspected in the English department, symmetrical to the hip, satin-clad at the top, silk-clad where the satin stopped. A brave little cape swung from her shoulders and on her wrists were pleated satin frills. Her skin was like cream, her lips daring—and her head!

"It's very effective," said Mr. Parcher stumblingly. "Curiously enough, in this light that wig looks purple."

"It does in all lights," said Barbara, and added almost beseechingly, "Don't you think I'm beautifully unreal?"

"It's a novel costume," he answered with a touch of worry, "a very unusual costume indeed."

"You look simply stunning," she told him to bolster him up. "That certainly suits you."

It restored him to some extent to put his mind on himself.

"I thought it wasn't badly chosen," he agreed and preened himself before a trifle of mirror. "Well, may the troubadour escort the equestrienne to the cab?"

For even in fancy dress, Mr. Parcher was not the man to keep a taxi waiting.

THE ballroom floor of the hotel was soft with light, drifted with color and a kaleidoscope of costumes. The big winter-garden lounge at one end of the dance floor had been partly cleared of its furniture and among the palms strangely dressed figures moved. At either end of the ballroom an orchestra played, so there was no cessation of music. In the private dining rooms beyond the lounge some doors stood open, but many were still shut. Late dinner parties were still going on.

The floor was not yet crowded and at first the music was enough, just to be there was enough. With her lace-frilled mask drawn over her eyes, Barbara abandoned herself to the dance, and even the constant apologies of the troubadour or his trampling feet did not trouble her. They danced for a very long time and kept on because there were no pauses in the music. But after about twenty minutes Barbara saw that unless she stopped they would dance together as long as their strength held out. They had already commented in great good spirits on the costumes and Barbara had seen much attention given to her own. She suggested that they rest for a while. They sat along the wall and commented some more.

"I think," said Barbara, "that you ought to dance with Miss Hankins."

"You see her?"

"She's in that green smock and velvet cap, dancing with the man in the black smock and velvet cap."

"Very picturesque," approved Mr. Parcher.

"Go cut in on her," suggested Barbara. "You'd give her a great thrill. She'd never know you."

"But you ——"

"I'll be all right."

(Continued on Page 43)

"Such marvelous softness— a sanitary comfort every woman appreciates"

Delicate cotton-like softness, yet 5 times more absorbent than cotton . . . that is only one of many reasons why this scientific sanitary pad is preferred by particular women.

"I USE KOTEX for the same reason that I wear silk lingerie. I want to be well dressed to the minutest detail." That is the recently expressed opinion of one fastidious woman. Others are enthusiastic about "its absorbency" . . . "the feeling of complete safety and absolute comfort . . . you never are aware of any self-consciousness, any hesitancy." "Golf, tennis, all the delightful outdoor activities are possible now, at any time."

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can come only with this downy filler

The fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding offer a type of softness that no substitutes can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons insist on it.

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KOTEX

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FONTAINE *of Brussels*

Beauty Specialist by Appointment to Her Majesty, the Queen of the Belgians

advocates this twice a day treatment to keep skin lovely

"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores is the regular use twice daily of a really good soap—and in my experience the soap to use is Palmolive."

A. Fontaine

25 Rue Ste. Gudule, Brussels

Monsieur Fontaine giving a facial treatment in his salon. Fontaine believes in the twice-a-day use of "le savon Palmolive," which, he says, is used with great success for facial massage in his establishment.

VISITORS to the beautiful city of Brussels often stop before a certain shop window, opposite the stately Cathedral, to note with interest several distinguished crests—one the seal of Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians. In this shop Fontaine has acted as beauty advisor to lovely women of the European aristocracy. Here he has received, with pride, warrants from the Queen and from such dignitaries as Madame la Princesse Napoleon . . . proclaiming him official "Fournisseur," as was his father since the year 1866.

This season Monsieur Fontaine is attracting much attention from Continental women of fashion because of a brilliantly unusual metallic coiffure of his own design.

"The first step in beauty care"

One of Fontaine's specialties is a facial massage for which he employs "le savon Palmolive qui rend à la peau la velouté" (Palmolive Soap, which makes the skin as smooth and soft as velvet).

"The first care of a beauty specialist," says M. Fontaine, "is to see that the skin is in a condition to respond to treatment in the Salon. Many complexions begin to lose their freshness and youthful suppleness long before their time because the skin is never allowed to breathe. For skins do breathe—through the pores. If the pores are allowed to remain clogged up indefinitely with powder, rouge, fine dust, etc., the delicate tissues must suffer and lose all their vitality.

"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores, is the regular use twice daily of a good soap...Palmolive.

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"The value of palm and olive oils is well known—and it is a mistake to suppose that the same thorough cleansing can be got by other means."

Therefore—Palmolive!

"That is why I always insist that before my own preparations are applied, the skin must first be cleansed with Palmolive."

What Fontaine advocates, in *Brussels,* is recommended in *London,* by such authorities as Madame Bertha Jacobson; in *Paris,* by Cavalieri, Madame Valentin le Brun, Payot, Massé, Vincent, Delord et Bion; in *Vienna,* by Pessl; in *Berlin,* by Elise Bock. In fact, every authority of consequence, all over the world, gives this same advice on the care of the skin: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap. Massage the skin for 2 minutes with Palmolive lather; rinse with warm water, then cold. That's all. Its simplicity is one reason why this is the world's most popular facial treatment.

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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

(Continued from Page 40)

"But you don't want to sit here alone. I'll ask her escort to exchange a dance."

But when Mr. Parcher had gone to find Miss Hankins, Barbara moved away. She didn't want to dance with Miss Hankins' widower, Elmer, at least not while they were playing this particular bit of magic music. It was easy to lose herself in this jumble of people and she found it delightfully possible to avoid the smock when she saw it coming in her direction. It disappeared after a few minutes and Barbara stood beside a palm in the dim lounge, pretending she was waiting for someone. She saw how hopeless it all was for an outsider. In spite of apparent incoherence people were in groups. She heard them ask each other to their rooms. For liquor, no doubt. Barbara wondered what it would be like to come to a party with a crowd like the one that had apparently just arrived, or perhaps come out from a private dining room.

The girl who was wearing a beautiful Spanish costume, scarlet against dead white, came out of the corridor with a man and stopped beyond the palm without seeing Barbara. Barbara heard her laugh, and knew what kind of time she was having, how sure she was of herself.

"No," said the girl, "it isn't the cocktails. I didn't even have one."

"Why didn't you tell us you were like this?" asked the man.

"Why didn't you find it out?"

"You've always been ——"

"Don't tell me what I've always been. Tell me what I am tonight."

"THE most beautiful woman at dinner. I told Kirk so. I told him all about his luck. I wanted him to appreciate it. There isn't a man in town ——"

"Tommy, darling, does it occur to you that you're a little tight?"

"I knew you were beautiful before I had one drink. And you've never called me darling before."

"It never rose so easily to the lips. I'm calling everyone that tonight."

"You certainly put that dinner on the map. And, before, at the Folwells, you were the big hit. The party would have died an awful death without you."

Just at that moment a man asked Barbara to dance. Not flirtatiously. He came up almost as if he had really been expected. He was a handsome gentleman in the silver and lace of some French court. Not old. Not young. A tempting age.

"How does it happen that you're not dancing?" he asked.

"Not from choice," she answered. "It's just foul luck."

"Then let's go."

The magic music was still going on. It was impossible to tell whether it was gay or plaintive. Barbara only knew that it did things to her spirit, released it. This strange costume, this strange man, this anonymous dance was what she seemed to have been waiting for so long and it all seemed to fall into place. She didn't care who he was, what identity was back of the black-eyed mask. He had a gentleman's arms and he loved music. He held her indifferently at first and then she was sure that he began to enjoy himself more. He began to make the dance personal, as if he too were enjoying a moment of release.

"You dance so beautifully," he told her.

"Do I? It's fun to be told."

"Don't you get flattery enough?"

"I DON'T get any," answered Barbara. "I flatter myself when I must. But it's a poor game."

"That's your peerless imagination. I wondered about you when I saw you standing there. I wondered what you thought of your achievement tonight. Whether you thought it worth the candle."

"This dance is."

"This dance is," he agreed, "and I hadn't expected it would be. I'm sorry now I didn't come to dinner, Corinne."

She realized then that he hadn't just picked her up. He thought he knew her, whoever Corinne was.

"Who do you think I am?" she asked.

"It's no great mystery."

"I don't believe you have an idea."

"I certainly have. I heard about the purple wig. Everything you do is broadcast. You and Europe's queens."

"Suppose," said Barbara, "that I weren't Corinne. Would you still think it was a good dance?"

"I wish I didn't," he answered. "I was determined that you wouldn't ever get under my skin."

"And am I?"

"You're queer tonight, Corinne. Was it such a good cocktail party?"

"I haven't been on any cocktail party."

"Swell act," he said.

"The funny thing is that it isn't an act. I'm not the person you take me for."

"All right, keep it up. I can look under your mask."

Morning Bird

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS is the way of a bird:
Awaking, hesitant third,
Searching for notes with an eye
On the open volume of sky.
Then, not quite ready to sing,
All of him turns to wing;
Launching his body where,
On a long, smooth bank of air,
He can slide and tailspin and float.
Now he remembers his throat—
A gurgle, a vowel, and note
Follows note like links in a chain
Of white summer rain.
Spray after spray is upthrown
(Little hosannas of tone
From a mind that has never
known pain)
Till the morning service is done;
He and his song being one,
Whether he's heard or unheard.
This is the way of a bird.

"No—that's not in the rules."

"I thought it wouldn't be. All right. But if it weren't Corinne ——"

"What if I weren't?"

"Then I'd tell you that I've never had such a dance before. But that's not for Corinne Folwell. She gets too much of it."

"She'll never know anything about it."

He looked down at her.

"You're good," he said reluctantly.

"It's my turn," somebody broke in and plucked her out of the courtier's arms. She turned to face a pierrot.

"All sobered up," he said cheerfully. "Let's dance and then go and get a little liquored again. That's fair to all sides."

This man didn't dance so well. And he smelt of gin. He was hot.

"What's eating Kirk tonight," he asked. "Did his liquor die on him?"

"I don't know," said Barbara with entire truth.

"Marcia says that he's all worked up because Pam's come out of the shell and is stealing his stuff. She's certainly pulling a good line tonight. And she looks great. I heard that she was slated to take the first prize."

Barbara was getting it straightened out. They were all taking her for Mrs. Folwell. It seemed inconceivable, but they must have almost identical costumes. She kept looking around for another white-satin circus rider with a purple wig. A man in a Spanish costume took her away from the pierrot. He was a good dancer, too, but he didn't seem to have his mind on her.

"Where's Pam?" he asked.

Barbara said that she didn't know. She was beginning to be interested in Pam.

"Doesn't she look well tonight?" she heard herself saying.

"Very well," he said, as if he weren't quite sure whether he approved or not. "Of course, she's always beautiful to me. I'm not sure that Spanish thing is quite her type."

"That's the point of costume balls," said Barbara. "You don't have to be your type. Not the type you are every day and that people think you are anyway. You can be the person you really feel inside."

"Pam's putting all that stuff on tonight," he replied a little shortly. "She's just trying to follow your lead and give everybody a good time, Corinne."

"SHE'S doing it with great success," Barbara remarked, placing Pam quite definitely as the lovely person in scarlet and white who had been calling somebody "Darling." "Well, she's certainly giving Tommy a good time. Why shouldn't she?"

"I just don't want her to be misunderstood," said the man quickly. "You don't know where she is, do you? You don't see her anywhere?"

"No."

"Here's Jim. And Harvey Baldwin. Mind if I dance with your wife, Jim?"

Barbara caught her breath as they slowed beside a man dressed as a gangster, with a miniature machine gun as equipment, and the French cavalier with whom she had danced before. The gangster then must be James Bell Folwell and everyone knew what that meant. Millionaire, sportsman and very prominent citizen. The French cavalier ——

"I can't stop her from dancing with bums," said the gangster. "I can only warn her. It's a lot cooler up in 519."

"Everybody up there?" asked the man with Barbara.

"Oh, a nice, representative crowd," said the gangster. He had a friendly manner and Barbara liked him.

"We'll be along."

Of course, thought Barbara, I must take off this mask now. This has gone far enough. I must find Mr. Parcher, who seems to have belonged to another incarnation. I must go home. But she had an irresistible desire to see the inside of 519—just to know how such things went. And that was why she went up in the west elevator to 519 as another white-satin equestrienne came down in the east one.

No. 519 was a large hotel suite. Some fairly steady drinking seemed to be being done. Nearly everybody was unmasked.

"Take off your mask, Corinne."

Barbara shook her head.

"The party's going like a streak. You needn't be so coy."

OTHER people came in. The French cavalier, the gangster. Barbara began to wish she were nearer the door. Should one run—or brazen it out?

"There's a photographer downstairs who wants your picture, Corinne. Go down and smile for him. He's in that parlor by the elevator."

Barbara shrugged.

"But you must. They've got to have the general chairman."

"I thought Corinne just went down," said somebody.

"She didn't get very far."

"Take your mask off. It makes me nervous. You look so blind."

Barbara took a step toward the door. She saw Kirk on the other side of the room, evidently feeling no responsibility for her. She looked at the French cavalier. With his mask off he was very handsome with the kind of good looks that are always blended with breeding and restraint. He came over to her.

(Continued on Page 45)

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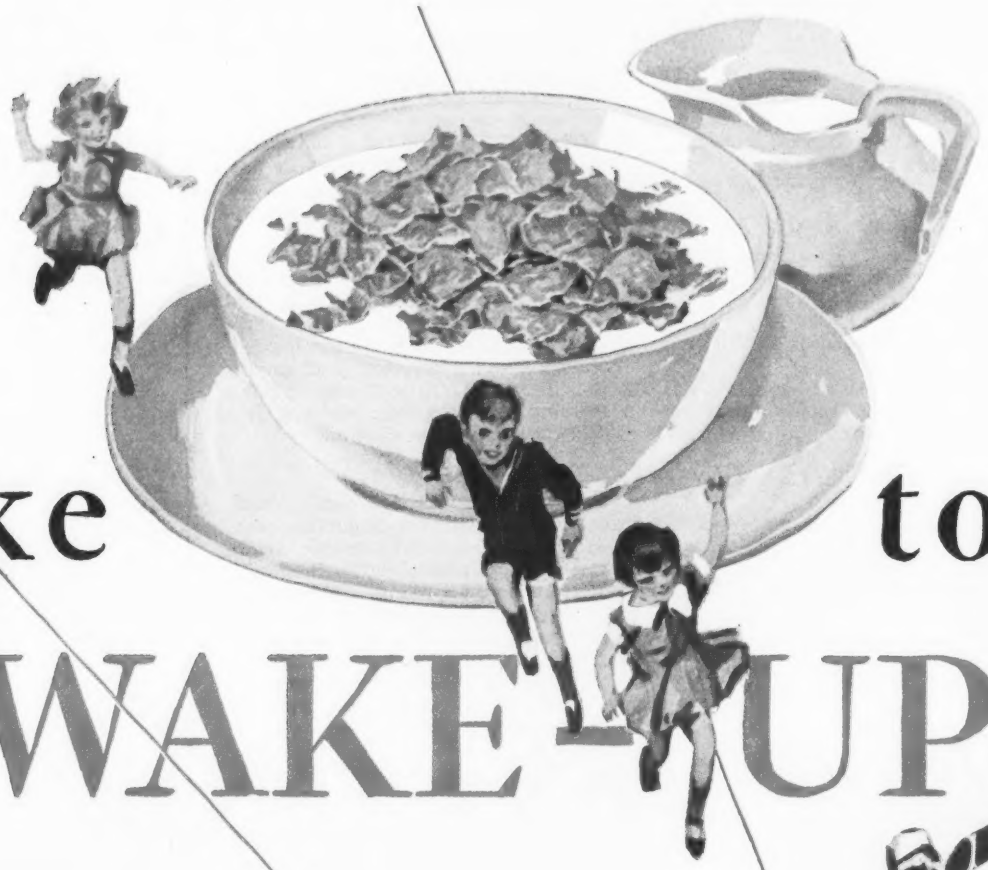

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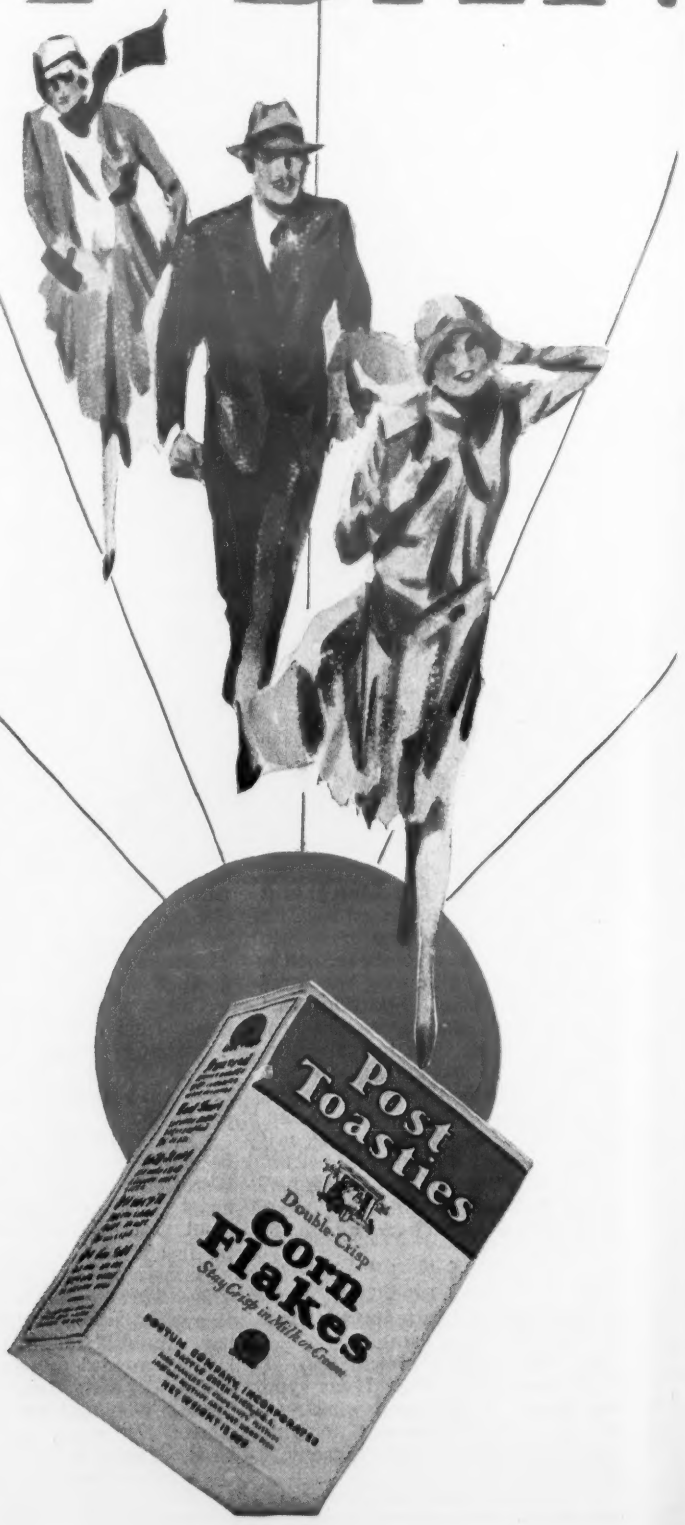
HEAPING bowls of Post Toasties, the Wake-Up Food, with its quick new energy for everyone. What a splendid day tomorrow will be to start the whole family on a regular Wake-Up diet! For breakfast, the Wake-Up Food—crisp Post Toasties, rich in quick new energy for wide-awake minds—for wide-awake bodies.

Pure white hearts of the choicest corn that grows, delicately flavored, and toasted to golden crispness. Here's a delicious cereal as rich in energy as it is tempting to the taste. And because it is so easy to digest, its rich store of energy is quickly released to the body.

Serve it for breakfast, for quick new energy after the night's long fast. And again for luncheon to renew the body's energy for a busy afternoon. Just remember the name—*Post Toasties*—the package—*red and yellow*—the man who sells it—*your grocer.* Start in tomorrow and make *every* day a Wake-Up day!



POST TOASTIES

The wake-up food

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Post Food Products
C.W. Post

(Continued from Page 43)

"Going down again?"

"I think I'd better."

"I'll go with you."

"What makes Corinne so upstage?" she heard someone ask.

They were dancing together again, she and the French gentleman. It was as perfect as before.

"Well," he said, after a moment, "so it's you."

"Who?"

"The one who isn't Corinne Folwell."

"I told you that in the beginning. When did you begin to believe me?"

"I'VE known for a few minutes that there were two purple wigs," he said, "and two white-satin circus riders. But I couldn't tell—until we started to dance again—which one I had."

She did not answer.

"Will you take your mask off now?"

"You don't know me. I'm not a person you'd know at all. I'm just a schoolteacher trying to be funny or something."

"I'm a person you're going to know. Or are you married?"

"Married?" asked Barbara indignantly. "Of course not."

"Then let's dance."

"Grand march. Pass by the judges masked, please, and then everybody can unmask," shouted the orchestra leader with the megaphone.

Mrs. James Bell Folwell, prime mover in the Beaux Arts ball as well as general chairman, did not know when the party definitely died for her. It had been ailing all evening. She had felt that it was taken out of her hands almost from the start. It wasn't that she was jealous. But after she saw that gorgeous thing that Pam Kirkbridge was wearing she couldn't help wishing that after all she had gone Spanish herself. It certainly had changed Pam entirely. She had never dreamed that Pam could walk off with all the attention in the place during the cocktails, or be so terribly amusing, if she took a fancy. Usually the men steered clear of Pam.

For Corinne the dinner dragged horribly. She had put Kirk beside her because she thought she could count on him to keep things moving and he was no help at all. He simply sat and stared at his wife as if he didn't see her every day.

She'd spent quite a little while up in 519 and none of the men she expected had come up. Not even Jim. That was what annoyed her most. A woman ought to be able to count on her husband if she happened to need him.

The crowd in 519 bored her. Someone told her that a photographer was waiting to get a picture of her and she went down. When he was through she slipped the mask over her face again and went back to the ballroom. Everything was going merrily. It was certainly a huge success. She stood conspicuously in the doorway.

The order for the grand march came. She looked around for Jimmy. He hadn't been upstairs when she came down. He wasn't anywhere. And she wanted to be in that march.

"Well, here you are at last," said a relieved voice.

She looked up at a fat man, whose mask seemed to have settled into the perspiration on his cheeks, dressed in some sort of absurd gypsy or troubadour outfit. No doubt he was drunk.

"Have you been looking for me?" she asked coldly.

"Have I? Everywhere. I kept hunting for the purple wig. I knew I'd know you by that."

The insolence, thought Corinne, and tried to convey through her mask what she thought of him. It seemed to be impossible.

"Come on. We want to get into this," he said, pointing to the marching line and seizing her arm.

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do. You might get a prize. I heard there were going to be a lot of them."

Words that would wither him trembled on Corinne's lips. She wanted to tell him just exactly who she was and see him curl up. He certainly couldn't know. He was just plain tight. Yet he seemed steady enough too. And then suddenly the absurdity of it came over her. This was just what she'd been telling everyone they should do, loosen up, mix with the crowd.

"All right, grandpa," she said. "I'll march with you," and took his arm.

He didn't seem to like that.

Down the line they went, past the judges, swinging to the music. Everybody fell in. Once around the great ballroom, with people looking on. This will make a superb story to tell, thought Corinne. Down once more, up the middle, lines breaking and every couple parting from its neighbor and then, strangely, Corinne saw herself coming. But she seemed to be on Harvey Baldwin's arm. Was there a mirror?

She turned to look at the troubadour. But he saw it too.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Is it possible," asked the troubadour, "that I have the wrong lady?"

The lady removed her mask and he looked into a charming face which he had never seen before, with eyes that were very mocking and lips that had clearly called him grandpa. Mr. Parcher pulled off his mask. Guiltily he looked at the other purple wig approaching. There might be a dozen of them, for all he knew. No, that was Miss Owens all right. But who was the man?

"Corinne," said Harvey, "you want to meet your double? This is Barbara Owens."

Barbara smiled, the smile with secrets, only now there were more of them and all of them were pleasant ones.

"Do you mind?" she asked Corinne.

"I adore it," said Corinne, who knew how to carry off things beautifully. It was one of her minor accomplishments. And she was glad to be Mrs. James Bell Folwell publicly again.

She slipped her arm through Barbara's.

"Let's do a double act for the rest of the party."

Mr. Parcher stared. It was all very bewildering. He had not known that Miss Owens had such a large acquaintance. And this lady who was being introduced as the important Mrs. Folwell, and who had called him grandpa—merrily but still unmistakably—laughed at everything he said or did. Mr. Parcher was not sure where he came in or, indeed, if he was going to come in at all.

PAMELA hung up the Spanish dress. The dead-white crêpe, the scarlet shawl. She hung it away affectionately, glad that she owned it, willing to pare the bills for a month for the sake of it. Not because it had won her that coffee service, though she certainly could use that. But because it had taught her so much about herself.

"I'm all for Beaux Arts balls," she said to Kirk, who was sulking.

"Booze Arts," answered Kirk.

"Not for me. That was some of the rest of you. I didn't even have a cocktail, but I was drunk with the whole thing. Don't be so cross. Next time you'll get a prize—the man's prize was a ton of coal and you can't use that in an oil burner."

He was watching her as if he'd never seen her before.

"I never saw you act the way you did tonight, Pam."

"You probably never will again," she said, "but still I have. Let's both remember that I can—darling."

The Personality of a House--Color

(Continued from Page 12)

those not supremely color-gifted—unless purposely attempting jazz—should leave these discords severely alone.

To understand triads of harmony, pin your triangle back again in the middle of your chromatic chart, so that it is held at the center. No matter where it swings its three corners point to colors that harmonize: Yellow, red and blue; violet, orange and green; red orange, blue violet and yellow green are each a triad of harmony if modified either in quantity or intensity. This is an unbreakable rule. In a closely related color scheme—as in Figure 4.—colors may be used in much higher intensity. But the unrelated colors of a triad color scheme must be softened down—grayed—or cut down in the quantity used, in direct proportion to their vividness. For example, let us suppose your triangle is pointing to primary red and blue and yellow. Let us purposely begin with this triad, because the first recipe given by every school of decoration is to put something red, blue and yellow into every room. But this does not mean in equal quantities or of greatest intensity!

Lighten the yellow to cream, gray the red to rose, silver the blue with high-light gray; for the biggest masses add the smallest accent of red's complementary color, green, and you have an effective and lovely combination.

Combining the triads in full strength is excellent for posters since they are intended to hit you in the eyes as hard as they can. But by modifying the intensity of these colors with black or white, or both, there are unlimited combinations of beauty that you can make. No matter which triad or which two-color family or which monochrome you choose for your scheme of color, all additions of white and black are considered colorless.

Weight of color must be considered in order that a color scheme shall be in balance. Heavier color must go on the floor, lighter color on the ceiling. If this is reversed the room will threaten to turn bottom side up. Violet is, next to black, the darkest, heaviest color known, and therefore it would be suffocatingly oppressive in unrelieved quantities, either on the walls or the furniture.

Yellow-orange is too violent to be used in any large quantity and should be lightened with white and neutralized with gray, which will give you a safe wall background of grayish-cream in which the yellow-orange element is unnoticeable except to give it life.

Further to illustrate triads, family groups and complementary principles, let us make a list of people who are as varied in type as possible and express the personality of each in a separate color scheme. In other words, let us suppose we are momentarily a firm of decorators and that we are commissioned to "decorate":

1. A country lounge-about room for the outdoor youngsters.
2. A boudoir for Mrs. Exotic.
3. A country living room for Mrs. Homemaker.
4. A house or room for a man.
5. Beautification of ugliness at least expense for Mrs. Everyday.

FOR OUTDOOR YOUNGSTERS. If they are sunburned, ever-active, outdoors-loving young persons, the very best background

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG U.S.A.

MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER

Keeps Dust from Scratching

SIMONIZ YOUR CAR . . . hundreds of thousands of motorists who really know will tell you it is the modern way to keep cars looking new and beautiful. The hard, dustproof protection only Simoniz provides guards the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading. And, after your car is Simonized, it is easily kept looking clean and bright, for dust and dirt can be wiped off without scratching or marring the finish.

A car need only be Simonized three or four times a year. Then, year in and year out, even after miles and miles of driving in all kinds of weather, the finish will always look new and beautiful.

There is a surprise in store for you when you see how quickly and easily Simoniz Kleener restores the lustre. And, very little rubbing is necessary to remove all grime, scum and blemishes. Simoniz then provides that brilliant surface of protection which is the real secret of lasting motor car beauty.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—the leading hardware and auto accessory stores carry them.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Easily Applied *With a Cloth*

THE QUESTION
every mother asks herself

Answered by 221 baby specialists in NEW YORK—
CHICAGO—SAN FRANCISCO—TORONTO

IN their offices . . . in hospitals . . . we interviewed them for you. We wanted the opinion of the country's leading baby specialists about one fundamental thing—*what to feed the baby*.

In New York we put the question, and in Toronto and San Francisco and Chicago. And two hundred and twenty-one physicians—members of leading Medical Societies, men recognized as in the front ranks of their profession—gave an answer that varied only in phrasing.

They *all* approve the food that springs into your mind whenever infants' solid feeding is mentioned—the standby, Cream of Wheat.

Why this cereal is standard

Physicians through whose skilled hands hundreds of babies pass are the ones who know what food gives a baby the best start in life. And knowing, they have for thirty-two years chosen Cream of Wheat.

This cereal has that ideal combination—carbohydrate content so high that Cream of Wheat is amazingly rich in energy substance, and a simple granular form that the most delicate little stomach can digest without trouble. Every bit of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain has been removed.

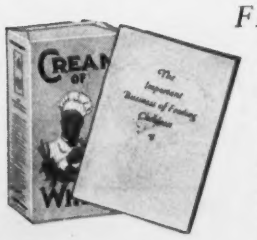
Cream of Wheat is an all year 'round cereal—non-heating in the summer months and perfectly protected in its triple-wrapped-and-sealed carton.

Here is certainty—not guessing

When you choose Cream of Wheat for your baby's first adventure into solid feeding . . . when you make a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat an habitual part of the growing child's breakfast . . . you are being guided by your own physician's approval reinforced by the word of these great eminent specialists.

Order Cream of Wheat from your grocer or send coupon below for generous free sample.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg, Canada.



FREE—sample box of Cream of Wheat and the authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," giving correct diets for children from infancy through school. Mail coupon to:

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY, DEPT. B-39, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

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To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here..... © 1929, C. of W. Co.

that they can possibly choose is one that as much as possible brings outdoors indoors. As suggested in last month's article, there should be enormous glass door openings, hinged so as to fold entirely back like screens across the entire wall, or divided possibly by two columns with glass between, so that in good weather the room can be actually a loggia. The floor would best be tile or composition stone; the walls rough plaster. If there are one or two plain wall spaces, an enchanting outdoor-indoor effect can be made by flat wrought-iron ornamentation in the form of tree trunks and branches grown flat against the walls—like espalier fruit trees.

The note of such a room should suggest space to move about in, and so it must not be cluttered with furniture or ornaments. With a strictly neutral background a pure primary or binary triad of colors could be used. For example, walls of light beige, ceiling of cream, floor of gray-orange tiles or stone. Sand-colored wood or wicker furniture with chintz combining brilliant red-orange and green with an accent of violet. A red lacquer or a green-painted writing table and one or two side chairs or stools to match. No sash curtains on windows or doors, but curtains of beige that draw closed at night.

Or these curtains could be painted in scenic design—in which case the furniture covering might be in solid colors repeating the low shades and high lights of the design.

This room could be furnished and furbished with modern furniture, modern lighting fixtures and modern ornaments, but it must not lose its suitability as a background for golf clothes.

BOUDOIR OF MRS. EXOTIC. A boudoir, by the way, is not a bedroom, nor a bathroom, nor a dressing room, but a small private sitting room on a bedroom floor.

Let us suppose, then, that Mrs. Exotic is fragilely thin, white-skinned, with red-gold hair as flat as copper luster—and as polished. Let us suppose her languid, exquisite and utterly sophisticated; that the clothes she will wear in this room will be usually of the fantastically gorgeous pajama type. So we will make the walls of highly polished black glass, with mirror panels engraved in designs of converging streets. The ceiling is, of course, of silver. Side lights are of stainless steel. A window of studio size has glass curtains of orchid chiffon and heavy curtains of magenta satin. The carpet would be black, and the mantel of green-veined black marble. Over it might be a portrait of Mrs. Exotic in black against a curtain of emerald-green and framed in silver. A broad divan should be set in a mirrored recess and covered with jade-green velvet. A dozen very large, square, boxed-edged plain satin cushions in flesh, orchid, magenta and deep black-purple should be packed too tight to slip against the mirror back and sides—but not dropped about on the floor. Lamps of green quartz or of crystal with cream-colored shades; ornaments, all of jade, crystal, amethyst and silver—or stainless steel. Her own hair—actually, and in the portrait, would supply the missing accent of yellow-orange.

FOR MRS. JIM WELL-OFF HOMEMAKER. Now let us define an entirely different room for Mrs. Homemaker, who is always busy doing things for Jim and the children. Their house is big and rambling and Elizabethan in type. The sun streams into the living room through diamond-paned casements. Everything in the room must be chosen purposely for two things—homelikeness and unspoilability. The most unspoilable furniture possible to devise would be of oak, in Tudor design, just enough carving to avoid plain surfaces that could be marred by whacks of toys and kicks of shoes.

If the sitting room is to be very handsome, suitable walls would be of linen-fold paneling, with bookcases filled with beautiful morocco book bindings, and needle-point furniture coverings—palatial but unspoilable. On the other hand, if the purse is not deep enough for such a lavish scheme, the walls can be papered in sand color of an oakish cast. And there are numerous sprigged tapestry materials that are good and show no marks of fingers—not even spots. Velveteen wears well as everyone knows. And slip covers of endless varieties of materials, plain, figured or flowered, are practical because they can be taken off and cleaned or washed.

In a room that is in a monotone of browns, color is beautifully supplied by colored cushions, ornaments and book backs.

A ROOM FOR A MAN. That a man should be repelled by the least suggestion of effeminacy is entirely normal, but, even so, there is no reason for going to the other extreme and furnishing his study like the directors' room of a cement company.

If the room is high, the problem is made easy because a lofty ceiling makes a room masculine to begin with. Low-ceilinged rooms, on the other hand, may not risk feminine characteristics. A plain wood paneling suggestive of a ship's cabin is especially suitable. Or the walls may be painted or papered in neutral tones of putty or sand or olive-gray or wrapping-paper brown, made colorful by many books—red ones! For a man's study—unless he never reads—the first ingredient should be well-filled bookshelves—not matched sets; odd lots of books, reference books in calf or leather, or, at most, sets of favorite authors in cloth bindings are more invitingly informal, as well as suggestive of greater intellectuality, than even rows of splendidly tooled bindings—unless bindings are his hobby.

In every man's sitting room there must be a big wide comfortable sofa with durable upholstery. Wool damask or rep or velveteen is quite as suitable as leather; though pigskin or morocco is always "highest standard." The various composition leathers are if anything more durable, less expensive and quite as suitable.

One of the best rooms possible is one with perfectly plain sealed-in walls of unpaneled lumber lightly stained and waxed, olivish-green corduroy upholstery, and books. Or if he is not one who reads, his walls might be hung with etchings or sporting prints or ship pictures or enlarged photographs or drawings of whatever subjects interest him.

FOR MRS. EVERYDAY. And now last—but very far from least—let us consider the color beautifications of the seemingly hopeless interior that cannot have much spent on it. This subject properly belongs in a later article, but it may be helpful to describe the ugliest house I ever moved into and the best result I ever got with least money.

About ten years ago we rented a seashore cottage on a three-seasons' lease without ever having been inside of it. We knew its location and we studied its floor plan. Its rent was suspiciously low, but the agent wrote us that it was unusually desirable, so we felt that it couldn't be very bad. But when we took possession on a cold, raw, rainy day the why of the rent was obvious. We had never imagined that any series of walled inclosures could be so hideously hopeless! The color scheme of the whole house was olive-green, purple-brown, mustard-yellow and maroon, and in the midst of this coloring, the bottle-shaped chimney breast and fireplace were of white-mortared orange-red brick. The trim was varnished golden oak and the furniture a mixture of maple, oak and purplish imitation cherry. Walls and furniture coverings writhed and twisted in mustard-red, maroon and a variety of discordant greens. The immediate question was, what could I do on a reasonable outlay? What would the landlord let me do?

I went out in a deluge to find the landlord. He cared very little what I did to the walls, but he prized the golden-oak trim and the orange-brick fireplace. So taking these two fixtures as the foundation

(Continued on Page 48)

RASPBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

1 package Raspberry Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup raspberry juice and cold water
4 tablespoons sugar
1 cup fresh raspberries, crushed and drained, or 1 cup canned raspberries, drained
1 cup cream, whipped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add raspberry juice and cold water and sugar. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until stiff enough to hold its shape. Fold in berries and cream. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. May be garnished with whipped cream and whole berries. Strawberries or blackberries may be substituted for raspberries. Serves 12.

★

JELLIED VEGETABLE MACÉDOINE IN TOMATOES

8 medium-sized firm tomatoes
1 package Lemon Jell-O
2 cups boiling strained tomato juice (made from pulp removed from tomatoes)
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups mixed cooked vegetables (carrots, string beans, peas, and celery)

Wash tomatoes, remove a thin slice from top, and scoop out centers. Place tomato cases upside down on plate and set in cool place until ready to fill. Dissolve Jell-O in boiling tomato juice; add salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in vegetables and fill tomatoes with mixture. Chill until firm. When ready to serve, cut each tomato in quarters, using a sharp knife dipped in hot water. Arrange on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Serves 8.

(All measurements are level.)

The recipe book (see offer below) tells you how to combine Jell-O—delightfully—with summer fruits and vegetables.

JELL-O

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

has a new trick for *every* day of summer!

SALADS . . . NEW AND DIFFERENT . . . . . DESSERTS, FIT FOR THE GODS! . . . . . .

There isn't a summer fruit or vegetable that won't yield an extra nip of flavor, with Jell-O to "point it up" . . . with Jell-O to bring out every little whisper of pungent taste!

The berry Bavarian Cream that's pictured here . . . . If only you could dip your spoon right now, into its creamy lusciousness, you'd know . . . berries at their best! Try it, and see.

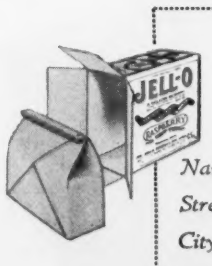
And the salad! It's new. Be the first to serve it.

In the new Jell-O booklet are over a dozen other such salads—over two dozen wonderful desserts! Surprises enough—literally—to make your menu just *sing*, all summer long.

Send now, for this key to good things. It's free. And try one of the recipes on this page, today.

Avoid imitations—be sure to use *genuine* Jell-O. None other. It's economical. It's easy to prepare. It's *sure* to turn out right. Jell-O comes in five pure-fruit flavors, sealed tight to keep that fruity freshness *fresh*. Buy six packages at a time, to have a supply of various flavors always on hand. And mail the coupon now. Back will come a booklet, to make meal-planning *fun*.

FREE — *a cook-book brimful of surprises!*



The Jell-O Company, Inc. J.—L.H.J.—8-29
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Please send me, *free*, the new recipe booklet, "Today . . . what salad . . . what dessert?"

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Fill in completely—print name and address.

In Canada, address the Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd., The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

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They bake beans *in the ground* in the Maine woods!

Now you can have that same wonderful woods flavor

The most famous baked beans in the world are those baked in the lumber camps of the Maine woods.

They are baked in a great iron bean pot in an oven in the ground called the "bean hole." All night they cook, in a bed of glowing pine embers.

And such flavor as this way of baking gives! Not just beans and pork and seasoning. But . . . fragrant pine wood . . . sweet, fresh earth . . . pungent camp fire smoke.

No wonder these beans are remembered and talked about by the fortunate ones who have eaten them! No wonder people long for them!

And now, beans with this very same "baked-outdoors" taste can be on every table! Bean Hole Beans —the first real reproduction of the original Maine woods flavor.

Have you ever tasted Bean Hole Beans? If you have, of course you serve them often. If you haven't, you have a new pleasure in store.

You'll enjoy them as no other beans you know. Order some from your grocer today. He has them in two sizes—medium, 15c, and large, 25c. (Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada.)

VAN CAMP'S, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Makers of SOUPS CATSUP SPAGHETTI KIDNEY BEANS CHILE CON CARNE KRAUT PUMPKIN and other Vegetable Products

BEAN HOLE BEANS

(Continued from Page 46)

of the problem, I went to work. I took out every piece of pseudo-mahogany and put in all the articles of maple and oak. Happily the rug in the dining room was a greenish-brownish nondescript not especially noticeable. But the violent one in the living room had to be rolled up and banished to the attic. This was distressing as floor covering is always high-priced. However, I had the wall papered with a very pale coral-brick-color cartridge paper, much lighter but in tones of the brick of the fireplace, and covered the floor of the living room with a plain brownish-sand-color ingrain carpet made like a big rug.

In the three principal bedrooms upstairs I put gay-colored papers, and the trim being not valuable, I had it painted to match the papers. Then I went to Boston, where I found a very effective chintz with a tree-branch design that had clumps of brickish-red and coral berries and plenty of foliage. I covered the furniture with slip covers which I made myself. The windows were too tall for their width, so one of my sons nailed up long strips of wood to which I tacked lengths of the chintz a foot beyond the sides of the windows and deep pleatings of cheesecloth disguising the narrowness of the window frames. A long, hemmed strip of chintz about ten inches wide, tacked flat around the cross board as lambrequins, shortened the windows and hid the lack of rods. I bought a big second-hand drop-leaf kitchen table, put a tape-bound sand-colored denim cover over it. On this were a coral-colored sheet of blotting paper and my writing materials, books and a bowl of flowers.

The dining room I papered in light sand that toned with the oak and put plain coral hangings made of unbleached muslin dyed by my laundress. No colors dye so easily as pinkish or brickish reds. But whatever you do, don't attempt the purples!

I put the pseudo-mahogany upstairs in a grayish-green room with a little twenty-five-cent diaper-print cotton in orange, red violet and blue green. Of course so many things went into the attic that the house was fairly bare. But it was amazing how little was spent in comparison with the effect produced. And as we had the house on a three years' lease, the addition to each year's rent was less than fifty dollars; and the landlord offered me five hundred dollars to cancel my three-year lease! (I will take up this value increase in a later article.)

A Difficult Problem

AS NEARLY as I can remember, all the papering and the painting of the rooms upstairs cost about sixty dollars. The total cost $121.75—$40.58 a year.

Before leaving the subject of rooms I have myself decorated, I want to say a few words about the two rooms in my New York apartment that illustrate this article. The drawing-room was much the hardest color problem that I have ever attempted. My son had completed all the interior architecture, including the color of the walls, before I came to town; and for nothing would I have altered whatever it might be. But I must say I stood in the middle of this empty room, lovely in size and in detail, but with the sun blazing in each of its five windows on highly polished pinkish pumpkin-orange walls! How to quiet it! This was no small problem.

The triad formula was of no use, nor were any other formulas that I have ever heard of. It resolved itself into a problem of eye. Color, as it happens, is by far my most acute sense.

But this drawing-room threatened to be my Waterloo. Everyone advised me to change the color. But my son loved it, and I was determined to solve its color problem. I tried endless samples of color and of every sort of material. The room destroyed each, and each destroyed the room. When quite by chance I hung up a length of flame orange-vermilion taffeta, a color so much brighter than itself that the walls went back quietly where they belonged. So I put up curtains of this taffeta. I found a pink-orange brocade for a small sofa. One of my old Chinese horses in orange and emerald solved the rest of it. I grayed the emerald for upholstery, added much wood-brown and found that all my jade ornaments and Chinese horses went very well indeed. A family portrait by Sully went beautifully over the mantel, and so did every piece of old eighteenth-century furniture. It accepted the best of the book bindings. But I can't explain it at all according to chart. Orange and blue green are reasonable, and crimson is a barricaded discord. But a tiger let out of its cage would be mild by comparison with its behavior at a touch of the triad red violet, or of blue, or white or even neutral gray.

The other illustration shows my bedroom. It was one of the easiest possible arrangements to achieve.

Expressing Yourself

THE colors differ slightly from those of the color photographic rendering. The wall is actually more blue than green, the bed and window curtains are lemon yellow; the chintz is bluish green, with a bird, tree-branch-and-flower design of orange-flame, light orange, cream, browns, grays, and an accent of blue. The bed tables are of applewood, lamps made from old Dresden groups. Other Dresden groups are on the mantel and other tables. The tall, narrow, red lacquer cabinet in the photograph is one of a pair and is fastened on a "blind" door which opens quite as well with the cabinet on it as it would without. Besides an open fireplace, this room has a writing table, and a chaise longue with head to the other window. I have no bureau or chiffonier, as all articles of apparel are kept in a dressing closet.

But my allotted space is almost gone. I can only gather the details that can't be left out, and ask you to remember:

The smaller an object the more vivid it may be. Large surfaces must be neutral, unless you want your room to look like a four-sided bill-poster. Jazz colors are triads in full strength, or "cousin" colors on either side of barricades. See Figure 4.

According to every book ever written on the subject of interior decoration, yellow is substitute for sunlight and therefore the ideal choice for all north rooms. Yellow, of course, includes cream. Reds and oranges are also warming in cold climates, and recommended for north-light rooms. Cold blues, violets, grays and blue greens are for the hot climates and rooms facing south. These conventional rules are well to know, but to break if you want to. Choice of color for situation involves your personal decision: Do you like the light of your house evened, or do you like strong contrast?

Personally I like a bright room in the sun, a cool one in the shade. Yellows, reds and creams are a hundred times more beautiful in the sun of which they are emblems, than they ever can be in the shade. And what is so restful, when heat and glare of the sun become a netherworld torture, as a cool gray-blue room facing the cool gray-blue north? This is my opinion. But *my* opinion is of no concern whatever in any detail of *your* house.

And although the color of my house is suitable if it delights and expresses me, your house to be perfect, must delight and express not your decorators, but *you*. If it is becoming as a background to your looks, if it is suitable to your use, if you find it restful when you are tired, if you find it soothing when you are ill, if its color satisfies your need of beauty, then you have achieved a personal scheme of harmony that fulfills its every requirement.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mrs. Post on The Personality of a House. The fifth, to discuss exterior decoration, will appear in the September Journal.

Glowing lovely skin, eyes that sparkle, a radiant compelling smile — what are these but the mirrors of clean internal *health? The fastidious, successful women of today know how to avoid the damaging effects of clogged intestines.*

Copyright 1929, The Fleischmann Company

Millions *of active yeast plants* . . the simple way famous doctors recommend

TODAY'S swift competition leaves little room for the woman who permits intestinal poisons to cloud her brain and dull her beautiful vitality.

Doctors now estimate that fully nine out of ten of our common ills come from constipation. To combat constipation and its related ailments they urge a simple, natural *food*—fresh yeast.

Each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast contains millions of tiny, active yeast plants. Daily, as these plants pass through your body, they successfully check the formation and spread of harmful intestinal poisons and purify your whole system.

The glow of your normal health and energy quickly returns when constipation is gone! Skin troubles, digestion troubles, headaches and "nerves" disappear. How wonderful just to be alive!

This is the simple modern way to vigor of body and clearness of mind—the way world-famous doctors recommend. Start today to eat yeast if you would know the happiness of boundless, beautiful health!

Regularly, every day, eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, one before or between meals. Eat it plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. G-113, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

• •

"Yeast relieves constipation by stimulating the intestine, not by irritating it," says DR. GEORGE PARRISH, *well-known physician and Health Officer of Los Angeles, California.*

Director of a famous Berlin hospital, DR. PAUL REYHER, *says, "Yeast stimulates the appetite, regulates metabolism and builds resistance."*

"Yeast regulates the intestines and is especially used in disorders of the skin," says DR. GASTON LYON *(above), Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of Paris.*

Want to know why
"There's a Reason"
Complete story below....

Here's an enticing crispness you've never met before. Here's a nut-like sweetness—a malt-sugar-tinged goodness—you'll long to meet again. Over and over again! *THAT'S* a reason.

Make the small breakfast safe! Serve Grape-Nuts with whole milk or cream! Delicious! Sustaining! So easy to digest!

THAT'S a reason

Two golden grains—wheat and malted barley—are specially milled to make Grape-Nuts—specially milled to preserve precious, health-giving mineral elements.

THAT'S a reason

Beautiful teeth—because they* work! *The mushy foods of civilization, too freely used, cause dental woes. Grape-Nuts is one modern food that properly exercises teeth.

THAT'S a reason

Rarin' with energy—overflowing with happiness—growing almost visibly! Health like this comes from proper food. Grape-Nuts is packed with vital food elements.

THAT'S a reason

Grape-Nuts

Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

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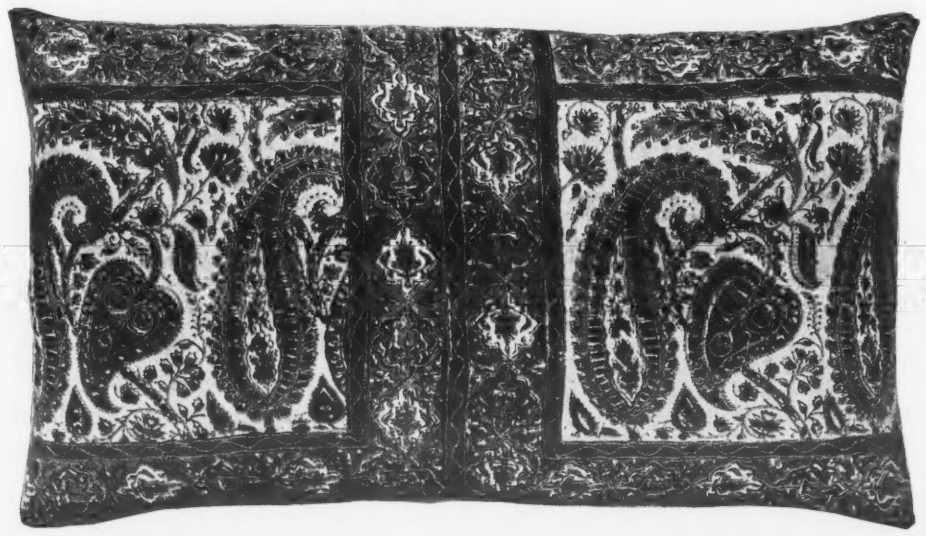
Some New Uses for India Prints

By Maren Thoreson and Christine Ferry



Oblong cushion made with cut borders and seamed in the center.

Shopping bag made of wide border and inserted panels.

Open-top bag made of borders combined with medallion.

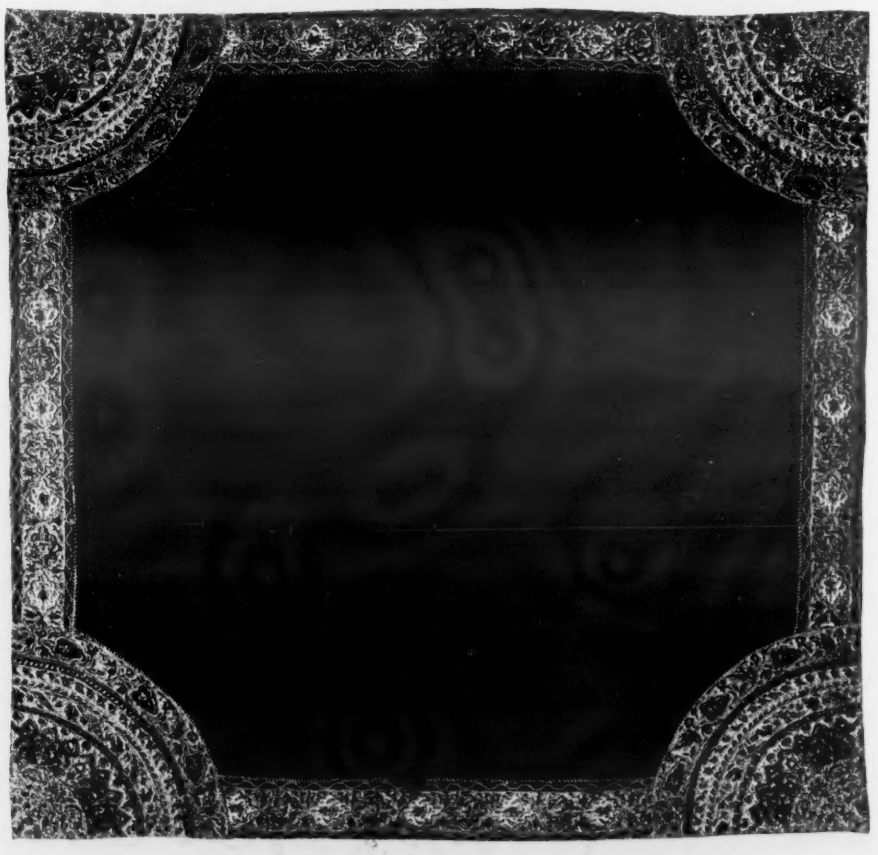
AGAIN Paris does the unusual. By the use of gold thread a cotton India print is transformed into a sumptuous fabric of exotic beauty merely by backing it with a wool interlining and then outlining the various parts of the design with a couching of the gold thread, thus throwing the pattern of the design into relief after the manner of a quilted fabric, and emphasizing the color with the lines of gold.

From a bag of this character, seen on the Rue de la Paix, came the idea for the conversion of an India-print bedspread, with its medallion center and borders of various widths, into decorative articles for use in the home, as well as the bags which were the original source of the inspiration.

Naturally, not all parts of the design are thus outlined—this would be quite an impossible

(Continued on Page 56)

Square medallion cushion backed with plain material.



Plain cloth boxed with borders and banded with strips.

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

Showing women the way to greater motoring pleasures

Chrysler Motors has ever remembered the motoring requirements and ambitions of women who drive. While building virile cars that are pre-eminent for power, safety, speed, stamina and beauty, stress has been placed on ease of control, on road stability and on that mechanical soundness which precludes the annoyances of frequent adjustments.

Chrysler-built cars are as luxurious as the drawing room; as comfortable as the favorite boudoir corner. Steering is carefree—a matter of the mind's inclination rather than a strain on slender wrists. Parking is no longer a tax on muscular energy. Brakes respond promptly and smoothly to the gentlest touch of the slipper tip. Even on the giddiest turns and at the highest speeds there is complete assurance of security.

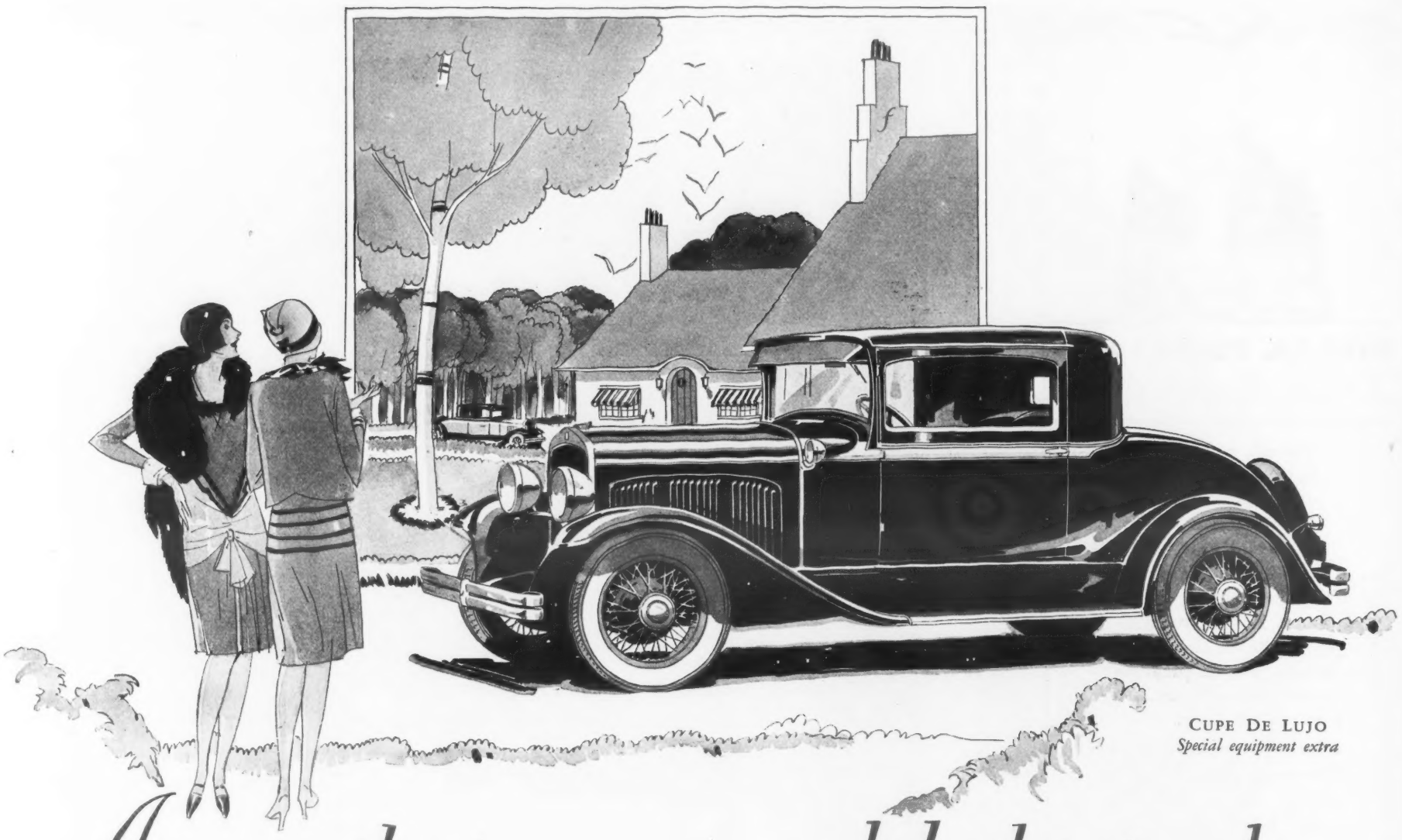
Watch the street and highway and you will see evidence of the feminine preference for Chrysler-built cars. Women are driving them everywhere, capably, confidently, and with perfect relaxation. The claim, indeed, is not too great that Chrysler Motors has enlarged the whole motoring sphere for womankind—that it has eliminated nervous tension and given to even the timorous woman a zest in motoring hitherto the exclusive privilege of the masculine driver.

Every journey becomes a joyous adventure behind the wheel of a De Soto Six. Speedy, alert, dependable and safe, it brings with it sheer delight in driving

CHRYSLER "75" · CHRYSLER IMPERIAL · CHRYSLER "65"
DE SOTO SIX · · PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · · DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS
CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES
All Products of Chrysler Motors

Chrysler Motors

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE



CUPE DE LUJO
Special equipment extra

A car that women delight to drive

When Chrysler Motors first conceived the De Soto Six these were the objectives:

To meet the universal demand for real fineness, real beauty, real dependability in the lower-price field—

To build a car so responsive, sensitive, speedy and powerful that it would appeal to those who would welcome the new thrill and zest it gave to motoring—

De Soto Six is so easily steered, so responsive to control that even the most timid do not fear to drive it in the congested traffic lanes

To build a car so easy to steer, so alert in acceleration, so prompt in braking, so easy to handle and to park that it would respond effortlessly to the feminine touch—

To make it so safe and so easy riding that anyone, regardless of temperament or limited motoring experience, could drive it with confidence—

To give all these things at so low a price that even those persons whose budgets are carefully planned could acquire it with a clear conscience—

To make it so economical to run and to maintain that the most thrifty would consider it economical transportation—

To make it so stylish and beautiful that the most fastidious and exacting would be proud to own it.

Chrysler Motors has done what it set out to do. De Soto Six is the most individualistic creation among the low-priced sixes—a car for every taste, every purse, every ambition. De Soto Six is indeed a car with a particular appeal to women—so vividly distinctive in all desirable qualities that it stands alone.

The De Soto Six is a restful and roomy motor car. In tastefulness of appointment and in riding ease it knows no rival in its field

Drive De Soto Six and judge for yourself. Your nearest De Soto dealer will gladly place a car at your disposal for a thorough trial without obligation.

DE SOTO SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

BORAX PROTECTS
Dainty Summer Clothes

There's a charm in light, fresh, spotless summer clothes. But they do soil so easily —especially the children's. You should always use 20 Mule Team Borax in laundering these sheer garments, for it protects them — actually makes them last longer.

Borax is used with soap. It loosens dirt, cleanses, softens water, aids the soap. The wear and tear of hard rubbing is eliminated—and 20 Mule Team Borax protects all fabrics from the ravages of hard water and "caustic soap." How much better, and more economical, to rely on Borax than to use harsh washing "compounds" and "chemicals."

20 Mule Team Borax is both a deodorant and a mild antiseptic —it should certainly be used in washing all garments that touch the skin.

Buy a package of the old reliable 20 Mule Team Borax today and write for our helpful free booklet. Get the "Borax habit."

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 180
51 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send your free booklet "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name_____

Address_____

No. 5852 Transfer No. 14446

One Design, Three Possibilities

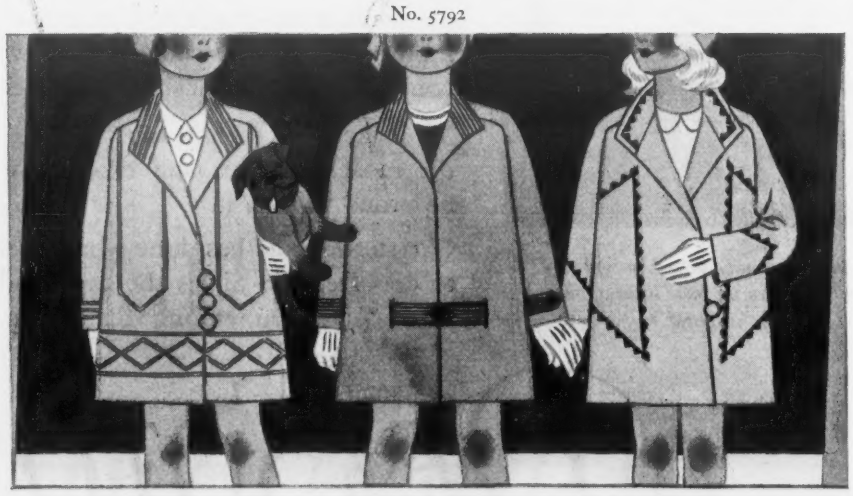
By **NORA WARD RHOADS**

CLEVER variation and thoughtful choice do away with the so-called "awkward-age" problems of dressing the schoolgirl. Design No. 5852 recommends itself particularly for this age because of the fullness across the bust, and also because of its becoming straight lines. Imagination and taste have arranged three variations of this attractive model, which dress the schoolgirl for all her fall occasions. The afternoon frock at the left, the simple school dress in the center, and the party dress at the right, are all cut from the same design and are varied in detail and material.

Again the seemingly unimportant detail which is so typical of the charming children's clothing imported from France varies a simple American design, No. 5792, and achieves three very different versions of the same small child's coat—each of which is smart as well as individual. The little coat at the extreme left below is trimmed with pin tucks; the model in the middle is very tailored, with a variation of stitching, and is equally suitable for small boys or girls. The model at the extreme right uses simple wool embroidery. It takes very little extra time to make these tiny coats individual and unusual.

If you are interested in directions for evolving the three frocks or three coats, and in color and fabric recommendations, send a two-cent stamp with your request to the Needlework Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

No. 5792



Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; coats, 30 cents.

Snowdrift frying is *quick* frying–and every woman knows what *that* means

Probably a cooking expert could draw up a set of elaborate rules about frying. But any woman who knows that *quick frying means perfect frying* is pretty well equipped to handle a frying pan.

And that's where Snowdrift comes in. For Snowdrift fries very quickly. And with reasonable care it can be heated hot enough to fry in—perfectly—long before it begins to burn or smoke.

Suppose you are frying chicken. The actual frying is done so quickly that it sears the food at once—keeps out any excess fat—keeps in all the fine flavor of the chicken itself. No danger of burning or scorching.

Any chicken you fry in Snowdrift is sure to have that rich, delectable fried taste—and yet it is quite as wholesome as if you had put it in an oven and roasted it.

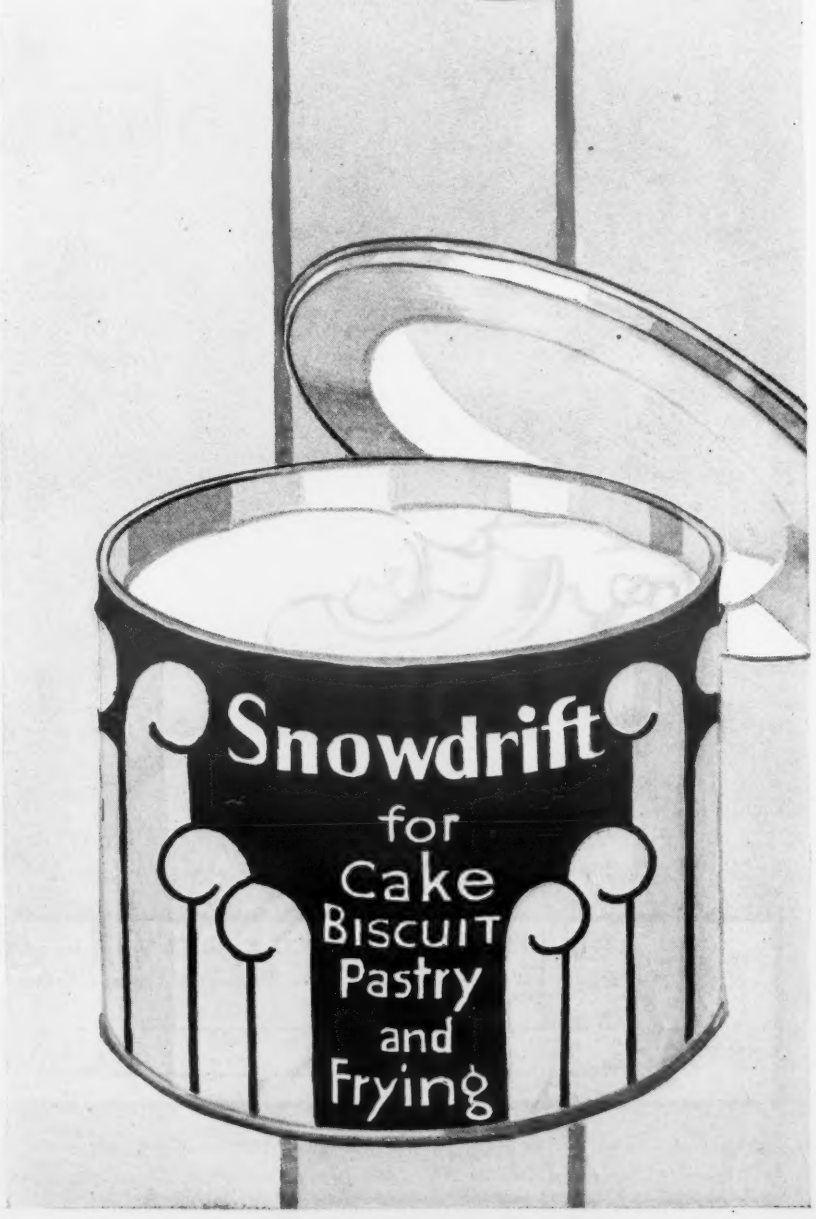
Snowdrift is so fresh and pure and good-to-eat in itself that it can't help making food taste better. It's economical, too—you can use it over and over again and it won't absorb frying odors.

Would you like a copy of our Snowdrift recipe book? We shall be glad to send you one free. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

FRIED CHICKEN

1 Cup Snowdrift • *1 Cup Milk or Cream* • *1 Tablespoon Salt*
¾ Cup Flour • *1 Chicken* • *½ Cup Water*

A very young chicken should be cut in halves or quarters. Or a full grown but young chicken may be used if desired, and this should be prepared and disjointed as for fricassee. Roll each piece in the flour and salt which have been sifted together. Heat the Snowdrift in a heavy iron frying pan or kettle. Add enough chicken to cover the bottom of the pan. The chicken should be turned only once, the frying being accomplished in about twenty minutes. When brown, drain off all but one-fourth cup fat and add the water. Simmer very slowly until tender. A very young broiler will take half an hour, and a full sized chicken from one to two hours. Replenish the water if necessary. Serve with a gravy made with the drippings in the frying pan, two tablespoons of the flour in which the chicken was rolled and the milk or cream.



Foot Saver Shoes

Such Style With Comfort
Seems Too Good To Be True

We would like to sit down with each of the readers of this magazine and demonstrate personally the truth of Foot Saver's double claim — *Comfort with Style.* Women just won't believe the comfort part of it, so delighted are they with the slender distinction of the models themselves. But Foot Savers are style shoes that your *feet will welcome.* And once you understand the sound, scientific principles behind our *patented, inbuilt construction,* you will see why. However, as it is, we'll be just as pleased to have you prove it by wear.

"FOOT INSURANCE FOR THE FUTURE"

A most convenient way of seeing the newest Foot Saver creations is by sending the coupon below for the Foot Saver Style Portfolio. We'll send it free at your request.

The Foot Saver Shoe — Controls the Arch

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 410 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

L 8-29

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Company, Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Some New Uses for India Prints

(Continued from Page 51)

task—but the larger motifs and the lines separating the various bands of color should be followed, and in the case of a vine pattern, the leaves and flowers, as well as the stem line connecting them, should be done in one continuous length of gold thread. The couching thread must be pliable, so as to adapt itself readily to curves, and should be sufficiently heavy to stand out clearly, using two strands if the thread is fine.

Before beginning to cut up a print study it carefully. Perhaps I should say, study it well before you buy it. Plan the articles which you intend to make and decide what portions can best be sacrificed, and, of course, seam allowance must be planned for.

The medallion center at once suggests a round cushion top, or can be made up into an effective square by leaving a little of the background, or "field," showing at the corners. Cut round and folded at the center, this medallion will also make a most effective semicircular cushion cover.

From the four quarter sections of the medallion pattern, usually to be found at the corners of the field, inside the borders, may be made another type of circular cushion cover by joining the straight edges with one of the narrow borders. These quadrants may decorate the corners of a square cloth or an oblong runner of sateen in a solid color which will serve to emphasize the coloring in the print.

An oblong cushion may be made from one of the wide borders which run across top and bottom inside the narrow ones framing the edge. Fold the strip so that the seam will come at the center front, lapping one end over the other. In this way the narrow half-inch border of contrasting color which usually edges the wide border will run across the center of the cushion as well as along the lengthwise edges.

The wide border is also exactly the right width for a bag of the shopping variety, with frame top, or the beach bag with open top—the utility bag. If a frame is used insert panels of the narrow border, about an inch in width, at the ends between the sides to provide for the "spring" of the frame, rounding them at the bottom and squaring off the tops just below the hinge, so that they will fold inside when the top is closed. After sewing the bag into the frame the joining may be concealed with a narrow black-and-gold braid, and the same braid used to edge a handle made of a folded length of the print and to wrap the ends after they have been drawn through the openings provided in the frame.

Variety may be given to the open-top bag by using one of the narrow borders for the top and a strip of the allover pattern, which forms the background of the medallion, for the bottom. Handles for this bag may be of heavy filling cord covered with the print, letting the ends extend sufficiently beyond the cord so that they can be attached either to the center seam or the bottom of the bag, as well as at the top. Thus supported, the sides of the bag will not sag with the weight of the things which may be carried in it. The handles are attached before the bag is lined.

This combination of border and allover was especially pleasing in the case of the print used for the making of these pieces, as the allover was patterned in green and blue on a rust-red ground, while the background of the multicolored design of the border was creamy white. Rust red was also used for the body of the square cloth and the back of the square cushion. As a usual thing, the narrow band of solid color edging the print will provide the key to a harmonious color combination.

These are but suggestions of the many articles which may be evolved from an India-print bedspread, and the possibilities of use for the narrow borders have been but lightly touched upon.

From the length of one side could be made a bell pull, with end pointed and finished with a heavy tassel or covered weight. From another length might be made a stole for the top of a Governor Winthrop desk or a gate-legged table. Other cushions of plain material might be boxed with a narrow border or banded with one or more stripes.

And so on, until every scrap of material is used, the variety of possibilities limited only by the imagination of the worker.

Before Bunny Came Here

(Continued from Page 17)

was usually so destructively animated. Enid sat very upright, her hands in her lap, but Rodney felt for them.

"You're wonderfully brave, darling. . . . I know how much the little chap's meant to you! . . . Eni, I can't bear you to look stricken like that, my darling." His arm was closely about her shoulder, and he drew her tightly against him. "Lord, I'm a lucky man to have you! There hasn't been a day since Bunny came that I haven't been thinking how sweet you were. . . . The way you took him and mothered him and looked after him . . . women are wonderful, Eni! I've wanted to tell you often what you were to me and how big it was of you to be like that with him, so patient and never minding all the things we did that messed things and made noises. . . . Of course it was all fun and we knew you liked it—but it was so sweet of you to like it! You know it's a dreadful thing for a little chap not to have a woman to love, and Bunny couldn't love you any more if you'd been his own mother. . . . He was carrying you a frog he'd caught when he ran behind the horses, you know—that's why he was in such a hurry. . . ."

"Don't, dear," she said.

He whispered: "I wanted to tell you, for when first we heard about Aunt's death, I thought you mightn't want him! It was mean of me, Enid. You've made me ashamed every time I thought of it. . . . I've only known what you were since we've had him, Eni—of course you were an awful lot to me always, but it's only since Bunny came here I've really known. . . ." She gently freed herself.

"I've got some things to do—back soon, dear."

In the next room she burned a mass of closely written sheets, whispering with breathless tears: "Oh, my blind darlings—my dear exasperating darlings that I haven't understood. Oh, my two children, forgive me!"

Rodney raised haggard eyes to her as she reëntered the room.

"I think he'll pull through, don't you?" She replied steadily, as one speaks to a child.

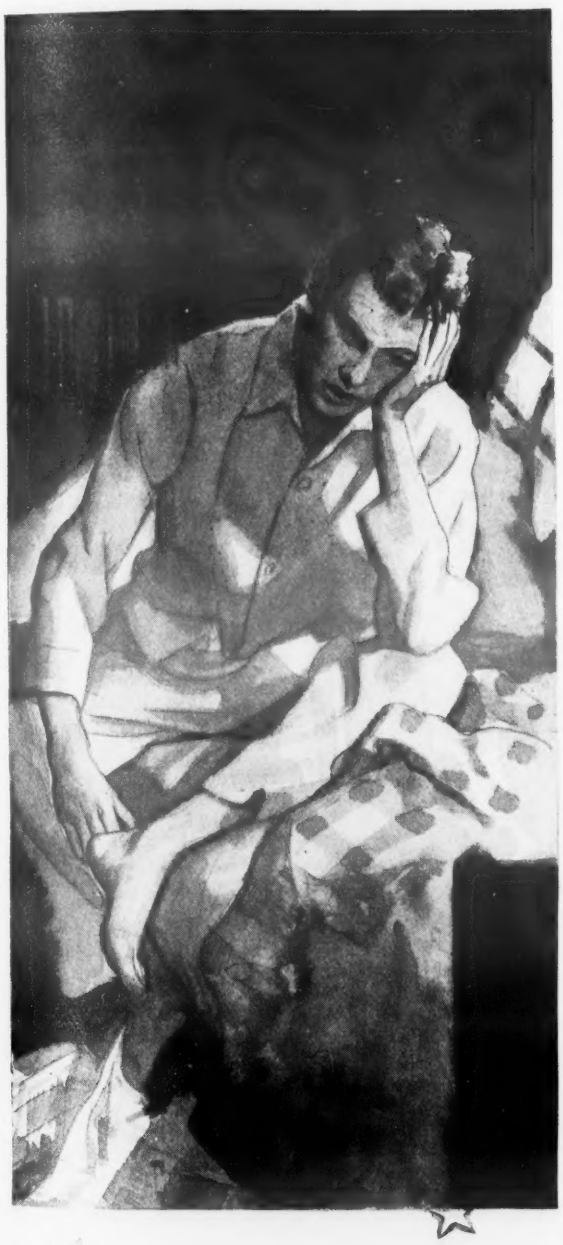
"Of course he will, my darling—we want him so!"

"Lord—you're beautiful! You—you look different, grown-up somehow."

She put her cheek against his. "I have—it's very, very nice. . . ."

He did not understand, but presently he fell asleep with his face on her breast. She noticed how gray his hair was about the temples and kissed it. He muttered, again repeating a dominant idea, ". . . . Didn't know how wonderful before Bunny came."

IF YOU'VE sworn off COFFEE ... swear back on AGAIN!



REVEL once more in coffee! Yield to its tempting fragrance! Forget the hour—let its spicy flavor and steaming warmth lure you to a second cup.

For it is not the coffee, but the caffein in it that made you give up coffee. And now you can have coffee *without caffein's effects.* Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.

And such delicious coffee!

Take one sip of Sanka Coffee and you'll wonder why you didn't try it long ago. Nothing is added to it—from it only caffein, the frequent cause of nervousness, indigestion, sleeplessness, has been removed. And remember this! Caffein doesn't even contribute that immediate sense of satisfaction a cup of coffee gives. The cheer and comfort you so enjoy come from its satisfying warmth and welcome flavor.

The choicest of Central and South American coffees and the most skillful roasting and blending produce Sanka's marvelously rich flavor and temptingly fragrant aroma. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer. And Sanka Coffee is equally delicious hot or iced.

Judge for yourself!

Physicians here and abroad endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. Your grocer or delicatessen carries it—ground or in the bean and in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. He sells it on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, return what's left and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

Revel in coffee once more—coffee shorn of all possibility to harm—full of power to delight. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee this very day! If, by any chance, your dealer does not yet carry Sanka Coffee, send 75 cents and your dealer's name and address to the Sanka Coffee Corp., 1 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and a pound will be sent you postpaid.

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine

Delicious

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night! It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret!

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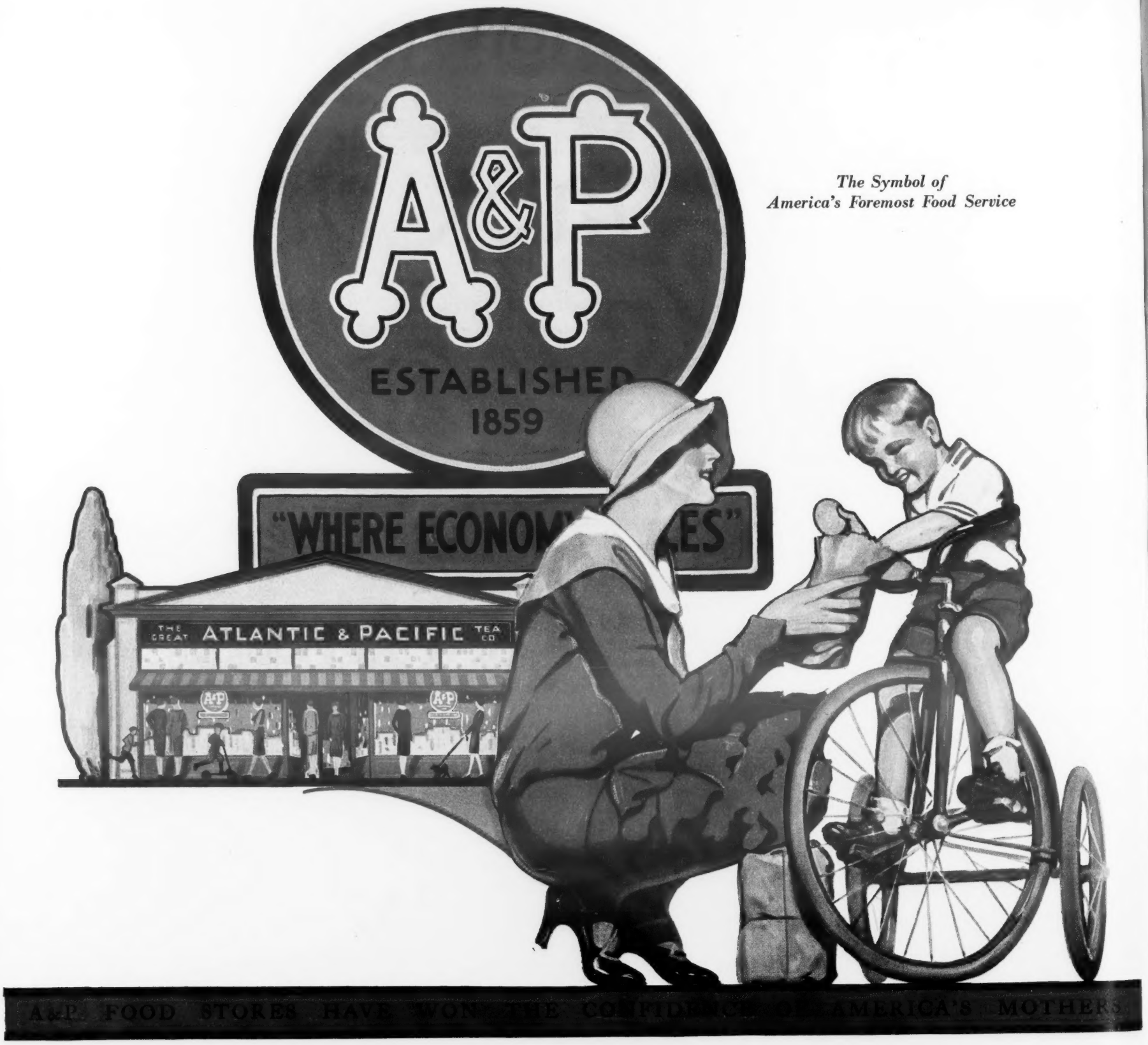
The Symbol of
America's Foremost Food Service



WHEREVER there is an A&P Food Store ...from the Atlantic to points far beyond the Mississippi; from Canada to the Gulf ...you invariably hear the name of A&P mentioned every time fine foods are discussed.

This is because A&P maintains a large and far-flung staff of food buying authorities, and through their activities, each A&P Food Store gives a type of service no other food store can equal.

A&P's exclusive, quality-insuring services to its customers are many: a corps of coffee experts located in the heart of the coffee-growing sections of South America buy the cream of the crops; in London, A&P's own food buyers choose the newest and choicest of European table luxuries; while in California, Alaska, the Orient, and in other producing sections of the world, A&P's own food specialists are selecting the better qualities in every line.

Remember these exclusive A&P features when you shop. Remember, too, at A&P Food Stores the prices for fine foods are always remarkably low.

[*At the A&P Food Stores you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.*]

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

Lima Nights

(Continued from Page 15)

their old association, to rekindle his former ardor for her, but without the smallest success. At the height of Benedicta's grief over his infidelity he married a rich heiress in Cerro de Pasco.

"Benedicta was left without honor and without position. But even though she was now very sad and very poor, her beauty was no less arresting, and still called upon her the attention of every passing man, particularly the attention of Fortunato Dulces, a young soldier who lived in another apartment of Benedicta's house. Whenever they passed he spoke gentle and pleading words to her. But her heart was lead. She noticed no one.

"Then one night when Fortunato was strolling along the river bank before the house, Benedicta walked up to him, and even before he managed to speak a word, greeted him cordially. He escorted her to her own door, and when she invited him into her own apartment he was in ecstasy.

"They had been talking for some time and Fortunato was almost sure of winning the girl, when a knock was heard. With great excitement Benedicta told her guest that they would be in danger if he were seen in her room, and that he must go into the back room, and neither stir nor speak. He obeyed reluctantly, uneasy and puzzled that this obscure little seamstress should have such mysteries in her life.

"Now Benedicta's sudden change of attitude toward her neighbor must be explained. On that very same afternoon she had met her former lover, and had been inspired to revenge herself. So she invited him to come to see her one last time that she might assure him she bore no malice.

"But in her heart she knew her purposes were not so amiable. The entertainment she planned for Aquilino demanded an accomplice, and to gain one she had encouraged Fortunato with her sudden coquetry.

"The two former lovers met. There were no recriminations. All words were peace words. By no gesture did she reveal that Aquilino's disloyalty had ruined her life, or that she was unforgiving. With laughter and wine she played her game until she had managed to drop a drug into her lover's glass.

"In a few moments he was asleep. Then she bound and gagged him and waited until he should awaken. At midnight the poor man opened his eyes, to find Benedicta standing before him, his own poniard in her hands, her eyes hard and blazing."

A Night for Crime

"IN CALM and calculated words she denounced her lover for the baseness and villainy of his conduct. His pleading eyes stirred no pity in her breast. She gripped the dagger with both hands and plunged it through the heart of the man she had loved.

"During these terrible moments Fortunato was standing behind the intervening wall. He could hear everything. When Benedicta, with crimson fingers, opened the door, he stared at her, and shook with horror.

"She soon assured him his own life was not in danger; told him the dead man had been her lover whom she had justly executed for his betrayal, and that if Fortunato desired her love, he would have to assist her dispose of the corpse. 'The street is empty,' she pleaded, 'the night is dark, and the river flows in front of the house. Come, Fortunato, help me!'

"And that woman with the devil's heart kissed the ardent young soldier passionately on the mouth, fascinating him completely, and giving courage to his poor soul.

"It was a perfect night for crime. Heavy clouds hid the stars. When the door of the apartment house opened, two persons came out of it. One was Fortunato, who carried on his shoulders the dead body of Aquilino placed in a bag; the other was Benedicta, who, assisted by the darkness, while helping with one hand to carry the weight —— Are you listening, señor?"

"Manuella! Of course I'm listening, so much so I'm about to fall off the window sill. But in heaven's name don't stop there—what happened?"

"I forget." And Manuella's tinkling laughter filled the air. "Maybe if you come back another night I'll try to remember. Really must go now. My papa is very stern—a little like the other Manuella's papa."

I reached for her hand through the bars to detain her, but she had gone, and there was only black emptiness within.

Next day it became clearly evident to me that if I were further to impress Manuella I must develop my musical talents. Jolly Farmer had already ceased to thrill her, so I took my guitar to a piano store and asked the manager to suggest a new piece that would prove irresistible to a Lima girl fifteen pounds overweight.

Fortunato's Fate

WITHOUT hesitation he suggested "Oh, you beautiful doll, you great, big, beautiful doll." This was a bit out of date, but too appropriate to resist. So the manager played it over slowly—with feeling—several times on his piano, and I blundered along in accompaniment till I could play Beautiful Doll by ear.

That evening, all flush with my new "piece," I unslung my guitar, and with ravishing notes and nightingale song called to my Manuella:

"Oh! You beautiful doll, [plink, plink!]
You great, big, beautiful doll! [plink, plink!]
Let me put my arms about you,
I could never live without you;
Oh! You beautiful doll!
You great, big, beautiful doll! [plink, plink!]
If you ever leave me how my heart will ache,
I want to hug you but I fear you'd break;
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh, you beautiful doll! [PLINK!]

From the floor above, out into the night, down into the garden, rippled a waterfall of crystal laughter. Manuella had heard the Apollonian strains, and was soon back at the bars, half-hidden as before in all her Spanish shawls.

"*Buenas noches,* Señor Chopin."

"Greetings, my beautiful doll. I've come back to learn what happened to Benedicta and Fortunato."

"Where did we leave the story?" she asked.

"On the river bank. You said that with one hand Benedicta was helping Fortunato carry the corpse. I've been saying to myself all day her other hand was being put to no good purpose."

"It was a very wicked purpose, señor. You know what that woman did? As she walked behind Fortunato in the darkness she sewed his coat firmly to the bag containing the corpse.

"The two shadows arrived at a place on the riverside where they knew the water was very deep. Fortunato leaned forward and pitched the body from his shoulder. He was dragged helplessly into the river by the attached corpse—and drowned."

Manuella stopped as if the tale were ended.

"But how did this story ever come to be recorded?" I asked. "Was the crime soon detected?"

"No, it was never detected," she said. "The real truth came out only at the death of Benedicta. It was not till then that she confessed. That's how we came

SUMMER!

yet your powder clings, rouge stays on and you look ALWAYS LOVELY

SUMMER . . . *with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters . . . Summer calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.*

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions, to fully enjoy summer . . . and with Princess Pat beauty aids *you may.*

"Summer-Proof" Make-up

Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty. For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the softest, most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, lip stick and lip rouge. The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Princess Pat Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your prompt acceptance of this liberal offer.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-828, Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.
Name (print).....
Street.....
City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT

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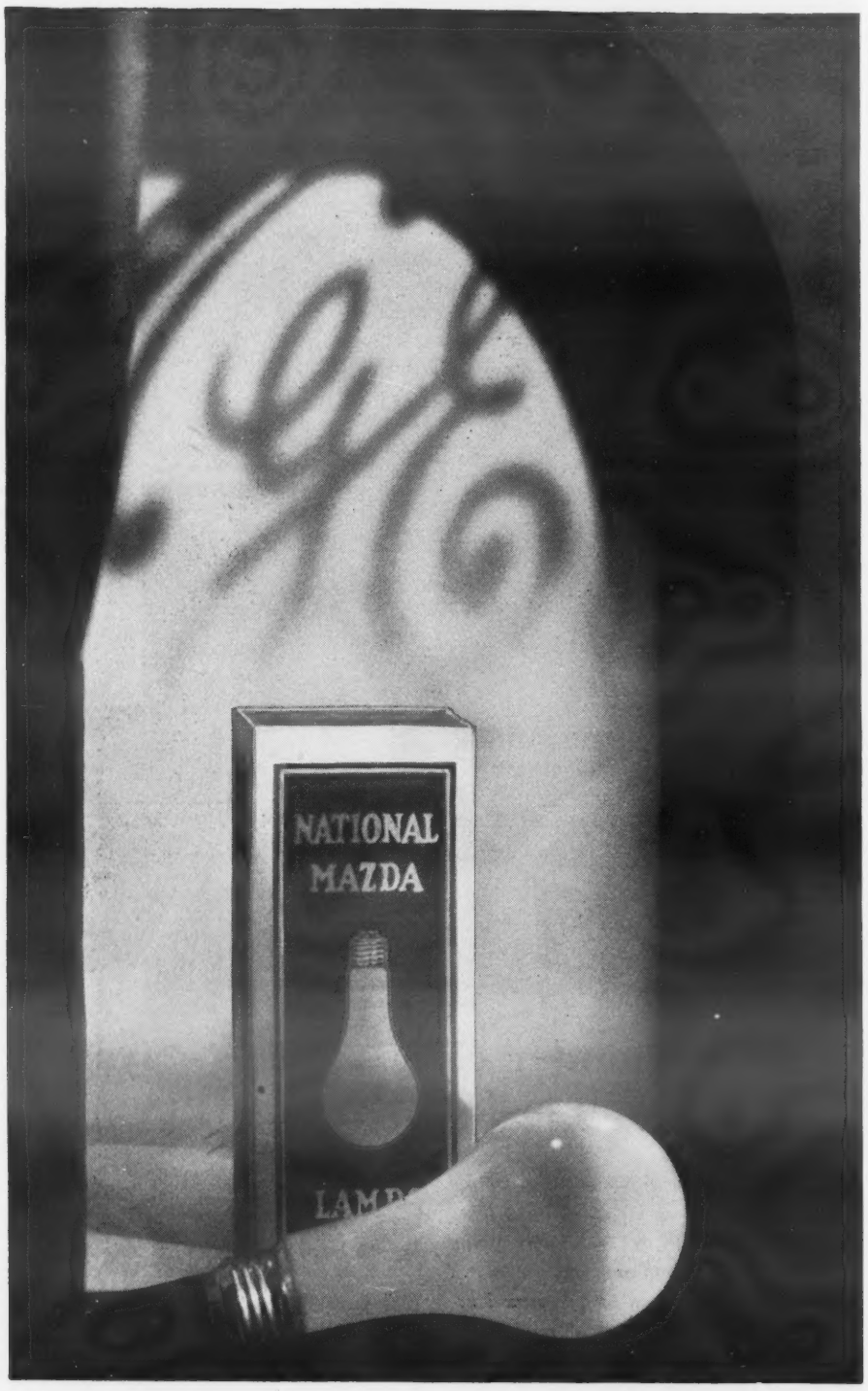

The keenest purchasing agents of America—the women of the land—buy inside frosted National *MAZDA lamps, not only for their beauty, freedom from glare and ease in cleansing, but for the definite assurance of quality and economy which lies in the shadow of a great name, proudly cherished.

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*MAZDA—the mark of a Research Service.

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to know. You wanted a nice murder—don't you think I'm accommodating?"

"You've spoiled me, Manuella. I've become like Caliph Shahriyar in the Arabian Nights. If you don't tell me another good story every evening, I'll behead you."

"I'll tell you a new story, if you'll play me new music. Is that a bargain?"

I saw myself spending all my days in the music store, taking a laborious lesson from the pianist and learning new lullabies on my guitar to play for Manuella. But this was worth the effort if it would prolong these Lima Nights.

"All right. That's a bargain; and you'll have to reward me right now for Beautiful Doll."

"Very well. I'll tell you a story about the beautiful dolls."

"You mean the women?"

"Yes, the women—a story about the women who defied the power of King Philip in the year 1600, and almost brought independence to Peru two hundred years before you men got around to it.

"In that year, on a February day, there existed in Lima the greatest state of alarm the city had felt since Almagro's civil war against Pizarro sixty years before. The agitation this time was against Spain itself, and so violent had it become that everyone thought the Castilian yoke was about to be severed. A great throng of excited people had collected in the plaza.

"And it is small wonder that there was a rebellion in the air. The day before a fleet of ships coming from Spain had anchored in Callao harbor bringing the royal mail. In this mail was a decree from the throne affecting all the colonies of Spain. It was this decree that caused the uproar, for every woman said: 'We will separate from Spain rather than accept it! We will guard our liberties against such tyranny! It is better to die than obey!'

"I'm sure," said Manuella, "I'd rather have died too. The King of Spain commanded that no woman, no matter what her rank, wear the farthingale, because King Philip—you know what an old crank he was—thought it lascivious and sinful. He also forbade women to wear sloped doublets. Every woman in Lima wore a farthingale in even more exaggerated form than the ones worn in Madrid, and as for doublets my countrywomen disregarded the sermons of the priest against them."

Lima's Angry Women

"THE king didn't approve of pretty shoes, either. The decree abolished *high heels*—said they were immoral, and that there must be no ornaments or stones on them. Shoes must be plain and hide the ankle.

"And then on top of that, as if it weren't enough, the king ordered that all the tapadas must go. He declared that if any woman wore a tapada she would be fined one hundred pesos and imprisoned.

"The moment ——"

"Now hold on, Manuella," I interrupted. "You're getting out of my bounds. I know what a farthingale is; I've a slight notion about sloped doublets, but when it comes to tapadas—you've got me there!"

"You North Americans wouldn't know about a tapada. It's something too gay, too coquettish. But for a hundred years it was the most prized possession of every woman in Lima. A tapada was a Turkish veil which covered the head and shoulders, and was drawn across the face so as to leave only one eye visible. Every woman wore one, rich and poor, high and low, each looking exactly like the other. Disguised this way they went everywhere—to mass, to balls, to every public place. And under every manta lurked a devil of mischief. The greatest joy of our grandmothers in that day was to gossip about the pranks and adventures they enjoyed hidden under these veils.

"And now the king had stepped in and threatened the viceroy with loss of office unless he abolished the tapada, and all the other lascivious garments. The decree from Madrid had been published. The women were defiant. The city was in an uproar."

"And what did they do, Manuella? Did the women accept the edict?"

"Of course they didn't accept it. The leaders among the rebellious women vowed that on the feast of Corpus every woman in town would appear wearing her tapada, decree or no decree—and farthingales as well, and hoops and sloped doublets and high heels with jeweled buckles that did not hide their ankles.

"They did it too. By night almost every woman in Lima had been arrested. The viceroy was just as determined as the women. He put the city under martial law. He was resolved to obey the king's orders—until he learned that his own wife and daughters were among the imprisoned lawbreakers.

"In despair the poor man retired to Callao. It was soon found the government could not imprison half the population of Lima all at once—especially the women half. There was no one left to cook, no one to keep house, to care for the children—sweethearts, wives, daughters, all in gaol."

The Mayor's Ears

"VERY soon the men joined the rebellion, and the women were released, still defiant, still wearing their beautiful high heels and their adored tapadas. The viceroy had to surrender. The decrees were burned. All the church bells rang. Once more crowds of people thronged the streets, but joyous crowds this time. Tapadas were everywhere. The women of Lima had triumphed over the mightiest king in Christendom."

"Then I suppose that, womanlike, just as soon as they didn't have to abolish them, the style changed and tapadas became as obsolete as bustles," I suggested.

"Exactly."

"Well, I'm glad they changed, Manuella. It was a dumb custom—the Lima girls hiding their faces and their knees with veils and farthingales. I think the King of Spain was right! If he were in power today he'd probably insist on the Limeñas hiding their ears—to preserve the last remaining feminine mystery. . . . Have you ears, Manuella?"

"Of course I have ears, señor! Both!"

"Don't believe it! Show me!" I pleaded, reaching through the bars.

"Most certainly not!" she laughed, drawing away. "My last remaining mystery, as you say, must not be revealed; I wouldn't show you my ears for anything. But I'll tell you a story about them."

"A story about yours, Manuella?"

"Oh, no, not about mine. About the mayor's."

"All right," I said, reluctantly accepting the substitution.

"Once upon a time there was a heretic mayor of Lima named Don Diego de Esquivel. Though an unbeliever in the Holy Catholic Church, he was otherwise, to all appearances, a model mayor. He had a reputation for austere morals, and a detached attitude toward all women.

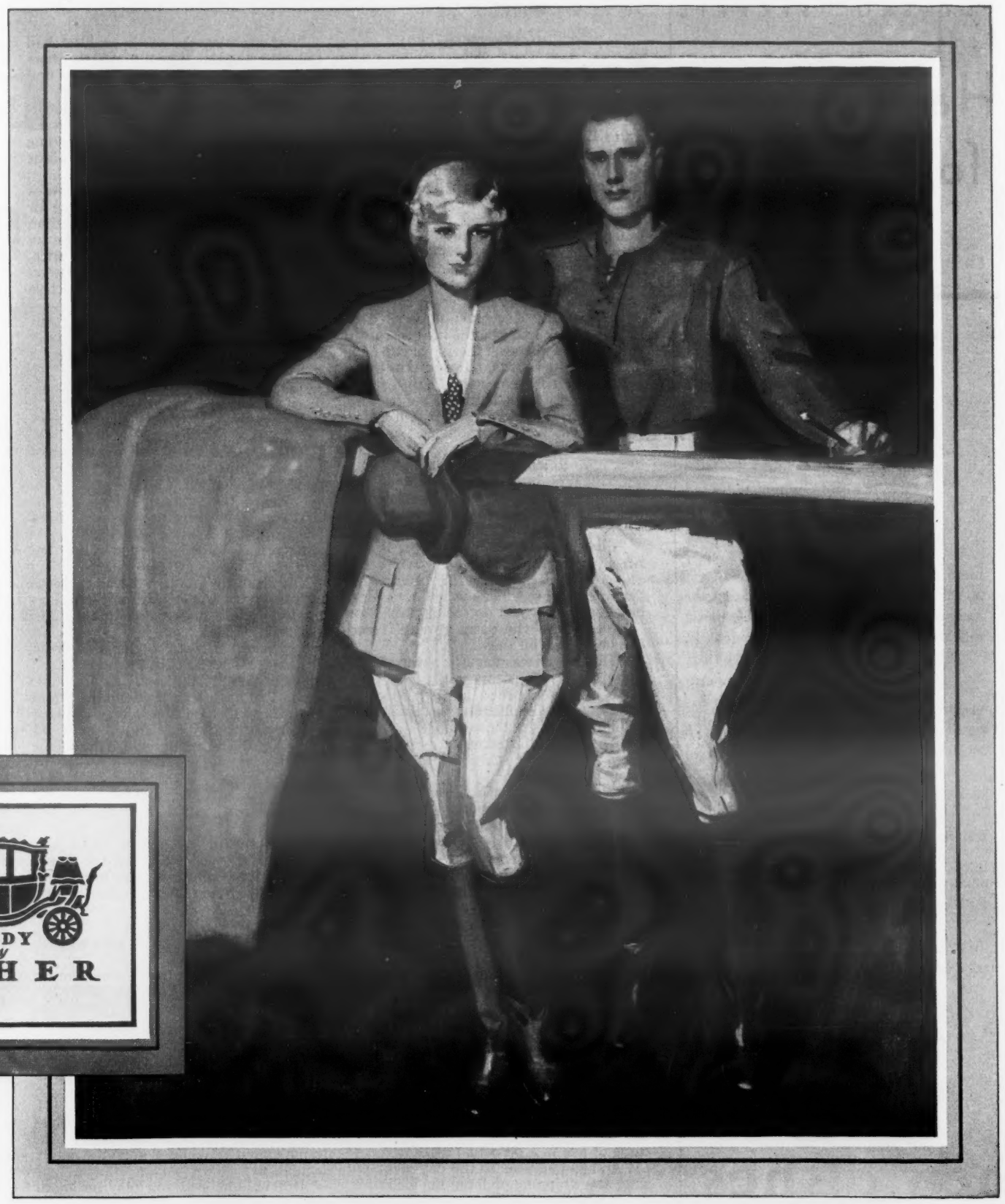
"But that was just his reputation and his pose by day. At night things were different.

"Now, I must tell you that it was an obligation, during early colonial days, for all the churches to ring their bells whenever the mayor or archbishop or the viceroy passed. Mayor Esquivel took a special pride in this homage paid him, and on every Sunday afternoon would drive about the city in his coach, never forgetting to ride deliberately before the churches.

"But one afternoon the bells in the San Augustin chapel failed to ring.

"The mayor was piqued at this discourtesy and blamed the superior of the Augustine friars for it. Inquiries revealed that the bellman, one Jorge Escoiquiz by name, had not rung his bells because he thought it improper to pay homage to a mayor who was a heretic.

(Continued on Page 62)



Even after years of use a Fisher Body is a source of pride

The owner of a Fisher Body car is assured of his automobile looking fresh and new, long after the ordinary body would have become a source of impatient dissatisfaction. Common experience proves that Fisher Bodies actually outlast the chassis—which of course, means a period of many years. ¶ Never in its long history has Fisher been stopped by price. Refusing to be influenced by an incessant and insidious process of cheapening in body manufacturing generally, Fisher has been able to apply to bodies in the lowest price field the same basic construction used in bodies for the most expensive cars. ¶ This greater value is evident at once. You can see it in the luster and smoothness of the exterior. You instantly recognize it in the finer upholstery, the flawless plate glass, the design and finish of the fittings, the careful tailoring and attention to detail. This superiority grows as you inspect the wood-and-steel framework—until at last you realize fully the wide chasm which separates Fisher Bodies from ordinary bodies, in construction and value. ¶ Fisher alone can give such body value because Fisher has the largest assured market and the greatest public acceptance in the world.

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"STEERO" Jellied Egg Soup, for instance. Dissolve ½ tablespoon of gelatine in 2 tablespoons of cold water. Add 1 "STEERO" bouillon cube dissolved in a cup of boiling water. Next pour in, gradually, 1 beaten egg yolk, stirring constantly. Pour into cup and chill.

You'll find other delightful soup recipes . . . and recipes for salads, egg dishes, sauces, even sandwich spreads—all in Bertha M. Becker's new cook book, "101 New Dishes." Just fill in the coupon. We'll gladly send this helpful book to you. Try one or two of the recipes—for you'll receive samples of the magic cubes, too.

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Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

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(Continued from Page 60)

"Such an explanation was not acceptable. Jorge was sternly reprimanded and threatened with more severe punishment if he were ever again so disrespectful of Lima's mayor.

"One week later, late at night, all the city was suddenly awakened by wild alarums coming from the bell tower of the San Augustin church. People came rushing out from their houses, fearing that an Indian uprising or a conflagration was upon them.

"Instead they found their supposedly austere, woman-proof mayor, slightly the worse for wine, carousing down the street in the company of several not too virtuous ladies. Jorge had obeyed his orders—to ring the bells whenever the mayor passed—and made the poor man the object of ridicule and jest for every tongue in town.

"Naturally Don Esquivel boiled with anger. His power was sufficient to cause the bellman to be arrested and secretly lashed on his bare back—as a reward for obedience to instructions.

"This time Jorge's anger and resentfulness knew no bounds. He vowed by the ears of the mayor he would even up the score.

"First, he resigned his position as bell ringer, and then anonymously wrote Esquivel that his ears must be forfeited for his tyrannical conduct toward humanity, but that they would not be disturbed for one year from the date, provided good care was taken of them.

"The mayor was vaguely alarmed, not knowing who his enemy might be.

"Nothing happened for two months. Then one day a muffled stranger whispered to him: 'How are those ears?'

"The mayor started up with terror, and asked the stranger what business this was of his.

"'Very much my business,' said the muffled stranger, 'because those ears will be mine in another ten months'—and he disappeared.

"But a few weeks later, again when alone, the mayor felt a hand placed upon his shoulder. He turned around to meet the same mysterious figure: 'Don't be alarmed, señor,' the disguised one said. 'I see that your ears are still in their place, and I certainly am glad of it.'

"Don Diego was shocked to the limit. Terror almost paralyzed him."

Music by Proxy

"THEN for many successive days this figure, like the ghost of Banquo, followed him, never speaking but only glancing at his ears. There was no way to avoid the tenacious pursuer. The poor mayor came to live in a perpetual nightmare.

"And so one year to the day went by since the whipping of Jorge the Bellman.

"It was ten o'clock in the evening, and Don Diego, after carefully locking all his doors and windows, sat at his desk trying to calm his nervousness by writing. Suddenly and stealthily a man crept out from underneath the bed where he had been concealed all day, and seized Esquivel before he could defend himself. A woolen sash stilled his cries, and thick cords bound his body to the chair.

"The vindictive bellman was in front of him, and a keen-edged knife sparkled in his hands. 'Senor Esquivel,' he said, 'I am Jorge Escoiquiz, the bell ringer you unjustly punished one year ago. I have come for your ears—and to redeem my honor——' What time is it, Señor Dick?"

"Manuella! Don't leave me there. I don't know what time it is and I don't care. What happened to the mayor's ears? Were they sliced off?"

"*Quién sabe, señor?*" she said, laughing at my eagerness. "Perhaps if you will play me a new song day-after-tomorrow night, *á las ocho. . . . Adios, señor. Hasta la vista!*"

"But—Manuella——"

No use. She'd gone. I heard her tinkling laughter mounting the stairs.

Next morning the music problem had to be faced again. I looked over the sheet music in the piano shop, but could find nothing appropriate.

Then I had an inspiration. I remembered Cyrano de Bergerac, and how he doubled for Christian in the balcony scene with Roxane, speaking the love words while Christian did the gestures . . . and asked the shop manager if he knew of an expert guitar player I could engage for an hour. He had to look no further than his own assistant. He proved to be an adequate musician, and agreed, for a price, to wreck Manuella's heart completely on the following night with his seductive strains, while I got the credit.

"But don't play too well," I said. "Hit lots of wrong notes. Remember, I'm only an amateur. The girl we're serenading is going to be suspicious anyway."

Knights of the Cape

FORTUNATELY it was a dark night with a mist in the air. And no light came from Manuella's bars.

I pushed the artist up near the window, and stood directly in front of him. "Remember," I whispered, "when she comes, make mistakes—don't use too many fingers."

Unslinging my guitar, he began to thrum across the strings, and, with soft and singing tones, sent real music drifting into Manuella's house.

Someone had come to the window—I could see Manuella's dark shadow there.

For a moment the musician acted his part, stumbling over a few sour notes, and then off he sailed on silver wings, drawing forth music I did not know, songs I'd never heard—all muted and harmonious with the geranium garden and the night and the breeze. He forgot to play flat notes. I forgot to remind him. Manuella sat motionless behind the window, lost and listening.

But I mustn't overdo it. After ten minutes of this concert I took the guitar away from my minstrel, gave him a significant punch and moved closer to the bars.

"Señorita ——"

"*Qué hermoso, señor!* You learn all that today?"

"I felt you were due much music tonight for all your stories," I replied, hardly believing she'd swallowed my clumsy deceitfulness.

"Well, don't stop. I like you when you play like that."

"Then not another note," I said leaping at this chance to escape, and flinging the guitar decisively into a wicker chair. "I refuse to bribe you into liking me. Anyway I want to hear what happened to the mayor's ears. I've been worrying about them all day."

"If I tell you will you play me more sweet strains?"

"Maybe."

"Well, the mayor committed suicide."

"Suicide! Why the last I heard he was bound and gagged and helpless, with Jorge standing before him waving a kitchen knife around. How did he commit suicide?"

"Oh, Jorge cut Don Diego's ears off all right, and got away, too, with the ears in his pocket. Esquivel's sufferings were terrible, not so much from his wounds as from humiliation. The moment he was unbound and free to look in his mirror, he realized a lifelong ridicule lay ahead of him, so he reached for his dagger and killed himself rather than live on with the nickname of '*el desorejado,*' the man without ears."

"That's a grand ending, Manuella," I said, taking my usual seat on the window sill. "But I must have much more than that. You'll have to give me the entire history of Peru to even up for all the music I played you tonight. If you'll tell me one more story I'll take you down to the plaza and buy you a red balloon."

"Thanks, I have a balloon," she laughed. "But there is one place you really can take me—to the cathedral. There's a special mass tonight. It won't be too late if we can arrive before nine."

"At your service, señorita—but the story first."

"What story shall it be?"

"Let's have more bloodshed. You're specially good at murdering people."

"Would you like to hear the biggest murder story in Peruvian history?"

"Grand! How many were killed?"

"Several, but one of them was the conqueror of Peru, and the greatest figure in our country's history, the Marqués Don Francisco Pizarro! The man who overturned an empire, rode ruthlessly through every obstacle, conquered the deserts and the jungles, and ruled like a god in the New World, could not defend himself against assassination, even in the innermost sanctuary of his own palace.

"The Knights of the Cape were his downfall. They were led by Almagro's own son—Almagro who had been Pizarro's confederate in the conquest of Peru until the conqueror executed him for being too strong a rival. The son had sworn vengeance, and planned it under Pizarro's very nose.

"It was in June, 1541, ten years after the first Spanish invasion, that the junior Almagro and eleven of his dethroned companions had gathered here in Lima. Pizarro had confiscated the property of these twelve knights, but, with his usual contempt for danger, had left them at liberty.

"Deprived of all sources of income they had fallen into real poverty, and though all of them had been knighted for their deeds during the conquest, their clothes were now almost in rags, and there was only one cape among them. Since fashion insisted that no gentleman could walk in the streets without wearing a cape, they had to take turns in departing from their house, for while one was wearing the garment the other eleven had to stay at home. That's how they came to be known as *Los Caballeros de la Capa.*

"Their poverty only inflamed their bitterness against Pizarro. Their whole thought was given over to conspiracy upon his life, and they swore to cut his grave clothes from the famous cape."

The End of Pizarro

"GOSSIP began to spread throughout the city that these partisans of Almagro planned to kill the marqués, and he was warned. But he had lived too long in constant danger to take heed of one more threat—any anyway Pizarro whose sword had slaughtered whole phalanxes of enemies had no small confidence in his ability to take care of himself.

"However, he did go so far as to request the mayor to make inquiry. The mayor was careless about his secret-service duties, and allowed the news to reach the conspirators that their murder plot was detected. In fear of their lives they resolved to strike boldly and at once, for if they let things go, they believed the marqués would kill them all.

"They seized their swords and rushed across the plaza crying 'Death to the tyrant!'

"Pizarro was just finishing his noonday meal, along with no less than fifteen guests, when a page came rushing in, and crying '*Los caballeros de la capa* are coming to kill my lord!'

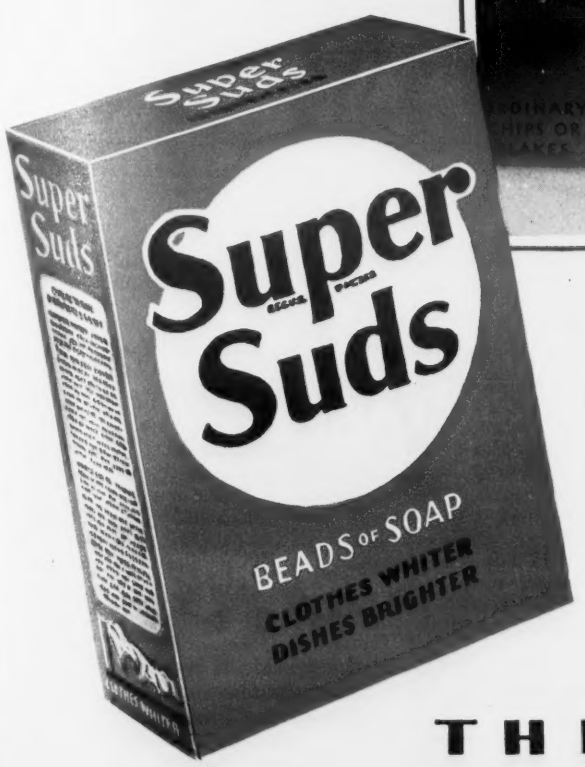
"The upheaval was enormous. All the governor's guests fled through the window into the garden, leaving him supported only by his two pages. The attack came so suddenly he had no time to don his cuirass. The guards were unable to stop the assassins at the gate. The two young pages rushed to defend their master. The three of them stood at the threshold to meet the onslaught. Pizarro had passed his sixty-fourth year, but he fought like the grand old lion he was.

"'Traitors,' he cried out, 'assaulting my house like robbers!' And he wielded

(Continued on Page 64)

"Bead Soap Faster than chips or flakes"

Wash—rinse—drain—that's all! Forget about dishwiping. Dishes washed with Super Suds dry brighter than a towel could polish them.



This test convinced thousands

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Fill both glasses half full with water of dishwashing temperature.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into rich, soapy suds. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float on top or sink to the bottom, dissolving slowly.

Remember, this is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. No wonder Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness!

That's why 1 woman out of every 3 now uses Super Suds, the new bead form of soap. Test shows how beads give instant suds all through the water . . . dishwashing faster—wiping unnecessary.

"BETTER because faster." That, in 3 words, tells the bead soap story. It is Super Suds' amazing *speed* that has made it America's greatest dishwashing soap in little over a year. It is *speed* that has caused thousands of women to forget about chips and flakes after the first trial of Super Suds.

Briefly, here is what a speed soap means in dishwashing:

Instant solubility without stirring. As soon as water touches bead soap, you have suds! Even in hard water. Even in water so comfortably tempered that it will not redden or roughen your hands.

Rich suds all through the water. Because every trace of bead soap dissolves instantly and completely, you get instant suds *where you need them*—under the water, where the real work is done. (Note test at left.)

Dishes come clean quicker. Underwater suds attack grease on dishes with lightning speed. All the soap works—none is wasted through slow-dissolving.

Wiping not needed. A hot rinse is all that's needed with Super Suds. No soap film is left to streak dishes and mar their lustre. Dishes will drain dry and sparkling clear without wiping.

Clothes out sooner with Super Suds. Faster washing. One less rinsing.

Why bead soap is faster

Bead soap is the most brilliant achievement in soap-making in generations.

It is made by spraying melted soap from great towers, many stories high. In falling, the soap divides into millions of tiny, hollow beads, so fragile that you can crush hundreds of them between thumb and finger. Only in this way can soap be made so very thin. Machines can't do it.

So you see why bead soap dissolves in an instant. Because it's so tissue-thin. There's not a chance of a single soap particle remaining undissolved. No possibility of gummy chunks of soap sinking to the bottom.

Bead soap is fast. And economical, too! The big Super Suds box holds 10 full cups of soap. Think of it—a cup of the speediest soap made, for a cent! Can you afford *not* to use this soap that one-third of America* says is the best? Your grocer has Super Suds—give your order today.

*These figures are based on a recent nation-wide investigation, when 212,960 answers from women showed that Super Suds has already replaced the older forms of soap in one home out of every three.

4694

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP 10¢

Milk Rebels

are rapidly being converted into

Milk Missionaries

THAT pair of little "rebels" in your home—who always have to be coaxed—and who never quite finish their glass. Can you picture them suddenly loving milk?

Drinking quarts and quarts! This is the miracle that is happening every day in homes where Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk enters. Children enjoy mixing this wonderful Chocolate Malted Milk with its creamy "DOUBLE MALTED" flavor. Thompson's is whole cream milk—DOUBLE MALTED! It doubles the nourishment of milk. It supplies large quantities of organic calcium and phosphorus to "firm" their growing teeth and bones and to build needed strength into the little muscles.

Children Gain 2½ to 5 Pounds the First Month

Children show weight-improvement soon after they start drinking Thompson's. They show other signs of improvement, too. Nervousness and sleep disturbances vanish. Also other symptoms common to underweight conditions. Minds as well as bodies become more alert. And many mothers report much better marks in school.

Make it at Home 30 Servings to the Pound

Your grocer or druggist has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk—Chocolate Flavor or Plain. Quickly and easily mixed. There are 30 servings to every pound.

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Dept. 46-5, Waukesha, Wisconsin

Please send me a large size 75c value aluminum shaker, and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Continued from Page 62)

his terrible sword with such skill and power that for a moment he held back the entire pack.

"But the assassins were many. There was only one Pizarro. The pressure of the onslaught had borne down the two faithful pages. Enraged at such defiance one of the Knights of the Cape seized a fellow conspirator and bodily flung him at the roaring old man. Pizarro stabbed the human missile to death, but before he could regain his guard, Martin de Bilboa plunged a sword into his neck. He fell—and the pack was upon him.

"The conqueror of Peru pronounced only one word, 'Jesus!' As he lay on the floor dying, he painted a cross on the flagstone with his finger and his own blood. As he touched this sign with his lips, one of the murderers seized a heavy porcelain flower vase, crashed it upon the head of the prostrate conqueror—and Don Francisco Pizarro breathed his last."

I did not speak for a moment, so vivid was the bloody picture before my eyes. When I came back to the twentieth century I asked if it were known where Pizarro was buried.

In answer Manuella laughed, and it did not seem to me that my question was especially humorous.

"Yes," she said. "His mummified body you may see in a glass coffin in a side chapel of the cathedral—where you promised to take me tonight."

It was late when we reached the cathedral. A few moments more and it would be closing. But there being some special service that night a number of worshipers still moved about in its vast sixteenth-century depths. Like two ants we passed beneath the colossal portal. The music of a distant organ swelled and ebbed from the half-lit choir. Manuella pointed to one of the side chapels. "He is there," she said. "Wait for me"—and she was lost in the shadows.

The glass coffin of Francisco Pizarro lay close at hand, built into the inside front wall of the cathedral itself. I walked up to the candle-illumined case and looked intently at the well-preserved figure within. Even the centuries seem unable to conquer that iron body. The mummy, haughty of mien, arrogant, indomitable, still commands the attention of everyone who comes into its presence. Unconsciously I saluted the grizzled tyrant, and wished for him that all along his immortal way he might have a new battle every morning, new traitors to execute, new empires to cast down, and the clash of steel and martial glory for his daily bread. Lying in one of the hugest churches in Christendom, it is to be supposed that God has blessed this heroic old villain and forgiven him his countless sins. But if God has withheld this beneficence, who is God that the Marqués Don Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, should care!

The cathedral was closing. Manuella had rejoined me. Together we stood on the broad stone steps as the great doors boomed behind us, and in the starlight looked out across the ancient city of Lima—Lima, the proud old noblewoman, who, seeing the forces of a new and hostile civilization about to overwhelm her, still clutches to her withered breast the faded remnant of the power and the glory that once was the Empire of Spain.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the fifth of Mr. Halliburton's recent adventures in search of New Worlds to Conquer. The sixth, The Place Where the Sun is Tied, will appear in the September Journal.

I Earned $200.00

For Vacation Fun and Summer Bills

Why not plan your vacation right this minute and let The Girls' Club pay the bill, just as it paid for Carolyn Crawford's vacation?

Dear Manager: Girls' Club money has paved the way over many difficulties for me. It has paid taxes, doctor's fees, insurance premiums and bills for endless little necessities.

Last year, when I most needed rest, Club money made it possible for me to realize the dream of my life—a trip through the West. Just think, I visited Colorado, Utah and the Great Salt Lake, and last, I rested to my heart's content in sunny California, by the beautful Pacific.

ALL WITH THE $200.00 I EARNED IN THE GIRLS' CLUB.

It was so easy, too! Others can do in spare time just as I have done!

Carolyn Crawford, Kans.

I bought a smart hat, shoes and gloves to match, and a raincoat, and put $5.00 in the bank.
Mrs. Floyd B., Va.

OTHERS CAN DO AS I HAVE DONE," is Mrs. Crawford's message to you! You, too, may just as well have the delightful trip, or the little pleasures, for which you long.

And surely you owe it to yourself to enjoy that most delightful summer recreation of all—wearing lovely cool frocks.

Then, won't you let me help you earn the money in your spare time for all these?

I find that almost every woman, with her initiative and friendliness, has a special gift for money-making. Why not try your hand? As did this beginner:

Dear Manager: I received my wonderful Club check for $26.00 and was so glad and surprised.

Write Me Today

OF COURSE you'd like to know *how much* you, as a beginner, can earn through our attractive plan.

Simply send me a note or card saying, "Dear Manager: Please send me all the details of your Club plan"—and tell me your age. No obligations, no expenses. Address:

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
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THIS IS THE SOAP

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THERE IS NO NEED for you to be tormented with blemishes, acne. The famous Woodbury treatment for blemishes—worked out by a skin specialist and approved by leading skin authorities—will help you to keep your skin smooth and perfectly free from this trouble. Turn to page 5 of the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

ENLARGED PORES—what woman does not dread to see this change begin! Woodbury's Facial Soap will help you to keep your skin fine in texture. Faithfully follow the treatment given on page 4 of the Woodbury booklet, and see what a wonderful help it will be in improving your skin's texture.

ANYTHING BUT AN OILY SKIN!—for excessive oiliness leads to blackheads and blemishes, besides being unbecoming in itself. Vigorous cleansing treatments with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, followed by an application of ice, will help you to correct this defect. See page 8 of the Woodbury booklet.

ARE you following the series of beautiful Woodbury users, chosen by John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and now running in all the magazines? These beautiful women are only a few of the thousands whom Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury treatments have helped to gain a smooth, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today! Let Woodbury's help *you* to gain *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

FRESHNESS, RADIANCE, BEAUTIFUL COLOR—your skin will have these qualities if you keep it perfectly healthy and clean. Give your skin the famous Woodbury steam treatment tonight, if it seems a bit sallow and lifeless. The results will delight you. It will leave your skin soft as velvet, deliciously stimulated, glowing with life and color. The treatment is given in full on page 6 of the Woodbury booklet.

BLACKHEADS are one of the commonest, most annoying, most obstinate of skin troubles. But you can overcome them! A famous skin specialist has worked out the proper method of dealing with blackheads . . . Ice—hot water—and a soothing, tonic, stimulating lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Your own doctor will approve this treatment. You will find it on page 7 of the famous booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for Large-Size Trial Set!

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For the enclosed 10¢—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." *In Canada address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1815 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.*

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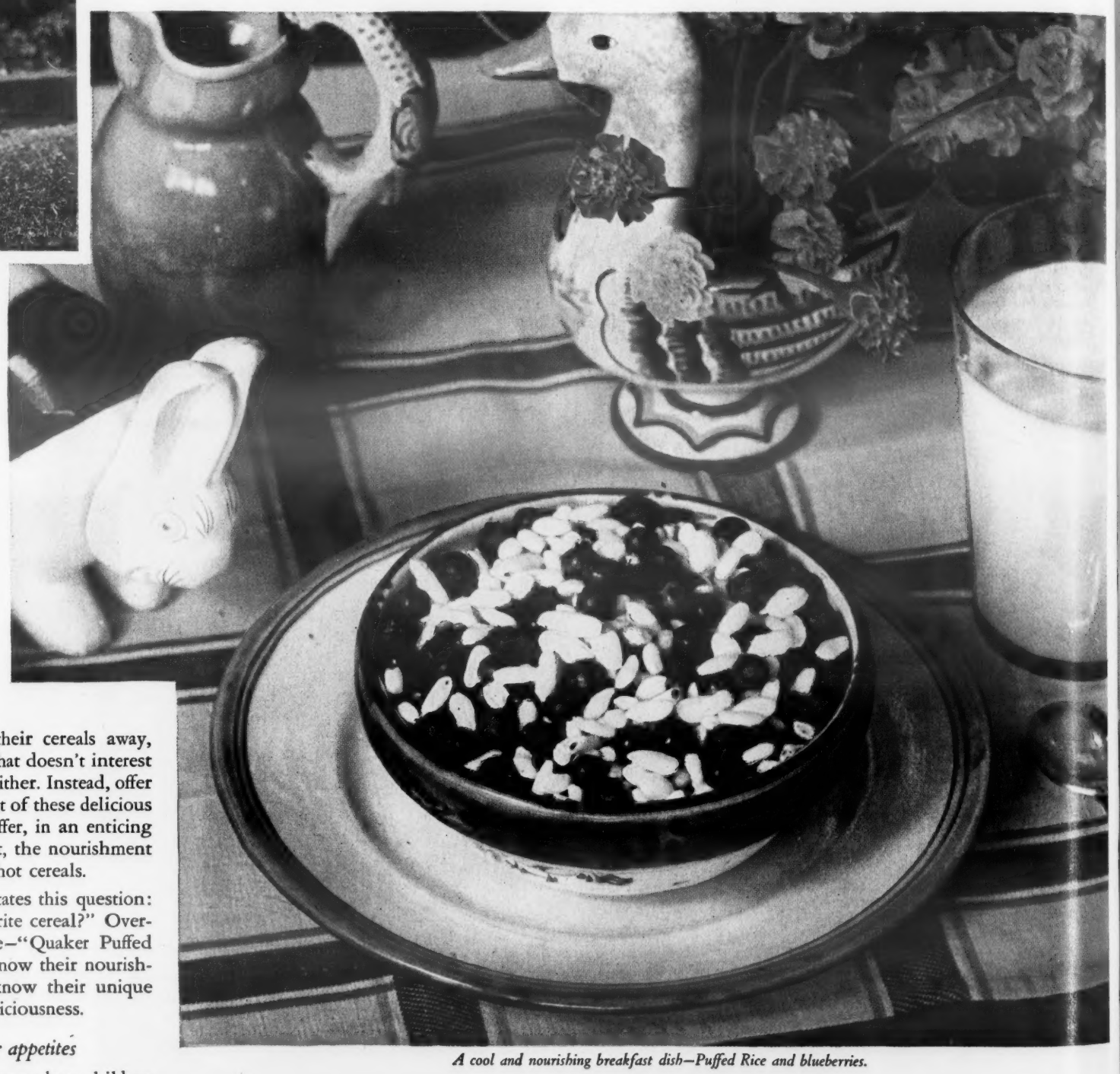
A BREAKFAST

For the child who "won't eat cereals"

Here's a breakfast adventure that provides needed nourishment —that entices children's appetites—that requires no preparation

Leslie Brunker, four-year-old son of an aristocratic Virginia family, is a picture of sturdy boyhood. His mother has given particular emphasis to the food he eats, and notes considerable improvement in him, now that she gives him Quaker Puffed Grains. "It is the only cereal he really loves," she writes us. "The only one he will eat without coaxing."



A cool and nourishing breakfast dish—Puffed Rice and blueberries.

WHEN children push their cereals away, don't scold. For food that doesn't interest them doesn't do much good, either. Instead, offer them the appetizing allurement of these delicious puffed grain morsels. They offer, in an enticing form that children can't resist, the nourishment you usually expect only from hot cereals.

We asked mothers in 42 states this question: "What is your children's favorite cereal?" Overwhelmingly the answer came—"Quaker Puffed Grains!" For wise mothers know their nourishment value – children only know their unique flavor, their crisp, crunchy deliciousness.

To tempt hot-weather appetites

In hot weather, when appetites are lazy, children delight in Puffed Grains. Served with fruits or berries of the season, they provide endless variety to keep children's appetites keen and zestful—sustain them in their play or work. Not only at breakfast serve them, but at luncheon, for twilight supper or a bedtime snack.

Quaker Puffed Grains are simply selected rice and whole-wheat grains, puffed by a unique process to eight times their normal size. Puffing explodes each of the 125 million food cells each grain contains, releasing every bit of the valuable mineral, protein and carbohydrate content for easy digestion and complete nourishment.

Nourishment in a delicious form

Puffed wheat provides all the rich minerals of the entire wheat grain, with nothing milled away. More than 20% is bran. Puffed Rice is a substantial energy food. It contains plenty of nourishment for active little bodies. Quaker Puffed Grains with whole milk approximate in energy value a dish of hot cooked cereal.

Today, get Puffed Grains at any grocer. Keep both kinds in the pantry for variety. Here is all the rich energy of wheat and rice in a delicious form that does not tax the system in hot weather. At all grocers.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

The Merivales

(Continued from Page 21)

flying tackle and brought my man down. Simply knocked what little wind he had left out of him. He just lay there gasping and looking so miserable and scared and—actually I felt sorry for him. Well, to make a long story short, Jackson came up and was for cracking Brown on the bean, but I told him to cut it out. Brown said he would surrender and go with us peaceably. He had been thinking of giving himself up anyhow. The old folks in the cabin were his uncle and aunt. They live there. So we just got him into the car and brought him back to Merivale Springs. One of the best things about that car, Uncle Edgar, is the way you can turn it around on the narrowest kind of ——"

"SHAKE hands, Joe!" exclaimed Edgar, with real enthusiasm in his voice. "You are a corker. I take off my hat to you."

They shook hands.

"I feel kind of sorry for Frank Brown," said Joe. "And so does Jack, now that he's had time to forget about that wallop. Brown says he can and will pay it all back if Mrs. Spaine and Davy will give him a chance. He lost it in a cotton deal, I think he said. Or maybe it was silk. Here's Jack. He'll know. I'm not very strong on details." He leaned forward and lowered his voice: "Say, I'll be awfully obliged to you, Uncle Edgar, if you'll put in a word for me with grandmother and Davy France. They'll both be sore because I jumped the job this afternoon without saying anything about it."

"I will put in a word for you," said Edgar, taking several long pulls at his pipe.

"And another thing," went on Joe hurriedly, as the automobile dealer approached—"please don't say a word to Ella about this idea of mine. I don't want to get her hopes up and then maybe have nothing come of it, don't you see?"

"Not a word," promised Edgar, and for the first time he found himself actually warming toward the lank, fresh, pestilential Joe.

Instead of going up to the hotel to have his hair cut, he set off on a brisk walk up the toll road. He was increasingly conscious of a feeling of envy for Joe Bellwilliger. From all accounts, the young cub had not been required to humble himself by "asking father." Edgar puffed fiercely at his pipe and wished he had it all behind him. He could not help feeling sorry for himself.

A COUPLE of hours earlier in the afternoon Ella dashed up to the dairy buildings in the station car. Breezing into the little office she announced to David France that she had come out to help him with the books, Joe having gone over to see the dentist at Harpsburg about a tooth that was aching like the very devil. She believed this to be true.

"Well, you can keep me company, at least," said David with his fine smile. "That's about all you can do, Ella—and that's all Joe could do. The books are in a mess. I've telephoned to Mr. Curlew at the bank to come out after hours and see if he can make anything out of them. Glad you're here, though. You are pure sunshine, Ella."

Ella rumpled his hair—indeed, she pulled it a little.

"See here, Davy, my lad, you've been looking down in the mouth for a month or so. What's up?"

He looked startled. This was an unexpected jolt. "Why—nothing. Working pretty hard, that's all."

Ella was ruthless. She had a way of going straight to the point that left no room for painful evasion. "You're not cut up about Molly and Uncle Edgar. I thought at first that might be it, but I don't believe so now. There's someone else. It isn't me, is it?"

He laughed. "Bless your heart. I wish you weren't married, that's all," he cried.

"My being married wouldn't cut any ice, Davy," said she, frowning. "But since it isn't me you're moping about, then there's only one other guess—Miriam Traffordson, the rich and haughty banker's daughter, as they say in the novels. Come along now. Open up. Get it off your chest. We're all alone. Nobody's going to hear you but me."

"I suppose you think you are a very smart, a very wise young person, Ella," said he. "You ——"

"All right; we'll not talk about it any more," she broke in surprisingly. "But you're never going to get Miriam, you poor fish, unless you step right up and grab her. You must not expect her to do the grabbing. Be masculine, David. You won't have to use a club either."

"My dear child," said David, his voice quivering a little in spite of his lofty air, "you seem to think that I am in love with Miriam."

"You give me a pain, David," said she.

"Then suppose we change the subject."

"All right. What else happens to be on your mind?" she asked shrewdly.

He laughed uneasily. "Why—er—this business about Frank Brown."

"IS THAT why you hide up in the woods and watch Miriam when she goes by on horseback?"

"I never did such a thing in my ——"

"Does that explain why you began acting like a sick cat long before this Frank Brown affair came up? Sitting on your porch and staring into space as if ——"

"Oh, come now, Ella, don't be silly." His bronzed cheeks took on a darker tinge of red.

"And while we're on the subject, I am of the opinion, Mr. David France, that Miriam is heels over head—no, that wouldn't be ladylike—head over heels in love with you."

David's jaw suddenly hardened, his eyes narrowed. "We will not discuss the matter any further, if you please, Ella."

And young as she was and lawless, she knew by the look of him that she had gone far enough. "Very well, David," she said meekly.

An hour or so later Jackson called up to tell David about the capture of Frank Brown.

The clock in the tower of the town hall was striking five as Edgar Spaine walked into Doctor English's office for the third time that afternoon.

"Good evening, Doc," he said as he entered the little private room. "Busy?"

"Not this instant, Mr. Edgar. Miss Cummings said you wished to see me on a personal matter. Sit down, please. I must be off in a few minutes to call on ——"

"I—er—suppose you know what I have come to see you about, Doctor English." He could not help speaking somewhat formally.

DOCTOR ENGLISH was a tall, spare man, rather baggily dressed, with shaggy, graying hair, a deeply lined face, kindly brown eyes and a deep voice. He cleared his throat politely and said, "I am afraid I don't, Mr. Edgar."

Edgar colored. "Surely Molly has—er—mentioned the—I mean, she must have said something to you about it," he said, a trace of resentment in his voice.

The doctor looked worried. "Is Mrs. Spaine dissatisfied with her work? Is that what you ——"

"Not at all, not at all," broke in Edgar hastily, and not a little flabbergasted.

(Continued on Page 69)

Common Sense

A FAMOUS doctor said, "Many of the people who want me to diagnose and treat their ailments are more impressed by some scientific medical apparatus than by plain, common-sense advice. And they are more willing to follow orders faithfully if given some special office treatment.

"Recently a man I know well came in looking haggard. I gave him a thorough physical examination while inquiring about his living habits. The diagnosis was clear but the patient a problem. If I had told him the simple truth that what he needed most to get back his health and strength was to slow down, sleep more, and get the proper amount of fresh air and exercise, he would have thought I did not understand the complications which were undermining his health. And if I had sent him a bill for such advice, he would have told his friends that I was a robber and not fit to practice medicine.

"So I gave him a treatment with a scientific apparatus and wrote a simple prescription. At the same time I gave strict orders as to what he should eat and drink, how many hours he might work, how long he should remain in bed, and the amount of time he should devote to outdoor exercise. To make sure that he was following my orders concerning his living habits, I had him report once a week for further observation and treatments. In a few weeks he was well. He will tell you—and he believes it—that I am a great doctor.

"Perhaps someone may say my methods with him were open to criticism. But it was my responsibility to use every means within my power to bring him back to good health. Knowing my patients as I do, I know that many of them will not obey my orders for *correct living habits* if given without special treatment or medicine. More than half of the people who consult me would not have to do so if they would learn and practice important rules of health. They expect me to cure them of physical ailments which they could easily have avoided."

A majority of cases of physical let-down and distress are caused by careless or wilful violation of health rules. Bad eating habits, too little sleep and rest, lack of fresh air and exercise, worry, self-pity are responsible for many cases of bad digestion, headaches, poor circulation, constipation, jumpy nerves, depression and run-down condition.

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FRIGIDAIRE

The QUIET *Automatic Refrigerator*

(Continued from Page 67)

"My mother adores Molly. She doesn't know how she is ever going to get along without her."

There was a short silence. Edgar fingered a little box in his waistcoat pocket. It contained a diamond ring.

"Then you have come to tell me that Molly is leaving," said the doctor slowly.

"Well, you see, she is thinking of getting married," said Edgar, who hadn't intended to start off in this manner at all.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the other, leaning back in his swivel chair. "I knew she was in love, but I—ahem—really you surprise me. She hasn't said anything to me about getting married. She may have spoken to her mother about it. It's a way women have, you know."

"You knew she was in love?" said Edgar sharply.

THE doctor made a hasty response. "I have suspected it, Mr. Edgar. Molly is a close-mouthed girl, a very shy and sensitive girl, in fact."

"Well, I may as well come to the point. It seems a rather exacting formality in these days, Doctor English, but I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand in marriage."

Doctor English stiffened, perhaps with the shock of surprise. His eyes widened. "You—you are speaking of yourself, Mr. Edgar?" he said.

"Certainly. Is it likely that I would appear as a proxy in a matter like this?" Edgar lifted his eyebrows, smiling faintly as he drawled the question.

Molly's father continued to stare. "I thought ——" he began, and then caught himself up. "I mean to say, I am very much surprised, Mr. Edgar. I had no idea that —— You are not jesting, are you, sir?" He put the question quickly, his brow darkening.

"Indeed I am not; I am very much in earnest. Molly is everything in the world to me. We expect to be married next month."

The doctor got up and stood looking down at his daughter's suitor. "I never heard anything so astonishing in all my life," he said slowly.

"Naturally, I supposed you knew what was going on," said Edgar a little blankly.

"I thought I did," said the doctor, before he thought. "That is, I had no idea that you and Molly had—er—come to any such arrangement. You must forgive me if I appear flabbergasted."

"I don't see anything to be flabbergasted about," said Edgar coldly. "We love each other. Nothing extraordinary in that, is there?"

THE doctor walked across the room and back before replying. "I suppose not," he said quietly. "I can easily understand any girl falling in love with you, Mr. Edgar. But it does surprise me to hear you say that you have fallen in love with Molly."

"And wish to make her my wife," said Edgar pointedly. "I shouldn't, at my time of life, decide to get married unless I loved the girl who —— But that's neither here nor there, doctor. I trust you have no objection to me as a son-in-law."

The doctor eyed him fixedly for a moment or two. "Are you quite sure that your mother will not object to Molly as a daughter-in-law?" he asked levelly.

"On the contrary, she is highly pleased with the idea, sir."

"I see. You spoke to your mother before coming to consult me about it."

"Yes, I did," said Edgar candidly. His eyes were shining now. He was very much in earnest. "I don't mind confessing that I told my mother a day or two ago that Molly and I contemplate getting married very soon. She was delighted."

The doctor sat down. "And you are here to ask my consent, eh?"

"I believe that is the customary thing to do," said the younger man. "A bit old-fashioned, I'll admit, but still rather a nice thing to do."

The other did not smile. On the contrary, he frowned slightly. "I am Molly's father. She is our only child. You will forgive me if I ask you a few very pertinent questions, Mr. Spaine. In the first place, are you sure that you will always love my daughter?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Spaine curtly. "Why, dammit all, Doc, I—I am mad about her. I am very much in love with her. I am terribly in earnest."

"How about Molly?"

"Eh?"

"Is she as much in love with you as you are with her?"

"Ask me an easier one than that, Doc. She says she is; that's the only answer I can give."

"I do not wish to hurt your feelings, Mr. Spaine," said the doctor, who wasn't behaving at all as Edgar had expected, "but have you and she considered the difference in your ages? She is barely twenty-four, you know."

"I am forty-two," said the suitor composedly. "I think she is able to subtract twenty-four from forty-two without much chance of making a mathematical error. She is willing to risk it, doctor."

"I MUST confess that I had hoped she would marry a man more nearly of her own age," sighed the doctor. Edgar flushed. "However, that is for her to decide. I shall be blunt with you, Mr. Edgar. What are your present means?"

"How's that?"

"How are you fixed in regard to supporting a wife?"

"Well, I'm damned," said Edgar, sitting bolt upright and staring.

"It is the natural question for a father to ask," Doctor English reminded him.

"I am perfectly able to support a wife—in luxury, if necessary," said Edgar stiffly.

"Where do you purpose to live?"

"We expect to spend the coming winter and spring in Europe. I have no definite plans beyond that."

"I see. Somehow I can't think of Molly as living anywhere except at Merivale Springs. But, of course, if you ——"

"We shall make our permanent home either in Washington or New York," was Edgar's very definite observation.

Doctor English was silent for a long time, his frowning gaze fixed upon the worn carpet. "Yes, I think that would be for the best, Mr. Edgar," he said quietly, and the younger man shot a quick look of understanding at the heavily lined face.

"Well," said Edgar, rising suddenly, "aren't you going to shake hands with me, English?"

The doctor held out his hand. "Certainly. All I ask of you is to make her happy. It appears that it wasn't necessary to ask my consent, but I thank you, just the same, for the honor. If Molly wants you, Mr. Edgar, that settles it. I am quite sure her mother will be pleased."

"I'll do my best," said Edgar a little thickly. Somehow he felt curiously humble, and that was not how he intended to feel at all when he started out to ask Doctor English for his daughter's hand.

XI.

JEFFERSON appeared at David's cottage just before dinner that evening, bearing a verbal message from his mistress. Mrs. Spaine "desired" Mr. David to come to the Hall at half-past eight o'clock if it was "convenient."

"Tell Mrs. Spaine I will be there, Jeff," said the young man, speaking from the bathroom, where he was shaving.

At half-past eight he went swinging up the hedge-lined walk to the Hall.

Rounding a curve in the path, he stopped short. At the foot of the steps, plainly revealed by the porch light, stood a familiar little roadster, the headlights dimmed. His heart gave a foolish leap. For a moment or two he hesitated, strangely irresolute, then strode onward. As he crossed the graveled driveway, a dog, disturbed by the noise he made,

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Before retiring, apply *Melba Skin Cleanser* generously to cleanse each tiny pore of clogging grime. Remove with Melba Facial "Petals". Then, stroke *Melba Tissue Cream* gently into the skin,—to nourish the tissues and "firm" the facial contour. Remove Tissue Cream *in the morning* and apply a touch of *Melba Vanishing Cream* for a velvety make-up base. One week of this perfect care—and your skin will take on new loveliness.

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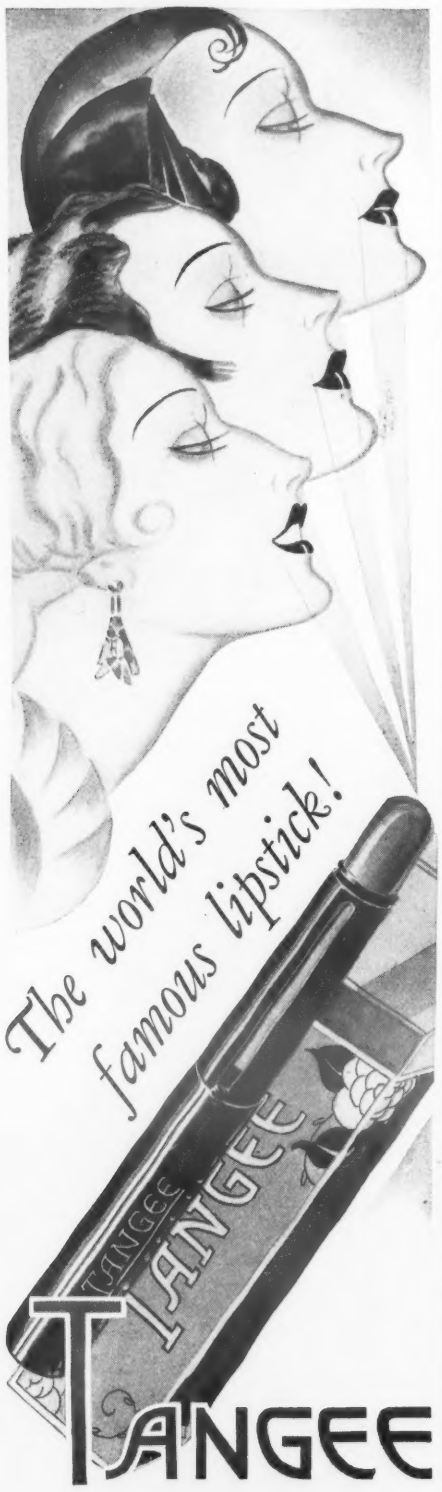

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Once more she applies the lipstick . . . . . the color deepens, becomes richer. No trace of grease or pigment. Nothing except a lovely glow, so beautiful, so natural it seems part of her own lips . . . . . and, indeed, it is —for it is as permanent as the day is long.

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popped up like a jack-in-the-box from the warm shelter beside the foot brake and did its best to bristle on the seat.

"Hello, Timothy," called David. "Good dog!"

Timothy's barks ceased as his tail began to wag. He knew and liked David.

"What brings you up here, Timothy?" inquired David, rather furtively. He steadied himself as he looked from one to the other of the uncommunicative drawing-room windows. Receiving no answer, he rumpled Timothy's shaggy coat and then proceeded up the steps, suddenly conscious of a rather pleasant giddiness not unmixed with trepidation.

Mrs. Spaine was seated near the fireplace in the big living room. David paused in the doorway. He had prepared himself for the meeting with Miriam Traffordson, but he had not expected to find Molly English and Edgar there. Ella and Joe Bellwilliger also were present; they did not count, however. The fact that Miriam wore a hat was proof that she was not there as a dinner guest.

As was the invariable custom, Jefferson announced the new arrival.

"Good evening, David," said Mrs. Spaine. Her old eyes brightened as they followed the tall young man's progress toward her chair.

David smiled and nodded to everybody and took the hand Mrs. Spaine held out to him. There was a chair close at hand, but he made no move to seat himself.

"Sit down, please," said the old lady, motioning to the chair.

HE DREW it alongside hers and sat down. He knew that Molly was looking at him and something told him that Miriam was not. Neither of the two girls had spoken since he entered the room.

"I asked you to come over, David," began Mrs. Spaine, "to discuss Frank Brown's case. Miriam telephoned me that she simply had to see me about him this evening. She begs me to let him off. I should like your opinion on the case, David. Women, as a rule, are too sentimental, too soft-hearted."

Miriam spoke for the first time. Her eyes were fixed on Mrs. Spaine.

"I have known Frank ever since I can remember. I cannot, I simply cannot believe that he is a thief. I suppose there is no question about his making use of money that did not belong to him, but even so, I ——"

"He admits it," interrupted David. "There isn't the least doubt about that, Miriam."

Her eyes flashed for a second and then she shrugged her shoulders despairingly.

"Which means that you are in favor of prosecuting him, David," she said, her voice curiously unsteady. "Mr. Edgar seems to feel the same way, and so does Joe. You men are all alike. You don't want to give another man a chance. You are all for making him pay if he ——"

"Wait a second, Miriam," broke in Edgar. "I haven't said that I want to send Brown to prison. What I did say was that it doesn't seem quite sensible to pat him on the back and let him off with the advice to sin no more."

"I AM thinking about his poor old mother," said Miriam miserably. "He is all she has in the world. She worships him. It will break her heart. What is to become of her if he is sent up to prison? Who is to take care of her? He has worked for you for thirty years—ever since he was a boy. He has supported his mother. He has never married because he couldn't afford to take care of a wife. He—what is there to smile about, David France?" she demanded indignantly.

"It so happens that I feel precisely as you do about him, Miriam," said he. "He was here when I was a little boy. I have always been fond of him. He jumped into Black River once when it was a raging flood and saved me from drowning at the risk of his own life—the time I slipped off the bank; but that has nothing to do with the present situation. That was a long time ago. I was only a kid. I didn't know any better than to venture out onto the slippery bank. But he is old enough to know better than to do what he has just done, I am sorry to say. He is nearly fifty years old. He used Mrs. Spaine's money to ——"

"Just a moment," interrupted the old lady. "Neither do I forget that he saved your life, David. How he ever got out of the river alive with you, only God Himself can tell."

"AS I WAS saying, David, Miriam telephoned that she would be up after dinner to urge me to be lenient with Frank Brown. I told her when she arrived a few moments ago that I had not had the opportunity to discuss the case with you and that I preferred to hear what you have to say about it before coming to any decision. Of course nothing could be clearer than that he has defaulted. Mr. Curlew informs me that the shortage will amount to nearly two thousand dollars. He says that Frank confesses his inability to make restitution. He has no money. He lost not only my money but practically all of his own savings in speculation. Do you happen to know whether this is true or not?"

"It's true, Mrs. Spaine. He got in over his head and tried to save himself by using money that did not belong to him. He doctored the books."

"Then, I take it, he has no means of restoring the money even in case I decide to be—to let him off, you might say."

"He has no way of making good the loss, Mrs. Spaine, unless he can borrow to cover the shortage," said David.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Miriam, leaning forward, cried eagerly, "I can provide that, Mrs. Spaine. If you will consent to ——"

"Wait a moment, please, Miriam," interrupted David. "I know what you are about to say. But I claim a prior right. I am ready, Mrs. Spaine, to lend Frank the money to cover the loss. I don't care whether he ever pays me back or not. I want to help him out of this mess. I don't want you to lose and I don't want him to go to prison if there is any way out of it. He is a fine man. If I can do anything to help him I'll do it. It is wonderful of you, Miriam, but—well, if anyone is to help him now it should be ——"

Edgar spoke quickly—sharply for him.

"WE CANNOT allow you to do it, David. It is not to be thought of. I haven't talked it over with mother yet—I've had other things on my mind—but of this I am sure. She will agree with me when I say we cannot allow you—or you, Miriam—to pay a penny toward what Frank Brown owes the Spaines. It's fine of you, David—you are not a rich man—but that's the way it will have to stand."

"I can afford it, Edgar," said David gruffly.

"Yes, but, my dear fellow, we Spaines cannot afford it. And so, let's say no more about it."

Mrs. Spaine had said nothing. Her sharp old eyes darted quickly from son to grandson, and she was proud of both.

David addressed himself to Mrs. Spaine.

"Frank Brown is guilty. There is no question about that from a moral point of view. I don't believe he meant to be dishonest; in fact, I am sure of it. On the evidence, however, a jury would have to convict him. I intended, Mrs. Spaine, to make good the loss and to beg of you not to prosecute him. If he were working for me I should not even discharge him. I should give him another chance. I'd pocket my loss—as many another person has done—and help him rather than do the other thing. Forgive me for speaking plainly, but that's how I feel about Frank Brown. And it isn't because he pulled me

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out of the river that time. It's because he is a fine, decent, misguided man who, having been faithful and loyal for many years, took a desperate chance to save his honor and failed. I believe him when he says he had made up his mind to give himself up tonight. A sort of panic seized him with the thought that Jackson and Joe had traced him to his uncle's place. He lost his head and ran like a scared dog. I reckon I would have done the same thing if cornered, and so would you, Mr. Edgar, Mrs. Spaine. I suppose it devolves upon me, as your manager and superintendent, to bring charges against him, and ultimately to appear in court as the principal witness for the prosecution. But I don't mind saying I'd rather be shot. I will do it, of course, if you insist. It is my duty. Nevertheless, I'd regret it to my dying day; I'd be unhappy about it all the rest of my life. If you will let me square up the deficit out of my own pocket and—and keep him on the job until he can find something else to do, I'll be awfully grateful, Mrs. Spaine.

"Good for you, Davy," murmured Ella, her eyes sparkling.

Mrs. Spaine spoke in a low, troubled voice, her gaze fixed upon the fire.

"LET him who is without sin cast the first stone," she said. Then suddenly her manner changed. She swept the circle with an almost challenging look; her voice became brisk, authoritative. "Honor is cheaper than it used to be. Folly, it seems, costs nothing at all. But generosity is and always will be a thing to be prized. I like the spirit, David, that urges you to make this sacrifice, for you are a poor man. I know you would pay up cheerfully for Frank Brown. I believe Miriam would do the same. I doubt if either of you could have found me in a better humor than tonight. I am very happy. So, possess your souls in peace, both of you. When my son Edgar came home this afternoon he told me that Frank had been caught. We decided to do nothing until we had heard from you, David. But my mind was made up, I am free to say. When you leave me tonight, David, I want you to go straight to Frank Brown and tell him to report for duty tomorrow morning as usual. Tell him I do not intend to prosecute and that he is not to lose his job. Then you will take him home to his mother. You will oblige me by giving this message to Elizabeth Brown. Tell her that I shall come to see her tomorrow morning at half-past eleven o'clock. You might also suggest that it would afford me pleasure if her son could arrange to be at home when I call."

David had started to his feet. His eyes were gleaming.

"You—you don't mean it, Mrs. Spaine?" he cried. "You are going to let him off, you are going to keep him on as a foreman?"

"Yes, that is precisely what I do mean," said she calmly.

Ella jumped up and threw her arms around Mrs. Spaine's neck, giving her a surprising kiss on the cheek.

"Oh, you darling!" she cried. "Is there anybody in all the world as kind as you are? You are perfectly gorgeous, grandmamma, perfectly ——"

"Now, now, now!" expostulated the old lady of Merivale Hall. "Not another word, please. You have my instructions straight, have you, David?"

HIS voice shook a little as he replied: "Yes, I'll be off at once. Just as soon as I can get the car out. This will be great news for poor old Frank and his mother. Excuse me if I dash along. I'll ——"

Miriam interrupted him. Her voice was curiously husky, as if suppressed. Her eyes were shining, her breast rising and falling rapidly.

"Don't waste time, David. Let me take you down in my car. Come on! I mean it!"

David started to protest, but Mrs. Spaine broke in sharply, almost impatiently. Nothing could have pleased her more than this. She could scarcely conceal her satisfaction.

"Thank you, Miriam. It is very kind of you—that is, if you are sure you have nothing else to do. In any case it will not take more than fifteen or twenty minutes to ——"

And Ella poked him in the ribs viciously, while she whispered: "She isn't thinking about Frank Brown, you big simp. Wake up!"

DAVID felt himself turning icy cold. He tried to smile down at Ella; it wasn't even a brave attempt. He wondered if all of them were grinning at him. A hasty glance reassured him.

"There is no great rush, Miriam," said Mrs. Spaine, raising her voice slightly. "It will not hurt Frank Brown to wait a few minutes longer. I have other news for you and David. Come here, please."

She put her arm around Molly's shoulders. Edgar hung back after helping Miriam with her coat; he came forward slowly, even awkwardly, which was not at all like him. He couldn't have explained why, but for some reason he eyed David uneasily, even speculatively.

"Molly and my son Edgar are to be married on the twelfth of next month," announced the mistress of Merivale. "You are the first to receive the—shall I say official?—yes, the official announcement. I am overjoyed. I cannot begin to tell you how pleased I shall be to have Molly for a daughter."

For a few seconds Miriam and David were silent. Then he held out his hand.

"I've been wise to this for a long time, Molly," he said. "You and Edgar haven't fooled us, you know. God bless you and keep you happy all the rest of your life, Molly. It's great! And as for you, Edgar—you're the luckiest man on earth."

For a second or two Molly's hand lay limp and inert in his. This puzzled him, for her handclasp was always strong and firm. Then suddenly her grip tightened, almost convulsively. She turned her head and looked past him. He saw her chin quiver a little; it seemed to him that her cheek paled and there was a queer, transitory contraction of the eyelids, a sharp spreading of the nostrils. It was all over in a few seconds. She looked up into his eyes and smiled, a warm color mounting to her face.

"Thank you, David. I expect to be very, very happy." Then she laughed outright, perhaps a trifle hysterically.

A few minutes later Miriam and David went out into the blustery night together.

XII.

"WHEN are you leaving?" asked David. Those were the first words spoken by either of them from the time they left the steps until the car passed through the gateway at the bottom of the hill and swung into the road which a few hundred yards farther on became the main street of the village.

"I thought you were never going to speak," said she without turning her head.

"There are a lot of sharp turns in the drive," said he. "I make it a rule never to speak to the driver while—I say, Miriam, it's awfully kind of you to go to all this trouble. I could have got the car out in two shakes of a ——"

"We are leaving day after tomorrow," she broke in, still looking straight ahead into the wavering path of light. "Only one day more."

Down into the village they sped, past stores and railway station, and up the road leading to Deputy Sheriff Cole's house. A scant mile to cover, and she did it at breakneck speed. Neither spoke. He would have liked to ask her what in thunder she meant by driving so rapidly—aye, even so recklessly—but discretion prevented. It was not until they neared Cole's front gate that the thought struck him with something of a shock that she was hurrying because she wanted to get

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the job over with and be rid of him as quickly as possible.

They came to Cole's gate and stopped. There were lights in several windows. A gramophone somewhere inside the house was working diligently over one of Sousa's marches.

"I'll wait out here, David," said she into the wind that came rioting through the gap in the hills.

HE HESITATED a moment, then said, "I shan't be more than a couple of minutes. But, listen, Miriam, there's no reason why you should wait. Joe Cole will take us over to Frank's house. This is a raw wind and it's blowing right in your face. Why don't you ——"

"I'm not a quitter," said she briefly.

"Lord, don't I know that!" he exclaimed.

For the last few minutes Ella's staggering bit of advice had been pounding away at him: "You're never going to get Miriam, you poor fish, unless you step right up and grab her!"

It dwindled down now to two heinous, terrific words, "Grab her!" Over and over again, "Grab her!" He forgot Frank Brown completely. "Grab her!" What a vulgar, low-down expression! "Grab her!"

And deservedly get smacked in the face! Grab her, indeed! What a blithering fool Ella was!

Nevertheless, he stopped alongside her. Suddenly his hand shot out and closed upon one of hers as it rested on the wheel—a small, gloved, defenseless little thing, that—and he never was to know how hard he gripped it. Nor, for that matter, did she realize the pain.

For what seemed an endless time neither spoke or moved. Then, with a muttered exclamation which was meant to be an apology, he released her hand and dashed blindly up the path.

She tried to call out to him, but no audible sound left her lips. Her eyes followed him—wide, incredulous, dazzled eyes; she saw him stop at the foot of the steps and stand perfectly still for a long time; she did not know it, but he was waiting for the shifting of gears, the roar of the engine, the rush of the car as it sped away in the night with an indignant, offended girl at the wheel.

BUT no such sound came to his ears—only the steady purr of the engine. He looked over his shoulder, not trusting his senses. His heart leaped. She was not running away, she was waiting for him; she was not angry, she was sitting there in the cold, dark. . . .

In an instant everything else went out of his mind—Frank Brown, the mission, the Sousa march, everything save the girl who sat there waiting for him to come back to her. He lost his head. He dashed down to the gate, threw it open with a bang and was at the side of the car in a flash, his foot on the running board.

She shrank back involuntarily, uttering a queer little cry as of alarm.

"Don't be afraid," he gulped, leaning forward till his face was close to hers. "I've just got to tell you, that's all. You're going away. You don't have to see me again or speak to me unless you like, Miriam. So it can't make much difference what I say tonight to you. I haven't any right to say it, I know. I haven't ——"

Suddenly the words died on his lips. She had swayed toward him, her hands searching for his.

"Say it, say it, David," she cried. "Oh, why don't you say it? What is there to be afraid of? If—if you really mean it, David, tell me! Tell me now!"

For a long time he was speechless. Her hands had found his. He could not trust his voice, his ears, or the sense of touch that turned his fingers warm and sent magnetic thrills charging through his whole body. She waited. He could see that her lips were parted.

"Miriam, I love you. That's it! I love you," he cried out, thickly, hoarsely. "Now you have it. Now you know the worst." Then, suddenly, he realized what he was saying and that he had no reason for not saying it. She had asked for it, she had begged him to tell her. That could mean but one thing: She loved him! "What am I talking about?" he muttered. "Why—why, Miriam, do you—can it be possible that you care for me in—in the way I mean? Do you ——"

"I have never cared for anyone else, David France," she said, so faintly that he barely heard the words. "Ever since I was big enough to know. Oh, I don't know how long. Always—always, I suppose. But I can't believe that you love me. I thought you—I was sure you cared for someone else. Oh, David, are you sure? Don't say it unless you mean it."

He straightened up; his voice was clear now and rang with incredible joy. "I thought I loved someone else, Miriam—I thought I did—but it was you all the time. I didn't know, but it has always been you. Ever since you were a little girl. But I never realized it, I never dreamed that—oh, Miriam, Miriam!"

SOMEONE shouted, but the call fell upon heedless ears. Again the shout. David lifted his head and breathed again after what seemed an age of utter loss in ecstasy.

"Hey! What do you want?"

"Want?" cried the young man, almost fiercely as he turned toward the house.

"Someone is—is calling you," murmured the girl. "Up there at the door."

The door of the sheriff's house was wide open. A man stood framed in the light, bending forward to peer out into the windy darkness.

"It's Cole. I forgot Cole," mumbled David. "I forgot everything. I—what's the matter?"

She shrank away from him. Her only reply was a nervous, choking little laugh. She put her hands to her cheeks as if to hide them from this unexpected witness.

"I'll be back in a minute," he muttered, and strode off up the path.

"Hello, Davy! So blamed dark I couldn't see whose car it was. Hardly see your hand before your face. Anybody with you?"

David's reply was startling. He said, "Thank the Lord!" Then he caught himself up and grinned. "Hello, Joe. I've got good news for Frank. Is he in bed or ——"

"Come in, quick. Wind's blowing a gale. In bed? I should say not. Shank of the evenin'. His mother's here. What?"

"Thunder! I don't believe we'll have room for both of them in the car. It's a small one, you know."

"Can't hear a word you're sayin'. Turn your face this way if you're tryin' to talk to me, Davy."

"Never mind. I'll come inside," said David, pushing past him into the hall.

THREE minutes later he bade Cole and Frank Brown a hasty good night, called out something to the weeping Mrs. Brown and strode rapidly down to the gate. As the sheriff closed the door he said to the man who had been in "custody" up to that somehow historic moment: "Tenderest-hearted feller on earth, Frank. He jest couldn't stand seein' your mother so happy she had to cry. Jest plain bashful, that's what he is. Scairt to death of women. Well, anyhow ——"

Down at the roadside Miriam cried out to David as he dashed around to the opposite side of the car:

"Where is Frank? Don't tell me he has run away and ——"

"Lord! I was afraid you had run away, Miriam. But you're still here! You didn't run off and leave me —— Why, your teeth are chattering! You're cold ——"

"Why should I run off and leave you, David?" she broke in, a world of joy in her trembling voice. "Haven't I waited for you nearly all my life? Haven't I hoped and prayed you would —— Oh, David dear, be careful! Someone may be ——"

He had leaped into the seat beside her and, after a hurried glance at the lighted windows, took her in his strong arms. . . . She was the first to come to her senses. She partially freed herself and murmured, "We must not stay here; they will think it queer if they come out and see the car ——"

"WHAT a fool I am," he cried guiltily. "I ought to be shot! They were getting ready to start when I left the house. But—oh, darling, I am so happy! I can't believe it. You are so ——"

"We must be sensible," she cried quickly, nervously. "Take your arm away, David. Oh—just for a little while, dear. I don't mean—forever."

He released her and drew back in the seat.

"Why doesn't he come? What is keeping him?" she wanted to know.

"Who? Oh, Frank? Drive on. Step on it. He isn't coming with us. Let's get away from here. I forgot to tell you. His mother is in there. I gave them Mrs. Spaine's message. We've nothing more to do with them—tonight. Joe Cole is taking them home in his car. It's all fixed. Go ahead. We can turn off at the Creek Road and circle back ——"

The car was moving forward noiselessly. She had her wits about her. There was a joyous thrill in her laugh.

"I'm never going to turn around," she cried exultantly. "I'm going straight ahead—I don't care where."

"Neither do I," shouted he. At the top of the hill he turned his head and looked back. "Just in time," he exclaimed. "I see Joe's headlights coming around the corner of the house."

"Do they know that I brought you over in my ——"

"Bless my soul, I don't believe I mentioned you at all—except to myself. I wonder if I—no, I'm sure I didn't say it out loud. They don't know. They must think I came alone."

"But they will know tomorrow. Mrs. Spaine will tell them."

THEY were running rapidly now; she could not risk looking at him. The road, though good, was a winding one.

She cried out over her shoulder: "I never knew what it was to be really happy, before, David. I have had lots of dreams—but what are dreams? Only things that happen when one's asleep. Beautiful things sometimes. But they always end in darkness when one awakes. Oh, I am glad I am not asleep. I am glad I was wide awake when you held me tight in your arms and kissed me. No dream was ever like that. It couldn't be. I am so happy, David. Oh, I am so happy."

He knew better than to touch her, even though every drop of blood in his body yearned for her—yes, clamored recklessly for the merest contact with her. He could only lean closer and cry into the cold rush of the gale: "Easy, Miriam—easy! Slow down! It's dangerous. We're not being chased, you know." He laughed aloud, gleefully. "Steady, dear—steady! The crossroad is not far ahead. Ah! That's ——"

"But I feel like flying!" she cried out.

Nevertheless the car began to slow down. Slower, slower, slower until it seemed to be creeping. Now her teeth were chattering again—not with the cold but with a sharp, delicious sensation of fear, the thrill of expectancy, the promise of ecstasy.

She ran past the crossroad where they should have turned sharp right. Ahead lay the invisible highway that wound up and around the shoulder of the low mountain and down into the valley far beyond.

(Continued on Page 74)

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JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

What shall I do for oily hair?

Dear Miss Carroll: My hair is very oily and I have tried most everything to remedy it. I must wash it every week and then it gets oily before the week is up. If you will tell me what to do to get rid of that excess oil, I will be thankful.—Miss E. S., Quakertown, Pa.

Dear E. S. Will you do what I suggest even though it doesn't seem to work miracles the first week or so? You see, people are so used to a speed-mad age that they expect miracles overnight. But our bodies are exactly like those our ancestors had and won't work at 70 miles an hour. It takes time to build up health—whether it's general health or hair health.

Relaxed oil glands must be *coaxed* back to normal. The first thing to do is to get the right shampoo. The Packer Company, with whom I am associated (makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap) have made a special shampoo for oily hair—*Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo.* It is very slightly astringent—just enough to say gently to the relaxed oil glands—"Now tighten up a little and behave yourselves."

Use this shampoo every four or five days at first . . . it lathers at once and rinses easily, so it's quick. Then massage a little every day to bring the good rich blood to the surface to tone up your scalp.

Your hair and scalp *will* respond. Your hair will stay fluffier longer and you can lengthen the intervals between shampoos. Hair that tends to be oily, however, will probably always need to be washed once a week to keep it fluffy and alive-looking all the time.

Help for dandruff from outdoors

Dear Jean Carroll: Last week I was home sick. But it is an ill wind that doesn't blow some good and my good consisted in hearing your radio talk about hair.

It was with rather a shock that I realized how sadly I have neglected my hair. To begin with my hair is red, but it is dull and lifeless and all the sparkle seems to have disappeared. I also have dandruff. But it has its redeeming features too. It is naturally curly and up to a year ago, looked amazingly well for the amount of care it got.

I want to get it back to normal as quickly as possible and I shall welcome all the help you can give me.—Miss H. D., Columbus, O.

Dear H. D. That's what I call a nice letter. It sounds business-like and determined. So I'll be business-like, too. *Get rid of that dandruff.* The sparkle and lustre won't come back while little dandruff germs are doing their beauty-destroying work. Get a cake of Packer's Tar Soap and massage the rich piney lather into your scalp.

Shampoo your hair every four or five days with this pure pine tar soap—doctors have recommended it for years as a standard treatment for dandruff.

Then brush your hair every night and morning, and may I say, wash your brush every day or two? As the dandruff disappears, you'll see life and lustre coming back to that copper-colored hair of yours. (Lucky you, to have curly red hair!)

A special shampoo for dry hair

Dear Jean Carroll: I have a dry scalp. My hair is also very "endy," and never appears combed no matter how many times I comb it. Is this caused by dry hair?—Mrs. W. E. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Yes—dry hair often breaks off and splits and flies around. The thing to do is to get the oil glands functioning normally, with massage and brushing and the proper shampoo. The Packer Company has made a special shampoo for dry hair—*Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo.* This shampoo leaves hair softer and easier to manage because, in addition to olive oil and pure vegetable oils, it contains soothing, softening glycerine. And it's delightful to use—just a bit fragrant.

Use this shampoo every ten days. And wake up those lazy oil glands with scalp-massage every day. I'm sure you'll see a real improvement.

JEAN CARROLL

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- ☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

(Continued from Page 72)

At last the car came to a dead stop. A long time afterward he said, his lips close to her ear: "We must be getting back, Miriam darling. Your mother will be wondering what has become of you."

She sighed. "What will mother say when I tell her all that has happened tonight? And father! Goodness, David, what will father say and do? He'll simply explode!" Then she laughed recklessly. "Oh, there will be a merry old racket when I tell them the news! But never fear! Don't let it worry you, Davy dear. They already know I love you, so it won't be a sudden shock. They'll get over it. They'll have to. Father may decide to treat me as Ella's father has treated her, but it will make no difference. All I want is you, Davy—you, and nothing else."

"Listen, dear. We've got to hustle back to the hotel. We've got to be sensible. It's hard, I know, but we've got to, that's all. Your mother will be wondering. She'll telephone to Mrs. Spaine, and then what? Here—slip over to this side and let me drive. You're cold. Your hands must be half frozen."

She protested but finally changed places with him. She snuggled down close to his big, protecting body, burying her cheek against his shoulder; she tucked her cold, stiff hands into the pockets of her warm motor coat.

"YOU can't turn round until we get to Loring's sawmill," she said, and there was a note of triumph in the little laugh that fell from her lips, lips that still quivered and were strangely warm.

"I know it," he responded. "Bless your heart, I believe you deliberately ran up this narrow ——"

"Watch where you're driving," she said softly. "And don't talk," she went on after a moment. "I want to think. I've got so much to think about now, David."

In a very short time they came to the deserted sawmill.

"Stop here for a little while," she said. "We are protected from the wind. I want to talk to you, David."

He brought the car to a standstill. There was a serious note in her voice that did not escape him. He covered her hand with his; how small it seemed out there in the darkness.

"Haven't your thoughts been pleasant ones, Miriam?" he inquired quickly.

She ignored the question. "Several men have asked me to marry them," she said shyly after a moment. "You haven't. Aren't you going to ask me to marry you, David?"

"It's too much to hope for, Miriam," said he, a solemn note in his voice, "but I want you to be mine forever—altogether mine. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, David," said she, very quietly, and in a curiously small voice.

HE WAITED a moment. "That settles it, Miriam," said he, setting his jaw and squaring his shoulders. "Your folks may not consider me good enough for you; in fact, I'm sure they don't. For that matter, I am not good enough for you. But ——"

"Yes, you are," said she firmly. "You're as good as I am."

He kissed her. "You're a darling to put it that way. I'll do my best to see that you never regret giving up so many things for me."

"Davy, hold me close for a while. I'm cold. Aren't you cold, David?"

He did not answer. Silence, save ironically, for the purr of the engine in its sheltered spot, the howl of the gale around the corners of the old sawmill and the noisy rustle of dead leaves in the path of the wind. Presently he said, speaking out over her tight-fitting little hat in a thoughtful, troubled voice:

"I ought to go to your mother tonight, dear, and tell her about everything. I have no idea what time it is, but we'd better be getting along if we expect to ——"

She lifted her head with a quick start.

"I don't want you to speak to mother tonight," she said in some trepidation.

"I've got to do it sometime and now is ——"

"Not tonight," she broke in stubbornly. "This is my night, Davy. I don't want to share it with anybody except you. I want to lie awake thinking of you as you are now and all that has happened. I'm happy now, dear, and I'd like to go on being happy all the rest of the night."

"And you wouldn't be if I spoke to your mother?" said he slowly.

"NO, I WOULDN'T," said she frankly. "I know what she would say. I know how she'd carry on. Let me have this night all for myself, David. Tomorrow can take care of itself."

"I see. Your mother will put her foot down on my ——"

"It won't do her any good," said Miriam. "I've made up my mind. I love my mother. She knows that I love you. I can bring mother around in time, but I'm not so sure about father. He'll probably cast me off, just as Ella's father did. Even so, I ——"

"See here, my dear, I'm not a snake in the grass. I'm not a coward. We'll let matters slide till you give the word, however. Of course, I mean to do the right thing. I shall go to your father and tell him that I want to—that I mean to marry you. I shall tell him that you love me and ——"

"He knows that already," said she.

"He does?"

"Of course he does. He's in an awful state about it."

"Nevertheless, I shall go to him like a man and ask for your hand, Miriam. I'll give him the chance to tell me what he thinks of me. It's only right and fair. Then I'll tell him what I intend to do, whether he likes it or not."

"We may have to run off and get married," said she in a strained voice. "He'll never consent, David."

It was after eleven o'clock when he said good night to her at the Coach and Saddle and drove off to the garage with the car. At parting he said: "I'll do nothing till I hear from you. I'll wait till Monday of next week. If I don't hear from you by that time, Miriam, I'll come to Richmond at once and see your father."

XIII.

THE next day dawned bright and clear; the high wind had blown itself away in the night, leaving behind it a crisp autumn chill. Soon there were blazing logs in all the fireplaces in Merivale Hall; the furnace was booming; smoke sailed gayly up from all the chimneys.

An astonishing thing happened that morning. Ella came skipping downstairs at half-past seven o'clock, dressed for outdoors, to announce that she intended to take the babies out for a "short spin" in their carriage before breakfast. Miss Nelson tucked the twins into their pram, and off went Ella in the direction of David France's cottage. She whistled a shrill, lively tune as she neared his porch. Failing to attract attention by means of music, she halted in front of his door and gave vent to three or four exceedingly commonplace "heys!" They brought results. David got up from his breakfast and, after a glance out of the window, made his appearance on the porch.

"Hello!" he said, surprised.

"Well?" she demanded, without more ado, gazing fixedly, almost threateningly, up at him.

He came down and took a peek at the babies.

"Aren't you out a bit early?" he inquired, ignoring the monosyllable but otherwise evincing concern.

"I've been awake since five o'clock," said Ella patiently. "Well, how about it?"

(Continued on Page 76)

The one true friend she has

You probably can't imagine yourself in this woman's predicament — yet the possibility is far from being remote.

Not so many years ago she burst upon Chicago like a blazing star. In the rich homes of the Gold Coast, violins played long and lights burned late in her honor. She counted her friends by the hundreds, her suitors by the dozens. Assuredly she would marry brilliantly and live well.

Yet today she is rather a pathetic figure despite her wealth and her charm. Old acquaintances seldom call and she makes few new ones. Of all old friends only her bird seems true. Only he is always glad to see her.

How unfortunate that a minor defect can alter the course of human life.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

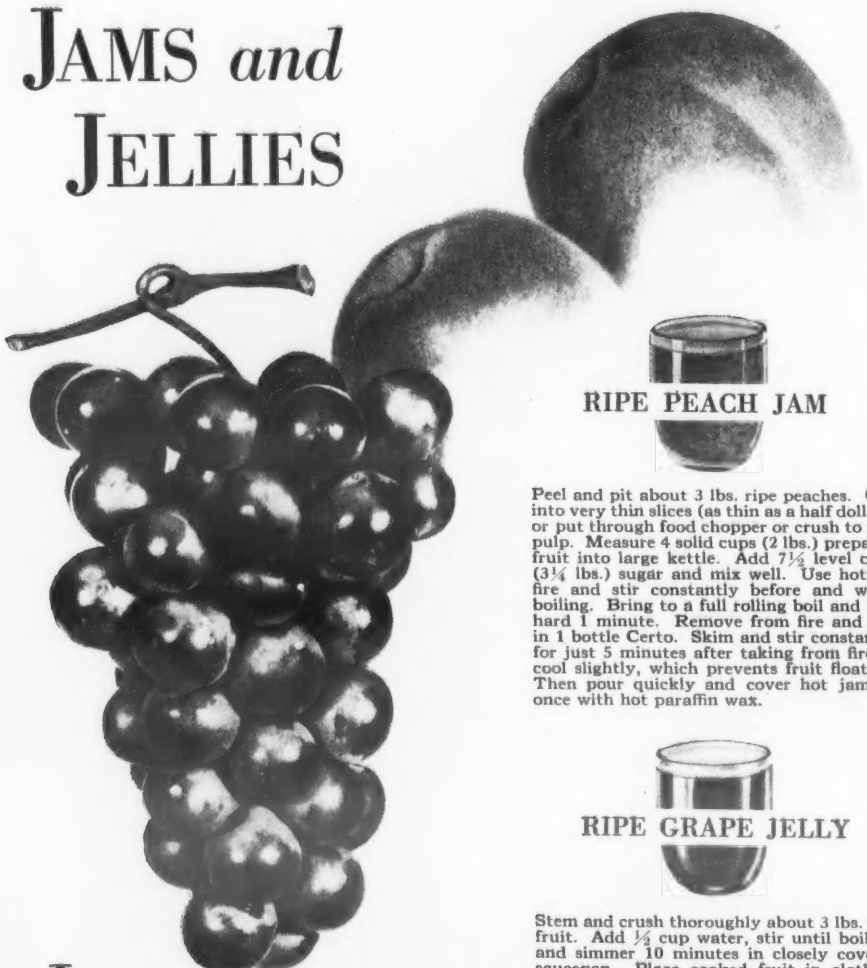
* * *

* Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

LISTERINE

GREAT! That's what men say about Listerine Shaving Cream, so soothing, so refreshing.

Store them away in homemade JAMS *and* JELLIES



It's so easy using the modern "short-boil" method!

RIPE PEACH JAM

Peel and pit about 3 lbs. ripe peaches. Cut into very thin slices (as thin as a half dollar), or put through food chopper or crush to fine pulp. Measure 4 solid cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit into large kettle. Add 7½ level cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in 1 bottle Certo. Skim and stir constantly for just 5 minutes after taking from fire to cool slightly, which prevents fruit floating. Then pour quickly and cover hot jam at once with hot paraffin wax.

RIPE GRAPE JELLY

Stem and crush thoroughly about 3 lbs. ripe fruit. Add ½ cup water, stir until boiling, and simmer 10 minutes in closely covered saucepan. Place cooked fruit in cloth or jelly bag and squeeze out juice. If a sparkling jelly is desired, drip juice through cotton flannel bag. Measure 8 level cups (3½ lbs.) sugar and then 4 cups (2 lbs.) juice from cooked fruit into large saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. At once add 1 bottle Certo, stirring constantly and bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot paraffin wax.

READ the recipes above for ripe peach jam and ripe grape jelly. Aren't they easy? Note that one requires only *one* minute's boiling—the other only *one-half minute!*

All Certo recipes are just as easy, requiring only one or two minutes' boiling. That's why this modern way of jam and jelly making is called the "short-boil" method. With this Certo method you can be certain of success every time.

Because it is most efficient and economical and retains the fresh natural color and flavor of the fruit, famous cooking experts, including Alice Bradley and Sarah Field Splint, recommend this Certo "short-boil" method. It is taught in the Home Economics Departments of universities and colleges all over the country.

Certo is a Pure Food Product—just the natural jellying substance extracted from fruit in which it is abundant. With Certo *anyone* can make delicious jams and jellies from *any* fruit or fruit juice—quickly, easily, perfectly. Now you can use even those delicious fruits that never before would jell. Millions of women have discovered that jams and jellies made the Certo "short-boil" way have better color and flavor—more like the fresh fruit itself—and that the cost per glass is from 1 to 3 cents less than by the old "long-boil" method.

Your grocer has Certo. A book of 97 recipes for homemade jams and jellies is under the label of each bottle.

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FREE: Two booklets—one, on how to make jams and jellies by the "short-boil" method—the other, an illustrated booklet of "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies." Mail coupon to Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept. She will write you and send the two booklets.

L.H.J.—8-29

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept.,
Certo Corporation, Fairport, New York.
(*If you live in Canada, address: Certo, Cobourg, Ont.*)
Please send me the two booklets described above.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here for trial half-bottle of Certo and send 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

(Continued from Page 74)

"How about what?"

"You know. Wasn't I right?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. How is Joe's leg this ——"

"I'm not interested in Joe's leg just now and neither are you. Anyhow, he's asleep. So let's not bother about him. What I want to know this bright and flossy morning is this—and nothing else will do, David—was my advice good? I think you owe it to me, after all I did for you yesterday, trying to bolster you up and ——"

"Just a moment," he interrupted, reddening. His smile, however, encouraged her. "Suppose I were to tell you that I didn't even think of taking your excellent advice. What then?"

"Then all I've got to say," said Ella, eying him coldly, "is that it was a low-down, scurvy way to treat a girl like Miriam. If ever a girl went out into the night expecting something to happen, that girl did. And if you didn't make good, if you acted like a bump on a log ——"

"But suppose I were to say that I did follow your advice and—and got turned down."

SHE studied him narrowly for a few seconds; then her face brightened like magic. A little whoop of joy fell from her lips. An instant later she clutched him by the shoulders and, standing on tiptoe, gave him a resounding smack—on the chin, by the way. She could reach no higher.

"Whee-ee!" she cried. "Don't try to lie to me. You didn't get turned down. I was right, wasn't I? You just bet I was. And say, it was easy, wasn't it? Just as I told you it would be. All you had to do was to grab her and ——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Ella!" he broke in, shooting an anxious glance in all directions. "Mind what you're saying. Do you want it to get all over the place that Miriam and I—and that reminds me ——" He caught himself up, to say severely: "I don't like the vulgar, indelicate way you ——"

"Gosh!" she cried, clapping her hand to her mouth. "Is it a secret? I mean, is no one to know about it yet? No one but me, I mean?"

"My dear girl, I haven't even told you, have I?"

"You're just as red in the face as a turkey gobbler. If ever anybody looked guilty, you do. But say, I'll keep my mouth shut. Not a word till you say so. When's it to be?"

He gazed upon her helplessly. She had him completely off his feet—or up in the air, so to speak.

"If you don't skip off home now I'll—I'll sick the dogs on you. I swear I will! You are a most dreadful pest, Ella. But, just the same, you're a darling. Now skip! Not a word, mind you."

"Not so much as a peep," said she excitedly, lowering her voice. "Hey! Get out of the way! Do you want to be run over and killed by a baby carriage?"

HE WATCHED her hurry up the path at a speed that must have pleased and astonished the twins. A brooding frown settled upon his brow. He sighed. The worst was yet to come.

A little before eleven o'clock he started out with Mrs. Spaine on her promised visit to the Browns.

"It is wonderful to be as young as you are, David, and to have so much nice warm blood," she said as they drove off. "Your father, I remember, never wore an overcoat, even in the coldest of weather. He was a very strong, hardy man—and boy, for that matter."

"I'm glad to be like him in some ways, Mrs. Spaine," said the young man. "He was my ideal of a man, you know," he added simply after a moment.

She was looking out of the window. He wondered if she heard him, she was silent so long. Then she said. "I was very fond of your father, David."

He waited for some time before remarking: "He must have had good blood in him, Mrs. Spaine."

"I am sure of it."

"I wish I knew who his parents were. But I don't suppose I shall ever know."

"I am afraid not, David."

Another silence, broken by the young man. "Is it generally known that George and Mary France were his foster parents? That he was a foundling?"

"THERE was no secret about it at the time. There are very few of us who are old enough to remember, however. Moreover, I very much doubt whether the ladies and gentlemen of that day—the war was going on, you know—were at all interested in the fact that George France and his wife decided to raise a child. In those days no one paid much attention to an overseer. He could beget or adopt all the children he wished and no one would have paid the slightest attention to his whims, if you choose to make use of the word. As for today, I do not believe anyone outside of my own family knows that your father was a—a foundling."

He smiled out of the corner of his mouth.

"The Traffordsons know," said he.

She sat perfectly still for a few seconds. "They do? Well, I am not surprised. It never has been a secret so far as I know. But why do you say that the Traffordsons know?"

"Miriam mentioned it last night," said he, before he thought.

"Umph! Rather queer thing for her to do, wasn't it?"

"I brought up the subject, Mrs. Spaine," said he lamely. "I asked her if she knew about my father and—and all that."

"I see," said she, and waited. Her eyes were very bright.

But he was in no mood for confidences. Instead, he deliberately changed the subject—into a channel more interesting to him than the one he abandoned. He cleared his throat and seemed ill at ease, diffident.

"I hope you won't misunderstand me, Mrs. Spaine; I hope you won't think I'm impertinent or anything like that. But would you mind telling me whether you consider me altogether satisfactory as a superintendent? I'm looking ahead a little just now."

SHE smiled inwardly, understandingly. Her old heart suddenly expanded. It was all so simple. How ingenuous he was, how deliciously he betrayed himself. He did not have to tell her his secret. "Looking ahead!" She sank back in the seat with a sigh of relief.

"Dear me!" she murmured. "I thought you were leading up to something terrible. For a moment, David, I had the horrid fear that you were of a mind to leave me. My dear boy, I do not know what I should do without you. Of course I want you to continue in charge of my affairs here. If it is a matter of salary, I think we ——"

"It is not a matter of wages," he broke in quickly.

"Nevertheless, you deserve a substantial increase, David. More and more I find myself depending on you, as I did on your father. I fear he was underpaid. We can discuss the matter later on, however. Possess your soul in peace. You are more than satisfactory. You are necessary. I could not get along without you, David. By the way, what are you getting now?"

"Five hundred dollars a month," said he, almost sheepishly. "Please understand, I had no thought of leaving or of asking for a raise. I just wanted to reassure myself that my job is safe for—er—for a while, at least."

She nodded her head. "It is perfectly safe," said she, placing her hand on his arm. "Perfectly, my boy. Do not give it another thought." Her face wrinkled into

(Continued on Page 79)

Some New Ways to Vary LUNCHEON

For luncheon, FILLED COFFEE RING *is an enticing dessert*

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS *have a rich, tender butter crust.*

RYE BREAD *is delicious plain or toasted or in sandwiches. Your baker makes it both plain and with caraway seeds.*

Creamed Chicken or Creamed Sweetbreads are both delicious served in toasted halves of SANDWICH ROLLS.

A delicious mixture of raisins, citron, candied pineapple, lemon and orange peel, and cherries makes FILLED COFFEE RING *an enticing summer dessert.*

FORMERLY when we wished to give new interest to our menus we made them more elaborate; we added complicated sauces, intricately moulded aspics, desserts that required hours to make.

Now we place our reliance on *variety*. We have found that even slight changes in flavor, in texture, or even in appearance stimulate the appetite and increase our enjoyment of food. Bread, for instance, is now chosen with as much care as the meat, the vegetables or the salad.

Shopping for breads is great fun! Both your baker and your grocer offer so many interesting varieties.

Tiny Rye Bread Sandwiches of chicken livers or anchovy paste are a delicious beginning for luncheon.

With the soup, Toasted Triangles are often preferred. (Slice stale whole wheat or white bread one-eighth inch thick and remove crusts; cut diagonally and brown in a slow oven.)

With the main course, Parker House Rolls or a choice of Raisin or White Bread may be served. A most enticing dessert is Cinnamon Buns or Butterfly Buns, with fruit and iced coffee.

Your baker or grocer can supply
many delicious breads
for every occasion

Shopping for breads is real fun! There are so many interesting varieties. They look so good and smell so good and you know they will taste even better than they look.

Your baker uses the same high-grade ingredients you would buy and he combines them with the greatest skill and care. His up-to-date shop simply shines with cleanliness and his oven is scientifically controlled for the most perfect baking results. Thirty thousand bakers use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.*

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

America has already discovered these facts about DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste:*

1. Two-fold polishing (not scouring!); *new*
2. Combined results — long sought; *new*
3. Quicker action, each brushing; *new*
4. Delightful, lasting mouth-freshness; *new*

You can prove these statements just about as quickly as you can read them.

A remarkable new tooth paste has been prepared by the makers of DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes. In its own field it is an advance as great as the famous toothbrush. Otherwise we should never have offered it, backed by our name and reputation, worth millions of dollars.

Already America has awarded it sensational success.

Perhaps you, too, will prefer DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste after a test—and impartial comparison with the dentifrice you now use.

It *does* brighten teeth; that has been proved beyond question. It contains, not just *one,* but *two* gentle and efficient polishing agents. They cannot scour or scratch; but work together in restoring the *natural brilliance and smoothness* of the enamel. Very quickly you see this.

Other good results you have sought are now *combined.*

It produces a generous foam that fairly floods the crevices of the teeth, washing them thoroughly clean.

The cool, delightful flavor freshens every part of your mouth. This mouth-freshness lasts amazingly—an effect that smokers appreciate. Children, too, love the "taste."

Gums are really invigorated and protected. No harsh, coarse particles irritate them.

Purest vegetable cleansers dissolve and remove sticky, staining deposits.

Acid conditions of the mouth are instantly neutralized by pure milk of magnesia and other beneficial ingredients.

And, above all, *this modern tooth paste acts quickly—to meet the needs of hurried modern habits. Results are complete and thorough, each time you brush your teeth!*

Try it. At your favorite store, get a tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste; either the large 25c size, or the double-quantity 40c size. Incidentally, *these are the most generous tubes among all standard dentifrices, at these prices, today.* Start your test tonight. Note how quickly you can actually see your teeth becoming brighter, cleaner-looking.

***Most famous of toothbrushes* is DR. WEST'S; often imitated, but never equalled in ability to brighten teeth.**

FREE
—a generous test

THE WESTERN CO., 402 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

Name.....

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City.....*State*.....LHJ—8-29

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(Continued from Page 76)

a smile. "I am getting fairly well along in years. I am not likely to last more than ten or fifteen years, if that. Wait! Do not indulge yourself in that ridiculous old platitude. Do not say that you hope I'll live to be a hundred. I'll take it for granted."

She knew very well why he wished to reassure himself, but wisely refrained from asking if he had any thought of getting married. Her hopes were in a fair way toward being realized. But she appeared to be considering something far remote from matrimony, as evidenced by her next remark, which apparently was the outcome of calculation.

"I HAVE been thinking of offering you a contract, David, covering a period of ten years. It has been in my mind for some time, but you know how we all put things off. Of course it rests entirely with you as to whether you wish to bind yourself for any definite period. Such a contract naturally would be binding upon my heirs in case I were to die during its life. In any case, we can talk it over some day soon. No harm in that. I wish you could think of yourself, David, as one of the family, but I do not suppose that is possible. On the contrary, from what you have seen of certain members of the family, you may feel yourself lucky in not being one of the Spaine brood. Oh, do not try to look horrified. I am only jesting. Here we are at Elizabeth Brown's. Isn't that Frank standing at the gate, waiting for us?"

Later on Mrs. Spaine drove home alone. David had gone over to the dairy farm with the grateful foreman.

Ursula Spaine at eighty-two looked back without shame upon a long-ago time when she was under twenty. Still fresh in her memory were the face and the figure of young Raleigh Reynolds, the wild, reckless, happy-go-lucky scion of one of the oldest and most powerful families in all the Southland. She was Ursula Merivale, daughter of a proud but singularly impecunious aristocrat, a matrimonial catch of excellent quality so far as pulchritude and caste were concerned but most undesirable in the eyes of the haughty, overbearing Reynolds clan. There was, in fact, a feud between the Merivales and the Reynoldses, not a bloody one, to be sure, but one of hate and scorn on both sides.

THE story of Ursula Merivale and Raleigh Reynolds is an old one and briefly told. She lived in the valley, he in the rich, broad lands of South Carolina. In describing her father as impecunious, it is merely meant that he was poor by contrast. As a matter of fact, Colonel Merivale was fairly well-to-do. The Reynoldses, on the other hand, indisputably were rich.

The former owned, through inheritance, all of the hills and dales and fields known as the Merivale Estate, high up in the beautiful but unproductive Blue Ridge Mountains. He lacked—as had his people before him—not only the wealth to wrench prosperity from these fertile lands but the greed, the purposefulness and the ambition as well. He was content to be the owner of lands, the owner of slaves, the owner of good horses and good dogs, and the owner of a clear but improvident conscience.

None of these, it seems, can be turned to profit except at a cost to ease, pride and contentment.

He was best known as the proprietor of a historic inn, and as such he was looked down upon by those of the South who patronized him and to some extent forgot him between "seasons." But he had a beautiful wife and a beautiful daughter and good blood flowed in their veins.

No one would have called him shiftless; the fact remains, however, that he would have been in sore straits had it not been for the seasonable revenue derived from a tavern in which, tradition says, the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, the Madisons and others of their time and station were pleased to spend some of their leisure and a little of their money.

The feud between the Reynolds and Merivale clans dated back to a duel in the early part of the century. A Reynolds had been shot dead in fair combat by a Merivale. This happened in a grove outside of the city of Charleston, on a dull, gray morning in April, in the year of the Merivales' Lord, 1816. Two other duels succeeded this one in quick order, a man from each family falling. No truce was declared; but there were no more duels. The feud continued, however. The Merivales and the Reynoldses simply went on hating each other from a distance.

Ursula was eighteen when she met Raleigh Reynolds, then twenty-one, a student at the University of Virginia. She was visiting at the home of a girl friend in Charlottesville, and it was at a dance given by her hostess that she first encountered her tribal enemy.

The feud went lightly and gayly out of existence the instant they laid eyes upon each other, for it was a case of love at first sight.

They were not long, however, in finding out that they were supposed to be enemies by birth and tradition; and they laughed at the fantastic sense of honor that had held their forefathers in its silly grip for so long.

AN INTENDED visit of a month was prolonged to two. After that a secret correspondence was carried on between the young people. The ensuing fall saw Raleigh back at the university for his junior year; before the fall was over Ursula again accepted an invitation to visit her friend, who knew nothing of the feud.

It was during the winter that young Reynolds boldly informed his family that he intended to marry Ursula Merivale as soon as he was graduated from college.

Great was the upheaval, bitter the terms of denunciation. His father put his foot down upon the proposed alliance with the hated Merivales; the quarrel between the hot-headed young lover and his sire was never really patched up. A sort of truce was maintained, however.

Ursula confided only in her mother, who, beyond being somewhat disturbed and alarmed, was not vitally or directly concerned in the Reynolds-Merivale feud. She advised Ursula to say nothing to her father at that time. Nevertheless, she herself spoke to him about it one winter's night; Merivale's fury knew no bounds.

And there the situation stood when the Confederacy was formed in February, 1861. In April, Fort Sumter was fired upon and men sprang to arms.

Raleigh Reynolds was one of the first to enlist. He was still in college when the call went out from Jefferson Davis. He got word to Ursula and she came to Charlottesville a fortnight before he left the university to join the colors.

"I WILL come back from the training camp in six weeks or two months," he said to her. "And then we will be married. Let the old folks roar and snort and charge about as much as they like; it will be too late then for them to do anything. We will belong to each other for all the rest of our lives, Ursula. Only God can part us. I cannot go to the front to fight unless I can take you with me in spirit at least."

They were deeply, earnestly in love. They were young, virile, honest, but sick with passion and desire. They were not bad—but they sinned. No need to go into that. The fact remains and it should be sufficient.

She went home at the end of the fortnight, after seeing him off to camp. She never saw him again. He fell ill in camp and weeks passed before he was able to be about again. Then as his strength returned he, with other doughty young men, was hurried into active service.

He was killed at the Battle of Bull Run in the following July.

For weeks Ursula had been waiting, even praying for him to come to her. She wrote him in a state of panic, telling him of the plight in which she found herself. So far as she knew he never received that or a subsequent letter written shortly before the troops moved into action. It never occurred to her to suspect him of meanness, of duplicity.

As a matter of truth, poor Raleigh Reynolds, as gallant a gentleman as ever lived, died in ignorance of Ursula's trouble.

FOR several weeks after his death she lived as one completely stunned. Twice she stole down to the banks of Black River. Then, one day, she confessed everything to her mother.

In August Mrs. Merivale took her to Switzerland on the plea that her health was cruelly impaired. Merivale never knew the truth. He never suspected.

Many months passed. A baby boy came to Ursula far up in the peaceful, serene hills, came and throve and was like his father. In course of time Mrs. Merivale, broken and in despair, prevailed upon the girl to place the infant in charge of a French family who were planning to return to New Orleans for residence. This family had lived in the Louisiana city for many years, leaving only at the outbreak of the war; confident of the ultimate success of the Confederacy—which was then in flower—they decided to return to their adopted land. They were comparatively poor, these French people—he was a clock maker and mender—and they were honest, respectable, kindly.

Ursula, strong and well, heartsick but resolved, came back to Merivale Hall in the summer of '62. Her resolve was to have her baby boy near her; that was the one deep, besetting thought that filled her mind. She worshiped him. A child of reckless love, but hers and Raleigh's. There could never be another like him.

Her mother died soon after the return to America. Her father, absolutely unaware of the skeleton in her closet, urged her to marry.

OF ALL the many young beaus who strayed her way in uniforms of gray and left their hearts in the valley behind them, but one met with the approval of Colonel Merivale, and that was Herbert Spaine.

Ursula's heart was buried. She did not much care whom she married. Herbert was a decent, loyal fellow; his family was an old one and a good one; at that time the Spaines were rich. And so, in the spring of '63, Herbert came and took her as his bride, going back in a fortnight's time to Lee's army.

One day, some time after his departure, she stopped to talk with George France's wife, whom she met in the post office. France himself was a prisoner in a Northern hospital and was soon to be exchanged. It was then that she learned that the Frances, being childless and without hope of ever having issue, were eager to adopt a boy baby and to bring it up as their own.

"What we want," Mrs. France said, "is a child that nobody else cares to claim or dares to claim. That would make it nearer to being our own than anything else, I suppose."

She was quite simple and pathetic about it. Ursula's heart leaped. Before she left, she promised to communicate with certain charitable and philanthropic bodies in the South.

Soon after that she left Merivale Springs for a visit in Richmond, where, according to report, her husband's regiment was likely to be quartered for a brief period. As a matter of fact, she made her way to New Orleans, found the French clock maker and in a surprisingly short

(Continued on Page 81)

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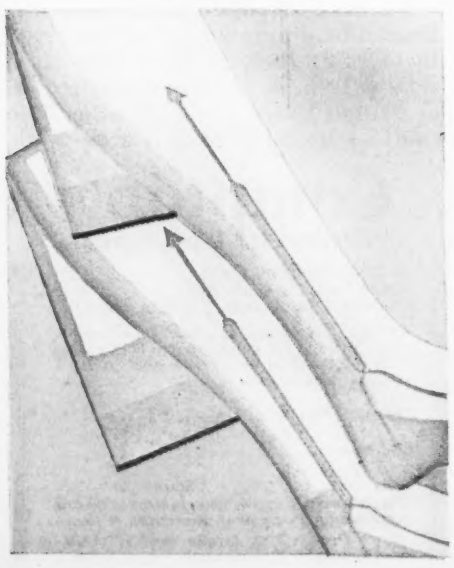

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The New REALSILK Hosiery

(Continued from Page 79)

time, all things considered, was back in Richmond with her baby boy.

On her return home, she informed Mrs. France that she had seen the loveliest baby boy in a Richmond institution.

Mrs. France was expecting her husband home in a few days, a paroled prisoner.

Whereupon, the obliging bride of Herbert Spaine, full of enthusiasm, announced that she would go to Richmond herself and have the baby in Merivale Springs before George France's return.

And so it came to pass that David France's father—parents unknown—found a home in Merivale Springs, actually within sight of the house in which his mother lived. But no one was ever to know that he was the son of Ursula Merivale and Raleigh Reynolds and half-brother to the future sons and daughters of Herbert Spaine.

Times changed. They called him Reynolds France. Ursula suggested the name. She had her way about it. Of all those who watched the growth of this good-looking, singularly joyous and friendly lad, but one person was sensible to the fact that he bore a striking resemblance to a certain gallant officer who fell at Bull Run. That one was his own mother.

And now, his son David, grown to manhood under the eyes and care of this secret grandmother, was strangely like Raleigh Reynolds, not only in feature but in manner.

She was in a most affable frame of mind all the rest of that day. Jane Cobb caught her humming to herself—a relaxation most unusual—and Joe came in for a great deal of rather bothersome sympathy.

He was on the point of informing Mrs. Spaine rather gruffly that his knee was as fine as silk—or would be in a day or two—when she startled him by inquiring what he thought Ella would like for her birthday present. Joe succeeded very well in dissembling; he even managed to ponder. At last he told her he thought that Ella would simply love a little car of her own.

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Spaine. "You don't say so! Well, we'll see about it, Joe. We'll see about it."

She pinched the toes and chins of the babies and laughed with them; allowed Ella to take a lesson from the chauffeur in driving the big car; gave Molly the afternoon off so that she could begin to get the work started on her simple trousseau; advised Edgar to lose no time in engaging steamship and hotel accommodations, and wrote personal letters to her attorney in Washington, to her bankers in the same city, and last of all to Caleb Corween informing him that Ella was so happy and so well that she thought it would be a crime for her to leave Merivale Springs unless called back by a funeral.

Naturally every one about the place misconstrued her ebullience. They took it for granted that she was happy over the outcome of the Frank Brown affair.

More than once she said to herself rather sententiously: "I hope Toby will make it plain to David that he objects to him as a son-in-law because no one knows who or what his parents were. That would put David on his mettle. Nothing could be so gratifying as an elopement."

Showing how well she understood men.

She sensed rather than knew that David and Miriam met somewhere that day. Her suspicions were confirmed when later on Ella came in with the news that Miriam had presented Timothy to David. Mrs. Spaine smiled. Confirmation upon confirmation.

Miriam took her last horseback ride up one of the mountain roads. She was unattended and she was on a strange horse. The Traffordson animals had been sent home. David was waiting up the trail.

She was serious, but there was defiance in her dark, lovely eyes.

"Mother knows," she said. "She hasn't said so, to be sure, but I can tell by her manner that she suspects. She is so cold, so distant."

"I think it would be only fair and decent of me to run in and say good-by to her this evening," said David.

She shook her head vigorously.

"Not for the world!" she exclaimed. "It's bad enough, dear, without making it worse by trying to be polite."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Phenomena, and So Forth

(Continued from Page 18)

"Then sue 'em," said Malachi, but Mary Jane detected an uneasy, almost frightened look in the cold gray eyes which convinced her Malachi was not easy in his mind as to the earthly origin of the phenomena he described. "I don't b'lieve in ghosts," he said grimly.

"Let's see. You live about five miles out, don't you?"

"Yes. Two hundred and forty acres."

"As I remember your farm, it's up in the hills. A sort of long, narrow valley."

"Good land and sheltered," said Malachi. "Shet in and pertected."

"You've no idea who is playing these tricks on you?"

"If they be tricks," said Malachi.

"Well," said Mary Jane, "there wouldn't be much satisfaction in suing John Doe, so I guess we better find out who is the miscreant first. You run along, Mr. Bangs, and feed your cows and what not while I look around some. I may even run out to observe the phenomena."

"I don't want no delay," said Malachi.

"What I said," Mary Jane replied softly, "was equivalent to good-by."

Whereupon Malachi creaked to his feet and went to other places, leaving Mary Jane to very interesting reflections. There were points about this new case which entertained her. She was inclined to think the thing more serious than a mere retaliatory nuisance. But why?

At three-thirty her telephone rang and Tim Hyde, the polo-playing young mayor of Jonesboro, asked her if a day's work weren't a day's work, and what next.

"I'll drive with you," said Mary Jane. "Into bosky dells and between fragrant meadows. Honk when you arrive."

It seemed not more than three minutes before a raucous hooting below informed her of the presence of an impatient admirer, and Mary Jane went demurely down the stairs and climbed into the sportiest runabout in the state.

Presently they stopped before Malachi's gate. On top of one post sat an exceedingly black cat. As they alighted another equally sable pussy exploded from under a currant bush, and a third, aroused from sleep on the front stoop, got up and stretched ecstatically.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Tim. And as a fourth black cat strolled around the corner of the house with three black kittens following it, "Gosh! Gosh all hemlocks! Maybe there's gold in them thar cats."

"They're psychic phenomena," said Mary Jane. "Look!"

Something blood-red fluttered across the grass. It was a piece of paper cut into a neat triangle. Another was pasted against the glass of a front window, and, as they walked round the house, their eyes fell upon half a dozen more of these tokens.

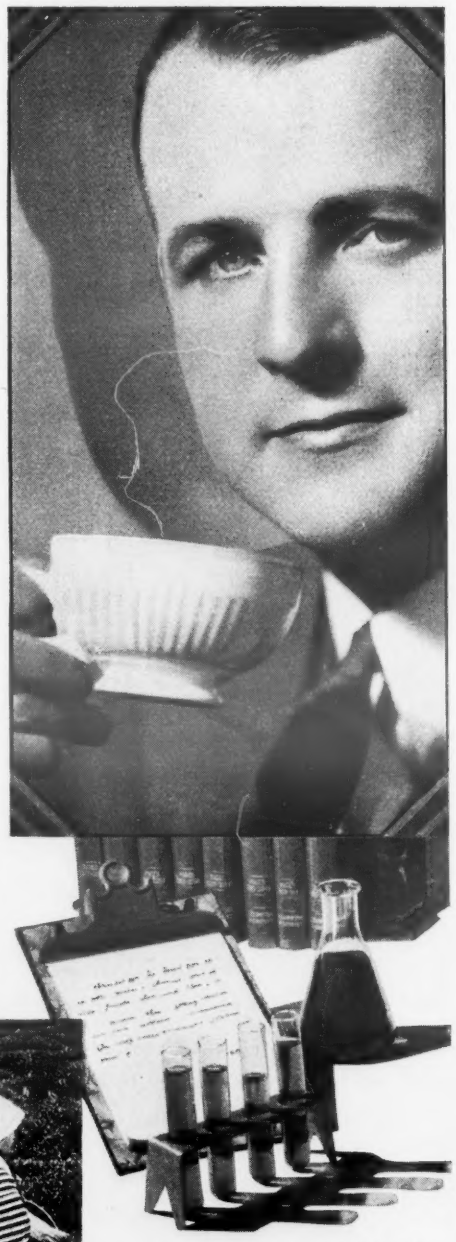
"Looks like communist geometry," said Tim, and then from the east came a vivid flash of light. It played briefly on a side window, darted aside and danced on the clapboards and then vanished.

"Well, well," said Mary Jane softly. "Now if a moan will be provided we've seen the whole show.

"Listen," said Tom.

In this familiar tea —a health value that is helping thousands

Scientists have discovered in simple Japan green tea a safeguard against several every-day ailments



Are you needlessly troubled with minor ailments? Several of them have now been traced by scientists to a simple cause.

Most foods we eat lack one precious food element. And many people, it is now believed, are suffering from certain common maladies because their three meals a day give them too little of this all-important Vitamin C.

It is this health-giving safeguard which scientists have discovered in familiar Japan green tea.

Lacking in most of the foods we eat

"Important to us," writes one eminent scientist, "are the results of a diet *poor* in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a *sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains usually mistaken for rheumatism.* It now appears that this condition is rather common among grown people."

If your vitality is low, if you are "run down" and easily tired out; if you are troubled with the discomforts that so often come with loss of energy—nervousness, sleeplessness, poor appetite or lethargy—if your skin is sallow or muddy—if you suffer at times from so-called rheumatic pains—take this simple precaution that is already protecting thousands. There is certainly no "cure-all" in fragrant, pleasant cups of Japan green tea. But today they are known to bring an abundance of Vitamin C, a safeguard against these ailments.

A rich supply of precious Vitamin C has been discovered by scientists in simple Japan green tea

Few foods, aside from Japan green tea, spinach and some fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. The Japan green tea that grocers sell is rich in it.

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For loss of energy that spoils many a day, for a sallow, muddy skin, for pains that seem like rheumatism, try this simple plan: Drink flavory cups of Japan green tea *regularly* for lunch, for supper, in the afternoon. Take advantage of its rich supply of Vitamin C. After a few weeks you will probably be feeling—and looking—more vigorously alive, more healthy.

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On the other hand, if you don't wish to burn (there are plenty of smart members of both schools) protect your skin against exposure wherever possible.

And if you do get sunburned, hasten to apply "Vaseline" Jelly to the burned area and keep up the treatments till the soreness and redness disappear.

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"Vaseline" Jelly won't grow hair (where Nature doesn't want it); it won't make you fat; it is absolutely harmless in every way. It is good for the skin—is, in fact, the basis for many of the high-class cosmetics you use every day on your face.

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"Vaseline" Jelly is on sale everywhere in jars and tubes. And remember when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Company, Cons'd.

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Vaseline

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PETROLEUM JELLY

There was a sound, low, vibrant, which increased in volume and then died. It was not exactly a moan, nor precisely a hum, but it was weird and disturbing. It seemed to come from no particular spot, but to hover in the air, and it caused a tingle to run up and down the spine.

"Say," demanded Tim, "what's the party?"

"It's my job to find out," said Mary Jane brightly. "I got to bring an action in trespass against a spook and it's going to be hard to serve the summons. How does one project a legal paper into the fourth dimension?"

"Malachi," said Tim, "should have retained a medium instead of a lawyer. D'you suppose those cats are real?"

"They miaul," said Mary Jane. "Isn't that Malachi coming up the road?"

It was. Malachi plodded along behind his team and presently drove into the farmyard and came to a stop, scowling.

"Seen them cats?" he demanded.

"We've seen the whole performance," answered Mary Jane. "When did the curtain ring up?"

"Eh?"

"When did these manifestations start to manifest?"

"LEMME see. I got done drillin' the well three weeks come Thursday. Cal'late it was just over two weeks ago."

"What well?" asked Mary Jane.

"To git water fur the stock down past the east mowin'. Had to go down a hunderd and ninety foot. Want to come into the house?"

"We'll wander around a bit and then be getting back," Mary Jane said. "Do the flashes always come from the east?"

"Jest afternoons, kind of late."

"Ah. And they come from the west mornings?"

"Yes," said Malachi. "Cæsar's ghost! Listen to that moanin'."

Again the air was laden with an eerie, vibrant sound, long-drawn, rising and falling. Not loud, but perfectly audible.

"Sometimes it comes down the chimbly," said Malachi uneasily.

Mary Jane was very grave.

"Mr. Bangs," she said, "have you no idea what is back of this?"

"Nary idee. Somebuddy's deviltry."

"Too much deviltry to be just deviltry," said Mary Jane. "Come along, Tim. I've got to use you to think on. Sit tight, Mr. Bangs. Mother will watch over you."

With which assurance she stepped into the mayor's car and the drive back to town started in silence. After a time Mary Jane commenced her thinking audibly.

"There's a purpose," she said. "Let's see how much firm ground we can get under us. The immediate purpose is clear enough—to frighten Malachi. All these entertainments are devised to scare the old man pink. Somebody has gone to a great deal of trouble if scaring is all there is to it."

"Seems so," said Tim.

"I COULD locate those mirrors easy enough. But what good? Um. . . . I think I've got the moans. Ever fix up a cigar box with a couple of violin strings and put it where the wind could blow through?"

"Sure."

"Well, that's that. But all to what purpose? What are the various motives? Love, hatred, jealousy, cupidity, fear? Now love doesn't fit in. I don't believe anybody hates him. Almost everybody dislikes him, but that's a heap different. Jealousy is out automatically, and I can't imagine anybody being afraid of Malachi. Unless, perhaps, he knew something dangerous to someone.

"But the phenomena wouldn't indicate that. So we have left cupidity. Money. Most likely of the motives where Malachi is concerned."

"He's well off," said Tim, "but not rich."

"And how would frightening him with childish devices get any money away from him?" asked Mary Jane. "We've got to dig deeper. Let's see. What would fear be likely to make him do?"

"Hire a lawyer," said Tim with a twinkle.

"Wait," said Mary Jane. "I'm nibbling. What are all these things calculated to make him afraid of?"

"Spooks."

"In a way, of course. But what is the result of spooks? I wonder now. A haunted house! A haunted farm! Can that be it, eh? To make Malachi afraid of his house and his farm? But why?"

"You go on guessing," said Tim; "you're enjoying it."

"IT'S conceivable," she said. "Let's take as a hypothesis that somebody wants to turn Malachi's appetite against this farm. Somebody wants to make him afraid of it. Again why?" She wagged her cunning head. "So he'll go away from it, naturally. But what good would it do anybody to frighten Malachi away from this farm?"

"Add to the peace of the community," said Tim.

"Not good enough. I wonder," Mary Jane said, "if anybody has been trying to buy this farm. Drive back, Tim. I've got to know that."

So they drove back a couple of miles to ask the question. Malachi replied in the negative. "Hain't nobuddy ever tried to buy a foot of it."

"And that's that," said Mary Jane. But as they drove away she said to Tim: "Nobody's made an offer for it, but I bet you a cookie somebody's going to. So we come to the crucial question," she said. "Why does anybody want to buy Malachi's farm? Answer that and we've got home with a brass band to meet us at the station. What is so darned attractive about Malachi's farm? Not its fertility. Not its location. And why did it get attractive all of a sudden—after being just another farm for a couple of hundred years?"

"I bet Malachi is doing the whole bag of tricks himself," said Tim.

"No, he was scared. Let's see. The answer to that last question would be that someone just discovered its desirability. And where does that lead us?"

"To the country club," said Tim.

"FOR instance, who has had an opportunity to discover anything commendable about the place? Malachi doesn't approve of visitors. But somebody must have." Suddenly she snapped her fingers. "And somebody did," she said.

"Who?"

"The time fits, the opportunity was ample," she said excitedly, "and there you are. With my little hatchet!"

Next morning the need for information called Mary Jane to the reading room of the public library. At a table across the room she saw Milliken, late political dictator of Jonesboro, but deposed from office and deprived of emoluments by the election of Tim Hyde to the mayoralty. He was reading a book. This was astonishing. When she went out she stopped at the desk.

"I see Mr. Milliken was reading a book," she said to the librarian. "Was it big print?"

The librarian smiled. "Small, very small print," she said. "It was The Mineral Industry During 1927."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mary Jane. "I don't care for his taste in summer reading, but it's nice to know he can read."

She was back in her office about five minutes when Malachi came into her office very much disgruntled, with threats to change his lawyer if something wasn't done pretty quick—and he was nervous. Undoubtedly he was in a state of mind bordering upon fidgets.

(Continued on Page 84)

BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S

Taste the Juice of Real Mint Leaves

Hot days lose their terror in the cooling freshness of **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT.**

The dry mouth is moistened, the parched throat soothed, and edgy nerves calmed by this little joy bringer.

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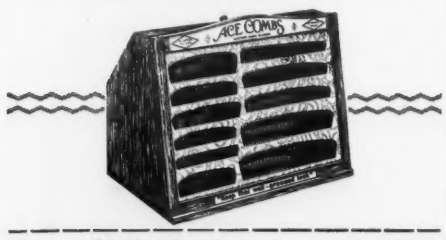

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L H J-8

(Continued from Page 82)

"I hain't goin' to endure it," he said harshly. "I can't abide sich goin's on. I got to sleep. I got to eat. Them things hain't natural, now be they? And you hain't doin' nothin' but set. Why don't you do suthin' about it? Why don't you sue somebuddy?"

"Just a little patience, Mr. Bangs."

"If you was out there all alone with them things happenin' around you I cal'late you wouldn't have much patience," said the old fellow. "I dunno's I kin put up with it much longer. I got to git some sleep—day or night."

"You're frightened," said Mary Jane.

"I be," he said.

"Did you ever think about moving into the city?" she asked.

"Off'm my farm where I was born! Sell my farm, you mean?"

"Why, possibly."

"Who'd buy it?" he demanded. "Think anybuddy wants to buy him a crop of black cats and flashes of light and moans and red snips of paper?"

"Nobody knows about them," she suggested.

"I can't go on livin' there like this."

"Then," she asked, "why don't you see if you can't get an offer?"

"No, sirree," he said firmly.

BUT Mary Jane felt the idea was planted. She wanted it to grow because she believed matters could not be brought to a head until the phenomena had some effect on Malachi. If her reasoning was right their purpose was to make the old man clear out and dispose of his property. It would bring his unknown ill-wisher into the open. Because there have to be two parties to a sale—buyer and seller—and the person who presented himself as a purchaser would be the recipient of Mary Jane's immediate attentions.

"I guess," said Mary Jane, "I'll have to help out the enemy."

In pursuance of this determination she enlisted His Honor the Mayor, and the supporters of that dignitary, as well as his enemies, would have been shocked or gratified according to their friendliness or unfriendliness could they have seen him during the dark hours of that evening.

Next morning a disheveled Malachi appeared in Mary Jane's office. "I can't stand it no more," he said, blinking his sleepless and reddened eyes. "I'm bein' druv crazy. I'm figgerin' on sellin' that place and livin' where a body gits some peace."

"Ah," said Mary Jane, "you wish to put your farm on the market?"

"You bet you," said Malachi Bangs.

"Possibly you are right. I'll attend to it for you."

He grunted at this, but Mary Jane persisted. "I'll attend to the details and we'll see what kind of an offer we can get. It'll save a real-estate man's commission," she said adroitly. "I don't take commissions. This is thrown in as a part of my legal services in the case because I don't seem to have done you much good."

"You ought to gimme suthin' for my money," said Malachi.

"I'm meaning to," said Mary Jane.

THAT evening an advertisement appeared in the Jonesboro papers to the effect that the Malachi Bangs farm was for sale and that those interested were to apply to Mary Jane Ware at her office.

On Friday morning the telephone rang. It was a lawyer named Jakin.

"I've a client," he said, "who is interested in the Bangs place."

"Yes," said Mary Jane, and waited.

"What's the price?"

"I am not putting a price on it," she said. "Make an offer."

"Unusual," said Mr. Jakin. "Er—but I'll make a tentative proposition of forty-five hundred dollars."

"I'll submit it," said Mary Jane, "but Mr. Bangs is a peculiar person in some ways. He will want to know who is buying. Sort of like a man with a pet dog that he wants to find a good home for."

"I don't know that my client would care to have his name disclosed at this time."

"Then," said Mary Jane, "I'm afraid I can't submit your offer."

"I can make it direct," said Jakin.

"Try it," said Mary Jane, "and then come back and tell me how sorry you are."

"Got it sewed up, eh?" He considered briefly. "Well, no harm, I guess. My client is Mr. Milliken. Financially sound, isn't he?"

"Oh," said Mary Jane, "very. All right, Mr. Jakin, I'll submit your proposition and telephone you."

MARY JANE hung up the receiver and looked for a long time out of the window. Milliken! She had excellent reason to know Mr. Milliken and his methods—enough to be sure that the reasons which might move the ordinary man to buy a farm would not affect his devious mind. What, then, could there be about Malachi's farm to interest Milliken and to stir him to such endeavors?

Suddenly her eyes opened wide, and she clucked. "Two plus two is four," she said. "It's got to be. It always was. And the world do move."

For another twenty minutes she sat very still passing before her mind every fact that had come into her possession. One fact her brain settled—the time when the manifestations commenced at the farm. What about that time made it drop within the circle of the idea which was gripping her? What was it Malachi said? How had he arrived at the exact time? Now she remembered. It was a week after he finished drilling a well.

"And," said Mary Jane, "that fits like a twelve-dollar pair of silk stockings. I'm going to look here and there and see this and that."

She did so promptly, in her own little runabout. It whisked her out to Malachi's farm and through the rutted lane to the south mowing where the new well had its being. It was just a well. A neat well a hundred and ninety feet deep, as Malachi had declared.

"You have," she said to herself, "to take out a lot of dirt when you drill a hundred and ninety-foot well. But there is no dirt. Where is the dirt that came out of the well?"

SHE strolled down the lane until she came to a depression a couple of hundred yards away, and in this depression she saw a considerable quantity of loose earth. Obviously the dumping ground for the borings from the well. She went back to her office and called Malachi at the hotel where he was staying.

"I've an offer for your farm," she said, and named the price.

"Won't take it," said Malachi. "I got to git five thousand dollars—and no commission off, neither."

"I'll let you know," said Mary Jane, and promptly called Mr. Jakin to submit the counter proposition. With very slight hesitation the lawyer accepted it.

"Very well," said Mary Jane. "I'll prepare the deeds, and by the time you've completed the title search I'll be ready. Terms cash."

"I—er—I've already searched the title."

"Good. Then I'll call you when everything is ready. Have your client on hand with a certified check."

"Without fail," said Mr. Jakin.

After which Mary Jane made a number of visits, one to the library, one out at the university, one in a large building given up to various business offices, and then back to her own place of business. After that there was nothing to do but wait.

On the following Wednesday she called Mr. Jakin and made an appointment for his client to take title that afternoon. Of this she informed Malachi, and at two

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o'clock the old man was in the office waiting. Presently Jakin entered with Milliken, and Mary Jane nodded placidly.

"Let's get to business," said Milliken unpleasantly, "I'm a busy man."

"It's so nice to be busy," said Mary Jane. "We won't keep you but a moment. Here's the deed all ready and signed and sealed and everything." She handed it to Mr. Jakin, who put on his eyeglasses and read it slowly. As he reached the second page he paused and frowned.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"What's what?" asked Mary Jane innocently.

"This clause," said Jakin. "You've inserted a clause here reserving the mineral rights to Malachi Bangs. Most unusual. Objectionable. What's the idea? My client will insist upon a fee simple title without reservations."

"Well," said Mary Jane, "I just happened to hear about a reservation clause like that, so I thought I'd put it in for Mr. Bangs. To give him good measure."

"Cut it out," snapped Milliken. "I don't want any fool clauses in my deed."

"Of course not. But for the price, Mr. Milliken. Isn't that lovely farm cheap at five thousand dollars?"

"Cut it out," said Milliken, "or there's no deal. What's minerals got to do with it, anyhow?"

"Why, I guess nothing. By the way, do you read much, Mr. Milliken?"

"No time for sich nonsense."

"I thought I saw you in the library the other day."

"What of it?"

"I was sort of interested, because—well, because you didn't seem like a literary sort of man to me. It didn't seem to me as if literature would be good for you, somehow. Disagree with you, you know. So I asked the librarian what you were reading and she told me. It was The Mineral Industry During 1927."

Milliken frowned. But he maintained a grim silence.

"Of course I guessed there was some reason somewhere," said Mary Jane affably, "because nobody would go to all that trouble to scare Mr. Bangs just for fun. And I know you don't like fun, Mr. Milliken. You're a serious man, aren't you?"

"Listen," Milliken roared, 'do I get this property or don't I? What you asking for—a lawsuit?"

"My client dotes on 'em," said Mary Jane. "So I added up two and two, and went out and looked at Mr. Bangs' well. Because minerals live down in the ground and a well goes down in the ground where minerals are. I thought that up all alone, and it's a cunning idea, I think. And the contractor that drilled the well is your nephew, Mr. Moreland. So I walked around and looked, and then I decided to put in a reservation clause about minerals. Because I took a couple of lumps off where the dirt had been dumped and had them assayed in the university laboratories. . . . I think this must be Professor Steiger now. . . . Come in." she called.

The professor came in with a little bag which he placed on Mary Jane's desk.

"I guess we're ready for you, professor. Mr. Milliken will be interested."

The elderly gentleman set out a number of bottles filled with some black substance upon the desk.

"The samples submitted," he said, "are manganese. High-grade ore. About forty-seven per cent. I and my assistants measured up the mass of the borings from the well and washed them. The well was drilled through what I may say conservatively is an exceedingly rich vein. I cannot state its extent without further drillings, but in my opinion there is a considerable deposit in the valley in which the Bangs farm is located—a valley which is, in effect, an enormous pocket."

"And is this manganese of value, professor?"

"Of considerable value."

"In your opinion is the farm plus the metal worth more than five thousand dollars?"

"A great many times that, Miss Ware—if our geologists are correct in their assumptions."

"Thank you, professor," said Mary Jane sweetly; and then to Milliken, "so you see five thousand dollars wouldn't entitle you to more than just the farm. And I think here is another gentleman." A second rap on the door and an invitation to enter introduced a young man with an outdoor complexion whom Mary Jane presented as Mr. Wax, mining engineer for the American Metals Corporation.

"Have you an offer, Mr. Wax?" asked Mary Jane.

"I have. My company is prepared to go ahead and do the necessary exploration work, to drill, and so forth. Of course we shall do so at our own expense. We will, if the property proves up as we are justified in believing, pay to Mr. Bangs a flat sum of one hundred thousand dollars and an additional royalty of two dollars a ton for every ton of manganese mined. We will erect immediately a hundred-ton mill. This would mean that within ten months Mr. Bangs would be receiving two hundred dollars a day from us in royalties."

Mary Jane turned to Milliken. "Are you prepared to improve on that offer, Mr. Milliken?"

"Prepared nothin'. I'll sue you, that's what. Make a monkey of me! I'll show ye what monkey is."

"In that case," said Mary Jane, "good afternoon. And beware of books, Mr. Milliken. Oh, by the way, Mr. Bangs is feeding about a dozen cats which must belong to you. Where shall we send them? And those mirrors?"

But Mr. Milliken had become absent suddenly and with a touch of violence. Mary Jane smiled at the bewildered Malachi.

"Well," she said, with a little twinkle in her baby-blue eyes, "have I given you your money's worth?"

"Dog-gone!" exclaimed Malachi, for he could find no other words.

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Precedence and Precedents

(Continued from Page 8)

United States. Our Washington is the nation's city. It is the city in which the Government of the United States has its home. The Government stands in the same position here that the biggest landowner does in a smaller town; it stands in the place of the lord of the manor to many of the groups who live here. Many of Washington's best citizens are on its pay roll, and all are among its neighbors and its friends. But if the lord of the manor in our town cannot always go himself to parties given by his employes, friends and neighbors, he can always show his good will and his friendliness by seeing to it that an accredited ranking member of his official family makes these good social contacts for him. In this way the manor house will be actually represented in the social life of the community, and the right spirit of cooperation will be shown. You can see how that is. And it is right here—doing this very necessary contact job—that another important part of the Vice President's really strenuous duties begins. These are duties imposed only by custom, it is true, and lie outside the strict constitutional requirements of the office; but they are very real duties, none the less, and they cannot be neglected.

"Now it is, of course, the very A B C of everyday social custom to return courtesy with courtesy, in kind. I have heard you say, 'I owe them a dinner. I owe her a luncheon.' You look on it as a social debt, an honorable debt. Yet there are some types of courtesy—such as returning calls and dinners and receptions, in private homes or on the foreign soil of embassies—which the President cannot very well do in person. We have seen some of the reasons why it is more expedient as well as more dignified for the President to give rather than to receive. Yet for our Government to refuse to accept a return of common social courtesies would be indeed ungracious. That is why it has come about that the man who stands 'vice' to the President—and the dictionary says that 'vice' in this sense means: 'One who acts in the place of another, a substitute; deputy'—the man who has been elected by the people of the country, then, to be Vice President, must do these tasks, these pleasant tasks, for him. Who else is there, in a republican form of government, to step into this necessary gap and do this necessary gracious work?"

The Official Diner Out

"THERE really is a lot of truth in the little boy's notion of some of the duties of the Vice President! For the Vice President has, through successive administrations, become almost truly the person who does, and must do, many things which a very busy President would like to do himself but can't. He represents the executive at all but the most formal functions. He has become the official diner out of the Administration, the contact man for the executive arm of the Government, and as such is in touch with all the complex aspects of Washington life. That when the Vice President is fulfilling this function he should be and is accorded all the respect and courtesy accorded to the President's self has not been questioned. Nor is there anything very new about it. It's a century-old custom. In fact, the major service of the vice presidency today—aside from presiding over the Senate, and at the President's invitation attending Cabinet meetings—consists in doing something for another person. And that other person is none other than the tremendously overworked President of the United States—and that's as much as I have learned, so far, about the Vice President's 'job.'"

"Then tell me, Dolly, what part of all this work falls upon you."

"People from back home are always asking that, too, and wondering what it is I have to do. I've already explained what a very generous fraction of the Vice President's duties and responsibilities is purely social. Who is to attend to all that social part? Well, I ask you, who attends to the social side of things in your home?

"Any woman knows what portion of the social duty in a family falls upon the man, and how much more upon the woman. A man may be asked here and there because of his position in the community, but it is upon the woman of his household—his wife or sister or daughter, whoever must play the part of his official hostess—that the real burden falls. The planning, the adjusting, the arranging, the seeing to it that So-and-So is not hurt, that another social function is arranged for at a future date—all this is a woman's natural work, and in this work she always has to be the right hand, dexterous in a good warm social handclasp."

Why a Hostess?

"UNFORTUNATELY brother has no wife; but at the same time it is very necessary that he be accompanied to these functions by some woman of his immediate household who is in a position to return many courtesies. At these official affairs he is being entertained as a symbol of the Government of the United States, its power and its prestige. As a symbol of that Government he will most naturally see to it—and would indeed be very derelict in patriotism and in respect for his own nation if he did not see to it—that both he and his official hostess, no matter how humble they may personally be, are accorded every respect that the symbol of our Government should receive from all right-minded people. Any precedence which he may expect, ask for, or demand is not asked for as an individual, but in the name of every true American citizen who wishes due respect shown to a symbol of his Government.

"It is not to bunting as bunting but to the flag as The Flag that hats are always taken off. To any patriot this will seem mere common sense. He believes that to do less, to guard with any less jealousy the good name and prestige of his native land, would be in just so much to fall short in his sworn duty to defend and uphold the Constitution of the United States."

Here Dolly Gann was called away for a few minutes by one of the thousand and one people who are constantly asking something of her, and to whom she is much too generously apt to say "Yes." While she was gone I kept trying to put myself in a position in which one may receive forty-eight invitations in one day. You and I, as wives and hostesses, know the obligations such invitations impose; and we know that there has to be someone to decide which are to be accepted, and why, and how. When Mrs. Jones calls up and asks us to dinner next Tuesday, there has to be some woman in the household—someone having all the ins and outs of household plans and responsibilities at her finger tips—who can tell what the members of her family are to be doing that day, what they can accept and what they must regretfully decline. I could well see that Dolly's Brother Charles could not be rung up in the midst of presiding over the United States Senate to be asked: "Can you dine with So-and-So on such a date? Or do you prefer to go to such-and-such a house?" Obviously, and as a mere matter of common sense and plain household management, there has to be a woman in charge—a capable and intelligent woman, a woman who knows her way about social Washington, and a woman

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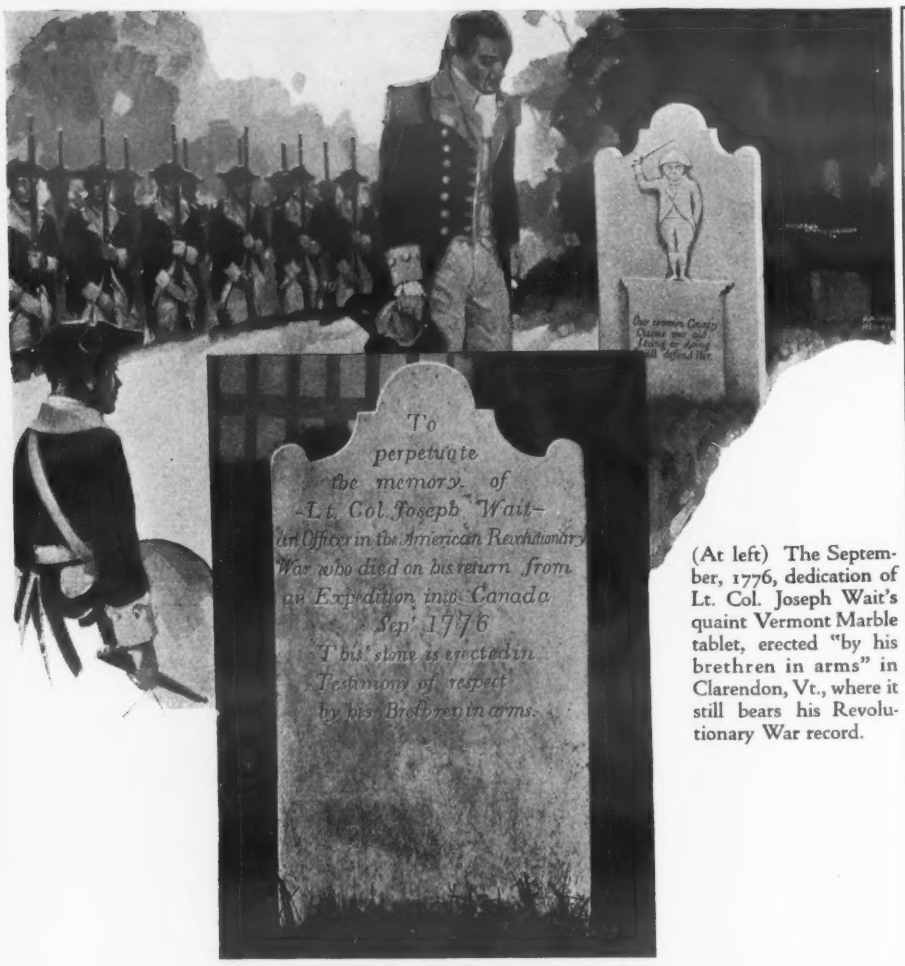

(At left) The September, 1776, dedication of Lt. Col. Joseph Wait's quaint Vermont Marble tablet, erected "by his brethren in arms" in Clarendon, Vt., where it still bears his Revolutionary War record.

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with sense and judgment, in whom her menfolks in turn have the most complete confidence. It was easy to see that the social side of the Vice President's job could not be attended to by a hired secretary or a salaried housekeeper. It was a job for the nearest woman of his family, no matter how much this might cut athwart her own personal plans or pleasures, destroy her privacy or peace of mind or eat ruthlessly into her time. And so, to satisfy myself in this, I asked when she came back again:

"How much of your own time does this work take?"

"Why, Mary Lee, I've never worked so hard in all my life! I've never given up so many things I really want to do. You know how I love bridge, yet I haven't had a bridge game in weeks. And the only possible way I can see my old friends at all is to pick them up and take them with me when I go making calls. For although in a strictly technical sense there's no compulsion that I should pay these calls, it is surely more considerate and courteous to do so. I made thirty-two yesterday afternoon! You see, this job has not an eight-hour-day, or even twelve. It's twenty-four, no less."

There were some things which Dolly Gann did not say but which should, I think, be said, by one who knows and loves her. For quite as much as anything that she herself would tell, they form a background of reality to any sketch of our Vice President's right hand. They are the things I have picked up observing her, in her own home and out of it, these past few months in Washington; and they are things which other women notice, and know in their full value. And as I watched I have been proud that a woman of our Middle Border, a woman bred on Main Street of one of our so-called provincial cities, has so risen to the needs of the "job," as she has seen it.

A very formal dinner was recently given in Washington by a certain ambassador from South America. Now, as you know, it is perfectly legal for the foreign representatives to import and have in their homes and serve any liquor they may desire. The laws of our country do not govern them; and since they are supposed to stand to us as a symbol of their own country's sovereignty, for us to claim sovereignty over their actions or property would be the type of thing which nations go to war about. The arm of the law in Washington must stand outside the door of an ambassador's official residence. The law may knock, but without permission it may not enter. This is the thing the lawyers call diplomatic immunity.

Diplomatic Thoughtfulness

"IT WAS a very lovely dinner," Dolly said; "so many interesting people, and the embassies themselves are like miniature museums of their countries, full of beautiful curios and works of art suggestive of their country's life. I do enjoy them, and any woman likes to see the inside of attractive houses. I was sitting next to our host and having a happy time indeed, for I've a very warm feeling for the diplomatic group, who have proved themselves to be the most genuine, kindly people. A servant was about to fill my wine glass, and as I went on talking I made just the little necessary gesture of refusal, knowing that His Excellency would understand—if he noticed at all—that I was not in any sense refusing his hospitality, but merely as an American citizen trying to indicate, the best I knew, the loyal American attitude. You can't imagine how surprised and pleased I was when he leaned over, smiling, and said:

"'You needn't hesitate to take anything offered to you here, Mrs. Gann. In official courtesy to the Constitution of your country and in personal compliment to the Vice President of your country, I am serving nothing which is alcoholic liquor. The servant will fill your glass with fruit juices merely.'

"Now, that was very thoughtful, courteous and splendidly considerate of him, wasn't it?"

With the utmost definiteness Dolly Gann has refused to let her home life be disturbed by this "job." The house which she and her husband own in Cleveland Park, and which has also been her brother's home since the death of his wife, is just one of the many things temporarily given up; though now that summer has come to Washington, her rooms at the downtown apartment hotel where they are living are filled daily with the roses from her garden there. After the election last November the senator found his days so very full, and there were so many more things which must be undertaken down in the city, that the realization was borne in on them that they were, as a family, spending at least six hours a day, just in going back and forth to the suburban home—time which now they simply did not have.

Mr. Curtis' Job

FORTUNATELY for the Vice President, and fortunately for Dolly Gann, her husband is also her brother's very dear friend. He is a Kentuckian of quiet humor and of unusually keen professional caliber. The teamwork between him and the two members of the Curtis family is the result of perfect understanding, mutual appreciation of quality and the adjustment of true intimacy. To see three people so different in temperament pull their load with such absolute harmony and close companionship in feeling and interest is a treat to all their true friends. Edward Everett Gann is far too big a man to cavil at the generous slices of her time his wife must give to being official hostess for her brother, his dear friend. Sharing her affection for that brother, he also shares his wife's interest in working for him. Both he and Dolly know that this present work is simply a continuation of what she has been doing, on a smaller scale, for thirty years.

"I have not asked a thing, myself, either from Charles or from the people he represents," Dolly Gann told me. "On the contrary, I have been asked to give up something very precious: My time—almost all of it, and for a possible four years—my peace of mind, my own inclinations and preferences, long, intimate hours with my dear friends not in official life, my privacy, my quiet evenings at home with my husband, reading or at the radio. All these little homy things which every woman loves and takes pleasure in as a right must be put aside for a time, to stand by brother and do any help we can in his new work. For the 'job' must be well done. The people of the United States have elected a Vice President who knows Washington from long living here, who knows the United States Senate from long service there. And it stands to reason that they expect and demand that he shall actually fill the position.

"Of course, I may be wrong in this. The people of the country may want a mere figurehead for the vice presidency. But if they do, they picked the wrong man in my brother Charles. You know how closely I have followed his political as well as his personal fortunes ever since as a young, motherless girl he took me into his own family and gave me my true home. There has always been work for me to do for Charles, because I have always loved to work for him. And it has always been fun to do it and to make a good clean job of it, if possible.

"Our father, Oran Curtis, was from New England stock, and maybe that old-fashioned New England notion about the dignity of work runs in our family. My brother is not a man to do any job with half his heart. He is a worker, and he has a just pride in fulfilling 'the whole scope and sphere' of this office.

"That is what he said in the Senate Chamber the day of his inauguration. And he also said: 'The task is not easy.'"

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You, too, can be sure of the same wonderful results—make your stocking money go twice as far. Simply use gentle, safe Lux. Avoid rubbing stockings with cake soap. Avoid the harmful alkali found in so many soaps, whether flakes, cakes, chips or powders.

"SINCE I LEARNED this secret of the big Broadway shows, my stocking money goes twice as far"—girls everywhere are enthusiastically saying . . . For whether your stockings cost $1.15 or $10.50, they can be made to wear ever so much longer—just as the great New York musical shows make their stockings last twice as long—if you always wash them in pure sparkling Lux suds.

(*Above*) MARILYN MILLER, *beautiful Ziegfeld star . . . "Our stockings stay like new twice as long with Lux," says the Ziegfeld wardrobe mistress—"and all our washable costumes, too (from chiffons to cottons), are kept new looking with Lux. Naturally, I insist on Lux."*

(*Above, right*) NORMA TERRIS, *the adorable Magnolia of "Show Boat." This marvelous show uses 600 costumes with stockings to match! "I find our sheer hosiery gives us twice the wear with Lux," says Mrs. Victoria Reilly, wardrobe mistress. "Lux is wonderful and a great economy in laundering all fine fabrics."*

Summing up for all Broadway producers, the Shubert general manager adds: "We would use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box—Lux cuts stocking bills in half" . . . Lux is so much purer, so much more carefully made—that is why Lux doubles the life of stockings.

RUTH ETTING, *featured in the rollicking "Whoopee," is enthusiastic about Lux . . . "Of course I use Lux," she says. "Show me a stage woman who doesn't! Washing one's fine things in Lux is surely the a-b-c of fashion wisdom and clothes economy."*

The Practical Homemaker

A Department of Cookery and Household Economies

Conducted by **MILLICENT YACKEY**

Sirup Sponge Cakes

This Method Permits Uncommon Flavor

By **RUTH L. PARRISH**

IN THE hot days of summer when a cold tinkling drink of some determined fruit flavor is the only acceptable between-meal refreshment to offer our casual callers, nothing in the way of an accompaniment is so appropriate as sponge cake. And then if, instead of plain angel food or yellow sponge cakes, you sometimes offer maple, marble, chocolate, cherry, mocha or spice sponge cake, your reputation will travel far. All these uncommon flavors are easily attainable and are delightful variations of this characteristically light and fluffy cake with such tender texture and delicate taste, if you just become acquainted with the sirup method of making sponge cakes.

First, it is quite necessary that you understand sponge cakes as a whole and the reason for their quality of delicacy in both flavor and texture; then you will see more easily why the ingredients are so few and the method of combining them so simple. First of all, true sponge cakes are not so rich as other cakes because they contain no fat, and secondly they are lighter, because they are leavened or raised only by the air that is beaten into the eggs. The yellow or regular sponge cakes are made with both the yolks and whites, but the angel food calls only for the whites. Besides eggs, there are very few other ingredients used.

A Typical Sponge-Cake Recipe

1¼ Cupfuls of Sugar
½ Cupful of Water
6 Eggs
1 Cupful of Pastry Flour
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls of Lemon Juice
Grated Rind From ½ Lemon

THIS recipe will make one large sponge cake which is not expensive even when eggs are "high." These ingredients can be combined in a number of different ways: By the standard method described on page 84 of the July JOURNAL, by the meringue method in which the sugar is beaten into the egg whites to a stiff meringue and the yolks and other ingredients then added, or by the sirup method described in this article. By the last method they are quickly and easily made and have the added virtue of keeping well for a week or more, besides the one of variety of flavors already mentioned. According to this method, the sugar or other sweetening and water are cooked together, then poured over the eggs, and the other ingredients added. Since no method of mixing alone will assure an excellent product, let us take up the steps of sponge-cake making in the order in which we should pursue them, with some comment upon each.

Since eggs are such an important part of sponge-cake ingredients and since if cooked at too high a temperature they become tough, the heating of the oven must be carefully arranged for before the cake is ready to go in. Wide experimentation has proved that a temperature of about 330° F. to 350° F. is reliable to use. If you have an oven heat regulator, set it and allow plenty of time for the oven to reach the desired temperature. If you are using a portable oven thermometer, be sure that the oven reaches and maintains the proper temperature for some time before the baking, in order to hold it constant. The cake will be done if it rebounds when lightly touched with the finger tips. This requires sixty to seventy-five minutes for a six-egg sponge cake or a ten-egg angel-food cake baked in a tube pan, and the cake will be delicately browned. For cup cakes baked at the same temperature only twenty to thirty minutes will be required.

While the oven is heating, assemble the utensils and ingredients and have each measured before starting to mix. For a large cake, choose a tube pan with slides in the sides or with an extra-high tube, so that while cooling in the inverted pan it can hang loose from the sides. The tube allows the heat to penetrate more quickly to the center of the cake and thus to bake it more evenly.

In the mixing inclose as much air as possible, because the lightness of the cake depends upon the expansion of the air thus inclosed. For beating the whites of the eggs, a wire whisk is the best piece of equipment. The yolks, when used, should be beaten until thick and lemon colored, as the air thus beaten in prevents them from settling to the bottom of the cake and forming a heavy layer. A rotary beater is quite satisfactory for this purpose. The yolks may be beaten first and the lemon juice and rind added, but the egg whites should not be beaten until the sirup is almost ready to pour over them.

As for flour, use any good pastry flour and sift before piling it lightly in the cup. Then sift four additional times to incorporate as much air as possible, holding the sieve high.

Now you are ready to cook the sirup. Add the sugar to the liquid and stir until dissolved, then cook to 242° F.—or to a firm ball when tested in cold water. While the sugar and water are cooking add the salt to the egg whites and beat until stiff, but not dry. If cream of tartar is used to stiffen the egg whites, beat to a froth before adding it and continue beating until stiff. Pour the sirup in a steady narrow stream over the whites, beating until all is added. Then cool, if necessary, and combine with the well-beaten egg yolks and cut and fold in the flour in several parts, sprinkling it over the surface in a film. Now pour into a pan ungreased, as this less smooth surface is needed for this batter to cling to.

Invert the pan and cool the cake in it, to avoid shrinking. When cold, loosen with a spatula around sides and bottom and it will readily slip out.

If to be served immediately, pull apart with two forks into nice even-sized pieces, as shown on page 84 of the July JOURNAL, but do not cut with a knife until entirely cold, as the cake will become compact and not spring back into shape.

Sponge cakes containing egg yolks taste "eggy" unless well flavored with lemon juice and rind. A combination of orange and lemon, or lemon and grapefruit is also good, and a little vanilla in addition to the fruit flavor is often pleasing. Mocha, which is a combination of coffee and cocoa is unusually good, as is also spice, and both of these flavors have character enough to overcome the fatty flavor of the egg yolk.

Angel cake because of its extreme delicacy admits of much greater variation of flavors than ordinary sponge cake. Vanilla or almond, or a mixture of both, are the usual ones, but lemon or orange juice, or a mixture of the two may also be used. This fruit flavor is especially delightful if the cake is to be served with tea. In addition to these simple flavors, chocolate, maple sirup or maple flavoring, and nuts or fruits may also be used. A chocolate angel cake with black walnuts, a brown-sugar maple pecan or hickory-nut angel cake will prove a most intriguing surprise for many afternoon-tea guests. Nuts or fruits in these light cakes will be distributed evenly and not sink to the bottom if mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour from the measured amount. There is also less danger of this if the nuts are shredded or diced, as coconut or almonds, and the candied fruits are thinly sliced.

One may divide the mixture for an angel or yellow sponge cake into halves or thirds, giving each a different flavor or a different shape. Part of the batter may be made into cup cakes, a sheet cake, a loaf cake or drop cookies.

The directions for making drop cookies need a little further explanation. These are baked at a temperature of 380° F. for five minutes, at 330° F. for five minutes more, then left in the oven with the heat turned entirely off for five minutes longer. The following recipes usually make about eight drop cookies besides six cup cakes which, if left in the tins in which they are baked, may be split open several days afterward and made into ice-cream sandwiches and served with a chocolate sauce. The rest of the batter may be made into a jelly roll—which also keeps well—or baked in a small tube or loaf pan, in which it may be left until it is used, in order to avoid having the crust dry out.

In addition to the variations of flavorings and shapes and possible sizes, sponge cakes may also be frosted in the way of further variation, but there are few frostings that are suitable in the case of cakes of such delicate texture. A mocha frosting of butter, coffee and confectioner's sugar is about the best, as it is not overly sweet, and because of the lack of fat in the cake itself the richness of the butterfat blends pleasingly. For the same reason, whipped cream is an excellent garnish for a slice of sponge cake and makes a nice light dessert for many dinner menus.

As for ordinary frostings, they are too overpoweringly sweet to use on light, delicate sponge cakes. Sweetness in the form of sauces sometimes blends well with the flavor and texture of sponge cakes, when they are cooked to a smooth consistency with a food of bitter flavor, such as chocolate or caramel. The following recipes, however, have flavor enough of their own and really require no sweetening accompaniment.

(Continued on Page 100)

EXTRA CLEANLINESS
IN THE
CITY OF SUNBRITE.

GLEAMING globes . . . shining tins . . . prim array of spice jars . . . what pride you take in the lovely orderliness of your kitchen cabinet! Shelves and walls, glistening with their Sunbrite cleansing. A fresh, odorless cleanliness, because "double-action" Sunbrite *purifies* as it scours. Unique, this two-fold power! It saves time and effort in all your cleaning tasks. And it saves your hands, because it means but *one* simple cleansing process . . Order your supply of Sunbrite Cleanser today.

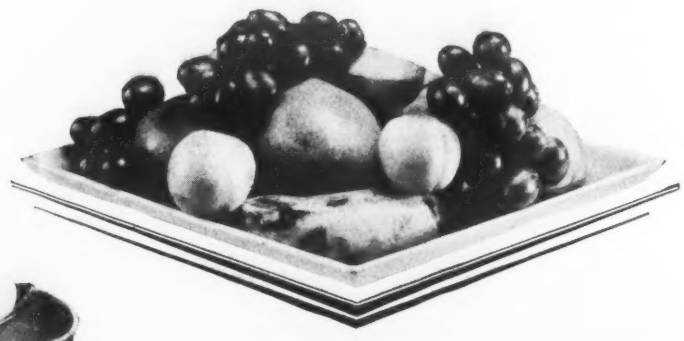
White Soap Chips for tiny suits and dresses.

SWIFT & COMPANY

Breakfast Cookery for Bachelor Husbands

1. In planning for fruit, do not omit berries in season. When ready to use, wash in a sieve under running water. Hull and sweeten afterward, serving soon after the sugar dissolves.

5. Properly to cook eggs "soft," put them into boiling water, cover the saucepan and let stand five minutes over the hot burner with heat turned off. When served, the white will be jellylike and the yolk warm, but not an indigestible paste.

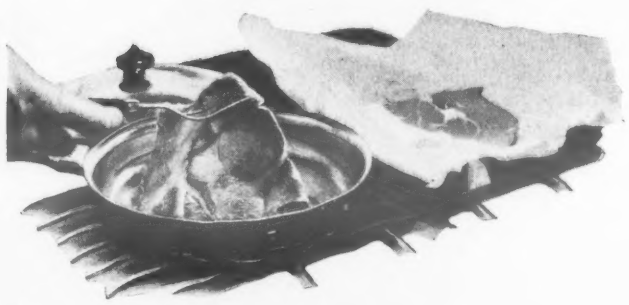


10. For the sake of your health and general comfort, keep a bowl of fresh fruit washed and in the refrigerator.

ANY change being a vacation, the bachelor husband sets out on one of most exciting adventure when the regular daily routine of the year is dropped and he finds himself preparing his own summer breakfasts. Though this meal for some will consist of fresh fruit in abundance, prepared cereal and coffee, there are many others who believe in starting the day well, and wisely so, by having a more hearty breakfast. This not only breaks the fast of a long night of rest but calls for a lighter luncheon in the hot part of the day when one does not have a hearty appetite and can then turn to work refreshed.

Regardless of what kind of breakfast you prefer, it is an easy matter to have any of the popular breakfast foods always on hand without much shopping or planning. As for shopping, fresh fruit is the only food that needs to be bought more than once a week, but when it comes to planning, there is always the problem of having everything ready to serve at the same time without too much last minute preparation. It is here that there are many suggestions to offer for short cuts in having excellently prepared foods, and on this page we specify some that promise to simplify breakfast cookery for bachelor husbands.

2. If your bowl of prepared cereal is a large one, fresh fruit in abundance and a beverage may be ample breakfast for a hot summer day. And milk, instead of cream, on the cereal is best, unless you are underweight.



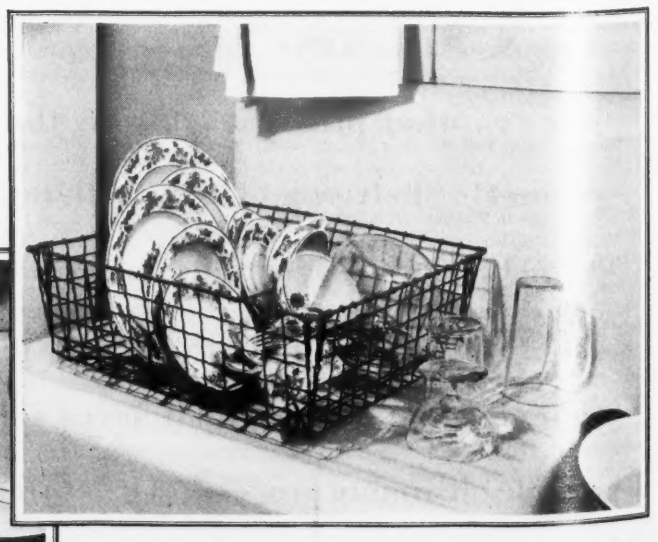
6. For the best broiled ham, buy a center slice, and what is not needed at the time wrap in parchment paper. To pan-broil the remainder, sear it quickly over a high flame, on both sides, in a pan heated piping hot, then cover to keep from drying, and cook slowly until tender.

3. For hot Parker House or sweet cinnamon rolls, you need only to put them in a hot oven for ten minutes in an amply large paper bag with the top folded and clipped down.

7. For griddle cakes or biscuits, and the like, mix and sift the dry ingredients the night before, and in the morning add the milk, the beaten egg and melted shortening, and cook.

8. Excellent coffee, clear and with a film of oil that gives it flavor, can be made by many recipes, but only when not overcooked.

4. To poach an egg, break it into a saucer, lower to the surface of simmering water, and quickly slip it in. Dip water over it and, when jellylike, drain, holding a knife across the edge of the pan, and serve on toast.



9. Wash the dishes only once a day, but put them to soak after each meal; the starchy and eggy ones in cold water, and all others in hot. After washing them, rinse with plenty of boiling water, let stand to drain and then put them away.

This Age of Refrigeration

By

GOVE HAMBIDGE

Illustrated by Weldon Bailey

HAVING learned to fashion contrivances that carried him swiftly over the crust of the earth, man longed for wings to rise above it. The creature is never satisfied. No sooner does he have a thing than an itch, a fever, drives him to want something else. This is one of the differences between man and the oyster.

Man makes spick-and-span little boxes in which to store his food, and recently he learned to fashion contrivances that keep these boxes uniformly cool, night and day, in any season. No sooner is this achieved than the engineers are afflicted with the old itch to go on to something bigger. Why not make the whole house a refrigerator? Should a man be less comfortable on a hot day than a beefsteak? He turns his house into a miniature Miami in winter; why should he not make it a private mountain or seaside resort in summer?

It is such an attractive and logical idea that it will be done. The up-to-date house of tomorrow, I believe, will manufacture its own summer as well as winter climate. This is done now in some theaters, factories and other large buildings. A central air-conditioning plant drives the air through a sort of oil filter to remove dust, adds moisture to it or takes moisture away as the need may be, heats the air in winter, cools it in summer, and circulates this conditioned air through the building by means of fans. To achieve the same thing for homes, the only remaining problem is the admittedly difficult one of doing the cooling on a small scale at a reasonable cost. Already it is beyond the dream stage. I am told that a famous manufacturer of electrical equipment has installed such year-round climate makers experimentally in a few houses. And the American Gas Association has a regular committee on house cooling. "The possibility of house cooling is not without the realms of feasibility," said the chairman of this committee at the 1928 Gas Association convention. "The work should be pushed so that by the 1929 convention actual test data will be available."

He then submitted theoretical figures on the cost of cooling a house—for an eight-room dwelling, properly insulated, in the vicinity of New York, $143 for the months of June, July, August and September, under maximum mean temperature conditions; or $43.50 under average conditions. This includes gas at one dollar a thousand cubic feet, water at one dollar a thousand cubic feet, and electric power for the fan. The theoretical cost of the apparatus is $1900. Assuming that it would last for twenty-five years, this gives a depreciation charge of $76 a year. Interest at 6 per cent would be $114. Add $143, $76 and $114 and you get $333 a year as the total cost, exclusive of repairs and maintenance.

So far it is the beefsteak in the refrigerator that has got the breaks when it comes to comfort.

A family might be willing to spend that to outwit sizzling New York summers and insure a good night's sleep every night.

So far, however, it is the beefsteak in the refrigerator that has got the breaks when it comes to comfort.

Cold and Bacteria

THIS time in which we live might with reason be called the Age of Refrigeration. It is the age in which man has solved a problem that has had him licked for thousands of years. This is the problem of keeping food for considerable periods fresh, wholesome, palatable, and free from the little organisms that produce anything from a touch of stomach ache to sudden violent death. It is the problem of placing the one-time dainties and delicacies of kings, gathered from all the quarters of the earth, within reach of the average purse. These things have been done, and it is largely the mastery of cold, the modern science of refrigeration, that has done them.

There is no single thing in man's life more important than food. But in these days when we can step over to the grocery or the delicatessen and pick up a meal in ten minutes, we have lost sight of the fundamental importance of food. In primitive society the planting of the seed was accompanied by the most holy of religious rites. The harvest and the end of the hunt were times of delirious rejoicing. We do not dance deliriously or shout a pæan of praise now when the grocer hands out the order; but, just the same, the average man, though he may not realize it, spends more than a third of his working time earning money to buy food for his family. Without reasonably well-filled stomachs, we would have no poetry, no painting, no skyscrapers, no bridges, no breath-taking scientific discoveries, no vast industrial and political organizations.

The Eskimo has no need of cold storage. He lives and he loves in Nature's own ice box.

Primitive man spent practically all his time getting, caring for and preparing food. In a real sense, the aim of human progress has been to make these three processes ever easier and easier. The less time we are forced to spend thinking about food, the more we have for higher things, so called. Thus modern refrigeration, which makes it vastly easier to care for food, may help to produce love songs—we hope.

There is no doubt that it helps to rout disease and maintain health—how much, no one can estimate. It is not only the doctors and the microbe hunters who have helped us to die at a later age than we used to. The less spectacular cold-storage men, the fellows who invented ice-bunkered freight cars, and the advertisers of refrigerators—these have had a hand too.

First of all, they have given us a varied and wholesome diet. When I was a boy on a farm our winter bill of fare laid much too much stress, for appetite or health, on corn meal, salt pork, turnips and cabbage. Now on any winter's day I can go to the refrigerator and produce a chop or a steak, eggs, oranges, lettuce and a host more of one-time delicacies or impossibilities. Let the magician take a measly rabbit out of his hat. I have him beaten nine ways with my refrigerator.

Then, too, the question of health is intimately bound up, we learn, with this business of yeasts, molds and bacteria. Some of these microscopic plants are friendly. Too much good cannot be said of them; they furnish our bread, beer, Gorgonzola and acidophilus milk. Others, though they are only plants, seem versed in the ways of the devil. They play hob with food if they get any foothold at all. They can make it deadly within a few hours. They are the greatest living examples of Mussolini's ideas concerning large families. A single healthy bacterium, under favorable conditions, can people a bacterial universe with something like a billion inhabitants in fifteen hours' time. If that universe happens to be your milk bottle, you are out of luck. A bacterium is a small and humble thing, but it can hit like a sledge hammer.

Bacteria can be killed by heat, though some of them are rather tough customers in that respect. All of them, however, can be pretty well discouraged by cold, which makes them inactive. Hence the importance of keeping fresh foods uniformly, evenly, conscientiously, scrupulously at a low temperature. If you keep them at a high temperature those wily waiting organisms seize their chance to feed, to multiply and to contaminate. And what they have once contaminated, no subsequent cold can purify. Workers in the United States Department of Agriculture took a sample of milk containing 4296 bacteria per cubic centimeter—about a quarter of a teaspoonful. When this milk was held for forty-eight hours at 40° F., the bacterial count was only 4566. But when it was held for forty-eight hours at 60° F., there were 35,011,111 bacteria in each cubic centimeter. The conclusion is that it must be held at 50° F. or less. Hence the modern science of milk handling, in which continuous cold, from milk pail to table, plays an important part. How many children today, I wonder, owe their health and their very lives to this science?

Similar bacterial and other tests under various temperatures show that cold is the prime enemy of spoilage in the case of meat, fish, fresh vegetables, fruit and other foods. Canners are making experiments now which seem to show that it may be helpful even with canned products. The conclusion is inescapable. If you buy food to feed to families of pet bacteria, you can get along very well without a refrigerator. But if you buy food to feed to your own family, you need cold as a friend and ally.

Cold is not a positive thing in itself, although it seems to be when it bites your nose on a winter morning. It is the absence of heat. So, in a refrigerator, the heat is simply removed from the box and the food it contains. It may be removed by ice, which has the capacity to absorb a good deal of heat at the point at which it melts, and which then pours that heat down the drain pipe along with the water that goes to the drip pan. Or it may be removed by any one of several chemicals that have the capacity to absorb a good deal of heat at the point at which they become gas—in other words, their boiling point.

Today's Infant Prodigies

THE trick of the mechanical refrigerator is that it keeps this chemical, which must be a liquid with a low boiling point, in a constant state of indecision. First, the liquid, which is sealed up in a closed system, wants to become gas, and while it is becoming gas it absorbs the heat from the food-storage box. Then it decides to become liquid again, and in so doing it gives off to the outside air the heat it has absorbed from the refrigerator.

In electric machines the refrigerating gas turns to liquid when it is compressed by a pump; it turns to gas when it is released from this pressure through a valve. In machines operated with a small flame, the refrigerating gas is turned to liquid by means of cooling water or air; and the flame takes the place of the motor and compressor in electric machines. In both cases, the chemical changes its mind in response to the suggestions of a thermostat, which keeps watch over the temperature of the food box without thought on the part of the housewife.

These mechanical refrigerators are today's infant prodigies. A book could be written about the research and experiment behind them—some of the nicest in the industrial field. A few years ago a millionaire would have been lucky to get such a contrivance. This research, combined with large-scale manufacturing methods, brought them within reach of the modest purse, and as a result a million were sold and installed within five years. You can get them now operated by electricity, by illuminating gas or by kerosene oil. The things are so completely nifty that to see one is to have a passionate desire for it. Already they are counted among the necessities for happiness.

Yet in this enlightened year 1929, half or more than half of the population does not have an icebox in its house. This bit of startling realism was unearthed by the ice manufacturers. They were by way of being very unhappy when this new invention came along. If people listened to the siren voice of the mechanical refrigerator and gave up using ice—they shivered at the thought! And by

(Continued on Page 103)

The Colonial housewife froze a barrel of apple sauce and chopped it out with an ax as needed.

WOMEN ARE NO LONGER SENSITIVE ABOUT AGE

Knowledge of The Danger Line has helped thousands to vitality and charm

Not long ago women were very sensitive about their age when still quite young indeed. For the first bloom of youth seemed to fade quickly then—and beauty to vanish inexplicably.

Today, apparently, women have discovered the art of retaining youthful freshness, vitality, charm, regardless of the passing of years.

The secret? We know today that to preserve youth we must guard health. And you will notice that women who are truly "popular" are careful of their diet, of their exercise and particularly of their teeth. For tooth decay is a frequent cause of loss of energy, of premature old age, and of dangerous diseases.

Most often, it is not neglect that brings about tooth decay and gum irritations, but erroneous methods of mouth hygiene. No tooth-brush can reach into the pits on the grinding surface of your teeth, or between your teeth along The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. Acids form there. Unless these acids are neutralized, they cause decay or dangerous gum infections.

It was as a safeguard against dangerous mouth acids that Squibb's Dental Cream was developed. It contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. When you use Squibb's, tiny particles of milk of magnesia lodge in the crevices of The Danger Line—neutralizing the acids and giving protection.

Use Squibb's Dental Cream regularly. It cleans beautifully. It contains *no abrasives* or *astringents*. Use it to brush the gums. Squibb's, together with frequent visits to your dentist, will bring you protection. 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

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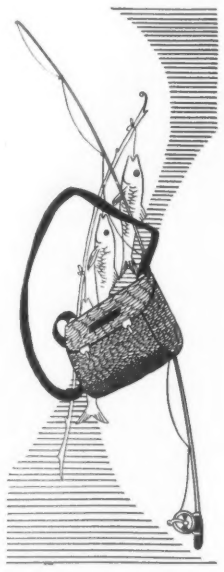
SQUIBB'S
dental cream

Menus for Midsummer Recreation



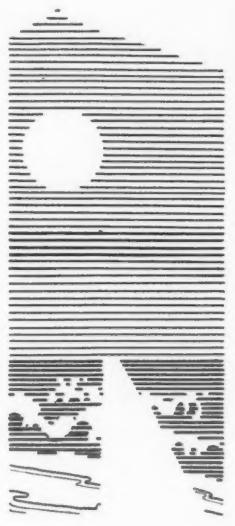
Box Lunch for Men's Fishing Trip

FRIED SPRING CHICKEN AND TOAST SANDWICHES
Fry Only the Drumsticks, Thighs and Breast, and Cut in Half to Remove the Bone
Use the Whole Piece Between Very Thin Slices of Toast

FISHERMAN'S SALAD
Sliced Tomatoes, Packed Whole, With Thin Slivers of
Salted Onion Between the Slices so Both May Be Eaten Together
or
GERMAN POTATO SALAD
Slices of Warm Potatoes, Boiled in the Jackets, Seasoned With
Onion Gratings, Salt and Pepper, and a Dressing Made of
Bacon Drippings and Vinegar. Chopped Cucumber May Be Added

TRILBYS
Ground-Oatmeal Cookies With a Fruit Filling
(Recipe Sent on Request)

A CARBONATED BEVERAGE



Moonlight Picnic

A TANTALIZING APPETIZER
Sliced Smoked Tongue Spread With Minced Mustard Pickle Between
Leaves of Romaine and Very Thin Slices of Whole-Wheat Bread
and
A BALMY SUMMER SANDWICH
Slices of Chicken Breast Spread With Chopped Pickled Watermelon Rind
Between Sprigs of Watercress and Thin Slices of White Bread

MELLOW MOONLIGHT DESSERT
Éclair Shells Filled With Fresh Raspberries
Swathed in Whipped Cream

CINNAMON ICE TEA PUNCH

Beach Party

SOUTHERN TAMALES
Tamales Steamed in Parchment Paper
or
PICNIC LOBSTERS
Chicken Lobsters Roasted in the Shell and
Eaten Dipped in Melted Butter
or
BAKED CLAMS
or
SUMMER SHRIMP
Freshly Boiled Shrimp Eaten With Melted Butter
With
ASSORTED CRISPS
Crimped-Edge Crackers, Rye Crackers, or
Any Other Crisp Dry Crackers

WATERMELON TRIANGLES
A Long Whole Watermelon Cut into Quarters Lengthwise and
Then Crosswise into Thirds

Afternoon Lawn Party

OPEN-FACED GOODIES
Thin Slices of Fresh Bread in Fancy Shapes Served Under
Slices of Reception Mold
(See Page 96 of This Issue Ladies' Home Journal)
and Very Thin Slices of Toast Served Under a Thick Slice of
Frozen Cream Cheese Flavored With Spiced Ham

WILD ROSE BAVARIAN
(For Recipe see Page 86 of July Ladies' Home Journal)

ICED MINTED COCOA

Evening Lawn Party

ASSORTED CANAPES
Selected From Baskets, Trays or Small Tables

SWEETBREAD SALAD
Cold Boiled Sweetbreads and Diced Cucumbers
Marinated in French Dressing Seasoned With Onion Juice

GEORGIA DELICACY
Fresh Peach Frosting on White Cake

FROSTED COFFEE

EVEN A HUSBAND can make them

(While you're away)

BE SURE to leave a good supply of UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham on the pantry shelf when you go on your vacation. Your men folks will appreciate having it handy to spread for themselves.

A hungry husband, with a tin of Underwood's, can make sandwiches that are just as delicious and satisfying as you'd make yourself.

Tender, delicious ham and choice spices . . . delicately blended . . . give any and all Underwood Deviled Ham sandwiches a flavor "fit for the gods" . . . no matter who makes them.

You'll find Underwood's an ingredient to conjure with . . . Send for a copy of Underwood Recipes for all sorts of sandwiches, ham-and-egg dishes, and hors d'oeuvres.

UNDERWOOD
Deviled Ham

Wm. Underwood Co.
45 Walnut Street
Watertown, Mass.

CHECK THE ARTICLE WANTED:

One copy of the Underwood Recipes FREE.
One 10c can of Underwood Deviled Ham, 10c enclosed.
Six 10c cans of Underwood Deviled Ham, 50c enclosed.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

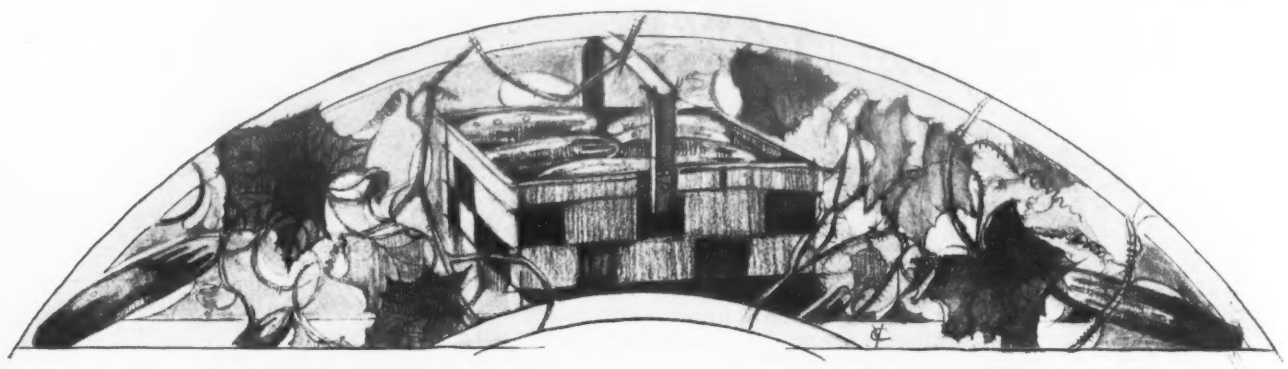
"Good'n thick —is the way I like it"

LEAVE it to them and they'll spread it on "good'n thick." They like it that way. And there's not a digestion pang in a whole jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. For in this form it's one of the most easily digested foods a child can have.

They like its flavor. And every mother should well understand how thoroughly good it is for them. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is full of nutriment—for it contains the proteins that are so necessary to restore the energy that is lost in play and exercise. It is a real food—not merely a flavor. So let the growing youngsters have it often and in generous quantity—either as a spread on bread or crackers, in sandwich form, or in the many other ways it can easily be used.

Don't forget that the grown-up members of the family like it, too. It should always be on hand in the pantry. And let us call your attention to the new top to the Beech-Nut jar. It's the *easy-to-open kind* and a feature *exclusive to Beech-Nut alone.*

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



When Cucumbers are Abundant

By CAROLINE B. KING

FOR centuries the cucumber was eaten only in its raw state, dressed with oil or vinegar or both, or eaten with lemon juice. Today we make it into innumerable delicious dishes, all so good and so appealing that we have begun to regard this vegetable as one of the most valuable we have, and, casting aside all mid-Victorian scruples, we dress it with milk and cream, combine it with fruits and other vegetables, cook it, jelly it, sandwich it and serve it from hors d'œuvres to dessert; cucumber ice cream has become a very popular sweet dish, and candied cucumbers, prepared like grapefruit peel or watermelon rind, make an exceedingly intriguing confection that is different.

There is no better time for experimenting with some of these unusual cucumber dishes than the present, when it is at the height of its season and in the best possible condition, and I am therefore presenting herewith a few of the recipes that I have found most delicious and novel.

SUMMER CUCUMBER PURÉE is quite new and very suitable in the way of a hot-weather soup. A quart of chicken or veal stock is required for its making, also two large cucumbers, half a small onion, half a pint of milk, two egg yolks and three tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, with seasonings of mace, salt, pepper and paprika. Pare the cucumbers and slice as for the table. Slice the onions also and sauté both in two tablespoonfuls of butter without browning; then add the flour, and when it froths pour in the stock. Cook till cucumbers are very tender, then press through a sieve and season with salt and pepper to taste. Whip the egg yolks, blend with the milk and slowly stir into the soup, keeping over the fire only a minute or two, but do not permit to boil or the soup will curdle. Add a suspicion of mace, and paprika to color; serve in bouillon cups with croutons of toasted bread.

FILLED CUCUMBER RINGS make a delightful garnish to a roast of beef or a thick, well-broiled steak. Cut cucumber rings one inch thick from two medium-size cucumbers. Pare each slice downward in thin strips, producing a striped effect, and parboil ten minutes in salted water. Then scoop out as much of the pulp as possible and fill with a stuffing of half a cupful of soft bread crumbs and one cupful of chopped sautéd mushrooms, seasoned with a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, pepper and paprika to taste, and a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. Dot the rings with butter and bake to a delicate brown in a moderate oven—350° F. Serve each cucumber ring on a slice of tomato which has been dipped in French dressing, then sprinkled with chopped parsley.

DINNER CUCUMBER CUBES become a popular dish once they have made their initial appearance. Pare and cut nearly ripe cucumbers in cubes, place in salted boiling water just enough to cover, and cook rapidly till tender. Drain and add a tablespoonful of butter and a cupful of rich milk. Bring to the boiling point, then remove from the fire and pour over one well-beaten egg, adding a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Season tastily with salt, pepper and paprika, and serve as a dinner vegetable.

CUCUMBER PUFFS provide a light and dainty vegetable dish to make a complete meal of cold sliced chicken. Pare one cucumber and cut into inch pieces, removing as many of the seeds as possible. Cook ten minutes in boiling salted water, then drain and cool. Make a batter of three-quarters of a cupful of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder; add three-quarters of a cupful of milk, one well-beaten egg and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Dip the pieces of cucumber into the batter and fry in deep fat at 360° F. until delicately browned. Drain on paper, sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve hot, garnished with sprays of parsley fried in the deep fat.

CUCUMBER SOUFFLÉ may be baked in individual dishes or in one large one. It must be served as soon as taken from the oven, however, for like all soufflés it will soon fall. Pare and chop enough cucumber to make one and a half cupfuls. Cook two tablespoonfuls of butter with three of flour over the fire till well blended and frothy, then add one and a half cupfuls of milk. Cook till thick and add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and the cucumber pulp, with a teaspoonful of grated onion, half a teaspoonful of salt, and pepper to taste, also a dash of mace or a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Cool slightly, then fold in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs, turn into an oiled baking dish, or individual ramekins, set these in a pan, fill the pan with hot water and bake from thirty to forty minutes in a moderate oven—375° F.—or until a knife slipped in the center of the soufflé comes out clean and dry.

HOT-WEATHER TUNA RAMEKINS are served as a late-breakfast dish in the household of a very sophisticated family of my acquaintance, and are perfectly delicious. Two medium-size cucumbers are pared, cut in small dice and cooked in boiling salted water till tender. Then they are drained, mixed with one and a half cupfuls of white sauce and one cupful of flaked tuna fish, turned into ramekins, dotted with crumbs and butter and baked about fifteen minutes in a hot oven—400° F. I prefer this dish for luncheon, myself, but it is very good wherever it is placed on the menu. Cold chicken, ham or canned salmon may be substituted for the tuna fish for variety.

RECEPTION MOLD may be served as a salad or as a main dish for a cold buffet luncheon. Cook a pair of sweetbreads in salted water to which a slice of onion, a bit of bay leaf and a tiny piece of blade mace have been added. When cool, cut into cubes and mix with one and a half cupfuls of cucumber cubes. Soften one tablespoonful of gelatin in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water and dissolve in one and a half cupfuls of boiling water. Add one and a half tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one and a half tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne, and a liberal dash of paprika. Cool, and when partially congealed add the sweetbread and cucumber, and turn into a wet mold. Chill until ready to serve and turn out on a platter garnished with alternate slices of tomatoes and cucumbers.

There are innumerable ways in which cucumbers may be made into salads, either alone or combined with other vegetables or fruits. One of the most novel and delicious of these follows:

BRIDGE-LUNCHEON SALAD. Select cucumbers of regular size, cut them in inch-and-a-half slices, and pare away a strip all around the center of each. Hollow out the centers and marinate them half an hour in French dressing, then fill with a mixture of equal quantities of chopped ham and chicken, a very little chopped hard-cooked egg, the removed portion of the cucumbers finely chopped, and mayonnaise to moisten. Fill the cups, mounding them up in the center, stick a bit of cress in each and serve with slices of tomatoes on lettuce leaves.

SOUR-CREAM DRESSING ON PRESSED CUCUMBERS is one of the best of the cucumber salads. Pare the cucumbers and slice very thin, then sprinkle rather thickly with salt and set away to chill. Just before serving, place the cucumbers in a square of cheesecloth and squeeze out all the moisture; then rinse and pat dry. For the dressing, whip half a pint of thick but fresh sour cream lightly with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of sugar. Whip till thick, add to the cucumbers, toss lightly, and garnish with pimiento.

SALAD SANDWICHES make very appetizing picnic fare when prepared with rye bread. Grind together in the food chopper two large cucumbers, half a green pepper and one small onion, drain well, then season with salt, pepper and vinegar. Butter rye bread and cover with very thin slices of boiled ham; over this place a layer of the cucumber mixture and top with a second slice of the bread.

CUCUMBER FISH SAUCE is very fine on any number of fish in season at this time of the year and is also most piquant with cold sliced chicken. Peel and grate a large cucumber and add it, with half a teaspoonful of mustard and a tablespoonful of finely chopped chives, to one cupful of heavy mayonnaise.

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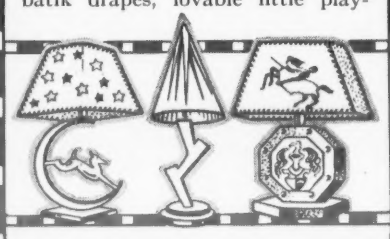

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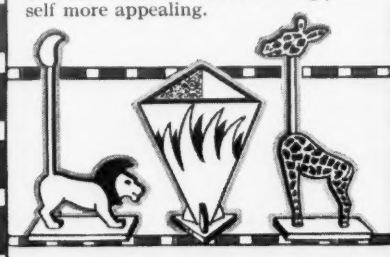

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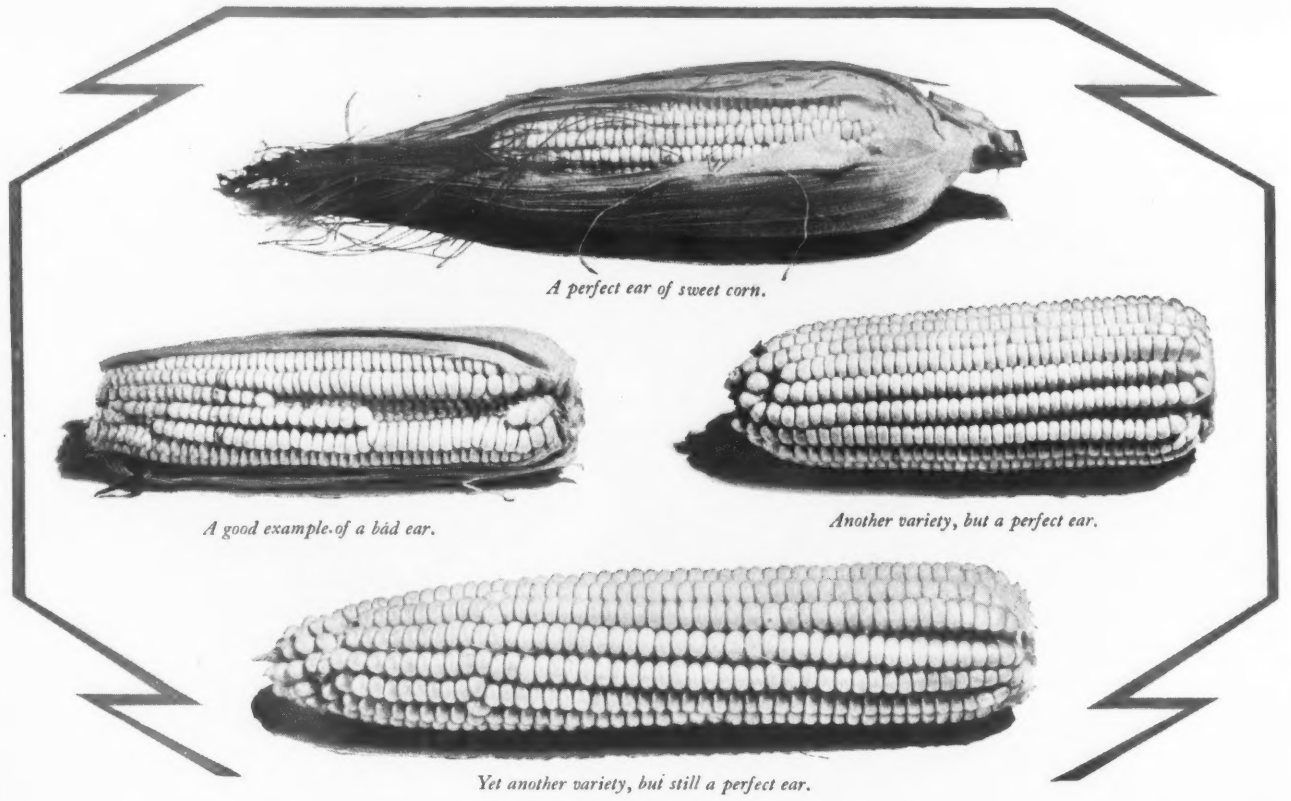


A perfect ear of sweet corn.

A good example of a bad ear.

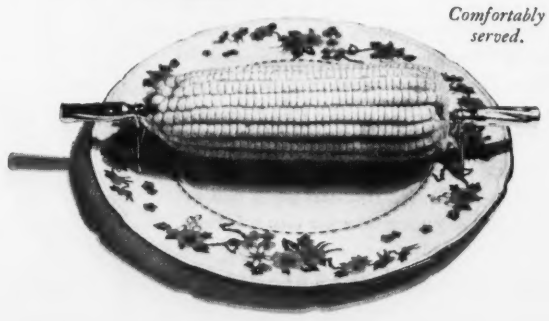
Another variety, but a perfect ear.

Yet another variety, but still a perfect ear.

A Genuinely American Food

One way of scoring.

Properly boiled.



Comfortably served.

ONE of the real pleasures of summer is the gustatory enjoyment of sweet corn off the cob, but this is true only if you summer in this country. Corn is the one American food that never fails to bring exclamations of surprise and amazement from foreigners, not only because of its very nature but because of our informal way of eating it. But in no other way does its milky sweet kernels have quite the same flavor. No matter how cooked on the cob, it always has the same lusciousness of flavor and the same milky consistency, if first it is well selected and is then not overcooked.

All green corn on the cob is not equally good and there is no way of judging its quality without seeing it. Look first at the husks, and if dark-colored and ribbon-like at the end, hanging free and loose from the cob, it is sweet corn of the best variety, and not garden or field corn. Strip back the husks to see that the kernels are plump and fit tightly together and are neither shriveled nor glazed. As for color, they may be creamy white, or even yellow, if the season is late enough for Golden Bantam. As for shape, they may be small and irregularly placed on the ear, or broad and flat and in even rows, and of equal excellence, depending upon the variety. Even the shape of the cob may vary greatly, from a long, narrow to a short, broad and well-rounded ear.

After having selected good sweet corn, retain all the juice as well as tenderness and delicacy of texture by cooking it just long enough. If boiling, cover generously with boiling water, bring it quickly to a boiling point, and cook only about five minutes. Add the salt, a teaspoonful for each quart of water, soon after it begins to boil, and serve without allowing to stand long in the water.

To cook corn picnic fashion, broil on a grate over red coals and turn frequently until delicately browned and hot throughout. It may be cooked the same way in the broiler of your kitchen stove, but will lack the "woodsy" odor that gives the flavor of outdoors cooking. Another way of cooking corn out-of-doors also possible at home is roasting it in the husks. This is very common where one can freshly gather the ears just before cooking and is experienced in selecting good ears "sight unseen," for the husks must remain unbroken until after the roasting.

Corn cooked by any of these methods is worthy of its reputation whether or not it is served with corn holders or a scorer to break the kernels, for these add nothing to the deliciousness of its characteristic flavor.

Picnic corn cooked at home.

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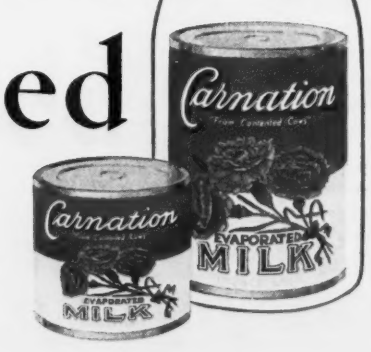

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Sirup Sponge Cakes

(Continued from Page 90)

Sirup Angel Cake

1½ Cupfuls of Sugar
½ Cupful of Water
10 Egg Whites
1 Cupful of Flour
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar
1 Teaspoonful of Flavoring

COOK the sugar and water slowly, stirring until the sugar is dissolved, then to 242° F. (firm ball in cold water). While the sugar and water are cooking add the salt to the egg whites and beat to a loose froth, then add the cream of tartar, beating until the egg whites are stiff and the bubbles are small but the surface is glistening with moisture and not at all dry. Continue beating while pouring the cooked sirup in a fine stream over the egg whites and when cool add the flavoring, then the flour. Sift the flour over the surface a little at a time, then cut and fold it in. The mixture should be stiff with air and drop from the bowl into the unbuttered angel-cake pan. Cut through several times to remove air bubbles and bake in a slow oven—330° F. to 350° F.—for sixty to seventy-five minutes. Invert in the pan until cold, then remove as previously described.

BROWN-SUGAR ANGEL CAKE. Use the recipe above, substituting brown sugar for white. In winter, when black walnuts are in season, add half a cupful, finely chopped, and use vanilla flavoring.

MAPLE-FLAVORED ANGEL CAKE. Use the recipe for sirup angel cake, substituting maple flavoring for other flavoring or a combination of maple and vanilla.

Maple-Sirup Angel Cake

1 Cupful of Maple Sirup
½ Cupful of Sugar
¼ Cupful of Water
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
10 Egg Whites
1 Cupful of Flour
1 Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar
½ Teaspoonful of Vanilla

COOK the maple sirup, sugar and water to 242° F., stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Beat the egg whites and follow directions as for sirup angel cake.

CHOCOLATE ANGEL CAKE. Decrease the amount of flour used in the recipe for sirup angel cake by four tablespoonfuls and substitute one-third of a cupful of cocoa, otherwise follow the same recipe.

MARBLE CAKE is made with the foundation recipe for sirup angel cake. Flavor with vanilla and divide the batter into two parts. Into one, cut and fold half a cupful of flour. Into the other, cut and fold one-third of a cupful of flour and three tablespoonfuls of cocoa. Pour part of the white batter into the pan, then in places, drop part of the chocolate; add some more white and then some more chocolate, having both the white and the chocolate showing on top. Bake as directed for other sirup angel cake.

COCONUT ANGEL CAKE. Use the recipe for sirup angel cake, and cut and fold in half a cupful of grated coconut after the flour has been added. Pour into the pan and sprinkle lightly over the top with coconut and confectioner's sugar.

ALMOND ANGEL CAKE. Blanche half a cupful of almonds, shred them into fourths or sixths lengthwise and toast delicately in the oven. Add to the sirup-angel-cake batter by cutting and folding them in after the flour has been added. Blanched and shredded almonds and a little confectioner's sugar may be sprinkled on top of the cake before baking, but the almonds for the top should not be browned before using, as they color during the baking.

CHERRY ANGEL CAKE. Instead of using water for the sirup in sirup angel cake, use maraschino-cherry juice. Then cut half a cupful of candied cherries into thin slices, saving out two tablespoonfuls of flour from the full amount to sprinkle over them. After the flour has been folded into the mixture, cut and fold in the cherries. Pour in the pan and bake as usual.

PEPPERMINT ANGEL CAKE. Use sirup-angel-cake recipe. Crush well several sprigs of fresh mint and cook them with the sugar and water sirup and remove just before adding the sirup to the egg mixture. One and a half tablespoonfuls of orange or lemon juice may be used with the mint to complement or soften the flavor.

Yellow Sirup Sponge Cake

1¼ Cupfuls of Sugar
½ Cupful of Water
6 Egg Whites
6 Egg Yolks
1 Cupful of Flour
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls of Lemon Juice
Grated Rind of ½ Lemon

THE same general principles are used in the mixing of the above ingredients as described for angel cake. The egg yolks after being beaten until very light and lemon colored are combined with the juice and rind and beaten into the sirup mixture just before the flour is added.

Chocolate Sirup Sponge Cake

1¼ Cupfuls of Sugar
½ Cupful of Water
6 Egg Whites
6 Egg Yolks
¼ Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar
Cupful of Cocoa
¾ Cupful of Flour
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt

SIFT flour and cocoa together and combine all ingredients as in the foundation recipe for sirup sponge cake given above.

SPICE CAKE is also made by the sirup-sponge-cake recipe, reducing the lemon to one tablespoonful, or using half a teaspoonful of lemon extract and one teaspoonful of vanilla, adding three-quarters of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of nutmeg. Sift the spice with the flour several times to mix thoroughly before adding to the sirup-and-egg mixture.

Mocha Sponge Cake

1¼ Cupfuls of Sugar
½ Cupful of Strong Coffee
6 Egg Whites
6 Egg Yolks
¼ Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar
⅞ Cupful of Flour
3 Tablespoonfuls of Cocoa
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
½ Teaspoonful of Vanilla

COFFEE is used in this recipe in place of water and is cooked with the sugar to 242° F. Sift the flour and cocoa together several times and combine and bake in the usual manner.

JELLY ROLL. Line the bottom of a dripping pan with unglazed paper. Butter the top of the paper and the sides of the pan. Spread any sirup-sponge-cake mixture in the pan about a quarter of an inch thick and bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven—340° F.—or until it rebounds to the touch. While the cake is baking prepare a piece of paper on which to turn it when done, sprinkling lightly with confectioner's sugar. Whip a glass of jelly with a fork until smooth, or whip some heavy whipping cream, which is particularly nice with the chocolate or spice cake. When the cake is done, turn it out quickly, cut the crusts from the ends and sides, pull the paper from the bottom, spread with the filling and roll up. Then, in order to have it remain so, wrap in a piece of paper until the steam has escaped and the roll has cooled into shape. Unless you work quickly, the cake will cool and crack in handling.

We Test Our Readers' Recipes

Refreshing Summer Suggestions

Stuffed Eggplant Slices

1 Large Eggplant
3 Half-Inch Thick Slices of Toast
1 Medium Onion
3 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
1 Tablespoonful of Minced Green Pepper
1 Tablespoonful of Minced Celery
A Pinch of Sage
1 Tablespoonful of Minced Parsley
½ Teaspoonful of Thyme
A Sprinkling of Cayenne
⅛ Teaspoonful of Pepper
½ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Egg
¼ Cupful of Bread Crumbs

HERE is an unusually savory luncheon main dish that is easily prepared. Do not pare the skin from the eggplant; merely wash it well, remove the stem end and drop into boiling salted water, cooking until tender through but not overdone, testing with a sharp paring knife. The time will depend upon the size, an average one requiring about twenty-five minutes. When done, slice into three equally thick pieces lengthwise and scoop out the meat, leaving only enough to make a thin shell that will hold the stuffing, made of the toast softened in the eggplant pulp and mixed with the onion, which has been steamed until tender in the butter. Add the green pepper, celery, parsley, and other seasonings. Stir in the egg, slightly beaten, and round off into the eggplant shells. Cover the tops with the bread crumbs mixed with half a tablespoonful of melted butter. Place a piece of thinly sliced bacon on each and slip into a moderate oven—350° F.—for about twenty-five minutes, to heat through and brown.

—K. G. P., *Mobile, Ala.*

Lemon Cream Sherbet

1½ Cupfuls of Sugar
½ Cupful of Lemon Juice
Grated Rind of 1½ Lemons
½ Teaspoonful of Lemon Extract
1 Pint of Milk
½ Cupful of Heavy Cream

THIS variation of the always popular lemon sherbet is made with whipped cream, which gives it an added lightness. Blend the sugar, lemon juice and grated rind with the flavoring and the milk, and fold in the stiffly whipped cream. Turn into an ice-cream freezer and freeze, using eight parts of ice to one of salt. Pack to ripen for at least an hour before using.

—MRS. W. G. J., Jr., *Atlanta, Ga.*

Watermelon-and-Pineapple Conserve

WATERMELON and pineapple blend well together, making a mildly sour-sweet conserve, delightfully colored. Pare away the hard skin from the outside and the red meat from the inside of the watermelon rind, leaving only a thin layer of the red for the sake of color. Cut into pieces two inches long and an inch wide and let stand overnight in a salt-water solution, using one-quarter of a cupful of salt to every three quarts of water. In the morning rinse thoroughly, cover with fresh cold water, and heat gradually to the boiling point. Drain and replace on the fire in hot water to cover. Cook gently until nearly tender, about fifty minutes; then measure the cooked fruit and juice separately and add as much sugar as fruit, several sticks of whole cinnamon and a small bag holding a tablespoonful of whole cloves. For each two quarts of melon add also one small lemon and one orange, both thinly sliced, half a cupful of vinegar and one quart of raw pineapple cut to match the melon pieces. Heat all the fruit in the liquid from the first cooking and thoroughly boil five minutes, then pack into sterilized jars and seal.

—M. D., *Savannah, Ga.*

Southern Frozen Cheese Pudding

2 Egg Yolks
1 Cupful of Sugar
1 Pint of Scalded Milk
½ Tablespoonful of Vanilla
½ Pound of Cottage Cheese
2 Cupfuls of Evaporated Milk

FROZEN CHEESE PUDDING is typical of some of the rare old recipes that have made Southern cookery traditionally famous. Whip the egg yolks thoroughly and beat in the sugar gradually. Add the scalded fresh milk and cook over hot water until thickened. While this custard cools over cold water, put the cheese through the food chopper, using the finest knife. Mix with the evaporated milk, stirring in the vanilla, and blend with the custard. Freeze as usual to the consistency of ice cream. The cheese lends a delicately acid flavor and freezes in tiny nutlike particles, though the cream itself is rich and smooth.

—MISS E. G. F., *Biloxi, Miss.*

Cuban Almond Candy

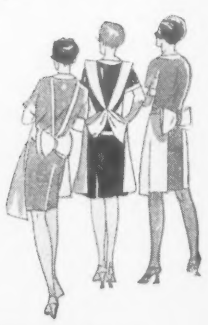
1 Pound of Almonds
2½ Cupfuls of Sugar
12 Egg Yolks
Cinnamon

THIS is an unusual candy with a novel delicacy of flavor and firm, though not brittle, texture. Blanch the almonds, roll up in a dry cloth to remove the surface moisture, then spread out in the sun or in a warming oven for one day to dry thoroughly. When ready to make the candy, grate or chop the nuts to a fine powder, then stir the sugar over a low flame, keeping it in continuous motion to prevent burning, and just as soon as it is entirely melted add the almond powder. Reheat for five minutes, stir in the beaten egg yolks, a little at a time, and cook until well mixed and thickened—which takes just a few minutes. Pour into an oiled pan in a thin layer and sprinkle the top with a light dusting of cinnamon. The eggs will seem to scramble as they are first added, but they soon blend in well and give the candy its individual texture.

—MRS. W. J. S., *Miami, Fla.*

Your wringer serves you better than you know

"The Better the Wringer the Whiter the Wash"



CONSIDER again the wringer on your washing machine. Quite naturally, you have been accustomed to thinking of it as a convenient labor-saving device for removing water from washed clothes—and nothing more.

Your wringer is rendering you another service still more important than water removal. The wringer is really an essential part of your washing machine—and the "wringing" is a vital part of the washing process.

For while the resilient rubber rolls of the wringer are squeezing the excess water from the fabric, they are also pressing out from the fibres of the fabric those tenacious particles of soil-and-soap that resist previous steps of the washing process.

You might, in some way, get your clothes *dry* without using the wringer—but you couldn't get them so *clean.*

That is why we say, "The Better the Wringer, the Whiter the Wash," and why we have a valuable booklet for you entitled "Wringing, the Secret of a Whiter Wash" which we will send upon request.

LOVELL MANUFACTURING CO., Erie, Penna.

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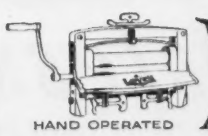
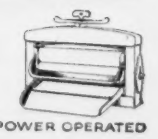
LOVELL



HAND OPERATED

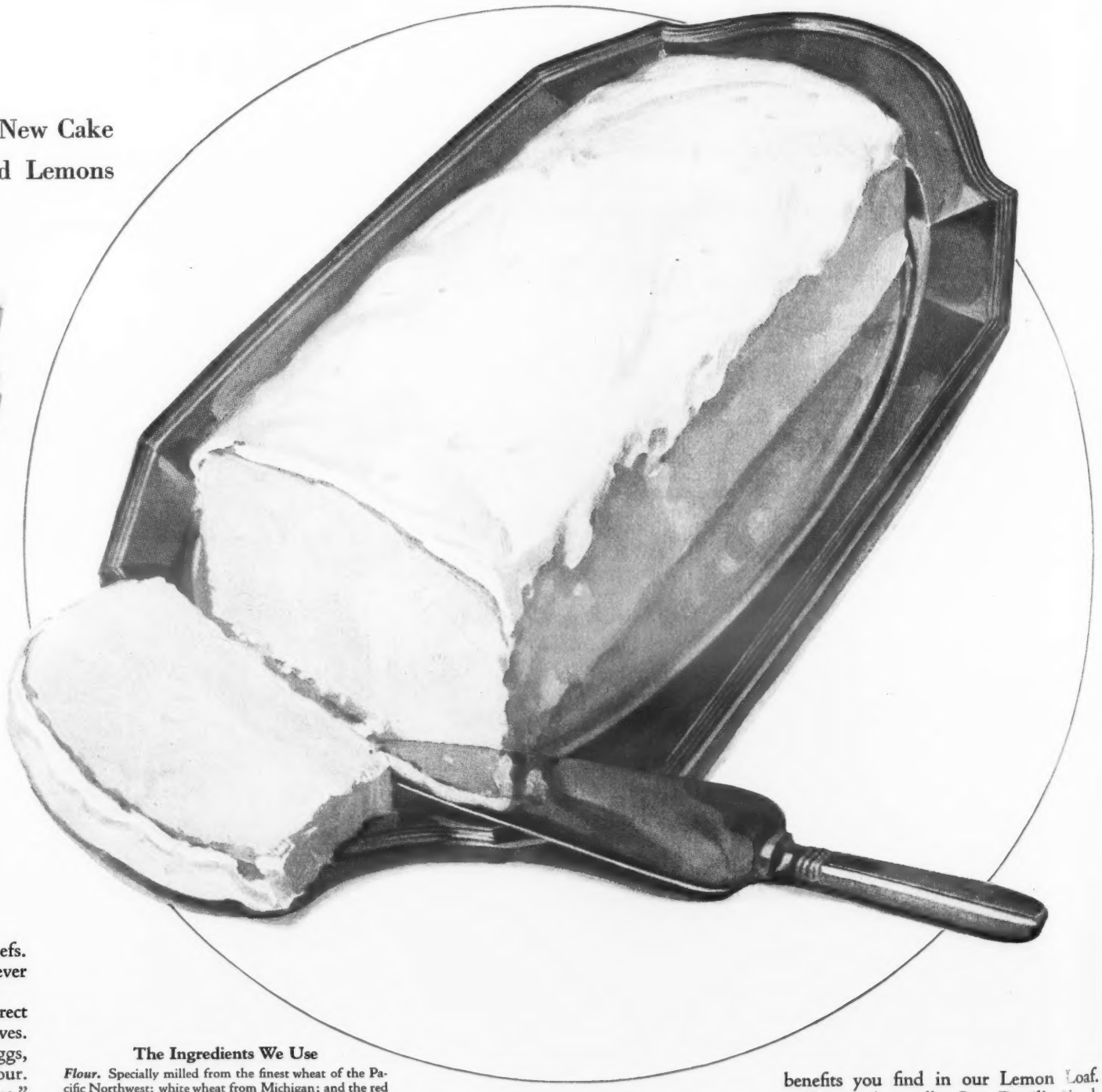
WRINGERS AND WRINGER ROLLS



POWER OPERATED

Here's a Luscious Cool Dessert *All Made For You!*

An Unusual New Cake Made With Fresh Crushed Lemons



By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

THIS month we are offering a delicious new cake. As a cool dessert for these hot August days you will find it most delightful.

It is called "Hostess Lemon Loaf." Your grocer has it for you.

The flavor, luscious and delicate as it is, tempts the most jaded appetite. Its subtle tartness, so hostesses tell us, brings a new joy to even the simplest of summer menus.

We Bake It For You

To bake this cake we employ expert chefs. They work in model kitchens. We never hurry them.

They use fresh crushed lemons direct from the Florida and California groves. Also twice-pasteurized milk, tested eggs, and our own special blend of cake flour.

Unlike many so-called "lemon cakes," their cake is not too sweet. The natural egg and sugar sponge flavor is topped off with luscious butter frosting. Then just enough lemon to balance the sweetness.

To bake such a cake yourself would take you an hour at least. It would cost you twice the price we charge.

So unless you *prefer* working in a hot kitchen these summer afternoons, please give this Lemon Loaf an immediate trial in your home. Get it today.

Serve it as a dessert with fish luncheons or heavy dinners. Or between meals with iced tea or coffee, or with ices and salads.

If you are the slightest bit disappointed, *do us the favor* of returning it to our nearest bakery at once. Your money, Madam, will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

© 1929, C. B. Co.

MAIL FOR FREE BOOKLET

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co., 285 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts." (L9)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The Ingredients We Use

Flour. Specially milled from the finest wheat of the Pacific Northwest; white wheat from Michigan; and the red winter wheat from Ohio. ***Milk.*** Pasteurized twice. ***Butter.*** Pure creamery grade. ***Eggs.*** Inspected five times. ***Sugar.*** Must be 99.7% pure. ***Flavorings.*** We make our own.

* * *

Millions Now Buy Them

When we first offered these Hostess Cakes for sale, domestic scientists were frankly discouraging. They pointed to the costly ingredients that our recipes demanded, and they prophesied tremendous losses.

But we knew this: To win women from baking cake at home we must provide cakes equal to their own. If we could sell *enough* cakes, we could buy ingredients in vast quantities, and so cut our expenses.

So we went ahead, and we won. First, thousands of women tried our cakes.

Then, they, as our sales quickly showed, told tens of thousands of others. And today our biggest problem is how to fill the orders.

Remember, Madam, whichever Hostess Cake you buy brings the same homelike benefits you find in our Lemon Loaf.

So try them all. Our Devil's Food, Chocolate Layer, Pineapple Layer, or the delicious Cup Cakes shown below.

Accept New Booklet Free

To assist hostesses in the creation of unusual desserts, I have prepared a new booklet, "Fifty Quick Desserts."

May I send you a copy with my compliments? Simply mail coupon at the left.

FIVE CENTS FOR TWO!

Hostess Cake

BAKERS ALSO OF WONDER BREAD AND WONDER PAN ROLLS

This Age of Refrigeration

(Continued from Page 93)

the end of 1926 the sale of ice had, in fact, dropped off enormously.

Then these ice people got together and began figuring things out. This was when they discovered, by a little intensive research and calculation, that half the populace hasn't any icebox. Suddenly they realized that they hadn't scratched the surface of their possible sales. Uneasiness was turned to rejoicing; there was no time for despair with all this ice to be sold.

At once, individually and through trade associations, including the National Association of Ice Manufacturers, they started an advertising campaign to convince people of the need for proper storage conditions for food at home. Their business took on the glow of health, the world grew rosy again. And when the time comes that every family has a refrigerator of some kind, it will be largely due to the health propaganda started by these ice folks, which was picked up and carried on by the makers of mechanical refrigerators.

The home refrigerator is the last link in the continuous chain of cold that constitutes the modern method of food handling; the careful housewife coöperates with a vast army of producers and purveyors. To insult good food by handling it without cold is today unthinkable. Yet this revolution has taken place practically within a generation. It is still going on, and old ideas and old ways are upset every day as new facts are patiently dug out.

Fish is an outstanding example. The old-time fishmonger is going the way of the dodo. I have visited a concern that brings a load of fish in from the sea, and within a few minutes of tying up to the dock has the whole load moving on its way to the consumer, cleaned, boned, filleted, individually wrapped, and packed in tight cans stowed in iced boxes. Another loads the wrapped and boxed fillets into a revolutionary new type of mechanical refrigerator car that makes use of silica gel, an up-to-date medium for helping along the refrigerating process. These chilled cars take the fish on distant journeys, and from them it goes into mechanical refrigerators installed in stores, thus completing the chain of continuous cold from sea to consumer. Still another concern packs its fillets in attractive hermetically sealed cartons, freezes them down to 30° F. below zero in an unbelievably short space of time, and ships them out in heavily insulated corrugated-like board boxes so that they reach stores hundreds or even thousands of miles away still thoroughly chilled.

This last method of quick freezing at very low temperatures already has a wider application, quite aside from fish.

Steaks and Chops

TO PUT the matter without technicalities, it is known that slow freezing of meats at comparatively high temperatures forms ice crystals whose violent pressure breaks down the delicate cell walls. When the meat is thawed out, it is, internally, a pulpy mass from which the flavorful juices readily leach out. For this reason it has been difficult or impossible to freeze certain meats satisfactorily. But it has now been found that quick freezing at very low temperatures does not form these big destructive ice crystals, cell walls remain intact, and when the meat is thawed out it remains, to the eye, the microscope and the palate, a fresh piece of meat. Extensive practical experiments indicate that this quick-freezing process may have a far-reaching application to the handling and marketing of steaks, chops, poultry, game and many other products.

It is because of the modern science of refrigeration, of course, that we now get good fresh meat and poultry the year round at points far distant from production centers. Carcasses of steer and hog

Next winter we may have strawberry shortcake for Christmas.

and lamb are swung into the refrigerating room as soon as they are killed and dressed and the meat is kept cold in the packing house, on the cars in transit, and in the meat market—or, today, in the chain grocery store, though tomorrow, perhaps, the drug store and the five-and-ten will be selling meat.

Today we take our good fresh meats for granted, but if some jinni whisked away all the meat packers' refrigerating plants, we would go back to a diet of salt pork, smoked ham and tinned beef.

Fresh fruit the year round is another item for which we can thank refrigeration, and in this field, too, the scientists are busy digging out facts that mean steady improvement.

Fresh Frozen Fruits

ALL fruits, so long as they are fresh and uncooked, are living organisms. Even when they are off the tree or bush, what we know as life processes go on in them. They give off moisture, they breathe, they take in and utilize oxygen, they release carbon dioxide, they continually manufacture the necessary chemicals of life.

Some fruits live fast, some slowly. The strawberry is a spendthrift of life, the grape lives more moderately, the pear is still more phlegmatic, the apple takes its own good time.

Once death steps in to stop this complex chemistry of life in fresh fruit, its savor is gone, it is soon useless as food. The object in storing fruits is to keep life going, but to slow it down so that they will live longer; and this is what refrigeration achieves.

Refrigeration must be carefully controlled so that it does not put an end to these life processes in fruits. Yet it has been discovered that in some cases they can be completely arrested. Thus we have the comparatively new business of freezing strawberries and other tender fruits and keeping them absolutely fresh for as long as two years. So far they have been supplied chiefly to pie bakers, ice-cream makers, and hotels and restaurants; but arrangements are being made to market them directly to the housewife. Some food men are interested in developing a small tin container holding, say, two pounds, in which these frozen fruits can be sold in retail stores. Others, utilizing that quick-freezing process mentioned in connection with fish and meat, are packing frozen fruits in cardboard containers holding about a pint. They are even freezing certain tender vegetables. Next winter we may have strawberry shortcake for Christmas.

Eggs have come in for intensive study on the part of laboratory scientists and cold-storage men. Through refrigeration, which stores away the production of the peak months, we now have a plentiful supply of eggs the year round at reasonable prices. It should be emphasized that a properly handled cold-storage egg is better and fresher than an improperly handled "fresh" egg, which has little to recommend it but a reputation.

Now eggs, too, are frozen, though, like frozen fruits, they have hitherto been supplied only to commercial concerns—bakers, confectioners, makers of noodles and of mayonnaise, hotels and restaurants. But I am told that they also may in the near future be put up in small containers for the housewife.

Thus refrigeration wipes out seasons and distances. Duluth serves California or Florida orange juice for breakfast, Buffalo school children munch bananas from South America, Chicago dines on roast Long Island duckling. We grow perishable products in the regions best suited to them instead of being forced to stick close to the large markets.

Standard refrigerator cars with great ice bunkers, kept loaded as fast as the ice melts, move these perishable products sometimes straight across a continent. Chandler, Swift, Morris were pioneers in the development of refrigerator cars for meats; Parker Earle, an Illinois strawberry grower, seems to have been the first to use them for fruit. In 1888 there were sixty such cars hauling fruits and vegetables; today there are upward of 160,000 on the rails.

Have the stuff in prime condition, cool or actually freeze it quickly, and keep it cold—this, experts are finding, is the heart of the matter. We are getting it down now so that perishable products are chilled almost the moment they are produced.

Sometimes the cars run directly into the jaws of great cold-storage warehouses at the market terminals. There the foodstuffs are moved at once into cold-storage rooms, which are gigantic caverns, with the chill of the Glacial Age, wherein modern man stores his food.

Today there are close to 670,000,000 cubic feet of cold-storage space in the United States. The chief products stored in large quantities are apples, meats, eggs, butter, cheese, poultry, fish. But there are a hundred others besides—as for example, crabs, candy, caviar, cream, cucumbers, currants, beans, berries, buckwheat, hams, horseradish, honeydew melons, lemons, lettuce, lobsters, olives, onions, oysters, peaches, peanuts, prunes, squabs, squashes, sweetbreads—along with millions of dollars' worth of furs, and seeds for our farms, bulbs for our gardens, trees for our orchards, all of which, at some time, need uniform cold.

The Blessings of Cold

THE Eskimo has no need of cold storage. He lives and he loves in Nature's own icebox. But since the day when the first caveman found a mammoth frozen in a glacier and triumphantly took a hundred-year-old steak home to his wife, men who do not live at the North Pole have tried by hook or crook to make cold their servant. The old Egyptians cooled by the evaporation of water. Nero, it is said, sent slaves up to the mountains to drag down crates of snow that his wine might be properly chilled. The Colonial housewife froze a barrel of apple sauce and chopped it out with an ax as needed. And for ages men have stored food in caves and cellars, with indifferent success.

Now we have achieved the blessing of cold, along with the blessings of heat and of light. We can eat what we please, when we please, from wherever we please. We can outwit the insidious bacterium, and outdo the magician's hat with a refrigerator.

But have we reached the end yet? By no means. Any good refrigeration man will tell you, as many a one has told me, that his science is only at its beginning.

A new way to wash a dirty little boy WITHOUT *leaving a dirty ring*—take a bathtub of hard water and soften it with Melo. Then take a boy, dirt and all, and put him in it. Add soap. No scummy ring forms.

Water softened with Melo is a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. It makes clothes whiter, prevents the dirty ring from forming and saves soap. Two tablespoonfuls will do that. Two tablespoonfuls in the bathtub give a delightful soft-water bath. One tablespoonful in the dishpan cuts grease.

Melo is very inexpensive, 10 cents a can (slightly higher in far western states). Buy 3, and keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry, and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 *cents*

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.

The New, Beautiful Modes in

MENDOZA BEAVER
DYED CONEY

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COLOR GUARANTEED

What is the smartest fur to get? What kind of style? Send for our free booklet, now—and find out the things necessary for selecting your fur wisely. It gives authentic fur style information; helps you decide type of fur coat best for you; shows models just designed in "The Economy Furs of Fashion", *Mendoza Beaver and Mendoza Seal;* proves you can get smartness and quality at an economy price. *Mendoza Furs are featured by reliable stores everywhere.*

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MENDOZA FUR DYEING WORKS, Inc.
712 East 133rd St., New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me a free copy of "The New and Authentic Style in Furs."

Name.....

Address.....

A good coat of tan..is a promise of strong bones—sound teeth

If children could live in the sunshine *all the year round,* they'd all be as healthy and vigorous as you please. Even a month at the beach, as every mother knows, does wonders for a youngster.

Science has only recently discovered one reason *why* sunlight is so beneficial. It is because the direct rays of the sun have been found to be a source of the famous Vitamin D. . . . In some form or other, children *must* have this important vitamin—for without it, the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) in their diet which go to make strong bones and sound teeth are not utilized by the body.

Vitamin D is contained in Cocomalt

Sunlight, however, is not the sole source. Extensive research has proved conclusively that Cocomalt makes a definite contribution to the anti-rachitic potency of the diet—and contains Vitamin D in sufficient quantities to aid in building sturdy bones and sound teeth when taken under normal everyday conditions.

Cocomalt, as you know, is a delicious *balanced* food drink that children really love. And it brings them not only the actual sunlight vitamin but mineral salts (lime and phosphorus) as well.

Indeed, Cocomalt increases the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) by over 50% — and adds 70% more *nourishment* to milk. Cocomalt combines, in correct proportions, nourishing elements ideally suited to children.

Children drink it because they like it

And all this in a delicious drink—with a delightful chocolate flavor—that children love and will take without coaxing. Indeed, mothers find that Cocomalt is one sure way of making children take the daily required glasses of milk they need so much.

It's good cold. It's good hot. It's good for breakfast, dinner and supper—and between meals, too. It's good for your children all the year round. Without question Cocomalt should be a part of every child's diet. Give it to them regularly and see what dividends it will pay in health and strength and vigor.

©R. B. D. CO.'29

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five-pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi). If your grocer cannot supply you, take advantage of the sample offer.

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY • Hoboken, N. J. • *Makers of Davis Baking Powder*

R. B. Davis Company, Hoboken, New Jersey
Enclosed find 10 cents. Send me booklet B-7 and sample of Cocomalt mentioned above.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

A GENEROUS SAMPLE AND BOOKLET • Send 10 cents (to cover the cost of mailing) and we will forward you a generous sample can of Cocomalt—together with a fascinating booklet entitled "Children of the Sun." This booklet was prepared for the R. B. Davis Company by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

Our Newer Knowledge of Baby Care

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

A YOUNG mother said to me the other day: "You know, doctor, I want to keep up on these new ideas that you doctors are discovering. Just now, I am interested in the relative importance of heredity and environment and what is meant by environment as far as my baby's health is concerned."

I have just been reading an interesting analysis of this subject made by Prof. M. A. Bigelow. He has come to the conclusion that human life may be measured in the terms of a triangle with its three sides of equal length. First, he considers the base of the triangle which he draws as standing for heredity or what the individual has at the beginning of his life as an inheritance from his race and family. This he places first because it starts with the beginning of life. Modern biology has taken away our former fear about the inevitability of heredity. We know now that it has a limited effect upon our lives because it is mainly concerned with our physical type; we know that disease is rarely, if ever, inherited, and that environment can, if rightly applied, overcome any wrong tendencies and accent and develop the right ones.

The second side of the triangle, Doctor Bigelow calls "our natural environment"; including all external physical influences such as air, water, food, bacteria, and the like. "These," he states, "affect the individual from his prenatal life to maturity and may modify profoundly the influence of heredity." He calls the third side of the triangle "the influence of the social environment—that is, the influence of other human beings. This," he states, "consists of education, tradition, social customs, manners—in short, all of the influences set up by other people, excluding, of course, any which have a purely physical aspect." We know now that these types of environment are the most important and the determining factors in building the type of well-being and life that we want for our children. The home and family life of the child and the kind of contacts that we make for him in the impressionable years under five will give him his social environment; keeping abreast of the times in health knowledge will assure his physical well-being. Our constantly increasing information about the right kind of child care can be used and applied by any mother in giving the babies and children of this generation a better start in life than any children have ever had before.

Types of Milk

SO, NO apology is needed in starting out with that ever-old and ever-new subject of how the baby should be fed. We long ago found out that the simplest way of feeding babies was the best and safest. It is true that babies have a way of being different in their preferences and reactions about food—even the simplest—and there are always the babies to be considered who cannot, for some reason, have their natural food—breast milk. In this increasingly complicated life of ours with its frequent necessity of moving about from place to place and the often real dangers that lurk in any changes in the baby's food supply, modern science has come to our aid in offering us powdered milk and evaporated milk as a satisfactory substitute for fresh cow's milk. In reality they are not a substitute at all for they are simply whole milk from which the water has been taken by various methods of heating. They have the advantages of being uniform in consistency and composition, there is no possibility of their being contaminated by harmful bacteria, they are easy to prepare and their digestibility is comparable with that of breast milk. When these types of milk are used there can be entire freedom from worry, for they are not affected by hot weather or the lack of icing facilities. And with all of this to recommend them, we have the added value that evaporated milk, and to a great extent powdered milk, may be obtained anywhere and that the former type is the cheapest form of safe milk that we can buy.

Studies by Prof. Frank E. Rice, Dr. W. McKim Marriott, and others of equal standing, have shown that these forms of milk have all of the virtues of the original cow's milk from which they are prepared and none of its disadvantages. The breed and the food of the cows and the dreaded seasonal variation in the quality of the milk can be entirely ignored when evaporated or powdered milk is used. Experiments have shown that the important vitamins A and B are not destroyed by the heat used in powdering or evaporating the milk. The antiscorbutic vitamin C and the antirachitic vitamin D are not to be depended upon in even raw certified milk and cannot be found in the powdered or evaporated types. In all infant feeding it is necessary to make up for the lack of these by adding to the baby's diet, orange, lemon or tomato juice every day and cod-liver oil twice a day. Later, the additional use of egg yolks internally and either sun baths or the application of the ultraviolet ray externally will provide these vitally important vitamins.

A Georgia Discovery

STILL another aid in baby feeding has come with the understanding of the value of gelatin as a milk modifier. This is not recommended as a routine practice for all babies. Its chief value lies in those cases where the food is apt to be regurgitated or where vomiting of the food occurs without seeming cause. A few years ago, Dr. Roger H. Dennett called attention to this simple way of making milk more digestible for baby feeding, and lately, Dr. H. H. Perlman found that when a small quantity of gelatin was added to the milk formula, the curds were made softer and more easily digested, that regurgitation of the food did not occur, that baffling vomiting was controlled and that the babies taking this gelatinized milk gained in weight more rapidly than babies fed on the same milk formulæ but without the gelatin. Though gelatin has some slight food value, the use of fruit juices is necessary to provide the essential vitamins C and D, as it is with all forms of baby feeding except when breast milk is used. In instances where the mother has difficulty in adjusting the ordinary milk mixture to the baby's needs, this addition of gelatin will be found of great value. But I do not advise its use unless your doctor thinks that it is right.

A suggestion for one of those needed additions to the dietary of the young child that we are always seeking, has come from Georgia that the tips of sweet-potato vines are rich in iron, much more so than the much-lauded spinach. They can be prepared in many appetizing ways. If my Southern readers are interested, I feel certain that they can obtain information about the way to cook and serve this newly found food by writing to the Georgia Experiment Station, Athens, Georgia.

O-O-O-O!

Madam should have used her Mum

Practically every woman uses Mum "on occasion," for there are times when no woman would chance under-arm offense.

But is there ever a time when personal daintiness may be neglected? What a mistake to make only occasional use of something one knows is essential to a fastidious bodily condition!

You probably use Mum. It has never failed you when you have used it. You have found that refreshing dab of Mum as harmless as cold cream. Be sure, then, to use it often enough to provide continuous protection.

Mum does nothing to stop the important process of perspiration. It stops only the odor. Not a taint remains, or can return for hours when this snowy cream is applied. A doctor developed Mum's formula, so it never irritates. Indeed, it *soothes* the skin. Naturally, such a preparation could not injure the most delicate fabric. You may use this aid to daintiness without hesitation.

Women who believe soap and water sufficient protection from perspiration odor *should investigate the armholes of the garments in their closet.* Even those that have been worn but once.

And Mum is so easy to use! 35c jars, and 60c jars containing nearly three times as much, sold everywhere.

The Sanitary Napkin Use: Mum performs another service for which many women are grateful beyond expression. Just a thin spreading of Mum on the sanitary napkin, and one removes all chance of offense or embarrassment. Protection against odor is absolute and complete.

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Send Mum complimentary for me to try.
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The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

SUMMER is preëminently the time when the Sub-Deb and her chums do things in groups. They play tennis, golf, go on picnics, swim, dance and hike in a gay crowd of boys and girls. Later, in September, comes the inevitable parting, when the various units of the group go off to boarding school or college, and then the time for more individual interests comes into its own again. This month, therefore, I have purposely planned a number of group suggestions which I believe will interest you, whether you are spending the summer at home, at the seashore or in the mountains.

COURTESY PINCO PAPERS, INC.

Evidently, judging from your letters, you all talk each Sub-Deb page over with your friends at school, as well as at home, and we get invaluable help in editing the department from the suggestions you work out together and then write us about. So please keep right on discussing the various ideas on the page with your group; get their reactions to as many of the subjects as you can, and then help us again with more of those friendly, coöperative little letters. —MARGUERITE ASPINWALL.

What Paper Can Do

SO MANY of you girls have asked the Sub-Deb Editor for suggestions for redecorating your bedrooms, and for unusual, not too difficult touches you can add to change the color scheme of a room you have grown tired of, that the following ideas may prove both interesting and helpful to you.

There are on the market at present some very smart, new decorative papers which can be used in a wide variety of ways to give just the *different* atmosphere you want. In the illustration on this page we are showing an attractive, easily made lampshade, a scrap basket, a small screen for your bedside table light, a box to hold your bead necklaces and bracelets, and a cover for your telephone book or for a photograph album. These were all covered with different types of this paper, which in turn was finished with a coat or two of shellac to preserve the surface. In some cases, as in a box or table top, where there is a flat surface which will be subjected to more than average wear, the two coats of shellac should be followed with a coat of a good spar varnish.

Some of the papers have a grained finish like leather and make stunning coverings for the tops of card tables; others come in dainty, old-fashioned flower designs and are particularly suited to a girl's room, for covering such articles as desk-blotter sets, scrap baskets, lamp or candle shades, picture frames, and so forth. They can be made especially charming by the addition of old colored prints clipped from magazines, or bought for the purpose, and pasted on the paper selected in a panel effect.

Sometimes, so the manufacturers told us, certain of the designs have made most unusual and artistic panels on the walls of bedrooms, particularly in combination with white or cream woodwork.

Of course exactness and some skill in handling the materials are required, as well as great care in affixing the paper to the surface you are working on. Glue, mixed with water to thin it sufficiently, is used for this purpose, in preference to the kind of paste one would employ in pasting paper on paper; and better results are obtained by brushing the surface with the glue—and a soft brush—than by applying the glue directly to the paper.

A little practice with less ambitious objects at first will—if your fingers are ordinarily deft—fit you before long to turn out work which will prove a real delight. Also, with some careful studying of the possibilities offered by your room and its furniture, you will discover for yourself still other ways in which both may be made up-to-date and colorful by the application of these new papers in shades and designs that will harmonize with the rest of your furnishings. And don't forget that bureau drawers lined with a pretty, chintzlike pattern—or a vividly modernistic one, if your tastes run that way—will be a lasting incentive to keep those same drawers always in apple-pie order.

If a number of your chums become interested in the idea with you, you can form a jolly little decorating club, and work on one another's rooms in turn. It's a splendid plan, by the way, for making rainy days take to themselves wings before you have remembered to grumble over picnics and tennis matches ruined by the weather.

Hill-Climbing Picnic

IF YOU are spending your summer in the mountains, or in a country place where there are hills conveniently near, a hill-climbing picnic supper offers all sorts of possibilities for healthful exercise and good times. Even August—in most parts of the country, at any rate—has occasional cool days; and if you do not plan to start until the afternoon shadows lengthen and the sun is getting ready to slip down behind the highest mountain top, you won't mind the climbing part of it even if the day has been warm.

As evenings are usually cool at this time of the year, a camp fire will be not only necessary for the cooking of supper but will be very welcome to sit around for singing and story-telling afterward. Choose the two best cooks in the crowd, and let each of them be responsible for a certain part of the supper, allowing them to select as many helpers from the rest of the company as they require. Another group can be appointed to wash dishes, and a third to repack the knapsacks and baskets for the homeward trip. In this way none of the hard work falls unequally on any of your guests.

As this picnic goes afoot and not by car, the packing of the provisions and dishes is an important item. By making as even a distribution as possible, quite a large amount of food can be transported without hardship, and the coming back will be easier, of course—particularly if you are wise enough to take as many paper dishes, cups and plates as can be substituted for china or tin, and which can be comfortably burned in the camp fire after their usefulness is over.

Most of the sporting goods houses carry the regulation scout cooking outfit, either in individual size or for two, and some of the group might profitably carry these. Probably at least two small baskets will be needed, and if the flat, hamperlike baskets fishermen use are chosen, these will hold just as much and, as they can be carried like a knapsack on the back, will not inconvenience the hikers as a more bulky shape would be apt to do.

Vacuum bottles can also be worn over the shoulder on a strap, and if several of these are filled with cold fruit drinks or iced tea, enough can be carried for the entire party without anyone's feeling unduly burdened. Vacuum boxes of various sizes can be found also in shops selling camping and picnic outfits; and if the weather has been very warm, one or more of these, for holding such spoilable things as butter, mayonnaise dressing, cream, and the like, will be a wise precaution to take with you. By carrying two small boxes of this kind instead of one cumbersome large one, you will again achieve your purpose of dividing weight and bulk in a manner to keep the party free to enjoy the actual mountain climbing. Too heavy a load to carry will quickly take the zest out of an outing.

Another thing to remember on such a picnic is that extra sweaters are advisable additions to the camp luggage, for—as we remarked before—August nights are cool. A big steamer rug might be one boy's load, rolled and carried like a knapsack on his back. This can be spread out on the ground near the fire, for those who do not like sitting on the bare earth.

Still a third useful hint to remember is to bring as much of the supper ready cooked and prepared as you conveniently can, leaving only two or three articles of the menu to be cooked over the fire. The latter might be chops to be broiled on sharp-pointed sticks—each chop with a strip or two of bacon wrapped about it to lend seasoning. Potatoes to be baked in the embers are luscious, and not much trouble; and corn roasted in the ear never tastes so much like ambrosia; only *it must be thoroughly roasted.*

Lawn Teas

A VERY jolly summer custom for the girl whose home possesses a garden and a shaded lawn is to get her little group into the habit of dropping in between four and five several afternoons a week for cold fruitade or iced tea, sandwiches and cookies. Serve tea at a rustic table set with one of the new gayly striped or colored linen cloths,

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Drawings by Earle Kirkbride

Choice of COLOR at no extra cost

$695 AND UP AT FACTORY

ESSEX THE CHALLENGER

Buyers of Essex the Challenger last month were supplied with more than 225 color combinations to their individual orders, and at no extra cost. Your own dealer is prepared to give you the same wide choice, and will forward your selection to the factory for prompt delivery. Orders are shipped from factory within 48 hours.

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

MARY LAWLOR'S
Famous Feet

"You couldn't 'trip the light fantastic' with a corn. The fantastic thing would be to keep the corn, with Blue-jay so easy to get," says the lovely dancing star, Mary Lawlor.

. . .

Blue-jay is the safe, sane and painless way to end corns. Self-paring invites infection. With Blue-jay you take no chances. There is just the right amount of medication to safely and surely remove the corn. The soft and downy pad stops shoe-pressure and pain at once. One Blue-jay usually ends the corn; but even the deep-seated corn seldom requires more than a second or third. At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

© B. & B., 1929

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

FOR THE FIRST TIME

I can keep my complexion fresh and natural ...the whole day long

"FOR I have found Armand Cold Cream Powder. Here is the way I use it. I take a clean, firm puff and rub the soft, fragrant powder well into it. Then I apply it to my skin. It blends perfectly and gives my complexion a smooth, fresh appearance. The secret is rubbing the powder into the puff."

The effect of Armand Cold Cream Powder on the skin is smooth as satin and the powder *stays* on. Buy Armand in the pink and white hat box at all good stores. $1.

ARMAND, 100 Des Moines Street
Des Moines, Iowa
I enclose 10c, for which please send me "The Ten Minute a Day Beauty Treatment," including the four essential preparations.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____
In Canada, Armand Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario

This marvelous Armand Beauty Treatment and 10 minutes of your day will do wonders for your skin. Send the coupon and 10c for it. It contains:

1 copy Armand's new "Ten Minute a Day" beauty treatment.
1 trial package Armand Cold Cream Powder—Zanzibar shade.
1 trial package Armand Foundation Creme—a marvelous discovery for powder base.
1 trial package Armand Eau de Cologne Cleansing Cream—that liquefies the moment it touches the skin.
1 trial package Armand Lip and Cheek Rouge—a new creation!

You must try one of these new Armand Powder shades:

Zanzibar, ***light sunbrown for brunettes or blondes.***

Starlight, ***for day or evening.***

Surprise Yourself Now!

You, Too, Can Earn Money and Prizes

CLICK . . . Click! . . . Dorothy held her breath as the snaps went down. And no wonder!

"Another handkerchief and this traveling bag would certainly burst," she thought.

For within it were middy blouses, tennis shoes and a bright raincoat. Her brand-new tennis racket and the big bouncy waterball, of course—and many other wonderful things just made for camp fun.

How proud Dorothy was that she'd earned all these good-time things herself in our Girls' Club! *Wouldn't you be?* How happily she pulled on her blue béret and was off for two happy weeks at camp! . . . Later she wrote:

Dear Manager: I surprised even myself by earning that $20.00 for my trip to camp. The tennis racket and waterball that came as prizes were two more glad surprises. And camp was the most thrilling surprise of all.

—Dorothy Hill, *Va.*

Vacation months are very "specially" happy months in The Girls' Club, because then our hundreds of members are answering the call of the outdoors. I like to think of the many trim traveling bags that will be light-heartedly packed by carefree girls this month.

"Rough-it" camp clothes in so many of them . . . fluffy "summer visiting" clothes in others. And all earned by Girls' Club members who aren't going to miss any summer good times for lack of a few dollars:

Virginia Pennell writes:

I have the darlingest white sleeveless dress with a figured jacket to slip over it—bought with $9.00 of my Club earnings. It's the prettiest sports dress I ever had.

Margaret Lowe, who is taking a stay-at-home vacation, tells me:

I've been taking my prize field glasses on all our hikes and bird trips. And the $5.00 I earned in Club work last week will buy ever so many sodas!

Ask Me How!

AREN'T you eager to find out about earning for your vacation? Simply write, "Dear Manager: I'd like to know about The Girls' Club," and I'll be glad to tell you how you can join our Club and start earning money and winning those jolly prizes. Tell me your age also. There are no expenses except for a stamp . . . and no obligations. Address:

Manager of the Girls' Club
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
327 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Sub-Deb

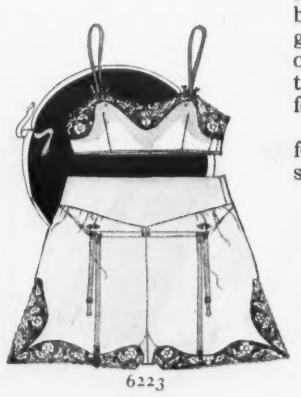
(Continued from Page 106)

under a big tree close to the garden. Use heavy, colored pottery cups, saucers and tea plates instead of your mother's daintier china. They will stand careless handling better, and are more in keeping with outdoor parties besides. For the cold drinks tall glasses in a color matching tablecloth and china are the smart final note.

After golf, tennis, riding or motoring a common meeting place like this is restful and brings your little coterie together for an hour of lively talk, plans for the next day and a general exchange of news. Try it and see how popular your garden teas and your garden will speedily become.

New Lingerie

THIS dainty set of matching step-in and brassière will fit smoothly under the thinnest summer frocks, and will also solve that troublesome problem of several shoulder straps. Here is the simplest, most practical little device you can imagine—Jiffy Joins on the ends of ribbon straps, securely fastening into the top of brassière, slip or silk vest. They can be slipped out again quite as easily before laundering the garments, and if you wear brassière as well as slip, they can be held up by the same shoulder strap, the ribbon ends being pushed through eyelets worked in the tops of both undies. Garters can be fastened into the fitted yoke of the step-in in the same way, which will serve the double purpose of keeping your stockings trimly taut and the yoke of the step-in trimly down about your hips, with no riding up or wrinkling as you dance.



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The set shown here is of heavy georgette, lace trimmed. Both brassière and step-in fasten on the left side. The brassière is lined with net to give firmness, and the yoke of the step-in is formed of three thicknesses of georgette for the same reason.

The Jiffy Joins can be found in most of the large shops of the country now, and you will probably want to fit them on all your lingerie when you have once discovered just how convenient they are.

The step-in and brassière are designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Dresses, 35 cts.; Lingerie, 30 cts.

Wholesome-
a pure drink of natural flavors

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OH BOY! It tastes as good as it looks. Watch it bubble up and feel it tingle all the way down. Cold and snappy! Refresh yourself is right. "Time out" for a cold Coca-Cola knocks Old Man Thirst for a home run. ▼ ▼ Such a drink at cool and cheerful fountains has taught the world how, when and where to pause, relax and be off to a fresh start. That's why the soda man has so many more calls for Coca-Cola than for any other drink. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has a flavor all its own.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS

The YEARS BEHIND IT

YOU have confidence in your physician because of his experience. He has an established reputation; a record you respect. Physicians have the same thought about the preparations they prescribe. And for fifty years they have endorsed Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

For sour stomach, biliousness, indigestion, or other gastric disorder, there is quick comfort and real relief in Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

In the Phillips formula authorities have recognized the most perfect anti-acid. Its form is the most effective in the opinion of the U. S. Dispensary.

So there are very real reasons why Phillips Milk of Magnesia has become the standard remedy for acid stomach. It is in perfect colloidal suspension. You never find it all settled on the bottom of the bottle. It clings to the lining of the stomach, so its alkaline action is most thorough. It does not generate gas and cannot irritate or hurt the most sensitive membrane. And it neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

There is only one form of milk of magnesia; it's a liquid, and comes in a bottle. Phillips is the genuine. It takes more than a blue bottle to make Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"I earned $32.00 besides my regular Commissions"

IMAGINE her happiness when Mrs. Priscilla Park, of New York, received our check for $32.00 *in addition to her regular earnings as our part-time subscription representative!* No wonder she exclaimed: "This is my lucky day!"

It might have been *your* lucky day too—just as it was for thousands of other Curtis folks who spend only a few leisure hours each week in easy, dignified work to earn handsome commissions and bonuses.

In Your Spare Time

This work consists merely of forwarding to us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman*—work that can easily be done in spare time right in your own neighborhood.

And for this service neither capital nor experience is needed.

Why not join our staff and learn the thrill of earning dollars to match your desires? The coupon will bring you full details, without obligations.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
355 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me about your money-making plan.

Name.....*Age*.....
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Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Mocker's Moon

(Continued from Page 11)

at ease. This was perhaps partly because she knew the older man very slightly, for all his long watchfulness of her—of which she had always, of course, been perfectly and rather delightedly aware; but it was mostly because of his manner and the fashion and content of his speech.

For far more fluently and more connectedly than her own generation did Ashley Brookes express himself, but in the flattering tenor of his speech there was an unfamiliarity, a topsy-turviness which confused while it excited her, so that she did not know how to understand or how to manage what he said.

PETER CAREY was blunt and rough at times, and often his words were satirically turned; but beneath his speech she had always heard something that he did not say.

They ran slowly along the pale, quiet road, passed now and then by the hum and glare of other traveling mysteries.

"I am taking you," he said, "my little alabaster lamp, to see azaleas. White azaleas in my garden. I was looking for the right companion for tonight. I always take someone to see my white azaleas on just this night at twelve o'clock. And when you floated into my ken, in your white satin and white tulle and pearls, I knew that you had been—sent."

"That sounds," said Cynthia, "like an answer to prayer—something sort of spiritualistic, doesn't it? Or revivalistic maybe, I mean."

"It is. For tonight is the middle day of this enchanting month, and the white azaleas have flowered in my garden, and there is a full moon—a mocker's moon."

"Why a mocker's moon?" asked Cynthia.

"First comes the honey moon, which you will be gazing upon a month from tonight, and then—years later—comes the mocker's moon. You'll know about it some day."

"I think perhaps," quoth Cynthia, "that Peter and I are forewarned and may be able to mix our moons."

"QUITE likely, Cynthia. I believe you will, which is one reason why I chose you tonight for my companion. Haven't I listened to you, watched you? Cynthia, beautiful young Cynthia, you are a mocker's moon maiden if ever there was one. You won't mind, will you? If I make love to you. You won't take it—as most of the ladies of my generation would take it—as an insult or a peril or a passionate adventure, or any of those obsolete things?"

"I don't suppose I'll take it at all, Mr. Brookes. Why make love to me? I should think a moon and white azaleas would be enough."

"Enough?" he asked. "Enough for what?"

"To satisfy your—romanticism. Let's take the love-making for granted."

He put back his head and laughed, a laugh that was soft and long and bitterly exultant. "The moon and the azaleas shall be enough, Cynthia; I won't have to make love to you, my little white snow image. We'll take all that for granted, as you so reasonably put it, and waste no words. Let the night speak for us—the night, the night, the night. . . ."

She wondered at this point if he had been drinking but found no sign but this one of extravagant speech. Peter, thank heaven, knew how to love her without words. . . .

Ashley Brookes was still talking.

"When," asked Cynthia, "do we get to the azaleas?"

And again he laughed. "Darling, we turn in here toward the azaleas, and here I switch off the car lights. For this is the entrance to my home, where no lights but the moon are permitted to burn tonight."

"It's some sort of anniversary?" asked Cynthia.

They came out into the tunnel of the drive. The white house front gleamed in the open end of their arrowy passage.

There was no light anywhere in Mr. Brookes' house windows, but the moon painted his columns and his porch, his rose-covered walls and tall still chimneys.

"How beautiful!" Cynthia had forgotten her question as to an anniversary.

It was extraordinarily still when they had stopped before the empty porch.

"It's like the Sleeping Princess' palace," said Cynthia.

"The princess sleeps," said Ashley.

"Is there anyone here at all?"

"Only the sleeping princess. I haven't lived here for a thousand mocking moons, my dear. I keep the place clean inside, and my gardener works all the year round outside. And just for the sake of this one night in the year—and white azaleas."

"Please tell me," she began; but he had put an icy hand on her arm, and under its startling admonition her voice faded away.

SO THEY went through a large door of entrance in silence, and in silence, that cold hand sliding down to her wrist to guide her, along an airless, lightless hall to another door. This he opened suddenly, so that they stepped out above a sea of fairy foam—the moonlight on azaleas. A perfume swung like a censer toward them, down and up, to the roof of the blue night.

Ashley breathed in a shaken fashion. She saw his face twist as he looked toward her. "Azaleas," he said. His pointing hand trembled. "White azaleas." And he added startlingly, fiercely, so that her heart jumped, "*Why don't you laugh?*"

Cynthia stared at him and lifted her hand slowly to hide a hurt, strained mouth. She felt only that instinct to conceal a wound.

"It's what I brought you here for. To laugh, to teach me how to laugh. It's time I learned your sort of laughter, Cynthia—your sort of loving."

"What is my sort of loving?" she asked tremulously.

"Let's take the love-making for granted, as you said. You understand. What don't you understand, you wonderful product of a wonderful day? You with your young hard eyes, wide open to all the ugly facts we've buried under our azaleas. You know just how little words and beauty have to do with men and women—with one man and one woman together—on a night like this. You and your generation know what we want. Not this woman—no, nor that one, but just a woman, lips and body and a balanced will. And laughter, Cynthia, to heal, to cauterize with healing, all the world's old wounds. Let's take the love-making for granted!"

"Mr. Brookes, please don't. I think—I just don't understand."

"Not words perhaps, my darling. You don't deal in words. That's the folly of my generation. But you will understand this, I do believe."

HE HAD his arms about her; and never from strong young Peter, trembling with restraint, had she suffered such extinction of personality, such obliteration of her pride. She would have cried out, smothered as her lips were, if another voice remote and yearning had not drifted to them from the sea of white azaleas.

"Ashley—Ashley," it pleaded, "aren't you here?"

His body wrenched itself convulsively from hers, seemed to gather for a plunge.

(Continued on Page 113)

SEE WHAT YOU BUY

BUY IN GLASS

GLEAMING glass jars, tumblers and bottles bring to your table the most wholesome foods, with all their natural flavor and freshness sealed in by convenient seals. Quality is self-evident—full measure is visibly assured—before you make your purchases. You will find, too, that glass containers save your time in shopping, and save money by preventing costly waste. In every way this modern method of packing helps you buy foods with greater certainty, and prepare appetizing, nourishing meals with true economy.

Published in the interest of the consuming public and the industries who serve it by packing foods and household necessities in glass, by the

GLASS CONTAINER ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA · 19 WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

NOW—THANKS TO POND'S

these softer, finer tissues to remove cold cream . . . this gentler, more refreshing tonic to banish oiliness

HAVE you seen what Pond's has given you? Tissues for removing cold cream—so much softer than any you've ever used before! Skin Freshener, the gentlest that ever touched your cheeks!

Pond's Cleansing Tissues, you'll find, are the safe, sure, immaculate way to remove cold cream. Marvelously absorbent, they fairly soak up the cream and dirt.

And how much more sanitary! Now the unsightly cold cream "rag" can be banished, good towels spared! And your sensitive skin spared, too—for these tissues are softer than the finest linen. Snowy-white, ample in size, low in price, they make the old methods of removing cold cream seem positively crude!

Used as handkerchiefs, in case of colds, they prevent the spread of infection. Particular housewives keep boxes of them in nursery, bathroom and kitchen, in the interests of today's more hygienic living.

Pond's Skin Freshener, delicately fragrant, will also at once become a part of your daily toilette.

It's a boon to every cold cream user—for though cream has thoroughly cleansed your skin, and tissues have wiped it away, there remains an appearance and "feel" of oiliness. This, Pond's Freshener completely banishes, leaving your skin immaculate, refreshed, cool! And does it without the least irritation.

It's a bracing tonic, too, and a mild astringent—closing and reducing the pores, refining the skin, toning, clearing. It wakes up sluggish, sallow skins, coaxes a lovely color to pale cheeks.

USE THESE TWO GIFTS Pond's makes for you as follows, and your skin will have a more vivid look of life and loveliness:

Cleanse face, neck, and shoulders with cold cream, using lavishly to flush all dirt from pores to surface. Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues folded in your hand, using two together and discarding them for fresh ones as often as necessary.

Next, soak a pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener, dabbing briskly over face and neck. Leave it on for several seconds. Pat dry. Last, a cream for finishing and a dainty "make-up!"

You're ready for the day or evening now, "beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful"—thanks to Pond's!

SEND 10¢ *for samples of these new Pond's preparations and the famous Two Creams, Cold and Vanishing.*

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. S
107-F Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Fold Tissues over hand, remove cream gently··

Soak cotton with Freshener, pat on briskly··

POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES

·· indispensable to remove cold cream after cleansing ·· economical, hygienic

Ample, absorbent, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are fine enough for the most sensitive skin. They absorb oil and moisture instantly. Use and throw them away! No more insanitary cold cream "rags," no more good towels ruined. Useful as handkerchiefs in case of colds, and in a dozen other ways. 25¢, 50¢.

POND'S SKIN FRESHENER

·· essential to banish oiliness after cold cream cleansing ·· tones, refines

Bracing and refreshing, Pond's Skin Freshener used after your cold cream cleansing, leaves your complexion cool and smooth, ready for finishing cream and powder. This fragrant skin tonic closes and refines the pores, tones the skin, keeps it young, firm and fine textured. Bottled with screw cap, 50¢, $1.00.

(Continued from Page 110)

Then he caught at Cynthia, this time with an impersonal violence, and thrust her out of the moonlight into the shelter of a mass of box by the terrace coping.

"Get back of this," he whispered in a voice as urgently violent as his hands. "Stay there. Keep quiet."

Cynthia crouched, her heart laboring in anger and in fear.

He ran down into the perfumed foam below. And presently she saw, moving to meet him like a swimmer who climbs slowly up from deep water into shallow surf, another figure, white and tall, dark-haired—a woman.

In the middle of the moonlit space they came together, and after a moment Cynthia heard a broken, simple voice. She hardly recognized it as Ashley Brookes'.

"Darling, I thought you said you were—afraid to come."

SHE did not hear the woman's answer until presently, as though he had already forgotten Cynthia's presence or grown careless of it, they moved to a bench beneath her hiding place, when the speech of both was unavoidably audible.

"But we must sit here—we must; it's the old place. We always use it."

Then again, "Oh, it's good, it's good," she went on sighingly; and Cynthia was reminded of a thirsty child to whom she'd once brought water. "I *was* afraid; I'm still afraid. He's been dreadfully ill again, but some rumor must have reached him. That's why I wrote the way I did, dearest, because I was so bitterly disappointed that it made me wild with a sort of anger at you, at myself, at our ancient imbecility. For, Ashley, I've felt more than ever lately. . . ."

He knelt up and kissed her. Cynthia had seen his face, washed of mockery and madness—a boy's grave young face.

"You see," she went on when she could, "you see I couldn't, even for fear and anger, keep away. But I am so late. I was terribly afraid you hadn't come at all—or that you'd gone. I fancied you waiting up there, alone, on the terrace, looking down at our azaleas. You make my heart ache, Ashley—oh, indeed, indeed you do."

"I feel that I've betrayed you," he said, "by doubting—by thinking that you really would be afraid to come." His voice was choked by very real shame, which Cynthia found herself able to comprehend.

"We were fools. We didn't know a thing about—love, dear, did we? It's ebb and flow; that it comes back, comes back. I wish I'd known how to wait. . . . Very well, darling, I won't talk about it; I know we said we'd have no past or future on this one night. To think I nearly missed it, nearly let it go."

From their lips, from their brains, serious, unconscious, careless, love uttered itself, a tragic and ecstatic chant, instinctive, a sane sort of madness. Cynthia, kneeling in the chill box shadows, listened against her will. And with a weight of loneliness upon her heart which she thought would never again be lifted.

What shut her out from this? What ecstasy must she forever be denied? Why, when he had spoken to her, had Ashley's voice been so cold, his eyes so hard? He had told her once that he loved her. And Peter, the hard-boiled, with his queer, jerky syllables—did he love her with his eyes open to see only ugliness, to know, as she knew, just the savage facts of their blind, mutual craving which must change, must pass?

Cynthia was crying. She could not help but listen to their beautiful madness, which must have blossomed yearly with the white azaleas.

Had the woman once been Ashley's wife? And why had they allowed themselves to be torn apart, why had they destroyed their own happiness? They had not perhaps believed in the permanence of love; they must have lost faith, must have quarreled. She had married another man—ill, now, or crippled, a burden to which honor kept her bound. And so they found themselves, those two, drawn back—again, again, again—as the rhythm of a waltz draws back.

Cynthia was still listening. And it seemed to her she knew these words that they were saying; knew them intimately, as though she herself had said them a million times. And of course she had said them—to Peter, dumbly, achingly—while he held her in his arms and while she spoke aloud that other jargon. "We know what we know. We know even what we want. . . . When we're through with this we'll just be through. . . ."

STILL they murmured, though she could not see them. The trembling stiffness of her long watch forced her at last to move; she put her hand against the coping to save herself from making any sound. At that instant the woman rose, her head on a level with Cynthia's hand; and putting up her own, by aimless chance, she let it fall on Cynthia's icy fingers.

She snatched it back with a low, frightened cry. "Ashley—there's someone—someone on the terrace." And indeed now Cynthia stood where through the dimness her white dress was faintly visible.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I followed Mr. Brookes here for a lark in my own car. I knew he had a date with azaleas, though I didn't know with whom the date was made. I wanted"—she laughed eerily, like a bitter fairy—"I wanted to see how he behaves when he is not enjoying mocker's moons. I wouldn't have stayed, but I found I couldn't get away without your hearing me. I don't know who you are; I won't ever say a word." She stooped forward, bent closer to Ashley until she saw the glitter of his eyes. "Don't move. I'll find my way back alone just as I came here. My car's in front. Good night." She laughed again. "I think you're beautifully old-fashioned, Mr. Brookes—you and your azaleas!"

AND as she ran back across the terrace she laughed for their benefit, coolly and lightly as a flying nymph. So, laughing, she found herself in her own driver's seat and blazing a tunnel of iridescence along that palely flying road. And all the while she kept seeing Ashley's face of startled, of shocked gratitude.

And she kept saying to herself, "Peter is with Kate—Peter is with Kate. I've told him to be free—I've told him to be free. . . . Oh, Peter darling, don't be free! Be mine, only mine forever and forever while we both shall live, while moons come back and white azaleas bloom."

So, faster than any flying nymph, she came to the black entrance of her hedge and through it to the garden where Peter stormed to meet her.

"Of course," he cried out softly and fiercely, as he caught her crumpled, dew-drenched trembling whiteness, "it's none of my damned business, but —— I didn't go to Kate's, and I've been waiting ——" His tone changed, "Cynthia, dearest, you're scared? You're hurt?"

"It *is* your damned business, Peter. I am your damned business—every inch of me. Oh, Peter, do you love me? *Do you love me*, please?"

Peter was able to reassure her as to this.

Beneath the terrace they clung together in a darkness without moons or blossoms, a beautiful darkness that was serious and kind.

Above at his open window John Claire, the ancient actor, heard their murmuring. He smiled. "Those two! I didn't think they had it in 'em." And he quoted softly,

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears ——"

He did not know that he was "dated" and sentimental.

Neither did Peter.

Nor did Cynthia.

Snoozer'll Do Nicely

(Continued from Page 19)

been engaged to his niece . . . they'd been mighty nice to him, all of them. If the old bird, not knowing things had been broken off, got pickled and out of sheer mateyness wanted to do him a favor, it wasn't decent not to make a show of gratitude.

And so he said, "Where is the beast? Let's go over and take a look at him."

"Get your horse," said Peter.

"But my car's right here."

"'Sno good," said Peter. "We've got to go through the woods."

For the first two miles of their ride the young man stretched a point to be polite. Even when they began plowing through underbrush so thick that it was impossible to keep branches from paring occasional lumps of skin off his face, he only said, "This is a bit thick, skipper."

Peter thought of what he would have said under like circumstance, and decided Harry Grant was a very nice young man. At the end of the next two miles, the nice young man said, "Where is this horse—in Africa?"

"Just over the next hill. That horse could win the Warren——"

The young man broke in on him. He'd had a hard day; had wanted to go to bed . . . here he was going around in a jungle in the middle of the night for nothing but the amusement of an old tick who should have known better than to be carrying on like that, anyway.

"Have a heart, skipper. I'm tired."

"So am I, Harry. I've come farther than you. Hello!" He looked down. "Snoozer's thrown a shoe, poor devil—isn't right to ask her to carry my weight without a shoe."

Grant rode up and dismounted. He was fond of horses. "Take mine," he said. "I'm light and What's-her-name won't mind my weight."

They changed horses. No sooner had Uncle Peter mounted Grant's Thoroughbred than the animal, frightened apparently by something that had stuck into him as he got into the saddle, bolted.

"Now that's a devil of a note!" said Grant. "Here I've been doing a John Gilpin with that crazy coot and I've no more idea where I am than a mole!"

Grant mounted the roan and rode for a few moments back over the trail they had followed. Then it stopped altogether. He tried to figure out the direction they had come, but the old man had been talking such a steady stream of nonsense he hadn't been able to fix it in his mind. Well, he thought, at least the horse could find its way . . . horses always got you home if you gave them their heads when you were lost.

He knotted the reins and threw them loose on Snoozer's neck. . . .

Peter Sesselenden stalked into his brother's living room. Penelope looked up as he entered. He sat down beside her and began removing the matted briers from his once white trousers.

He put his hand on his niece's shoulder.

"Penelope," he said, "if I were you I should go down by the gate. I—ah—I think your—horse will be finding his way home any minute now."

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Paris Pattern 1176 *Maison Paul Poiret* in the August issue of the Ladies' Home Journal

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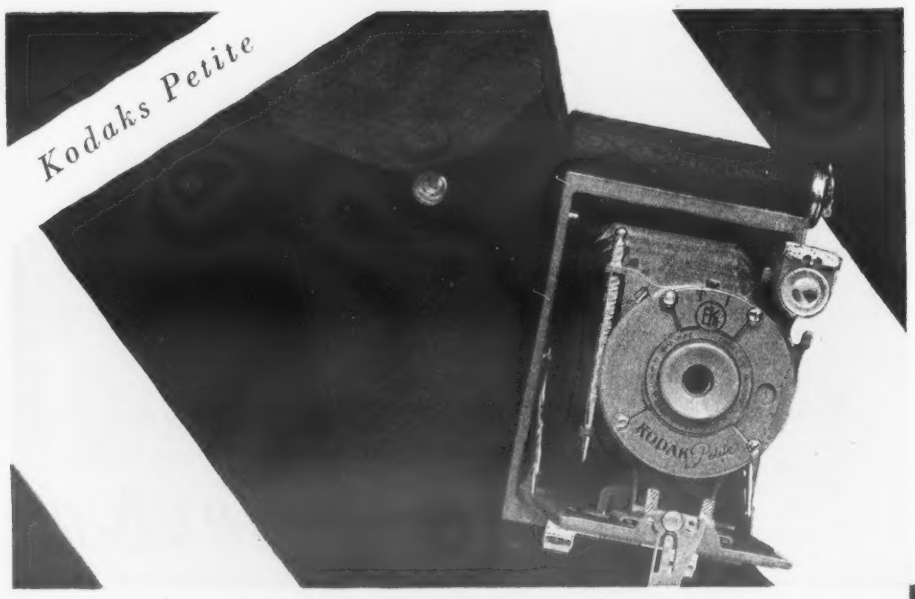

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BLUE—the color you hope the sky will be on the day you take your outing.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY : *Rochester, New York*

Pansy Dale and Patsy Dorker

(Continued from Page 5)

a worse mistake in the world! Now he'll never look at her, and what kind of a fix does that put her in? Why, it's simply tragic! No matter how much she's supposed to get married, or who does the supposing, she can't get married—she can't get married at *all!* Naturally, she couldn't possibly marry anybody but George, so it's absolutely tragic. Patsy's going to be an old maid!"

There was a destiny indeed, an unthinkable one—the most unthinkable one of all. Pansy shivered, and, seeing no hope for her dearest friend, finished this evening of convalescence by shedding upon her pillow some tears of acute sympathy.

III.

BAYARD PELLEY was there for his answer the next afternoon, and Pansy hadn't consciously decided what she was going to say to him until she began to say it. Moreover, during the earlier part of this interview, she was saying to herself, "Well, I'm supposed to get married, of course—and at least I'm certainly supposed to get engaged! Maybe anyhow, I could go that far, even if I had to get out of it later."

Finally Bayard became not only lover-like but rather pointedly businesslike as well. He took her hand and said tenderly, "I don't think there's a girl anywhere in the world like you—at least there certainly isn't for me. You're absolutely what I want, and I hope terribly that I'm what you want. I've told you pretty often how much I care about you; but you don't want me to go on saying it forever, do you, without saying anything yourself? It'd be an absolutely perfect thing all around, and everybody'd be delighted. We aren't too young, especially because my family always have married young, and my father's just as anxious to see me settled as I am, myself. I certainly haven't hurried you, Pansy; I've waited pretty patiently, and, in giving you until this afternoon ——"

"Don't wait any longer!" she said, with an impulse so sudden and sharp that it surprised her.

It surprised young Bayard even more, and he left the house half an hour later in a state of mind indignant rather than despairing. And, before evening fell, Pansy had added to this rejection another one, for Mr. George Hinchman arrived close upon the departure of his rival, and wooing speech was nowise to be denied him; in fact, he was eloquently impassioned; he spoke with so much depth of feeling that she cried both before and after he took a pathetic leave of her; but what in her heart she most bewailed was the strangely perverse misplacement of his affections. "Why on earth couldn't he have felt that and said that to Patsy?" she thought. "They'd both have been so grandly happy! Is life full of such idiotic mix-ups, I wonder? Prob'ly it is, and is all just as terrible as this!"

THAT night, being only the least bit sniffly from emotion and cold, combined, she went forth again into the brightly fascinating little dancing world of Pansy Dale and Patsy Dorker, and the twin belles kept their feet moving and their pretty voices chirping until after sunrise. They went to a dinner, to three dances and two breakfasts before they saw bed again, and never were the twain more sparklingly the center about which that little world of theirs revolved. Mr. George Hinchman was nowhere to be seen in it; but young Bayard Pelley's afternoon agitation had certainly not been destructive. He presented himself at two of the dances, and accompanied the team to both of the breakfasts, keeping himself as close to Patsy Dorker as he could.

A little mystified, Pansy nevertheless did not mistake this action of his for an exhibition of pique; Bayard was too literal-minded a young man to be trying to stir her with that sort of exhibition, and she knew that he was simply and directly following his own bent; she felt sorrier than ever for Patsy. "Good heavens! He'll propose to her next, because he's just bound to get married, and he thinks she's the next best thing! How revolting! Everything's just too horrible for poor old Patsy!"

For that matter, everything was far from pleasant for Pansy, herself, during the next two weeks; she had gone out for an exhausting night without having entirely recovered from her cold, and she had a relapse. The family physician came twice a day during the first week, and, by the time his visits ceased entirely, her mother had a piece of news for her: Patsy Dorker's engagement to Bayard Pelley had just been announced to the tribe. Patsy's triumph was splendid and sonorous, and brilliant courtesies were already being projected by relatives and friends of the Pelleys and Dorkers. And Patsy's final great exhibition day was only five weeks distant.

IV.

IT WAS only five days distant when the twain had the interview that Patsy afterward seemed to have contrived somehow to forget. She lay upon the pale-green satin sofa in her girlishly gay bedroom, and Pansy sat beside her, petting her and trying to soothe her. "I knew it was no use!" Patsy gasped. "No use at all! None on earth! Two years!

"The moment that I heard George Hinchman had gone on that expedition I knew it was no use. Two years! Two years in Greenland—and he'd never looked at me anyway—it was always you. You thought I didn't see it, but of course I did, all the time, and when I heard he'd gone I knew he must have spoken to you and that you wouldn't have him. I don't know what you're made of—there must be something queer about you—you must be the strangest person in the whole world, Pansy, to have George in love with you and not care for him and not even know how beautiful he is! I never dreamed it was in me to love anything so much; but when I felt that way it was before I'd ever seen George! And now you wouldn't have him, and he's gone! And I've got to marry Bayard Pelley!"

"You don't have to marry Bayard Pelley," Pansy said. "You can't, Patsy! You can't! You can't do such a horrible thing and you mustn't!"

"'Mustn't!' Why, I've got to—I've got to go through with it. There wasn't anything to do but take Bayard when I heard George was gone on the Greenland expedition. He didn't even come to tell me he was going; he didn't even send me word—and yet I know he knew I loved him. He didn't care whether I did or not; he didn't care if it killed me, so what was there to do but to take Bayard? I had to do something, didn't I? I thought Bayard was in love with you, too; but I guess he couldn't have been much that way or he wouldn't have asked me. I don't care whether he was or not, because I don't care anything about him—except I kind of hate him for getting me into this jam."

"He didn't get you into this jam, Patsy. You didn't have to ——"

"Didn't I? George was gone, and I had to get engaged and married to somebody, didn't I?"

"No," Pansy said decisively. "You didn't have to, and you don't have to go through with it. You can get right up from there now and wash your face and go tell your mother what's the matter and telephone Bayard Pelley and tell him it's off. That's what you've got to do and you've got to do it right now!" She jumped up and went to the door of the little bathroom. "Come in here and I'll wash your face for you if you're too excited. Where are your wash rags?"

Patsy lifted her head to stare incredulously through contorting tears. "You're crazy! I never knew anyone crazier!"

"Why? Because I want you to get your face washed?"

"You're crazy! I tell you, you're stark, staring crazy to think I don't have to go through with it!" And with this, crying out bitterly, Patsy convulsively twisted her body over upon the sofa till she lay face down; her voice came, choked and mumbling. "Ah! I've got to go through with it!"

"YOU don't!" Pansy cried; she ran to her, took her by the shoulders, shook her, and by main force turned her over. "Nobody could do what you have to do—it isn't possible! It'd be better for you to kill yourself than to do that!"

"I can't!" Patsy sobbed. "I can't kill myself, because I've thought about it and I know I can't. I tell you I've got to go through with it. I've got to marry Bayard Pelley! I've got to marry that horrible, horrible, little Bayard Pelley!" She choked upon tears, shivered violently all over; her teeth chattered and her state became lamentable. "I've got to marry him! Look at the drawing-room half full of presents and the Pelleys' set of silver and the old china from father's employes, and my aunt and cousin Fanny here all the way from Pasadena! Look at all the parties the Pelley relatives have given, and that awful, big Pelley dinner-dance tonight, and fifteen hundred and sixty-eight invitations out and the terrible expense father's been to already and the farm Bayard's old stick of a father has given us! Why, you crazy fool, the caterer's downstairs now, talking to mother, and the florist's been here three times today! I'd be a lunatic like you if I thought I could go up against all that!" She threw her arms about Pansy's body, clasping her violently.

"I can't go up against it except by killing myself and I can't do that! But you could do it for me, Pansy. You could be friend enough and big enough to kill me, couldn't you? Couldn't you do it for me, Pansy?"

Pansy pushed her down upon the sofa, tore herself from the clinging arms and went for the wash rag. But after she had used it, there was need for it again and again. Mrs. Dorker sent a maid several times for Patsy during this sorrowful process, and finally came, herself, to the locked door. Fortunately, when she arrived, her daughter was able to decline, in a voice of customary petulance, to see either her or the caterer. "Go away and don't bother me!" she called. "I don't care what you do, I won't come!"

Then, when her mother had laughed and departed, the wash rag had to be used again. "Why won't you kill me?" she pleaded.

"I know what I ought to have done," Pansy said. "I ought to have let your mother in and told her. I ought to go and tell her now."

But, at that, Patsy half screamed, "You're crazy—stark, staring crazy!" And Pansy found herself almost as anguished, and quite as helpless, as was the miserable prospective bride.

V.

NATURALLY, almost everybody was looking at the bride during the slow progress of the nuptial procession in the aisle of St. Matthew's; but the glance of a few observant people remained, at least momentarily, in some astonishment upon the face of the maid of honor. For Pansy's expression was tragic, in spite

(Continued on Page 117)

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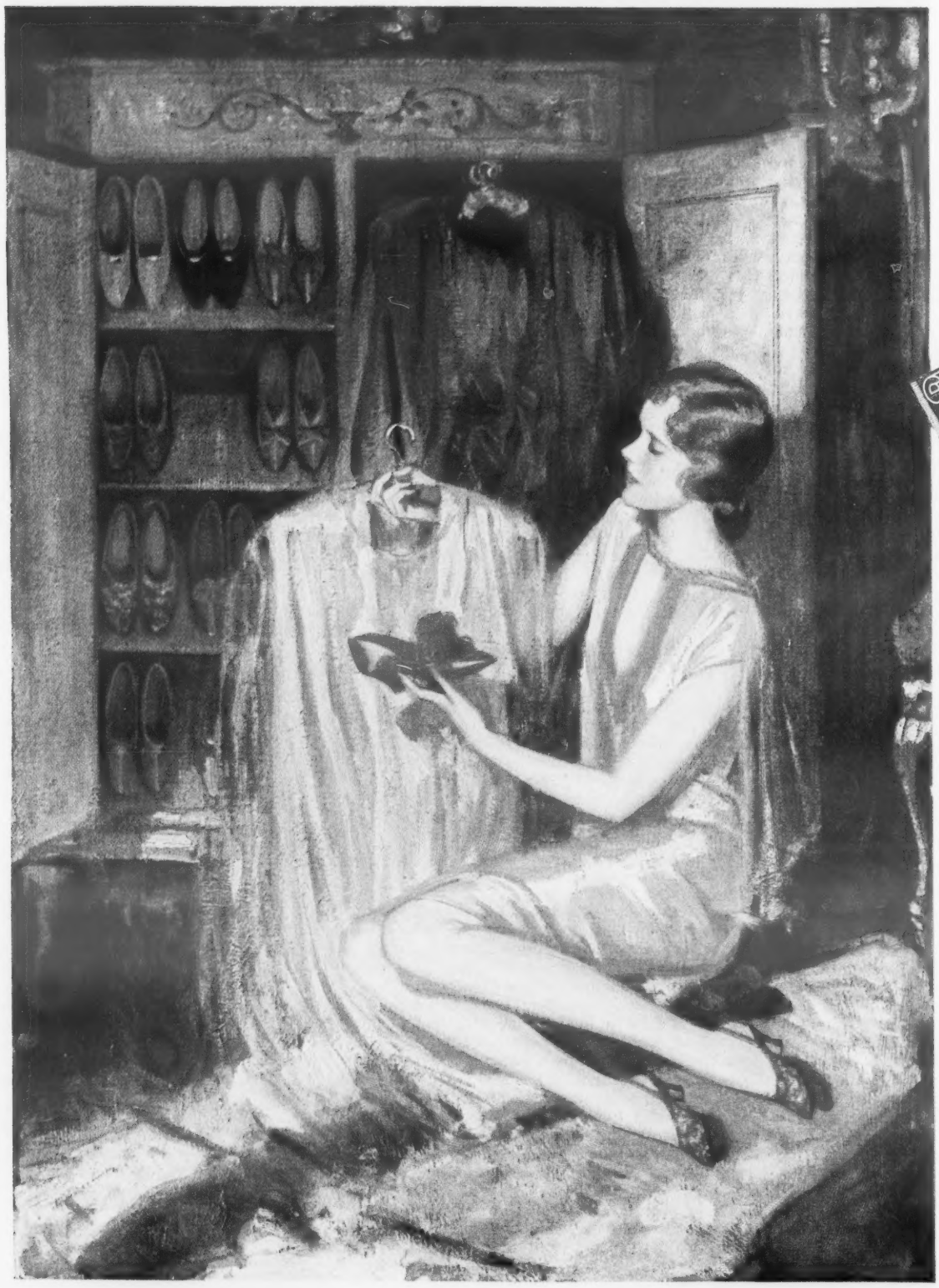

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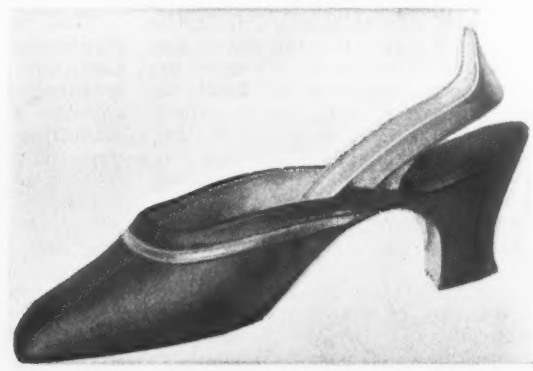

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47 Years of Making Fine Slippers for Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 115)

of all that she could do to give it the appropriate serious sweetness; her lips quivered visibly; she trembled all over, and the vibration of the flowers in her big bouquet was conspicuous.

Pansy's sensations were those of one who partakes in a ceremonial unspeakably horrid; her lovely young eyes, eloquent of misery, gazed fixedly before her and never at the sacrificial victim. Yet not often has there been a calmer bride than Patsy; and later, after the wedding breakfast at home, when the maid of honor and two of the bridesmaids helped her to change her clothes for the wedding journey, she was almost casually merry, and ran down the stairs and out through the shower of rice shouting and actually laughing. This cheerfulness of outward demeanor was interpreted by the mournful maid of honor as abnormal heroism made possible by an unnatural state of excitement.

"AH, BUT when she gets time to realize what she's done!" Pansy thought; and, at home, shivered and went over the picture thus conjured up before her of a Patsy emaciated by repulsion and grief. How had it come about that life held such tragedies in waiting for girls? Pansy wondered. Why had Patsy got herself into this jam? She hadn't been able to extricate herself after saying "yes" to Bayard Pelley; but why had she said "yes"? Evidently because she'd been brought up to say just that word in just that way; tribal custom put this awful pressure upon the maidens of the tribe, and Patsy, in a state of emotional desperation, had been unable to resist such a power. The pressure put upon her was so mighty, indeed, that rather than dare to offer resistance to it she enslaved herself permanently and gave her embrace to a figure for which she had only distaste; married one man while she still adored another. More, this was not uncommon, not sporadic; no one could tell how often it was happening. "Could it happen to me?" Pansy whispered to her pillow. "I do have to marry, don't I? Could I make myself marry a man I wasn't ready to die for? Well, Patsy's done that, and I guess she's going on living!"

Patsy was doing better than that, much better than that, as she made evident upon her return from the honeymoon. Pansy rushed to see her and found her and her husband watching a groom take a new horse over a hurdle at the farm old Mr. Pelley had given the young couple. Patsy's interest in the jumping seemed to be unaffected and even lively; and presently, when Bayard went to speak to the groom, Pansy clutched young Mrs. Pelley's hand, and whispered to her hastily, "I never knew you had such nerve, dearest! It's simply heartbreaking!"

PATSY looked surprised; she even looked a little coldly surprised, and she drew her hand away. "Nerve?" she said, and she laughed lightly, even condescendingly, in the manner of a wise young matron amused by a girlish outburst. "You funny old thing! You always did take everything too seriously. You've got to get married, Pansy; you'll find life isn't a bit the way you think it is."

Dazed, Pansy turned away, as other visitors just then arrived and joined them, and, a few minutes later, she heard Patsy half whispering to one of these newcomers, "I'm the happiest woman in the world! He's absolutely perfect!" Without question, she was referring to Bayard Pelley, for her glance went to him as she made this tribute, and it was a glance meltingly tender and prettily triumphant.

Inside, Pansy felt as if she had fallen all to pieces; she got away as soon as she could after that, and danced all that night in an inward condition still chaotic.

All the while that she kept her feet moving and her hands fluttering in the pretty little gestures she knew so well how to make, and her voice chirping in the pretty little "line" she practiced with her partners, her bewilderment and her loneliness grew stronger upon her, and in the back of her head she kept saying over and over, "Is this going to happen to me?"

VI.

IT WAS the sight of Patsy's baby in its mother's arms that finally drove Pansy, if not out of the tribe, at least out of the territory governed absolutely by tribal custom. Meanwhile, for she was twenty then, she had been still dancing on, still working her "line," still sometimes receiving and rejecting offers of marriage, and still pondering upon what had happened to Patsy. The young Pelleys were merrily defined by their contemporaries as "simply sickening"; never were two people so "absolutely sloppily in love with each other"; never was bliss more visibly honeyed. And when the first of the series of healthy and rosy babies appeared, it was generally felt among the congratulatory Pelleys and Dorkers that the child was fortunate to be born of such a union.

This was not Pansy's thought; the marriage itself had not shocked her more than did the arrival of the infant. "'Biological urge,'" she said to her mother, with whom she now sometimes had sharp arguments. "'Biological urge,' that's all it is!"

"Nothing of the kind!" her mother said, a little shocked. "Those two dear young things simply adore each other."

"'Biological urge!'" Pansy repeated stubbornly, and she went on, too quickly: "She hated him up to the very day she married him, and then nothing on earth but this old mechanism of an instinct made her first able to stand him, and afterward get hallucinated into the idea that she is in love with him. Well, perhaps she is; but that makes it all the more terrible to think of. To be in love with one man, and then let a 'biological urge' make you believe you're in love with another, and have babies—what's letting yourself be more a sacrilegious little cogwheel, so far as love itself is concerned? It's overwhelmingly frightening and it's ——"

Mrs. Dale interrupted her: "What other man are you talking about?"

"NO ONE," Patsy said hastily. "I was thinking of other girls then who do that, and there are plenty of them. But I'm not going to be one! There wouldn't even be the excuse for me that there might be for a girl who desperately fell into the arms of the wrong man because the right one didn't ask her. If I got myself married now it would be merely for the sake of getting myself married, and I can't think of a more indecent reason of entering into that state!"

Mrs. Dale laughed. "You're pretty young, Pansy!"

"You mean by that," Pansy returned with a flash of her eye, "I've got about two more years to run before the necessity every girl is under to get married would make me so desperate that I'd have to give up and take the nearest eligible."

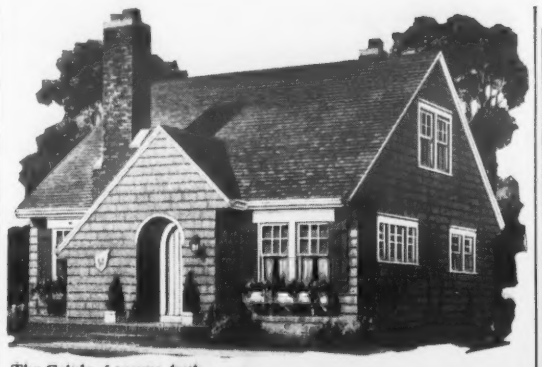
"No, no! But I think you'll meet somebody who ——"

"Will I? I haven't seen a symptom of him yet—not a symptom that lasted over five minutes, anyhow! When your 'somebody' turns up, it's all right, of course—that would make marriage beautiful—but too many of the girls I know have never found the 'somebody,' and they've simply got married for two reasons that I think aren't respectable—they've married because of 'biological urge' and for the sake of getting married!"

"Pansy! Not many of them have done that!"

"They have!" Pansy cried, and her color heightened. "You parents have brought us up just to fall into precisely that trap! Oh, I don't say that most of us

(Continued on Page 119)



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THIS letter came perilously near being tucked away and forgotten in our files. We hesitated to use it because we felt it was such an *exceptional* record of wear that very few home-makers could match it—even with long-wearing Pequot sheets and pillow cases!

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Miss Fitzgibbons' experience—extraordinary as it seems—was reflected, again and again, in the words of these experienced housekeepers. And so we are printing her letter—with the overwhelming testimony of thirty-three years that Pequot sheets *wear longer!*

"GENTLEMEN:

"Still in use in our home are three Pequot sheets which were a part of my mother's hope chest. They are thirty-three years old. Two of them are in perfect condition. The third shows slight wearing on the selvages. Of course there have been many sheets to keep these three company, but no special care has been given them.

"Pequot sheeting is an institution in our family. Two of my sisters while training at a nearby hospital have used only Pequot for bibs, aprons, cuffs, and caps.

"One of these girls who was recently married bought only Pequot sheets for her chest. You can guess which sheets *I* am going to choose!

Yours truly,

33 Bartlett St.,
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Florence V. Fitzgibbons"

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(Continued from Page 117)

don't learn to be perfectly contented in the trap; but it won't do for me, mother! I've got as much right as any man has to keep myself out of a trap, and I'm going to do it!"

"Trap?" Mrs. Dale began to look tearful. "Do you think your father and I——"

"You think it's the only thing for me to do, don't you?" Pansy returned sharply. "You hope and expect ——"

"In time," Mrs. Dale amended. "Naturally we hope and expect that in time ——"

"IN TIME, yes! In about two years! Well, I'm not going to wait two years. I'm not going to wait at all. I'm tired of putting myself on exhibition and getting myself danced with and trying to get them to look me over; and, what's more, I'm tired of looking them over. The whole show's put on for just that, and I've had enough of it without any further humiliation in thinking what it's all for. I've made up my mind to be out of it, mother, and I'm beginning tonight with Mrs. Sharpe's dance. I won't be there!"

"What!" Mrs. Dale cried out in alarm. "What on earth do you mean? You can't miss ——"

"I'm not going!"

Distress was added to Mrs. Dale's alarm, which had instantly become acute. "Why, not going to Mrs. Sharpe's would be almost like not going to one of the Bachelors' dances!"

"I'm not going to them either."

"Have you become insane?" her mother cried. "If you begin refusing invitations, why, before long ——"

"Before long there won't be any," Pansy finished for her. "That's going to be a relief, mother, because it'll save me the trouble of writing regrets to 'em."

"Oh, but you can't!"

"I'm going to be too busy to spend much time writing regrets," Pansy said decisively.

"Busy?" In heaven's name, busy doing what?"

"Busy being free," Pansy said, and she trembled a little as she spoke; but she held her head up, and her expression seemed to her mother to be a stubborn one; yet perhaps in reality it was a proud one. "I'm going to make my freedom first, and then keep it, mother!"

VII.

"I HAVE only one word for it," Pansy's Aunt Lucy said grimly, and, with an inconsistency as pardonable as it is customary with most human beings, added several other words to the one. "The one word that I think expresses her conduct is the word 'unmaidenly'—unmaidenly and silly and outrageous!" She turned to Pansy's Uncle Henry. "Do you know any better way to express it than that, Henry?"

The gentleman she appealed to accepted another sandwich from Mrs. Dale, and placed it beside a cup of tea over which he was apparently deliberating; then he glanced about the Dales' living room wherein the family semiconclave was taking place. "I don't want to be unjust to Pansy," he said. "The way I look at it, it's merely another symptom of the unrest that's come upon these young people of today; they aren't content with their place in the home; they've all got to be stirring up things and raising Cain one way or another, and this thing of Pansy's is just one of the ways." Then he concluded, in a tone of voice that abruptly became somewhat violent, "I think it's disgusting! Disgusting and absolutely crazy!"

Pansy's father, a stout, kindly-looking man, with carefully sleek white hair, offered a reasonable protest. "I don't think you need go quite that far, Henry. When a girl's done what Pansy's done, I suppose that her family's vanity is apt to be a little sensitive; we begin to fear people will think that we aren't entirely solvent; that we haven't been able to provide for her, and so she's gone out to provide for herself. That's precisely what she said she had a right to do as much as any boy has, and while I can't say I like it—in fact, I deplore it—yet what can you do with a girl almost twenty-one when she feels that way and is as determined as Pansy? Maybe the rest of you would have known how to stop her. I confess I didn't, and neither did her mother."

"Lock her up!" Pansy's Aunt Georgina said fiercely. "Lock her up! Father would have locked Lucy or me up if we'd tried any such a performance on him. We'd have known better by the time he let us out too!"

Uncle Henry shook his head. "You can't do that to this modern bunch. When you try to exercise any control over them, all they tell you to do is go to ——"

"Henry!" Aunt Lucy interrupted quickly. "I don't see any necessity for your attempting to be modern in your vocabulary!"

"TO HALIFAX," Henry said, surprised. "I was only going to say Halifax, Lucy. No, you can't lock 'em up and you can't reason with 'em; but I did hope that this family would escape having one of that kind as a member of it. Other families have had 'em—I know three men at the club that have had their daughters get this kind of a fit on 'em and run almost as wild as Pansy, though not quite, because I must say that what she's done seems to me about the limit. The daughter of one of these men is in New York, trying to get on the stage; another of 'em's daughter has got a job as old Finch's undersecretary; and the other one's girl has gone to work in a bookstore. It's certainly too bad that this family has to show up with a girl that's done so much worse than any of these."

Pansy's Aunt Georgina uttered sounds of genuine pain. "In a factory," she half whispered. "A factory girl! What must the poor, crazy thing feel when she sees her old friend, Mrs. Bayard Pelley, living her beautiful, normal, wholesome family life in the splendid way she does. There's a contrast for you! One virtually the principal young matron of Long Hills and the other—a factory girl!"

Here, Mrs. Dale interposed with an attempt at explanation; but her voice trembled a little as she spoke. "But Pansy got the idea for that from one of the family, Georgina. It was her own cousin."

"Which cousin?" Henry inquired, frowning in perplexity. "How'd he give her the idea?"

"It was her cousin Bob—young Robert Dawson," Mrs. Dale answered. "He was here for dinner one night just after his graduation, and he was talking about what he called his job—they all like that word, it seems. He was going to 'learn the textile business from the bottom up,' he said, and was starting in very much at the bottom indeed—learning to operate looms in that awful factory."

"What factory?" Henry asked.

"WHERE Pansy is now," she informed him. "The plush factory down in the mill district. Making plush, of all things in the world!"

Pansy's Aunt Lucy leaned forward; her expression was that of the discoverer of a secret hidden from all other eyes. "Plush," she said, and then repeated the word musingly. "Plush. So Pansy was inspired by a sudden desire to make plush at just about the time you were mentioning?"

"Yes, apparently." It was Mr. Dale who replied. "She told her mother and me that very night she had as much right to a business career as Bob or any other boy had. She said there was just as much reason for her to start at the bottom and try to come out at the top as president of the American Textile Corporation as there was for Bob to try to do that. We couldn't do anything with her, and the very next day she went down there alone and got a job, not from any of the big guns but from one of the foremen. We couldn't hold her, and that's all there is to it."

But Pansy's Aunt Georgina had also become interested and had discovered a secret. "Indeed!" she murmured, and she smiled significantly. "And is young Robert working on the same floor with her?"

"BY GEORGE!" Henry cried, and he slapped his thigh, and laughed aloud. "By George! I guess she's a bit more normal than we thought she was. So that's the way of it; with romance and not freakishness behind it all! So it's Bobby Dawson, is it?" He prolonged his laughter, and slapped his thigh again. "By George! The sly little thing has given us a scare all for nothing, and I must say she's got a good eye. Bobby's about as desirable a *parti* as ——"

But Mrs. Dale checked him; she had heard the front door closing. "Hush! Here she is. Don't ——"

She stopped speaking, for Pansy was already coming into the room; she walked in briskly, and, as she greeted her relatives, they were pleased to note that her color was high and her eye bright.

"By George, eight hours a day making plush certainly hasn't done any harm to your looks, Pansy!" Uncle Henry said admiringly.

"Thank you," she returned, smiling upon him benevolently. "But I'm not Pansy any more, Uncle Henry. You've all called me that so long I'd almost forgotten, myself, that my name's Belinda. That's how my pay envelope's marked every Saturday, Belinda Dale; and so I've thought I'd get everyone that knows me broken in to calling me Belinda, after this, if you don't mind. I'm not Pansy any more but Belinda Dale permanently."

"Permanently?" Uncle Henry became rather waggish. "I'm sure we'll none of us object to making it Belinda permanently; but isn't there someone perhaps who'd rather have the 'Dale' temporary?"

Miss Belinda Dale had turned to the door to go up to her room; but she paused inquiringly. "Why, no. Who?"

Aunt Lucy uttered a little murmur of laughter. "Did cousin Robert bring you as far as the door just now?"

BELINDA DALE looked at Aunt Lucy, then at Uncle Henry, and at all of them; then she laughed, too, and heartily. "You're lovely!" she said. "You're all of you perfectly lovely, and you'll never get over it!" With that, she turned and left them, and they heard her running up the stairs, still laughing.

"There, you see ——" Uncle Henry began triumphantly.

But Mrs. Dale interposed. "No, no," she said. "I'm sorry, but you're all wrong. I only wish it were so! You see, Bobby shifted his position right away; his roommate at college lives in Chicago and got him a job as foreman in a textile factory there."

"What!" Uncle Henry, Aunt Lucy and Aunt Georgina sank back in their chairs. "Then what on earth is the matter with her?"

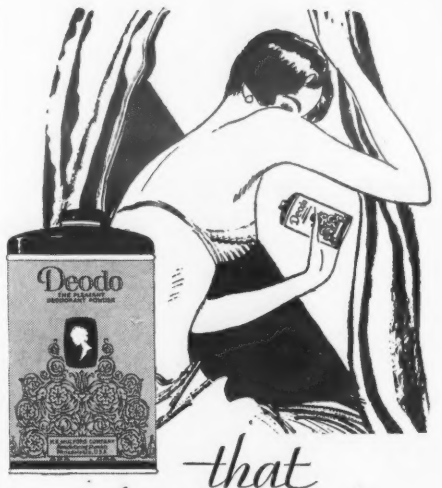
"I've asked her that," Mrs. Dale returned—"I've asked her that ten thousand times if I've asked her once!"

"Yes? What does she say when you ask her?"

Mr. Dale had grown a little impatient. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "We wouldn't have had to ask her ten thousand times if she had anything to say that we could understand, would we?"

As if by a coincidence, there was heard, through the open door of Belinda Dale's room overhead, a final peal of charming laughter.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a new series of stories by Mr. Tarkington, relating the experiences of Belinda Dale in the world of business. The second will appear in the September Journal.



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Stately Delphiniums

(Continued from Page 16)

EDWARD BROMET is of an intense blue ground, almost Yale blue like Rev. E. Lascelles, but richer and with larger florets. It has a white eye, or bee. The individual pips are enormous and they are well set on stronger spikes than usual.

BLUE QUEEN is deep azure—almost a night-sky color—with blackish brown center, or bee. It has single flowers, but so perfect are they in form and texture that it vies with the double in charm.

CONSTANCE is another single variety of great distinction, of a rich gentian blue and conspicuous cream-white eye. The spike is long and shapely. It is surprisingly beautiful.

COUNTESS COWLEY is light blue and mauve, with semidouble opalescent flowers of wonderfully fine form. The eye is black with old-gold markings like a real bee. The five-foot spike is magnificent.

The Bishop and R. A. Pilkington are two dark ones.

THE BISHOP is very large and full, with pips or florets of perfect form of a rich royal blue, almost plum. The spikes are long and distinctly spiral.

R. A. PILKINGTON has extra-large, well-formed semidouble flowers. It is very distinct in color, a rich violet or plum, edged with dark blue. The eye is brown—a real bumblebee—and the spike shapes up well to the tip of its five-foot stalk.

There are fine types other than the Wrexham now gaining much attention in expert circles, notably the delphinium which flowers all at once from top to bottom. There is much to be said for this type; and though we lose the grace of the spired Wrexham, when our topmost buds open with the lowest we gain in a magnificent massed effect.

There is a ranunculus type with flowers like small roses. Both these types run the gamut of blues and violets and mauves, almost to pink. Then there is the well-established race of white delphiniums. And the new Pacific Coast hybrids—already running to specialties. Before this goes to print there will be others. We are at the beginning of the day of the "lark's heel."

Their Needs

THESE hollyhock types are neither too rare nor too new for those of us who are still the majority in prosperous America—those whose pocketbooks are subject to collapse! They are also typical. Given the intimate acquaintance in one's own garden with any six sorts, or even less, equally typical, and our education with this glorious new-old flower will progress rapidly. We can begin to refer with some sort of courage to our neighbor's differing kinds: "Oh, yes, the eye is like Pilkington, a true bumblebee." "This Lascelles of yours is a marvelous blue. More on the royal than my Blue Queen." Such a close acquaintance with a few makes for us a basis for reference when we meet advancing types, and we shall need it. It would be unfair to encourage anyone to begin owning delphiniums without warning him also that it rapidly becomes a mild form of monomania. Only rose growers are worse!

Their needs are simple, for though they have risen from the lark's heel of Gerarde's time, the herb grown for its deadly effect on certain unnamable pests, to the glorious and hardy perennial beauty we know, they retain much of their peasant sturdiness. They are not too proud to relish the food of cabbages and carrots, the rotting bones and carcasses that make our cornfields great. Lime, too, as for cauliflower and lettuce, is a safe relish, and limestone rock, the residue when the road rocks are sifted, is much appreciated by these lords and ladies of the garden.

How much? Without going into soil analysis, about as much lime in proportion as salt to a baked potato. Twice that bone meal, the raw sort; two-year-old stable manure, two to six inches; all this spaded in with the longest garden spade you have—fourteen, sixteen inches or more. Of course you have chosen a well-drained and sunny place. If not, go a foot deeper, lay the hardpan aside and fill eight inches with stones or bricks or broken crockery; return the bottom dirt and fill with the good mixture. Make it wide; roots spread a foot or more, and if we make them happy, the delphinium plants should blossom for us three and four seasons before they need lifting and separating.

Now spade over the topsoil a second time and with a fork finish a thorough mixing. Let it stand a week or so, wetting it down. If your manure was old enough—oh, do be careful of that! No heat—just mellow old humus, it should be.

Planting Seed

A HANDFUL of tankage or of sheep manure laid in a circle not too near the plant, brightens the next bloom. When the spent flower stalks are cut down is a good time to apply it. For winter, a light dose of ashes gives safety to the crown, and after thorough freezing, either straw or leaf mulch makes for safety from too early growth and subsequent freezing. Mature plants, however, rarely are injured by the severest winter.

If the purse allows, buy your first delphiniums in the form of the finest plants you can find. Mortgage your lunches for a month rather than lose a year growing them from seed, especially if you have had no experience with them. To start the seed and keep them moving without any set-backs to a ten-pound root, is really an expert's job. Respect the expert and profit by him if possible.

If the plant is prohibitive in price, then determine to have the best anyhow. Get a small quantity of the best seed. In a bed prepared as above, plant the seed as shallowly as lettuce, placing each seed an inch from the next with thumb and finger; cover them twice the seed's depth and press down evenly, not too hard. Shade with sacking or a box and wait two or three weeks for full germination. Then uncover morning and evening, still shading from midday heat till the third leaf appears.

New seed comes in September. Plant then, if possible, and when winter comes, a real frost, sprinkle lightly with straw. By Christmas you can safely cover several inches deep with straw and anchor the straw with boughs or old pea brush. A boxed-in place is best of all, being simple to construct and proof against high winds. Uncover carefully in the spring, bit by bit. They are hardy to frost.

If you cannot plant your seeds till spring, do it then, though delphinium seeds lose vitality with every day above ground. And remember in buying seed that 10 per cent true to the parent in color and form is as much as one can expect.

If you have spaced them well, the little plants will be best off where they are till a fourth and fifth leaf appears. Then transplant to permanent quarters, or to pots, or to temporary nursery beds. And never, even for a night, let them really thirst—or ever give them more water than they need.

You see, it is an expert's job. Yet if there is more satisfaction to the hand of man than all this delicate putterin' of a real honest-to-goodness and thoroughly obsessed gardener, I do not know it!

EXPECTING A BABY? Get this book FREE

READ how future shape of baby's face, set of chin, spacing of teeth, can depend on work of baby's mouth while nursing. See how flabby rubber nipples can keep bones and muscles from developing as nature intended . . . The Hygeia Breast Nipple is *firmed* to cause same facial development as the natural breast. Doctors recommend it. *Send coupon today.*

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The grease-clogged "eyes" of your RANGE

-Drāno will *open* and *clean* them, too!

YOU know—millions of women know—how quickly Drāno removes clogging grease from drain-pipes—keeps them open, free-flowing.

And it will do the same thing for the flickering, stopped-up burners of your gas or oil range. A Drāno soaking—their "eyes" are open. The flame burns clear and hot and blue. Or, if it's an electric range, Drāno will free the heating units from every trace of lingering grease.

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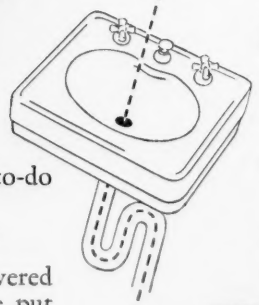
A helpful booklet for YOU

Women everywhere have discovered new uses for Drāno. So we have put some of these home-tested methods in a booklet, "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning." To get a copy, send us your name and address.

And while you are waiting for it, give those greasy burners on your range a Drāno bath. The simple directions are printed here. Your dealer has Drāno. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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To clean stove burners, heater units and cooking top

1. Put two cupfuls of water into a dish-pan (any kind but aluminum)
2. Add ¼ can of Drāno
3. Put burners (or heating units) and cooking-top section into the solution—adding enough water to cover
4. Let soak three or four hours, or overnight
5. Thoroughly rinse, then wash with hot soap-suds—or, better still, with Dawn

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Building a Good Lawn

By DR. H. B. SIEMS

This lad is building a good foundation on his small lawn.

A GOOD foundation is just as essential for the lawn as it is for the most exacting building. When we consider the part that the soil plays in plant growth, we realize why a good lawn can seldom result from the scattering of grass seed over some ill-prepared area. Soil must be properly prepared if good results are to be expected. The time for preparation of the soil and whether to sow grass seed in the spring or in the fall are no longer moot questions. It is now quite generally agreed that in the Northern States seeding during the latter part of August or in early September is preferred for several definite reasons. In most Southern States Bermuda grass still holds supreme.

One of the biggest advantages to be gained in fall seeding lies in the fact that weeds do not trouble the young grass in the fall. Most weed seeds are just maturing in late August and pass through a period of dormancy before they will germinate. Moreover, annuals that do germinate are killed by the first hard freezes. Grass seeded in August has time to make a good start before winter's blasts arrive, and is then in fine shape to make progress as soon as growing conditions come in the spring.

Weather and soil conditions are usually more favorable to thorough preparation of the soil in summer than in early spring. It is best, if possible, to allow some time for the careful preparation of the soil. If time is limited, it is remarkable the fine job that can be done in a relatively short time if the soil is in proper condition for working.

Before beginning the job of soil preparation a thorough survey should be made of the area to be prepared.

Good Drainage

THE matter of drainage should receive first attention. It may be that certain areas are poorly drained. This trouble may not be apparent during midsummer but is sufficient to ruin the grass during the early part of the year when rainfall is heavy.

Areas that grow moss during the early part of the year should be looked upon with suspicion. Moss usually indicates poor drainage but does not necessarily indicate an acid soil.

On small areas drainage can usually be taken care of by proper grading of the lawn. On larger areas, especially when the soil is of a heavy clay type, it may be advisable to put in tile drainage.

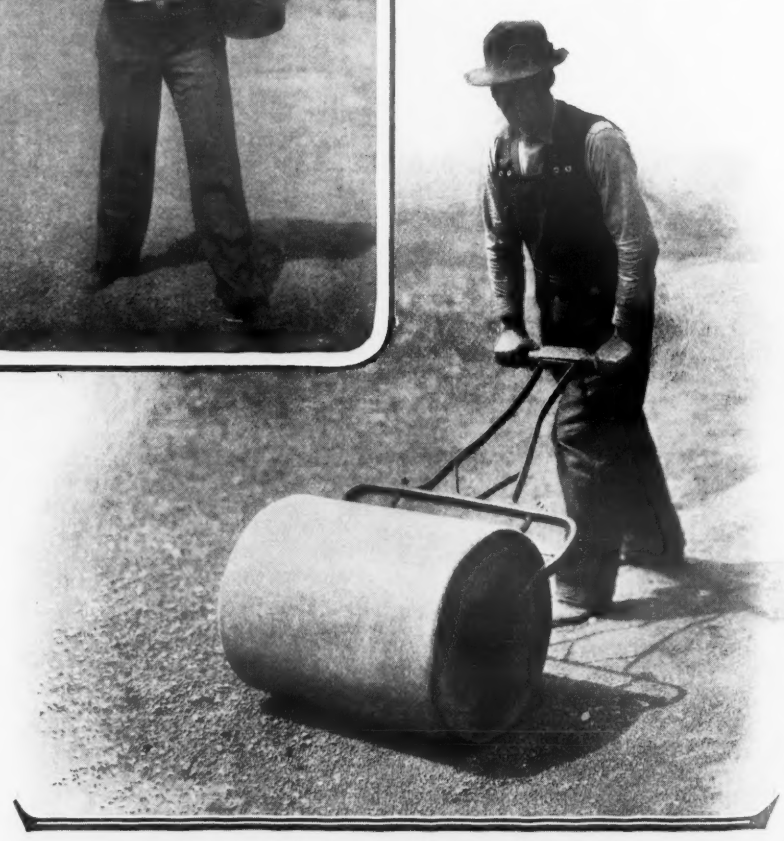
The type of soil on the area should be considered. Neither very heavy clays nor light sands make for lawn successes. If you have either type of soil it may pay to bring in a good grade of topsoil—sufficient to make a layer of four inches or more in depth.

Often it is possible to remedy conditions by spading or plowing in other materials or soils with the undesirable type. Sifted coal ashes are excellent for breaking up clay soils. Sharp sand will serve the same purpose. Sandy soils can be improved by the addition of heavier soils.

Organic matter is valuable in any soil. It tends to break up stiff clays and adds to the water-holding capacity of sands. Moreover, some organic matter is necessary for the growth of beneficial microörganisms in the soil.

In encouraging a good growth of grass the organic-matter content of a soil is gradually increased. Root growth of properly fed plants is usually proportional to top growth. A part of the root system normally dies each year, thus placing organic matter in the soil, where it is of great value.

It is easy to get good distribution of grass seed or plant food.



A good roller is a valuable lawn implement.

As to the actual working of the soil, there are several points that require consideration.

The first is relative to the water content of the soil at time of working. With sandy soils this point need be given little attention, for sands will work well under a wide range of water content.

With clay the story is very different. Much of the criticism of clay soils is due to a poor choice of time for working them. The writer has heard many an experienced gardener praise his clay soil for its ability to keep his plants in fine shape during dry seasons. Clay soils should not be worked when wet. To work them at that stage puddles the soil and leaves it in such shape that it cannot be put into good physical condition. If clays are too dry they cannot be properly worked on account of the large clods. As far as immediate results are concerned, a large clod in the soil is about as valuable as a rock of equal size.

Stir the Soil

THE most practicable method of tilling will vary with the size of the area to be worked. For larger lawns it is best to have the soil plowed, because it has too often been an experience that the man with a spade weakened before the job was finished. After plowing, it is necessary to fill in the last furrow. On small areas it will pay to spade the soil.

Regardless of the method of tilling the soil, two things should be done: The soil should be stirred to a good depth, and it should be moved in such a way that it will be well pulverized. If you have ever watched a good plow turn over a soil of average moisture content, you will know how the soil should break up.

After the soil has been plowed or spaded it should be harrowed or raked in order to pulverize it more thoroughly. If the seed is to be sown soon after plowing it is

(Continued on Page 124)

As Fine as The World Affords

LIKE many other fine American products which have challenged and excelled old world standards of quality, Mazola is a Salad Oil as fine as the world affords.

It is generally recognized as such.

Sanitary methods of production, characteristic of American standards, safe-guard every drop of Mazola from its source to kitchen or dining table.

Further, Mazola is itself as good to taste and to eat as the wholesome American Corn from which it is made.

And price—Mazola costs about half that of fine imported oils.

To those who have not enjoyed the delicious salad dressings made with Mazola, attention is respectfully called to the two recipes below.

The New Mazola Salad Dressing

1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Mazola
1 cup water
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch

(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

Plain French Dressing

½ cup Mazola
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Beat thoroughly and use with any vegetable, meat or fish salad. If a sweeter dressing is desired add 1 teaspoon Karo, Red Label.

Piquant French Dressing

½ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Karo, Blue Label
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons chow-chow
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

Beat well and serve with any vegetable, fish or cheese salad.

SURE

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Acme White Lead and Color Works (Insecticide Division), Detroit

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
357 Independence Square, Phila., Penna.
I'd like to make my spare moments "count," too. Please tell me how.

Name.....

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(Continued from Page 122)

advisable to roll the soil immediately after raking.

This need of fertility has long been recognized, but the methods of meeting it have been varied and in many cases haphazard. Such is not the case today. One can be sure that his plants are getting all the elements necessary for healthy development if he uses a complete plant food marketed by a reliable manufacturer. Not only does complete plant food satisfy the food needs of plants in an admirable way, but it also removes the necessity of providing a variety of incomplete materials. Moreover, it is clean and odorless and does not contain weed seed or disease organisms.

To be effective, a definite program of feeding should be followed. After the soil has been thoroughly prepared spread plant food evenly over the area and rake it into the surface soil. It is best, if possible, to wait a day before sowing the grass seed. In this and in subsequent applications it is best to apply the quantities recommended by the manufacturer.

It is hardly necessary to emphasize that the highest grade of seed is usually the best buy. Home mixing of seed is of doubtful value. The seedsman has much better facilities that insure thorough mixing.

Plenty of seed should be used. Five quarts will not be too much for each thousand square feet of area. It is best to scatter the seed in two directions, applying half of the seed at each application.

The soil should be rolled lightly immediately after seeding. The practice of scattering well-pulverized soil over the grass seed at the rate of two to three bushels a thousand square feet is commendable. The soil should be sprinkled lightly immediately after seeding.

It is absolutely necessary that the topsoil be kept damp from the time that the seed is sown to the time that the grass is thoroughly established. This will mean daily sprinkling. It has been the writer's experience that very few lawns are watched closely enough during the first three weeks after seeding. A few hours of drying wind may kill a large proportion of the tiny grass plants if the topsoil is at all dry.

Manure should not be used on the lawns. In the first place, it is apt to contain undesirable weed seed. Secondly, it is unsightly and an odor nuisance. Moreover, the use of large quantities may make conditions so favorable for angle worms and grubs that they will be serious lawn pests for several years to come.

The slight natural acidity that is common in most of the soil in our somewhat humid sections is unfavorable for the development of serious weed pests. Lime neutralizes this acid and for that reason the time-honored practice of liming the lawn is to be discouraged. If you feel that the lawn is very strongly acid it is best to test the soil before contemplating an application of lime. Plant indications such as moss are not safe guides.

In order to encourage best results applications of plant food should be made at six-week intervals during the growing season. Well-fed grass is better able to withstand the heat of summer and weed competition. It will also be in better shape to go through the winter with minimum loss.

Symphonies in My Garden

(Continued from Page 23)

certain whether night has truly fallen—mystifying one's eyes, as the whippoorwill notes mystify the ears. For one hears the whippoorwill for some time before one is really conscious of it. Then, the thrill of discovery, the straining of ears in the dusk, even as the eyes are straining. Whippoorwill drops the curtain of night upon the countryside, putting to music the symphony of falling dusk.

There are harsher notes to this symphony, for Nature plays no favorites. She may not like your sass, but she gives every creature his say! For years a family of frogs used to come each spring and take up their abode in my lily pool. Where they spent the winter, I do not know. In some neighboring puddle of mud, I suppose. But they departed each autumn and returned each spring as regularly as the robins or the bank president on the next street.

Daddy Frog had his particular spot on the edge of the pool under the protection of overhanging Siberian iris where he liked to sit—a sort of special "amen corner." And it was not very pleasant for any other frogs who undertook to preëmpt his domain! Mamma Frog sat down the pool curb a little way, facing His Nibs. Sometimes garden toads would venture out from the perennial borders and take a hand in the chorus of frog-and-toad music that used to annoy the neighborhood, sometimes causing the water spaniel next door to howl like the dickens.

I haven't much of an ear for frog music and about all I could make out of it is that the Old Man seemed to be saying "Knee-deep" in several varying tones and inflections, while Mrs. Frog, with becoming feminine tact, echoed "Knee-deep, it is; knee-deep, it is!" It doesn't sound so simple as it reads, goodness knows!

Many a night I have sat on the edge of the lily pool in the moonlight, often almost until dawn, and talked to friends about nothing much in particular. In the earlier hours the frogs were always there to dispute the issues with us, never the least bit afraid, often sitting within an arm's length and in plain view in the silvery light. But frogs have more sense than human beings; they go to bed at a reasonable hour. They seem to know that they can't settle the issues of Fate, or sing all their songs at one sitting, so they do not attempt it.

But it takes the day to bring the more sympathetic symphony to the garden. These eyes of mine are focused to day-sights, day-colors, day-harmonies. For one thing, the grass is always more inviting in daylight than it is at night.

Grass is, it seems to me, Nature's most satisfying gift to mankind. It feeds all the animals that graze, and their number is legion. It not only furnishes food to man, but fibers to clothe him, and beauty to appeal to his eye. For Nature is a coquette, too, and quite determined about her appearance. She wraps herself in her green cloak whenever possible, to hide her scars and her burns. Witness how quickly grass covers the countryside blighted by forest fires; witness Nature's feverish anxiety to hide her scars—see how even the gravel pit, that stark, sunken cheek, fills with water and becomes a sparkling dimple, a pool that gleams with beauty.

I'll never be suspicious of the man or woman who can stretch out under a tree, nor will I sneer at them, even if it be during the precious haying time. Try it some summer day and reflect that, after all, you are not looking up at all, but out at arm's length—bracing yourself, as it were, and facing the universe fairly and squarely.

One is kept busy watching the activity in the tree top, alone. The birds that drop in for a passing call, dozens of them in an hour. The roving insects—here comes a locust, for instance. That fellow carries around a buzz saw, but he never saws any wood. Considering the amount of apparatus allotted to him, he is the most successful noise-maker in the insect world. He has a squawker that no carnival vender has been able to imitate.

A rain crow flits into the newer branches of the tree and hugs the limb so successfully that she defies all our keenness of

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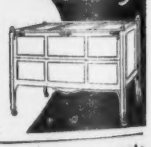

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sight to locate her. Somehow, she reminds one of the whippoorwill, our eventide friend, and we wonder if there is anything to the old superstition that it is going to rain. . . . Of course, it will rain!

Fleecy, lacy clouds floating in silvery squadrons through the transparent blue of the heavens—now joining, now passing, now casting light shadows, now deftly erasing them and passing on. Italian skies in your own garden; the Mediterranean, with Spanish galleons sailing majestically to no destined port. My land, like Joaquin Miller's, may be rough underfoot, but it is as fair overhead as any man's!

The wind is as variable as our own moods. At times, serene and lighthearted, it is a deft toucher of the better keys of our nature, lulling us to dreams no other arms can cradle us in. In those first rare days of spring, when it is warm enough to make one drowsy with all the loveliness about us, the wind is as lissom and soothing as a caress of the goddess of love. Sometimes, in the violence of the hurricane that lays low my early plants and bends flat newly planted trees, I see, in the vicious fury of the wind, the manner of a disappointed siren who would visit the very depths of despair upon me.

In summer the wind romances quite as much as I do—sailing clouds in the deeps overhead, like a barefoot boy launching a pirate fleet in some friendly cove. At evening the wind steals through the delphinium and foxgloves, the hemlocks and the spirea, nodding her reluctant good night. And, sometimes, she shakes out her skirts in vicious fling, breaking off my dahlias and hollyhocks.

The Wind is a Siren

BUT when autumn comes, the wind joins the cavalry, clattering down my garden paths, gathering up the leaves in great armfuls and scattering them in gusts on every hand. There is rouge on the cheeks of my siren then, laughter in her voice and dancing eyes. She no longer coaxes and entices—she tantalizes and teases these days. She quite has the advantage over me then, and she knows it, wanton that she is. She aids and abets that vandal, Jack Frost, to lay waste my garden with ruthless abandon, and she dares to flaunt it before my eyes!

But in winter she is repentant. She moans and shivers around the corners of the house, gently rattling the windows, to tempt me to mercy. But I have not forgotten her cold, harsh laughter, her recent devilment, and I hug the closer to my fire, thankful that I can put her aside. While she shrieks and cries around my house, I draw on comfort with my slippers and snuggle nearer the book in my hand.

Yes, the wind is eloquent of the seasons in my garden. And while I deny her in winter, I know that she will win me to the outdoors again, in the end, when spring comes and she wears an apple blossom in her hair.

Jenny Wren flits in and scolds me in the snowberry near by, eying me with scorn for my ways of sloth. Like the gossip and neighborhood shrew she is, she will not lightly pass up this discovery. A catbird mews and almost spits in the sumac, and a thrush hops through the oak leaves to investigate. I sit up and scowl at them, inwardly ashamed to be caught at such bald daydreaming.

The Last Precious Hour

JENNY WREN has not scolded in vain. The Yankee in me takes command and I saunter back to my task, reflecting that, after all, a precious day gained for the garden should not be wasted in idleness and dreams. And so I work havoc on my garden foes, a little of the vicious curl in our natures getting into my muscles.

In that precious last hour of sunlight I get up from my knees and look up and down the perennial borders. The eye lingers longingly on the stately delphinium, swaying in the breeze, nodding a thousand glimmering cups of color, blue and white and pink and rose. A humming bird darts over the fence and sets to work, bowing before each floret, shimmering in a million dancing spangles of color, sending out the faintest of hums as whirring wings suspend her body in defiance of Sir Isaac Newton.

Lupines and foxglove, hibiscus and astilbe, boltonia and coreopsis, violas and pansies, Shasta daisies and irises, peonies and roses, all in varying stages of heaping upon me their symphony of color—the most magnificent of all the symphonies of the garden. Color that attracts and draws the best out of you, even as humming bird and bee draw the nectar from the flowers themselves. For beauty of form and color are Nature's central and most impelling appeal.

Nature's secret of color harmony is to use enough of color—any color—and it will be found to harmonize. But Nature's lavishness is often impossible in our little gardens; we must use a little of this and a pigment of that, to be really safe.

Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books

Order the following from the Service Bureau, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.:

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Dresses	35, 45
Topcoats	45
Jackets	40
Blouses and Skirts	30, 35
Juniors' Patterns (12 to 14 Years)	35
Children's Sets	35
Children's Clothes	25, 30
Lingerie	30
Transfers	25, up

IT'S NOT A HOME UNTIL IT'S PLANTED

Yes— Every Home should have an OUTDOOR LIVING ROOM

YOUR home—is it in step with the times? Have you a beautiful, inviting outdoor living room with soft, rich carpet of grass—enclosed by lovely trees, shrubs and evergreens, which give privacy and screen objectionable views—where the color, fragrance and beauty of hardy flowers and comfortable shady nooks invite you out of doors?

This is the outdoor living room of TODAY, which is everywhere supplanting the bare, unsightly rear yards of yesterday! No room within the house costs so little to furnish—none gives so rich a return in happiness, contentment and health.

Your home—if it hasn't one now—should have an outdoor living room.

All the Family Will Enjoy Its Beauty and Comfort

During spring, summer and fall the outdoor living room holds never-ending appeal for all members of the family.

Here you may work to your heart's content among shrubbery and gay flowers, free from prying eyes. Here the children will spend happy hours in play, safe from the dangers of the street. Here the menfolk will find rest, contentment and, if they choose, the light, healthful exercise of "pottering in the garden."

Truly, the home without an outdoor living room is not only behind the times, but its occupants are missing much that helps make life more worth living!

Plan Now for an Outdoor Living Room

Right now is the ideal time to plan. You'll find suggestions and ideas in the outdoor living rooms of friends and neighbors.

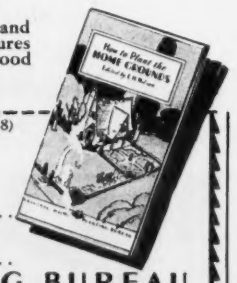
It is easy to identify the varieties you like best while the plants are in bloom, and trees in foliage. Moreover, you will then be ready to plant this fall when plants are dormant, the soil workable and ample rainfall assures a healthy, vigorous growth next spring.

Your Nurseryman Can Help You

Write or consult your nurseryman or his representative. Any nurseryman displaying the insignia at the bottom of this page will gladly help you achieve beautiful grounds. Get his advice and suggestions.

Send for This Free Booklet Today

A new booklet, edited by "Chinese" (E. H.) Wilson, famous plant explorer and horticulturist of the Arnold Arboretum, is now ready for distribution. It pictures and describes the modern trend in home planting, makes clear the concepts of good taste and is a guide to well-planted grounds.



NATIONAL HOME PLANTING BUREAU, (L.H.J.8)
437 Union Bank Bldg., Davenport, Iowa

Gentlemen: Please send FREE copy of your booklet, "How to Plant the Home Grounds," to

Name.....

Address.....

NATIONAL HOME PLANTING BUREAU
Sponsored by the American Association of Nurserymen

Fresh Loveliness that challenges summer sun

Loveliness of person — loveliness of face... fresh beauty that challenges summer's sun—can be yours throughout the hottest day. For wilting summer weather is no problem to those who know the magic lasting quality of Vivaudou's charming toiletries!

For loveliness of person—a shower of Vivaudou Mavis Talcum. Fragrant—pure—deodorant, it keeps you immaculate—cool—fresh!... For loveliness of face—Vivaudou Mavis Face Powder gives your skin flower-petal smoothness, exquisite translucence; clings devotedly; beautifully blended shades... Vivaudou Rouge brings to your cheeks a delicious bloom that does not fade with passing hours; in glowing tints... Vivaudou Lipstick accents the curve of lips enchantingly—stays on for hours; smart, colorful shades... Be your loveliest—with Vivaudou's charming toiletries.

At your favorite beauty counter.

VIVAUDOU

V. VIVAUDOU, Inc. New York Paris Toronto Chicago Los Angeles

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

To Get The Softer New-Type Bathroom Paper

Advised by Health Authorities in 44 States

Ask for
NORTHERN TISSUE

Doubly-Absorbent—Soft as Linen
Snow-White
20 Times Sterilized in Making

Today at no advance in price you may have a new-type bathroom paper . . . a sterilized, soft, white paper that forever banishes the fear of raw wood irritation traceable to harsh, cheap "toilet papers." To get it you ask for Northern Tissue.

Modern science has found many menacing disorders are traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. To irritating particles of raw wood found in low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood or newsprint white "toilet papers"—papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

That is why 252 Health Commissioners in 44 states and scores of practicing physicians say: "Use a paper like 'Northern Tissue' instead of cheap, raw ground-wood toilet papers." For Northern Tissue is a snow-white, sterilized, linen-like *cellulose* paper—utterly unlike the ground-wood sheets made by grinding wood into what the microscope reveals as a mass of tiny slivers.*

Acting upon this advice, hospitals and fine homes everywhere are adopting "Northern Tissue"—especially where children must be protected.

Cooked at 302°

This new-type paper contains only pulp cooked at 302°. That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been cooked away. And the paper made white as whitest linen.

20 Times Sterilized

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized in the making—emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by nationally known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed, producing an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

10c a Roll

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue."

***How Science Tests For Ground-wood In Paper**

The chemical phloroglucin is an infallible test for ground-wood in bathroom paper. Even though wood slivers are not visible, a drop of phloroglucin turns paper a red-purple if it contains any ground-wood. Northern Tissue—cellulose—shows no change under this searching scientific test. It simply absorbs the light orange color of the chemical.

ASK FOR
NORTHERN TISSUE

© NPM., 1929

Now—Northern Tissue Towels, Too! 20 Times Sterilized In Making

For bathroom, lavatory or modern kitchen, the new sterilized, cloth-like Northern Tissue Towels are now offered. Their bright enameled container is a striking bit of color decoration as well. See at most department stores—or write us direct.

Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wisconsin 230

COURTESY LORD & TAYLOR

COURTESY R. H. MACY & COMPANY

The Hostess

THE problem of seating dinner guests involves not only tact and the success of the dinner, but the reputation of the hostess. A hostess may seat her guests in the same old humdrum way, or she may start things off with a dash of entertaining novelty. To get away from the stereotyped is of course the ambition of every woman who does much entertaining.

To give a thoroughly enjoyable and lively dinner party, it is necessary to get the guests milling round, renewing old friendships, or making new friends, so that in about ten or fifteen minutes after the last arrival they find themselves seated congenially at the table in a happy daze of preoccupied delight.

A wise hostess will bend every effort to inoculate her guests with party spirit before they reach the first course. Here, for instance, is a novel way to seat a party of eight, twelve or sixteen people.

A code is arranged which associates the alphabet with an ordinary deck of cards. As there are two cards for every letter in the alphabet the code is doubled, as follows:

A — 2 Hearts, Ace Hearts
B — 5 Clubs, 8 Diamonds
C — 3 Hearts, J Clubs
D — 4 Hearts, 2 Spades
E — K Spades, 9 Diamonds
F — 5 Hearts, 3 Spades
G — 6 Clubs, Q Clubs
H — 2 Diamonds, 10 Diamonds
I — 6 Hearts, K Clubs
J — 7 Hearts, J Diamonds
K — 3 Diamonds, 4 Spades
L — 4 Diamonds, Ace Spades
M — 8 Hearts, 6 Spades
N — 5 Spades, Q Diamonds
O — 7 Clubs, 7 Spades
P — 9 Hearts, Ace Clubs
Q — 5 Diamonds, K Diamonds
R — 10 Hearts, Ace Diamonds
S — 8 Clubs, 2 Clubs
T — 6 Diamonds, 8 Spades
U — J Hearts, J Spades
V — 9 Clubs, 3 Clubs
W — 10 Clubs, Q Spade
X — Q Hearts, 9 Spades
Y — 7 Diamonds, 4 Clubs
Z — K Hearts, 10 Spades

Using this code, or one you may arrange for yourself, select the cards which spell out in code the name of each of your guests. The cards spelling each name are fanned out attractively so a corner of each card shows, and are fastened together with a paper clip.

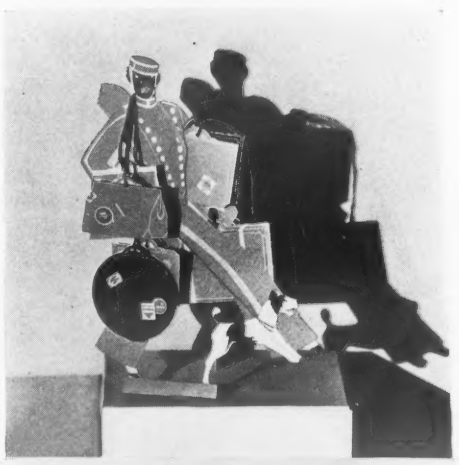
In order to prevent the guests from guessing which place might be theirs by the number of cards in one hand, the names are not all treated alike; some are used with initials only, the shorter ones are spelled out in full, some include the word "Miss," and so forth. The code sheet may be typed so that each guest has her own copy of it, or it may be made out on one large sheet of paper and placed in the living room.

A simple but tricky way of getting your guests seated indirectly, is by using telegrams so worded as to involve their powers of observation. At least one of them must know which way the house faces and which end of the dining room is north. The directions for this seating device are made out on regular telegram blanks and put into envelopes so that the address to your guest shows properly through the envelope. Upon opening one of them it would be found to read something like this:

"Go to third seat south from first seat on west side."

If the head of the table is at the north end of the room, this direction obliges a person to find the third seat down the table from the guest of honor, who sits at the right of the head—that is to say, the place of honor is then the first seat on the west side.

Incidentally, for your own peace of mind, just write the names of your guests on a few slips of paper and conceal them under the serving plates or napkins at their proper places, so that in case of accident or of the unforeseen stupidity of someone, there will be no possible cause for confusion or delay.



COURTESY THE BUZZA COMPANY, INC.

An amusing and original tally-card holder, which is most appropriate to a farewell bridge party.

COURTESY LORD & TAYLOR

COURTESY R. H. MACY & COMPANY PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOONER

For the puzzle method, preparation in advance requires nothing more than a piece of cardboard on which you neatly draw a diagram of the dinner table and the position of the chairs seated around it. One end of the diagram is marked "Hostess." Then with a sharp knife, cut, with irregular design, each chair from its place by the table in the diagram. Each one of these odd-shaped pieces of cardboard is marked with the name of a guest who is to sit in that place at table.

Each of your guests is given a cardboard chair before going in to luncheon and by fitting it back into the key diagram which contains the table, she proceeds to find out where she is to sit.

There are six standard-sized commercial envelopes which you ask for in any stationer's shop by the numbers 6¼, 6¾, 9, 10, 11, 12. They cost only a few cents a package. These can be used quite effectively as a means of getting people better acquainted and finally in to dinner.

Each of these envelopes is addressed to one of the guests, and they are placed one within the other so that they are in groups of six—one of each size sealed within the next larger. The innermost envelope contains a slip of paper with the seating instructions on it. The outermost envelope contains simply the name of one of the guests, for instance, "Miss Pauling," who is the first link in the chain.

Miss Pauling finds this envelope on the living-room table among many others, or it is delivered to her on a tray by the maid who announces dinner. She opens it and finds within it another, smaller envelope marked, "See Mr. Darling." She takes this to Mr. Darling if she knows him by sight, otherwise she pages him around the living room.

All the other guests are likewise running about receiving and delivering envelopes. Each envelope opened contains another directed to somebody else until the smallest one is opened. This, the sixth one, contains the seating directions for the person to whom it is addressed. After this, the guests are all on speaking terms, to put it mildly, and the living room is gayly littered with confetti. —EDWARD LONGSTRETH.

ANY evening which begins as hilariously before dinner as Mr. Longstreth's ingenious seating arrangements insure, must, almost inevitably, progress gameward after dinner. Perhaps, toward the soberer tag-end of the evening, the familiar safe-and-sane stand-by of auction bridge or contract may be invoked for those guests who still feel that the ancient conventions of dining out should be given a sporting chance to hold their own. But once get your party started on a raid upon Wall Street in such diverting games of the moment as Stock Exchange or Ticker, and see what luck you will have in trying to break up the fun.

The old card game of Michigan is having a tremendous revival this season. It's a good group game, and there are convenient little boxes on the market today made especially to hold the winning cards, so that the counters placed on these will not become hopelessly mixed together. They make the scoring easier, too, when winnings or losses must be doubled, and are worth considering, if for that reason alone.

A highly successful hostess of our acquaintance has recently acquired what she calls her game cabinet, in which she carefully stores away every promising new game, or amusing entertainment novelty she hears of from friends, or reads of in magazines. Now, when an impromptu party suddenly develops, she merely beckons a committee of guests to her cupboard and lets them rifle its contents as their several tastes dictate. Some of the most incongruous combinations come to be tried out together, in this fashion, but there's never a dull moment at this woman's parties, though there are certainly a good many funny ones.

IN MORE serious vein, one of the deservedly popular fads of the moment is pewter—both old pieces and new; the latter being either excellent reproductions of old English and Colonial designs, or something altogether modern and twentieth century in feeling.

Pewter has many advantages—particularly during the more or less informal summer months—over silver. It requires very little care in the way of polishing, as it does not rust or tarnish, an item to be considered at the seashore. In summer, too, people are very apt to leave doors unlocked

(Continued on Page 130)

Still lovely looking at tea time

—but suddenly his interest was gone!

You never can tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you...

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry and smooth with two applications a week, used the last thing at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry before putting on night garments.

The new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless)—for sensitive skins and for frequent use. Use daily or every other day. Night or morning. Pat on freely after the skin is bathed. Allow plenty of time to dry before any clothing touches the skin.

BETTY KNEW she was glorious looking as he drove her to town for a day of shopping. He'd been so eager for her promise to tea with him at five!

And now at tea time—

She knew he was no longer enthusiastic. Oh, what was this thing that always spoiled her good time? If someone had only told her that "you can never tell when a *temporary deodorant* will cease to protect you!"

Only by the regular use of Odorono, which was developed by a physician to check perspiration, can you be certain of *continuous protection*.

Why Odorono Gives Continuous Protection

Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh at all times by checking perspiration in a safe way.

It is in the closed-in portions of the body that perspiration causes odor and leaves ruinous stains. Odorono checks perspiration in these places and directs it to more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly.

Checking perspiration in small areas has no effect on health. Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

Used regularly, Odorono frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant odor and ugly spreading stains.

A Physician's Prescription

Because a doctor made Odorono for his own use, women have always felt safe in using it.

Odorono Regular Strength for twice a week use. And the new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use, and for the occasional need everyone has for something to use in the daytime or in an emergency, 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00. The delightful Creme Odorono (deodorant) 25¢.

Enjoy the *continuous protection* of Odorono, that keeps you personally irreproachable at all times!

NEW 10¢ OFFER: **Mail coupon and 10¢ for complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, the new Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)**
The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. A-8, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

_____

_____

They Prefer Clicquot Club because It is Aged in the Making

"On the Majestic and other great transatlantic liners of the White Star fleet, the First Class passengers order Clicquot Club Ginger Ale because, like the rare old wines of Europe, it is aged in the making."

WHEN the Majestic puts to sea with her impressive passenger list . . . her exclusive appointments . . . and incomparable *cuisine*, there are world-famed beverages to be selected from the menu. White Star stewards choose choice wines from among Europe's renowned vintages because of the rare and mellow flavor—*the result of ageing.*

Similarly, White Star stewards order Clicquot Club Ginger Ales because they, too, are aged in the making—a process that enriches their flavor and bouquet.

Nature Mellows the Blend

Recently, at our request, a responsible official of the White Star Line visited the Clicquot plant at Millis, Massachusetts—his interest focused particularly upon the ageing process. He noted how Time mellows the blend . . . how the purest of ingredients are scientifically aged to develop finest flavor . . . and how, as a final guarantee of purity, it is put only into brand-new bottles.

He was invited to taste first some new Clicquot, freshly made in a few moments, and then the finished product which is always *aged 6 months in the making.* Such a comparison of taste invariably demonstrates the mighty power of Time in developing mellow flavor.

Because of this, you know, when you serve Clicquot Club to your own guests, that it is rich, ripe and mellow—delicious on all occasions.

Clicquot Club

GINGER ALES

The Clicquot Club Eskimos—Every Tuesday evening at 9 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, from WEAF, New York, and 40 associated radio stations.

© 1929 Clicquot Club Co.

(Continued from Page 128)

and houses unguarded—another comfortable argument for the new fad, since these modern pewter reproductions are amazingly reasonable in price.

We are showing an after-dinner coffee set which has very real charm of line and proportion. The score pad illustrated, also of pewter, and the novel box of the same metal, holding two decks of bridge cards, will make prizes any feminine guest must covet madly; or they may equally well be used by the hostess on her own bridge table, as the smart, up-to-date accessory to her after-dinner—or afternoon—game.

ANOTHER enchanting summer fad—this time from overseas—is plain-colored pottery in novel, very modern shapes. Two interesting examples are found in this tea set for occasions when you want your afternoon tea served hot, and the pitcher and quaint steinlike cup to match it, for the ultra-hot days when you insist on your tea being as cold as ice, or your latest refrigerator, can make it. Both sets are of German pottery, the former being of a warm sand color that looks not unlike old parchment, and the latter the exact mottled russet of the rind of certain kinds of sweet, thin-skinned oranges. We chose these two particular sets from many equally arresting designs.

AS THE postscript is proverbially the most important paragraph in a woman's letter, we are giving that position to a little hint from our Fashion Editor:

On pages 26 and 28 you will find two very smart Paris frocks, chosen, she says, especially to fit in with the suggestions for summer entertaining on this month's Hostess Page. Design No. 1194 on page 28 is a Nicole Groult evening dress for the hostess who is planning a more formal occasion, and Design No. 1185 on page 26 is a Lanvin dress, fitting appropriately formal and informal afternoon parties alike.

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A Special Word to Subscribers

WHEN you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name exactly as it appears on your present address label.

A request for change of address must *reach us* at least 5 weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect—6 weeks before, if you live on the Pacific Coast. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Should your subscription expire with this issue of the HOME JOURNAL your renewal should be sent promptly to insure receipt of the September issue before it is "sold out." We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Subscribers should always use Postal or Express money orders or Bank drafts in remitting. All Rural Free Delivery carriers can supply Postal money orders.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *The Saturday Evening Post* (weekly) 5c the copy, $2.00 the year—52 issues (U. S. A.), 10c the copy, $3.00 the year—52 issues (Canada) and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

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Fresh as the dawn

these new Cannon designs will brighten your bathrooms with colorful beauty

while their low prices make that important daily change of towels economical

MEDICAL authorities urge a clean towel daily for each member of the family, in the interest of better health. The low prices of Cannon towels not only permit you an abundant supply to care for daily needs—but likewise a distinguished supply with which to embellish your bathroom.

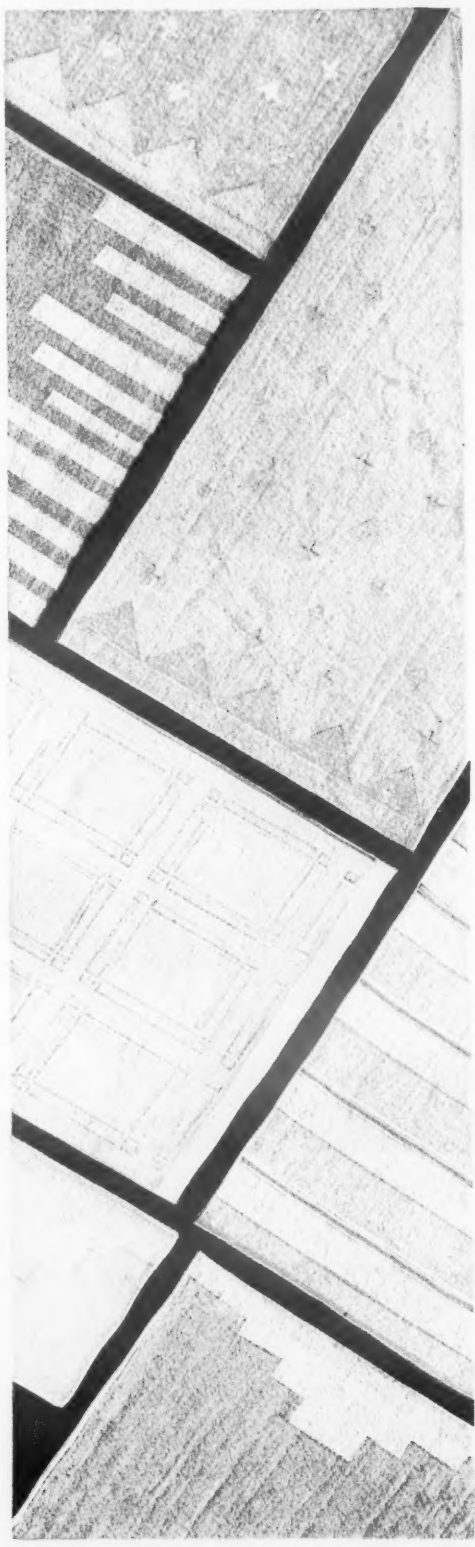
Eminent artists have designed the patterns and selected the colors for Cannon towels. Yet, because hundreds of thousands of beautiful Cannon towels are made every day the cost is spread so thin that it does not affect the price you pay for them.

Originality, distinction, loveliness—these are not the only result of employing such outstanding artists to create Cannon towel designs. They study every article that goes into the modern bathroom and consult with the manufacturers of them, discussing style trends, peering into the future. And from this knowledge of what bathrooms will be like tomorrow as well as today, they design Cannon towels with patterns of authoritative style and color harmony.

Up and down and throughout the entire price range of Cannon towels this beauty prevails. The delightful Cannon turkish face towels you buy for 25c or 30c are in no way artistically inferior to the huge, luxurious Cannon bath towels department and dry goods stores sell for one, two and three dollars apiece. Nor is your choice restricted. You may select from an endless number of different Cannon face and bath towels selling for less than fifty cents! And each offers a variety of exquisite colors—some as many as six different shades!

Beauty, of course, is but one of many superiorities that make Cannon towels such wonderful "buys." Long wear and enjoyable quality are inherent in every Cannon towel, you may be certain. Otherwise Cannon towels would never be preferred by an overwhelming majority of all the great hotels in this country, as they are and have been for years.

We have prepared a booklet, "Modern Ideas About Towels," that explains the new design and color effects in bathroom decoration you can obtain with Cannon towels. Write for it. It is free. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.



My own work has been called "an adventure in finding a new use for an article the public has relegated to a certain rut." So naturally I am more than usually appreciative of the fine work Cannon has done in taking towels out of the strictly utilitarian class and making them a prolific source of beautiful, decorative bathroom effects. What a stimulus they should prove to the woman who longs for a charming, colorful bathroom—JOSEPH B. PLATT, *Art Director of Delineator.*

Photographed here in natural colors are some of the new Cannon towels and one wash cloth. Their designs are the creation of prominent artists. A distinctive feature is that the pattern, in many cases, runs the entire length of the towel. They are fully reversible—the complete design appearing on both sides. Note the terry hems—another novelty. The prices of these towels range from 30c to $1.25. The wash cloths, 15c and 20c apiece.

I can't understand how the family towel can persist in this enlightened age. During my thirty-six years' experience in conditioning men, I have learned that a normal, healthy condition cannot be maintained where there is uncleanliness of any nature. Men come to my health farm for reconditioning and they cannot afford while there or elsewhere to run the risk of picking up bacteria from used towels. No two people should use the same towel at home or anywhere and each individual should change his own towel regularly and frequently.—"BILL" BROWN, *Nationally famous Conditioner of men prominent in Finance and Industry at Brown's Physical Training Farm, Brownsdale, Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y.*

A man may notice one thing about a towel, and take everything else for granted. Not so women. They see everything—size, quality, beauty, style, and that indefinable something called "niceness." This alone would be sufficient reason for my selecting Cannon towels for the Hotel Dodge, but in addition to that their low prices make them a perfectly marvelous "buy."—MARY A. LINDSLEY, *Managing Director, Hotel Dodge, Washington, D. C.*

TRADE MARK CANNON

L. H. J. 2

CANNON MILLS, INC.,
70 Worth St., New York City.

Kindly send me your new booklet, "Modern Ideas About Towels." This request places me under no obligation whatever.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

CANNON TOWELS

"Pink Tooth Brush"?

It's an SOS *from your* GUMS

DON'T think that merely cleaning your teeth once or twice a day can keep them free from danger. Quite the contrary . . . it won't, and it doesn't!

For, as any dentist will tell you, one sure way to wreck the health of your teeth is to let your gums become tender, soft, unsound. And if you sometimes see a tinge of "pink" upon your morning tooth brush, it's a warning before your eyes that your gums are weakening . . . that your teeth are in peril.

How soft foods endanger the health of your gums

Gum troubles start in the dining room. Modern soft foods rob gums of work. Circulation grows languid. Tissues become tender. Resistance to infection is lowered. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea often get their start in just this way. But with Ipana Tooth Paste and a light massage you can restore to your gums the tonic stimulation that soft food denies them.

How Ipana and massage build firm, pink gums

Your dentist will gladly explain why massage is so good for your gums . . . how it stirs the flagging circulation, firms and invigorates the dormant tissues. And he will show you how to perform it with the brush, easily and quickly, as you clean your teeth with Ipana.

For Ipana's content of ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by gum specialists, has a stimulating action upon the gums which augments and improves the mechanical effects of massage.

Whether your tooth brush "shows pink" or not, start now with Ipana. Its use is a precaution and a protection against the ever-threatening danger of gingival disorders.

Send the coupon if you would like the 10-day sample. It will quickly prove Ipana's cleansing power and its clean, refreshing taste.

But the better way is to start with a full-size tube from the drug store. For that lasts over a month and makes a fairer test of Ipana's power to tone and strengthen your gums.

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S89
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Ipana Tooth Paste ★ ★

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Canned Meats, Fruits, Vegetables, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

Tune in Thursday evenings and Friday mornings!

Fascinating series of coast to coast radio programs over the National Broadcasting Chain—"Around the World with Libby," featuring famous artists.

Every Thursday evening: Eastern Daylight Time, 10:30; Central Daylight Time, 9:30; Mountain Standard Time, 7:30; Pacific Standard Time, 6:30.

And each Friday morning, over the same N. B. C. stations, you may hear Mary Hale Martin's Household Hour, which is broadcast at: Eastern Daylight Time, 11:00; Central Daylight Time, 10:00; Mountain Standard Time, 11:15; Pacific Standard Time, 10:15.

Full of novel recipes. *A brand new kind of file case bound in kitchen blue. Each recipe on a card that fits into indexed folders. 72 new ideas for unusual yet simple dishes, from appetizers to desserts. To get this convenient file case and recipes, send 50c in stamps (60c in Canada) with your name and address plainly printed. Address Mary Hale Martin, Dept. A-16, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ontario, Canada. Write us for FREE recipe leaflet, "Meats You'll Enjoy Meeting."*

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

A cold cream that melts at skin temperature; and a finishing cream, exquisite, refreshing, greaseless . . .

Probably the reason why the two Woodbury Creams have had such instantaneous and overwhelming acceptance is the fact that they were perfected by the same specialists responsible for the success of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

These creams are just what you would expect them to be—exquisitely fine in texture, gentle, refreshing, with a faint, lingering fragrance . . .

You can get the two Woodbury Creams anywhere in the United States where toilet preparations are sold. In case your favorite store is out of supply temporarily, a gift box, containing the two creams and Woodbury's Facial Soap, will be sent for 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, 1815 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., 1815 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

THE *TWO* WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*

© 1929, The Andrew Jergens Company

VICTOR
MICRO-SYNCHRONOUS
RADIO

Victor-Radio-Electrola, RE-45, List Price $275
**Less Radiotrons*

Victor-Radio Console, R-32, List Price $155
**Less Radiotrons*

Victor Full-Vision, Super-Automatic Station Selector: All Stations Plainly and Permanently Visible... Just Slide the Knob to Right or Left—You Have the Station You Want!

..leaped into fame in one day!

It is thrilling the nation! Victor-Radio... the only micro-synchronous radio—the climax of Victor's thirty years of unchallenged leadership in sound reproduction!

Here, at last, is a radio that duplicates the original performance of the artist—exactly as you would hear it at the broadcast station...

That for the first time makes possible—"acoustic symmetry"... from top to bottom of the musical scale!

Tones and overtones that escape other instruments are now reproduced with absolute naturalness.

Never before has radio been so easy to operate. The Victor Station Selector is simplicity itself. Every station is in plain sight. Victor tuning is instantaneous—*micro-exact* through the entire broadcasting range... super-automatic.

Victor-Radio can be had separately—or combined with the marvelous new Victor Electrola... bringing you in one compact cabinet, from the same improved new Victor electro-dynamic reproducer... music from the air so realistic that it will give you a new conception of broadcast entertainment... music from records *that will make you doubt your very senses.* From whisper to full orchestra, all the music of the world at your fingertips!

Exquisite, very compact, original—cabinets you will be proud to own. In every detail, every Victor instrument is the product of the most painstaking and specialized craftsmanship. Victor performance, Victor tone quality is in-built, throughout.

Only unparalleled Victor resources could make these list prices possible. Only $155* for the Victor-Radio Console; only $275* for the Victor-Radio-Electrola. Victor Talking Machine Division of the Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Victor-Radio
with Electrola

"Más blanca, más limpia y más fresca!" says Felipa, beaming

ANOTHER ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G HOME

DEAR SIRS: When we moved to the southwestern border, the one blot in my delight—was washday!

For my Felipa persisted in using the most primitive washing methods. Mexican laundresses make two piles of brick or stones in the yard, build a fire between . . . on top perches the boiler! Smoke is sure to curl gaily over the edge and into the clothes.

Also, if not watched, Felipa put everything with a trace of white into that boiler! Once I rescued a delicate print frock of my small daughter's. All this, coupled with Felipa's positive aversion to more than one rinsing, resulted in clothes that smelled smoky and did not look clean.

Then I read an advertisement which told me that clothes washed with P AND G do not need to be boiled every week!

So next washday, armed with a cake of P AND G, I marshaled my Felipa . . . and with my scant Spanish ánd many eloquent gestures, I persuaded her to adopt a new method.

She now washes the white clothes in warm water with P AND G, wrings them into another tub, and pours hot water over them. There they stand, while she puts the colored clothes through P AND G suds and hangs them in the shade. Then she comes back to the white clothes, rinses them twice, blues them and hangs them in the sun!

After a couple of these new washdays, the patient Felipa said with a beaming smile that P AND G was magic and that the clothes were "Más blanca, más limpia y más fresca!" This means *whiter, cleaner, and fresher!* And I know they last longer than when they were having the very life cooked out of them in a regular witches' cauldron.

Sincerely yours, (Mrs.) M. C. T., Arizona

No steamy boiling, less rubbing, whiter clothes—whether the water is soft or hard, cold or warm! No wonder P AND G is used by more women than *any other soap in the world!*

This unequaled popularity means that P AND G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, the large cake of P AND G can be sold to you for less, ounce for ounce, even than ordinary soaps.

So P AND G costs less because it is popular. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap.*

FREE!—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these and newest laundry *methods,* in free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NJ-99, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Hold a smooth white cake of P AND G Naphtha. Compare it with any other laundry soap. See how firm and clean-scented P AND G is! And so *white.* Doesn't it seem *nicer* to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women turn to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.

The largest-selling soap in the world

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

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"YES, I AM FOLLOWING YOU. I FOLLOWED YOU THE OTHER DAY FROM THE LUXEMBOURG"

The Green Complex

By HAROLD MACGRATH

Illustrated by James C. McKell

WITH their backs to a hayrick sat two young men, munching post-war bread and young carrots. They ate ravenously frequently rubbing against their knees the carrots which were not wholly free of the soil from which they had but recently been plucked. While they munched they watched the highway—both ends of it. The hayrick was situated about three hundred yards inland.

Afar, in the field behind them, two women were shackled to a plow which an old man was guiding.

These two young men were in uniform—khaki. The shade and cut of this khaki proclaimed them as belonging to the American Expeditionary Forces, then occupying Coblenz on the Rhine. The hayrick was very much nearer Paris than Coblenz; in fact, they were so very far from Coblenz that Paris was within a day's stiff marching.

There was something peculiar about these uniforms. Even a civilian would have noticed that there were neither divisional nor regimental insignia indicated. Furthermore, they were in a disgraceful condition, wrinkled and soiled and here and there minus a button.

The shorter of the two young men, having finished his carrot, drew his sleeve across his mouth and then brushed the sleeve, a sign that the habit of military trigness was not wholly gone out of him. He bent and began to unlace an army shoe. A heelless sock exposed a blistered heel.

"Gee!" The ejaculation had the sound of a long sigh. "How many thousands o' miles have we come?"

"About ten, Porky."

"Is *that* all? Well, we'll never see China again, Handsome. That's somethin'. When do we get to Paris?"

"Tomorrow night if our luck holds."

"An' how about these uniforms? I told yuh about a week ago we oughta get rid of 'em."

"We'll fix that up tonight somehow."

"Seems there's a lot o' *somehow* in this business."

"You didn't have to come with me, Porky"—quietly.

"Aw, shut up! What worries me is that we're gettin' near a lot o' gold braid, Handsome; a lot o' gold braid."

"Leave it to me. Brush the hay off your back."

"Well, this Hotel delly Hay wasn't so worse. What time do yuh think it is?"

The other glanced at the sky. "Between nine and ten."

His comrade drew up his knees, folded his arms across them and stared at the brilliant August landscape. But he did not see the landscape. His eyes were projecting inner visions: Night hiking along the military roads, flopping to the ground whenever an automobile or a supply lorry came barking along—millions of them! Sleeping daytime in hayricks, empty cowsheds, in long deserted dugouts. Starlight and rain. Skirting towns and villages. Buying and begging their food at night from peasants who had resumed their farming grimly, yet withal kindly in their reception of Yankee doughboys. So far they had got by with it, mused the temporary visionist. Nevertheless, he was skeptical. Tomorrow night they might be in the hoosegow.

"Next!"

The visionist turned his head. "Holy mackerel, have I gotta go through that?"

"I've got to, haven't I?" The speaker held a safety razor in his hand.

"But, gee, can't we wait till we get to Paris?"

"Absolutely, no."

"But my beard is three times as tough as yours."

"Makes no difference. As we are we look like yeggs. As mamma says to bad boy, it's going to hurt me worse than it does you. Yours is tan and mine is sunburn. There's a puddle over there. Go soak your face. Look alive!"

PRIVATE MALLORY invariably obeyed the commands of Private Barclay because the latter was both mentally and physically his superior. There was another fact which tended to bend his will to the other's—subtly hypnotize him. Private Barclay was perhaps the handsomest young man in the Army of Occupation at Coblenz; and even after all these months of close association Private Mallory simply could not get over his astonishment. He was not analytical; thus the reason for this fascination was beyond his reach. Behind the handsome countenance of his buddy was a personality at once tender and savage and colorful, even though the rough edges had not yet been trimmed, subject to bursts of gayety and moodiness, recklessness and whimsicality—the eternal travail of the imaginative soul.

So with a look of martyrdom on his face—the face of a grown-up gamin—Private Mallory, familiarly known as Porky, hobbled over to the puddle, which had already served for their matutinal ablutions, and began to lave his face with the yellow water. A minute later he was leaning back against the hay and, with some anticipatory groans, submitted to the razor. The razor was dull; the beard was tough; the torture was exquisite.

ONE side of his face was shaven when simultaneously both glanced toward the west. They had seen obliquely two brilliant flashes, heliographlike. They knew what that signified—the morning sun striking automobile headlights as the car rose to take a knoll. The razor disappeared and the victim got into his shoe. The two stood up, waiting, muscularly tense. All they required to see was the color of this car.

"Supply lorry. Stand still," warned Barclay. "I don't believe they can see us."

The dark drab of the weather-beaten hayrick and the olive drab of the khaki did not merge deceptively, because of the brilliancy of the morning.

The lorry slowed down as it approached, and when it reached the point directly in line with the hayrick it stopped. Immediately four men piled out of the rear. Private Mallory felt his bones sing. M. P.'s on the way to Coblenz! Ten to twenty years!

"Beat it, Porky, and don't look behind! They've seen us!"

The two skirted the hayrick and began to run northward. Half a mile to the north was a bit of boscage. If they could reach that before the military police, there would be a slight margin in their favor.

The two women and the old man at the plow paused to watch the race. They saw the space between widen a little, then hold. The crack of a pistol smacked their eardrums. As the fugitives continued their dash for liberty the watchers concluded that the shot had been fired into the air as a warning. The military police swept past. For three minutes fugitives and pursuers were visible; then all vanished suddenly. A roll of earth had obscured them.

The fugitives knew how to run. They were healthy, deep of lung, hard-bitten by the rigors of war training. They had no fear of bullets; these would go skyward. Military police—except in murder cases—did not shoot deserters in peacetime; they caught them or they lost them.

The forest ended abruptly. Beyond was a considerable vineyard. Barclay headed into this. A thousand screens lay at hand. For the first time Barclay turned his head. He and Porky were alone. They were behind the first row of vines when the pursuers hove into view; and of necessity, because the quarry was not in view, they were forced to pause.

"To the farm!" said Barclay.

The freshly whitewashed walls of the farmhouse indicated that it was inhabited. Barclay shifted from one row of vines to another, thickening the covert. Close to the wind, this. His blood seethed with hot fury. To lose out now, when the goal was in sight—Paris! He must keep away from that white wall. He must run east of it, then swing back.

Sparks began to dance before Porky's eyes, the lids of which stung with the salt of sweat. Pretty nearly at the end of his rope. Only hours after did the ensuing episodes become clear to him.

Inside the walls, rushing to the door which was opened unceremoniously, to behold a bewildered old woman. Swift talk between her and Barclay. The exhibition of their war crosses. Tumbling into a cistern, over which the cover was drawn. The rotten odor of the water which reached to their knees. Perhaps five minutes of silence, then the clump of war boots. Voices, but indistinguishable. What Porky remembered distinctly was the unutterable relief of the cold water against the hell-fire in his heel.

WITH a palm lightly covering his nose so that his exhalations would make no sound, he waited. An hour? Two hours? At any rate his heart ceased its pounding and he was beginning to breathe easily.

A scraping sound. Porky looked up. The old woman was pulling off the cover. The M. P.'s had gone. Or had they? Wouldn't they be hanging round outside somewhere, till dark? The old woman spoke.

"What did she say?"

"That they have gone," answered Barclay. "Give me a leg up, then I'll haul you out."

This feat was accomplished, and the two stood on the crumpled carpet which had hidden the cistern cover, the water spots slowly widening. Barclay spoke a few words to the old woman, then turned to his comrade.

"I told her we were deserters and that the military police were after us. That we wanted to go home. The crosses got her. She and her two daughters run the farm and vineyard. Her husband and her two sons are in the Somme graveyard. The daughters are in the village. Now those birds haven't let go. They'll scout round for a long time. So we've got to lay dogo till sundown. Then they'll have to return to the lorry. We were only a chance shot."

"I get yuh." Porky sat down on the floor and took off his shoe tenderly.

"Did your leg bother you?"

"Uh-huh. The spring's kinda gone out of it."

"And my right lung hurts. I suppose it must have been nicked. It pinches when I run."

The old woman, observing the huge blister, chirruped something.

"Come into the living room," said Barclay. "Says she has some first-aid kits. She and her daughters had everything ready for the wounded, if they retreated from the Marne—the last big show. The shindig you and I were in. We'll carry a couple of kits with us."

"Handsome, yuh sure got this lingo crawlin' on its hands an' knees."

"I've told you I was at school near Paris for four years."

"WHAT'S the next dance on the program?"—limping into the other room.

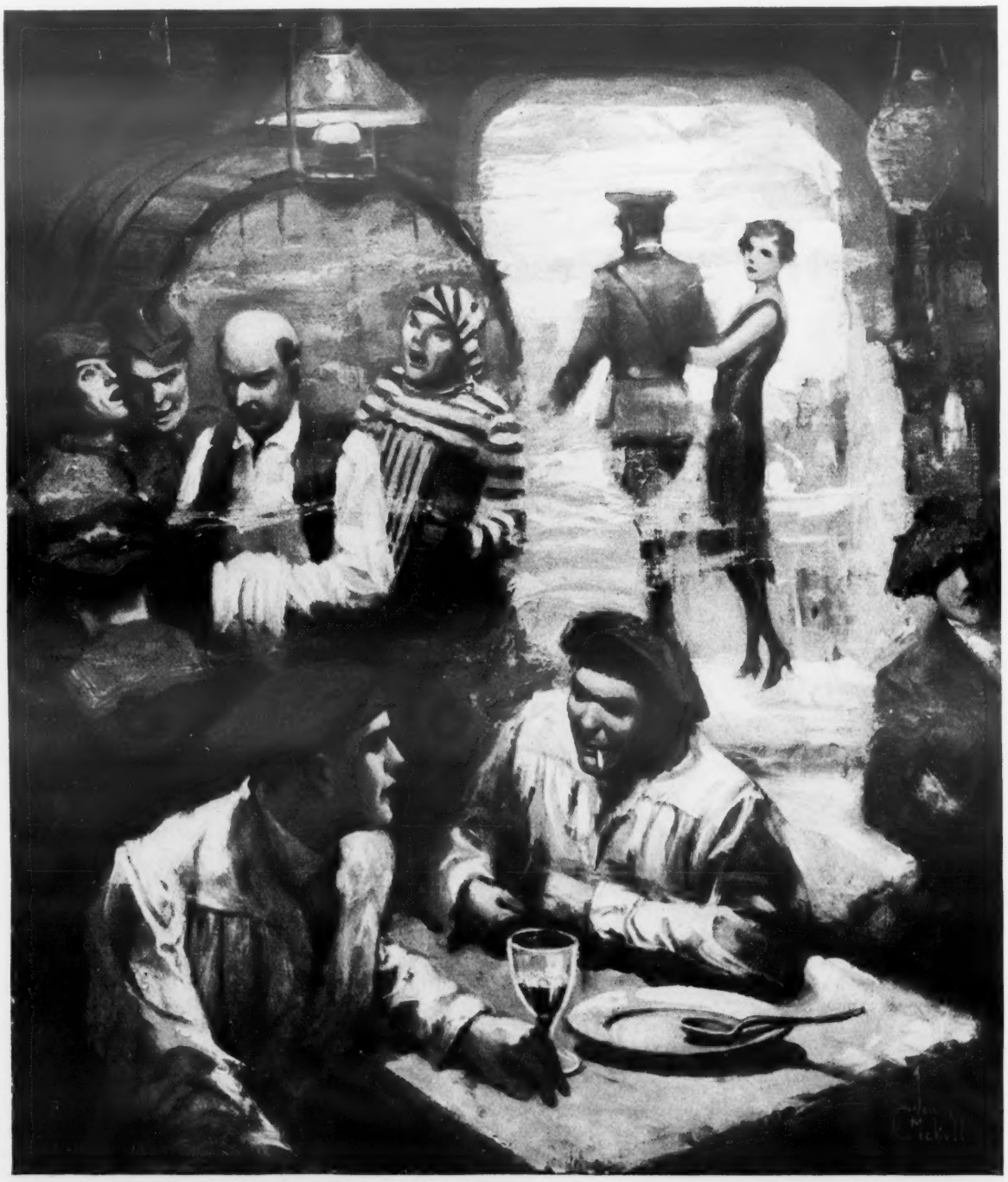
"She will find us some clothes. We've got to get rid of these uniforms."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world! Handsome, yuh got 'em comin' an' goin'."

"What?"

"The janes. All the way from six to eighty they fall for yuh."

Barclay frowned. "Women!"—with a contemptuous gesture.



THE HANDSOMEST YOUNG MAN SHE HAD EVER SET EYES ON! AND OF COURSE HE HAD TO BE A FRENCH PEASANT! AT LEAST, THE BLUE TAM O' SHANTER SUGGESTED IT

THEY SAW THE SPACE BETWEEN WIDEN A LITTLE, THEN HOLD

Porky's head ached, which tended to weaken his usually secretive lips.

"You tell 'em, big boy!"—ironically. "I ain't said nothin' before, but I found that Paris Herald clippin'. Paris, Paris, Paris!—says you. Same name yuh called out in the base hospital, when yuh was cuckoo next to me. The clippin' says Nita Jordan with her third is in Paris. Follies dancer. Ye-ah. Now, listen. That's K. O. with me. None o' my business. But don't try to pull any bluff. Leave 'er lay. I'm the oyster's whiskers. Now, fix this dog o' mine."

This was done speedily and silently. Since there was nothing to say, Barclay rose and turned to the mistress of the house. What took place conversationally he recounted to Porky later.

"Madame, my comrade and I need clothes."

"No, no, no!"—her faded blue eyes filling.

Barclay thereupon put his arms around her, kissed her withered cheek and patted her shoulder.

"Your sons' clothes. I understand, madame. But it is my comrade's liberty and mine—two Americans who fought and bled for France, madame. When I reach Paris the clothes and sabots will be returned. Within a week."

She released herself from his embrace and began to pace the room, her gnarled fingers locked. Suddenly she turned upon Barclay and gestured.

"You shall have them, monsieur. You will not break your promise to return them. Your eyes tell me that. I understand. The war is over. You are homesick. I will help you."

Out of an ancient cedar chest she drew reverently two suits in worn brown corduroy, two pairs of new socks, two pairs of sabots, or wooden shoes, a tam o' shanter and a peaked cap.

Immediately Barclay took from his pocket a diamond ring worth about seventy-five dollars.

Porky grinned. Handsome had won that ring with the galloping dominoes about a week before they had done the big walkout. They had already eaten up Handsome's watch, figuratively. This ring had been held in reserve for the purpose of paying rent in Paris till Handsome could secretly get in touch with some friends. Ye-ah. And now he would be giving it to the old lady, as if he had a thousand more like it in his pocket.

"A gift, madame," said Barclay.

"But no, no!" the old lady protested vehemently.

But with a flip of thumb and finger Barclay shot the ring into the chest and picked up the clothing.

"Come on, Porky. The sooner we change, the better."

II.

BARCLAY, having disposed of Porky for the time being, returned to the living room. He handed to the old lady his own tunic and his borrowed corduroy and indicated that he wanted a little sewing done. She sat down to work at once, ripping open the back seam in the tunic, extracting a long thick envelope and transferring it to the corduroy coat. She asked no questions. The two crosses, with their citations, which lay on the table were all the answers she required—that is, she asked no questions regarding the necessity of the needle.

"When did you win your crosses, monsieur?"

"About the time of the second Marne, madame."

"You were wounded then, monsieur?"

"Yes; I through the right shoulder and my comrade through the leg. But we are quite over that."

"What shall I do with these uniforms?"

"Destroy them or keep them as souvenirs, madame."

"You have a mother and father?"

"No, madame. I am alone."

"Have you a sweetheart?"—shyly.

Barclay's face hardened. "No, madame."

Promptly at five in the afternoon Barclay awoke Porky and bade him climb down from the loft.

"Come into the kitchen."

Porky clumped after him. Upon entering the kitchen he was abruptly pushed into a chair. A basin of hot water and a bit of congealed grease from the top of cold soup were on a stool. Barclay fetched out the safety razor.

"Yuh big stiff!" cried Porky with a groan.

"Got to be done"—crisply.

"Well, get it over."

The other side of Porky's face was scraped. He cleansed his face in hot water and dried it on a rough towel. Then he picked up the razor and approached his buddy, grinning maliciously.

"Any skirt or relation yuh wanta send your last words to?"

"If you cut me, Porky, I'll knock your block off."

"Yuh know, Handsome, when I first saw yuh, I thought yuh was an egg with no lime in the shell. But if ever there was a hard-boiled guy with a mug like mamma's pet —— Turn your head around." He proceeded to spread the soup grease over the bearded area. "Paris. All this to get to Paris. Yuh leave Uncle Sam wringin' his hands an' singin' Where is my wanderin' boy tonight, just to get to Paris to lamp a jane that's hooked up with her third legal hindrance. Gee!"

"PORKY"

"Porky, listen to me. Probably you're right. Maybe I am a fool. But I want no more talk about it."

"K. O. with me, big boy."

"We leave here right after sundown. The lane leads to a dirt road quarter of a mile north. This dirt road leads into a highway that goes direct to Paris. It is seldom used by the military. On this road somewhere, before the war, there was a famous inn. The old lady says it's open again. We dine and sleep there. By tomorrow night we'll be in Paris."

"What about those M. P.'s?"

"Forced to return to the lorry. On the way to relieve some chaps in Coblenz. Always remember, Porky, whatever happens, you weren't obliged to walk out with me."

"How many times have I told yuh to can that stuff? Two years an' a half more o' Yes, sir, an' No, sir, an' gun oil an' antiseptics? You tell 'em! I should love Uncle Sam. Thirty-one bucks a month an' a kick in the pants. Hooey! There yuh are, sir. Want a manicure?"

Barclay cleaned up.

Porky began to sing a semiribald ballad, born in the trenches, and which officers and noncoms were never permitted to hear; a sly, ironic ditty, the final line of the refrain running thus:

Doing dirty little jobs for the U. S. A.

AT SUNDOWN Barclay and Porky bade farewell to the old lady and once more began to hike to Paris. "How's the heel?" asked Barclay as the farmhouse forever disappeared from view.

"'S all right if I don't haf to run. That was one *beaucoup* gran'ma, take it from me. Her ol' man an' her two sons. Tough. War. An' all those silk-hat Harrys that started it still eatin' pheasant an' sippin' coggnac! Ye-ah."

Barclay did not reply, but strode on with that tireless stride which provoked Porky's ire as well as his admiration.

"Hey, you guys! Stick 'em up!"

Stone walls, four feet high, ran parallel with the dirt road which Barclay and Porky had now come upon. The hail came from the south wall, a point to the rear. The hands of the two fugitives went aloft.

"No monkey business, or I'll plug you!" Shortly the two felt the free hand of the M. P. going over their bodies in search of weapons. "Right about now! That's it. Now let me see your passes or your discharges. You won't have any, of course, but I'm a polite guy."

A question flashed through Porky's head: Where was this M. P.'s side-kick? One man wouldn't be told off to handle a job like this, which entailed a ceaseless vigil till some automobile or lorry could be hailed. There would be six or seven miles between this spot and the military road. Suddenly Porky let his knees sag, and he fell and rolled over in the dust.

"Get up, you lousy dog!" snarled the M. P. "Y' hear me?"

He raised his boot to kick, which was precisely what Porky wanted. His wiry hand flew out and caught the M. P. by the ankle, himself turning violently away. Because gravity is an unalterable condition the M. P. lost his balance. Even as his body touched the ground, Barclay was atop of him, wrenching loose the service automatic. All three of them got to their feet.

"Where's your side-kick?" demanded Porky.

"I'll remember you guys," was the answer in a voice that shook with rage.

"You're a game guy, anyhow," said Porky admiringly "But I ain't got no use for a sea soldier. We ain't got no passes nor discharges. But we gotta date in Paris."

Barclay intervened. "You intended to head us into your side-kick. Probably we passed him a while back. We don't

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"IF THEY PASS US BY—AND I PRAY TO GOD THEY DO!—THEN, DAUPHIN, YOU AND MR. BACKUS WILL DIG THE CHEST UP AGAIN"

Buried Silver

By MARY JOHNSTON

Illustrated by Pruett Carter

DAUPHIN, under Mr. Backus' eye, dug the great hole in which to bury the Minden silver. He dug it close under the south face of the brick wall inclosing the Minden graveyard. Honeysuckle draped the wall and ran thick and strong over the earth below. Drag the network of it aside and dig the place. Bury the chest, scatter the remaining earth, restore the thick network and neither the Yankees nor any one else—but those in the secret—would ever know. Said Mr. Backus, "There's the locust and there's the cedar, and here's a brick in the wall that's a little whiter than the others."

Dauphin was twenty years old and as strong as a mule. His skin was shining dark, his head a good one, his features well enough. His father, King, had been the Minden coachman for long years, but not so many months ago Death had played coachman for King, since when Dauphin had driven when the horses were driven. That did not often befall; they had to be taken nowadays for farm horses. Star and Needle accepted their fall in the world without outward murmur, but it may be said to have hastened the death of King; not to have caused his death, of course, but to have made him that much less able to struggle. On Sundays, Dauphin and Star and Needle and the big, old, high-swung carriage—as capacious, almost, as the ark—conveyed Old Miss and Young Miss and Miss Mag and Manny, with the present number of refugeeing cousins sheltering at Minden, to church in Auburn—named from the poem—five miles away. Lately Young Miss did not go. Young Miss was looking for a baby in June.

KING had taught Dauphin how to drive. He was going, everybody said, to be such another coachman as his father. When the war was over and Richmond never, never, never taken, and General Lee and the rest of the generals and Old Marster and Marse Jermyn had finally—it had been a long time and they had won many battles, but then the others won other battles—had finally won, then Dauphin would have the third-best cabin in the quarter—he and Sally—and all his life he'd be Minden coachman . . . and a prop of the church like his father.

Old Miss had decided on the spot. In the flower garden? Too near the house. Under one of the trees? It's hard to cover traces in a moment. Young Miss—that is, Gay—had thought of under the summerhouse floor. Mr. Backus in consultation considered that that would be a good place.

"They camp," said Old Miss in her deep voice, "they camp all over the place and they tear to pieces, for their fires, fences and sheds and arbors. They might do that to the summerhouse when they would see that the earth had been disturbed." Old Miss was walking to and fro in the chamber—in a stately way, not with agitation. Now she paused by the big window. It showed her always the Minden graveyard, on the lower slope of High Hill, among high trees. "Somewhere by the wall, under the honeysuckle," said Old Miss. "By the graveyard wall, Mr. Backus."

"Dauphin and I will make the excavation, ma'am," said Mr. Backus. "It's just as well to keep it all quiet."

"I trust every soul on the plantation," said Old Miss. "But in view of the enemy's ability to terrify it's better as you say, Mr. Backus. Miss Gay and I will walk over now and mark the place. Then as soon as it is dark ——"

Dauphin's spade rhythmically lifted earth, rhythmically deposited earth in a growing hillock. Mr. Backus sat and chewed tobacco or walked about and looked at the Minden gravestones. Mr. McNulty was the Minden overseer. Mr. Backus was only his assistant. But Mr. McNulty was fighting somewhere in Tennessee. Mr. Backus didn't have the grip on things that had Mr. McNulty. Besides it was Old Miss that really overseered.

Minden had two thousand acres, two hundred negroes. It was deep in the war—much more than halfway through—but no one knew that, though they might guess. The big house, brick with wings and a portico, needed repair. The garden had ceased to be trim, the grass grew long, the box went unpruned. The quarters, on the other side of the house hill, were down at heel with whitewash spared. Barns and stables and outbuildings began to show decrepitude. Fences wanted mending; many fields sprawled uncultivated. The stock was greatly lessened. No farm implements had been purchased for a long time. All things suffered depletion, retarding. . . . Difficulties of agriculture in a land where armies marched and countermarched and your hands became filled with bank notes of no value. Difficulties of more than agriculture. But until now the county in which was set Minden had not been actually, immediately, overrun by the Yankees. It was to be so no longer. They were on their way. Hawke's Raid was in motion.

DAUPHIN dug a fairly wide and deep pit, Mr. Backus giving the measurements. Then he scattered the idle earth far and wide in the tangle of honeysuckle and myrtle, and together he and Mr. Backus dragged the ancient net of interlacing vines across the opening. It was like covering a grave, and now there was no visible grave. "Mrs. Royall has got a headpiece," said Mr. Backus. "All the looters going ain't going to think of this place! It could stay here till kingdom come."

Dauphin agreed. He considered Old Miss to be a wonderful woman—like a Bible woman. He shook his big, healthy, young man's body and together he and the overseer left the graveyard. As he went by the house on his way to the

stables Araminta summoned him from the dining-room porch: "You Dauphin! Old Miss say come and help Cassius carry all dis to the chamber." Dauphin washed his hands and brushed earth from his clothes and went to the dining room. Something in his head went about saying, "Old Miss trust me—Old Miss trust me good and hard—just like she done King."

Cassius, the Minden butler, and Araminta, Old Miss's maid, were collecting Minden silver.

Minden owned the silver given to Old Miss and Old Marster when they were wed, and to Jermyn and Gay when they were wed, with a part of grandparents' and great-grandparents' silver, and all of Great-great-Aunt Aurelia's silver, and some silver beyond that that had come from England long, long, long ago. Cassius and Araminta crowded upon big silver salvers and little silver salvers, coffee urns and teapots, sugar and cream bowls and jugs, silver pitchers, silver goblets, silver dishes, spoons and ladles, forks and salt cellars, and what not. Miss Mag entered the dining room—a tall, gaunt maiden lady domiciled since youth at Minden: "Have you everything, Cassius?"

"I lef' out enough just to set the table wif. Minden got to have something on the table, Miss Mag!"

"LET me see. Well . . . that much will divert their suspicion, maybe. If they take it they'll take it, that's all! You and Old Miss settle it between you, Cassius. Carry it all, Dauphin, through the back passage, so that the children won't see. Cassius and Araminta, Old Miss wants you both." She turned to leave the room.

Araminta, stepping behind her, stepped faster and came close: "Miss Mag, are you scared?"

"No," said Miss Mag austerely. "But I find myself impatient with God."

In the chamber—that being the local word for Old Miss and Old Marster's room—a mahogany chest stood open in the middle of the floor. Around it stretched the cool, big room, with mahogany furniture and a vast four-poster bed, blue counterpane and white curtains with knotted fringe. The big table stood cleared, as did Old Marster's desk. The wing chair held cloth for wrapping, such cloth as could be spared where all cloth grew more and more precious. One of the refugeeing cousins enveloped silver candlesticks in an ancient apron. Dauphin set down the salvers, one by one, upon the table. Cassius, Araminta, Miss Mag and Mrs. Royall, the cousin, wrapped the pieces and laid them in the chest. Young Miss sat in a window seat and gazed out upon the hyacinths in bloom. Old Miss stood looking at the silver. She was tall and stately—Old Miss—not tall and unstately, like Miss Mag. Full sweeping skirts, full sleeves, worked-muslin collar showing her strong throat, black lace upon her head only half hiding the smoothly banded, silvering hair—all about Old Miss aided her stateliness. She stood looking at the workers and at the Minden silver disappearing piece by piece from sight, and then she glanced at Gay in the window seat. Gay's head was down upon her arm, and her eyes were now for the great trees and all their opening buds. Her fingers played music upon the window sill. Old Miss stepped in her stately fashion across the floor and, bending, put an arm about her daughter-in-law. "I want Jermyn," said Gay. "I want Jermyn."

"Yes, dear. Yes, dear."

"There is something," pursued Gay, "that sounds so fatal to me, and I say it over and over: 'The Army of Northern Virginia. The Army of Northern Virginia.'"

"I've determined," said Old Miss, "to hide the jewelry with the silver. One safe place is better than dividing things."

"Then I'll go get mine," said Gay, and left the window seat and the chamber. When she returned, in her hands a rosewood-and-mother-of-pearl box, the silver was in its resting place, almost filling the chest. On the table stood a row of small ornamental caskets, and Old Miss and Miss Mag and the other cousin and Araminta were gathered round. "Look, too, Cassius," said Old Miss, "and you, too, Dauphin. It's all of gold and gems that Minden has."

Even with Gay's added they made no great display. Old Miss's wedding pearls and Gay's wedding pearls. Certain other necklaces of amethysts and topaz, of garnets and jet; and bracelets, plain and heavy, or chased, or of fine, soft, plaited gold with settings of carbuncles, or of cameos. And earrings, long and slender, or hoops of gold with small precious stones. Brooches and finger rings, quite a number, and two gold watches. In Gay's inlaid box, beside her pearls and her amethysts, lay in their own cases two rings whose stones were of quite considerable value—a beautiful emerald, a beautiful ruby.

They put everything into two receptacles—Gay's rosewood-and-mother-of-pearl box and the lacquer cabinet that stood atop the highboy. These went into the chest; the chest stood ready to close; they closed the chest. Old Miss turned from it, stately and authoritative: "If they pass us by—and I pray to God they do!—then, Dauphin, you and Mr. Backus will dig the chest up again, and, Cassius, you'll have your silver back, so don't look as though you'd lost your last friend, and, Gay, you shall have your pretty box and your emerald and your ruby, and the lacquer cabinet will be again on the top of the highboy ——"

The refugeeing cousin who was embittered cried, "Why should you be spared, Henrietta? You won't be spared." She struck her hands together. "And I and my children will have to wander again."

Araminta broke out, "Old Miss, is they gwine burn the house?"

"No!" said Old Miss. "No! Go on, all of you, about your business! And remember that right will prevail. Right will prevail though every house in the world lay in ashes!"

THAT night there shone a young moon. That night when the children—they all belonged to the refugeeing cousins—were in bed, Mr. Backus and Dauphin between them lifted the mahogany chest and bore it out of the house and through the garden and across under the oaks to Minden graveyard. There they buried it under the honeysuckle by the wall and drew the net of vines across all signs, after which they returned and told Old Miss. They were together, Old Miss and Young Miss.

While Old Miss and Mr. Backus spoke together Dauphin, all respectfully, like a good dog, regarded Young Miss. She had wrapped herself in a cloak and sat, a part of the spring night, on the step of the garden porch. A white pillar rose behind her—she leaned her head against it and watched the fireflies and the stars. Dauphin, so to speak, worshiped Young Miss.

Gay turned her head and spoke to him: "Before you dig the silver and my emerald and my ruby up again, Dauphin, what will have happened and where will we all be? I think and I think that God may mean a lot of things that we know

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DAUPHIN LEANED UPON HIS CRUTCH AND GAZED, THEN SLOWLY HE DREW NEARER

Before You Drink a Glass of Milk--

The Story of a Woman's Discovery of a New Disease

By PAUL DE KRUIF

Drawings by H. Weston Taylor

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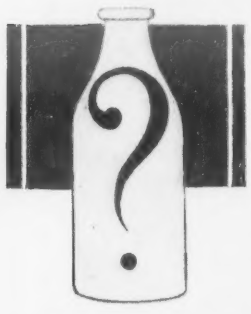
NO ONE CONNECTED CONTAGIOUS ABORTION IN COWS WITH UNDULANT FEVER IN HUMANS UNTIL ALICE C. EVANS MADE HER GREAT DISCOVERY



BEFORE you drink a glass of milk, it will be mighty wise for your health, it may even save your life, to ask a simple question.

For in American milk today there lurks a terrible, wasting fever, that may keep you in bed for a couple of weeks, that may fasten itself on you for one, or for two, or even for seven years—that might culminate by killing you.

This sickness is far more prevalent than typhoid fever is today. Hundreds of cases of this ugly Undulant Fever—for that's the name of it—were discovered all over America last year. It is estimated by the expert, Dr. Walter Simpson, that at least 50,000 people are sick with it at this very moment, their baffled doctors—alas—having yet no notion what ails most of them.

This sickness that tortures you with shooting pains, that weakens you with drenching sweats, that wastes you with months-long fever, is absolutely no respecter of persons—any more than it is a respecter of cows.

The malicious microbe that causes it is rampant in the great majority of the dairy herds of our country today. And you won't be able to make yourself secure from it by paying extra for the supposedly super-helpful certified milk—unless your dairyman can guarantee that his herds are free from this germ. For, the undulant fever of humans is none other than the long-known contagious abortion of cows, widely prevalent in certified as well as in less high-toned herds. In a recent investigation—not yet published—of three of the certified herds supplying milk to the City of Detroit, more than 5 per cent of the milk samples from these herds were found to be infected with this sneaking, nefarious and dangerous bacillus of contagious abortion—and undulant fever.

It is no use to try to guard yourself from this sickness by paying more for your milk, but, instead, listen to the strange story of Alice Evans—who made the remarkable discovery that the cow bacillus of Doctor Bang and the human microbe of Doctor Bruce were really twin brothers.

During her strange, her lonesome, her despised adventure, Miss Evans herself caught this terrible ill.

For seven years she has suffered from it; as this is written she still lies sick with it in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore.

"It seems as if those bugs have a special animosity toward me, since I made that discovery," says Alice Evans, and her face, lined with suffering, lights up with a marvelous, humorous smile.

There is absolutely no known cure for this undulant fever that lurks in milk. But there doesn't have to be. For, by asking a simple preventive question—you'll come to it in due course in this story—you'll be able, yourself, to guard yourself from it, to protect yourself against its ravages.

II.

WHEN Alice Evans stumbled upon the amazing fact that the Danish cow bug of Doctor Bang and the Maltese microbe of Doctor Bruce were twin brothers, this disease called undulant fever had hardly been heard of in the United States, though it had, very likely, already been long at its malignant work, taking women from their housework, and men from their bread-winning, with what doctors solemnly pronounced was typhoid, or flu, or malaria, or tuberculosis—it has even been diagnosed "nervous breakdown" or "run-down condition."

In 1917, just before her astounding discovery, the young Evans woman was nothing more important than a very pleasant-looking, dark-eyed and retiring girl bacteriologist, buried away among other anonymous girl and boy bacteriologists in the Research Laboratories of the Dairy Division of the Federal Department of Agriculture. It meant nothing whatever to her then, that, thirty years before, David Bruce, of the British Army, and his young bride had spent their honeymoon on the Island of Malta in the Mediterranean Sea, probing into the spleens of British Tommies dead of a sickness called Malta fever.

Swarming along with other drab-seeming thousands of obscure government workers from the big buildings in Washington between four and five every afternoon, Alice Evans had hardly heard of that now-famous sister microbe hunter of hers, Lady Bruce—who thirty years before had been called in off the tennis lawn by her Hindenburg-mustached husband, David, to hold his monkeys for him.

In those remote days the fiery David Bruce and his terribly amateurish but equally bold young bride had got themselves sticky with culture medium to feed their hoped-for germs, had endangered themselves in the deadhouse with Malta fever victims. They'd happened, then, upon one of the species of microbes which are among the chief villains of this story—tiny they were, and of a shape somewhat spherical, and in consequence baptized with the ominous scientific name of "coccus."

That was almost before Alice Evans had first seen the light of day in a colony of stubborn, hill-billy Welsh farmers in Northern Pennsylvania—in the austere country roughly bounded by the towns of Tunkhannock, Mehoopany and Hop Bottom. Very soon the newly wed Bruces had proved that their abominable little coccus malignantly rejoiced in giving folks in Malta and all round the Mediterranean, pains in their shins, their joints, their bones; and delighted in weakening them, even in dooming them with inexorable, long-drawn-out wasting fevers.

BUT what could this have to do with the routine work—excessively dull to everybody except herself—that the unknown Miss Evans was now plodding away at? There she sat, buried in the gigantic East Wing of the Department of Agriculture, amid microscopes and before batteries of bulbs and test tubes, while around her the city was hurrahing, important in uniforms, toiling frantically to make the world safe for democracy. What, indeed, could be more drab, more dull, more far-removed from doing things, than to be told to mess with the milk—drawn under sterile conditions—from healthy cows? No free, independent searcher, no wide-ranging medical savior of mankind was this Welsh girl with the sudden, slyly humorous gleam in her eye, with the hesitating subdued giggle; she was—a cog, that's the word for it. A cog in a ponderous human machine run by executive gentlemen who, for reasons of their own, had decided it would be important to find out what microbes there might be, perchance, in the healthy milk that came from the udders of high-bred, registered, immaculate cows. She laboriously plated endless samples of milk, squinted at eternal painted smears of unimportant subvisible beings. She slaved in that state of mental inertia common to one thousand out of every thousand girl bacteriologists in our country, who are destined to no famous end, who are assigned piffling problems much as stenographers are dictated to by business magnificoes—girls who so often plod down the years toward a spinsterish old age, poor hewers of wood and carriers of water for brilliant male microbe hunters. Thus Evans—in 1917.

What could the milk of carefully manicured, immaculate cows have to do with Malta fever, anyway? It is accurate to say that not only Alice Evans but nobody else, not the most bewhiskered medical eminence, however loaded with degrees and titles, at that moment suspected that the milk of such cows, or any cows, could have anything whatever to do with that far-off tropical plague. Of course it was buried away dustily in rare, out-of-the-way, learned libraries that sixty-five goats, predominantly nannies and all apparently sound in wind and limb, had been shipped on a forgotten vessel to the United States in 1905. But I don't believe Evans realized that the captain and most of the crew of that unhappy ship had feasted, alas, on the milk of their nanny-goat passengers during the voyage. Or that almost every man jack of them came down with Malta fever!

Such, indeed, was the unscientific, and—except for those sailors—humorous way in which the eminent British Commission for the Study of Mediterranean Fever had discovered that this painful and dangerous ill actually came from drinking goat's milk—and only from drinking goat's milk.

But what of all this? The high-toned cows whose milk at this moment Alice Evans was at pains to be puttering with were certainly not goats, nor were they from the infested

Isle of Malta. Indeed, aside from a certain number of cases of Malta fever, discovered down in Texas and New Mexico by Army doctors among a few shiftless Mexicans and such who'd drunk goat's milk, this fever that comes in waves, these ups and downs of pain, those baths of drenching sweat—was of no interest to anybody in America. Except those no-account Mexicans who would insist on drinking the milk of goats. . . .

III.

OF EVANS at this moment you'd certainly have seemed safe in predicting that, in the great war against illness and death, this hesitating, anything but self-confident girl was going to count less than nothing at all. But in less than a year she bumped bang into an astounding fact, that was incredible, that was totally unlooked for, that was impossible by every rule of microbe hunting, that violated the canons of cow science—that was, in short, medical blasphemy.

She was in the midst of her grind of nursing, of staining, of seemingly futilely microscopically peering at sundry furtive bugs that swam and drifted, subvisibly, in one hundred and ninety-two samples of the milk of one hundred and sixty-one cows from five elaborately chaperoned herds of cattle. Every day, from nine till five, there drifted before the dark, squinting eyes of this apparently commonplace young woman a menagerie of microbes, corkscrew-shaped, or fashioned in the form of little rods or sticks, or shaped like infinitely tiny balls. Monotonously this grave-faced, dark-haired searcher fished them, stained them—but what the devil did all of this matter, for humankind? She hadn't even the excitement, the thrill of working with those microbes—if any there happened to be in her milk samples—that were considered most dangerous to human beings! Hers was a specialization reminiscent of a Ford factory; her job was to fuss with the spherical germs that grew in bunches—staphylococci, micrococci. But somebody else was assigned the more perilous work of juggling with the possibly deadly streptococcus—the spherical microbe that grows in chains. . . . In those same samples of milk, mind you!

But nobody had told her she mightn't dabble with milk microbes that were shaped like rods, like little sticks, and so it came about that Alice Evans was strictly within her duties when she bumped into the nefarious bug of Doctor Bang, of Denmark. With her ball-shaped micrococci she'd done well enough; she'd been painstaking, unimportantly, unexcitingly. Her plodding care shows plainly enough in her early scientific reports—who has read them? She determined elaborately, and to no known valuable end, that some micrococci in the milk of aristocratic cows produce pretty ivory-yellow pigments and are to be distinguished from their little cousins who paint themselves an ocherous orange. Then there were the miserable little microscopic beings whose one pleasure it seemed to be to delight Alice Evans' eye by pouring out a lovely color called marguerite yellow ——

But enough of such trifling nonsense! Just the same, all of this shows how narrow—only a little while before her day of days—was the field of her work. It didn't even fall within the rights of her job to find out whether her microscopic pets out of cow's milk might be fatal to rabbits.

"The writer wishes to express her thanks to Dr. George M. Potter, of the pathological division of this bureau," wrote Evans, "for making the animal inoculations and the post-mortem examinations."

Surely she wasn't slated for any magnificent fight against the ills of men; and if she'd been merely probing into the malaises of mice, Potter would then have had to be called in to wield the syringe, to flourish the scalpel. She had, at this moment, only one microbe hunter's consolation: Some of her colored cocci actually did bring death—to rabbits. From this forlorn experiment Alice Evans drew a strange conclusion, made a curious prophecy hardly justified by the facts she'd found:

"The data here recorded add evidence to the growing conviction that all milk is safer for consumption after it is Pasteurized."

Just around the corner, now, lay her discovery, that will, one of these days—but that takes us ahead of our story.

IV.

"HAVE you ever compared Bruce's germ of Malta fever with Doctor Bang's microbe, that causes contagious abortion in cows?" asked the veteran Doctor Eichhorn of Alice Evans. Eichhorn was chief of the Pathological Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture. It was to Eichhorn that Alice Evans, the humble milk bacteriologist from the dairy division, had come to get the dope, as they say, on this bacillus of Doctor Bang, this nefarious bug that was not at all dangerous to milk-drinking men or women or babies—but that, all the same, was on a rampage in the very best herds, even in the cows of the certified dairies all over America, causing prize cows to lose their unborn calves, playing hob with the whole dairy industry. In the milk of sundry of her immaculate cows Evans had found this brutal little bacillus of Doctor Bang ——

No—she'd never even thought of comparing this bacillus with the Maltese goat-milk coccus of Doctor Bruce—and why should she have? "Doctor Eichhorn didn't say *why* he had asked me that question," said Evans, long after, with a half-apologetic little laugh. And there is no evidence that Eichhorn tried to impress this hesitant groper for facts about milk microbes with the enormous importance of such a comparison. He'd never made it himself. And who, indeed, among all of the great whales of microbe hunting, had ever dreamed of going on the scientific wild-goose chase of comparing the Maltese coccus that caused grief in the shins and fevers in the heads of Maltese goat-milk drinkers with that Bang bug that merely hurt farmers' pocketbooks by causing cows to lose their calves?

The great cow scientist, Doctor Bang himself, had never dreamed of it; as for Bruce, that whisk-broom-mustached hero had been too deep in dangerous forays against the sleeping sickness of the African jungle even to think of such an insignificant bug as this *Bacterium abortus* of Doctor Bang.

AND even Theobald Smith—surely the dean of all American microbe hunters—who'd been one of the first to discover that the bacillus of the abortion of cows could be found in fresh milk—he'd shown no alarm about it, nor seen any possible connection it might have with Malta fever. And if the famous Theobald had seen no need of it. . . .

It seemed most random; it seemed a most time-wasting question; it seemed futile and utterly nonsensical. Didn't every microbe hunter know that the abortion bug of Doctor Bang was shaped like a rod? And didn't even tyro bacteriologists realize that the Malta-fever microbe of Doctor Bruce had the spherical, the ball-shaped form of a coccus? Though it's true there were pedants, close-squinting academicians, who'd insisted that the Bruce bug could be sometimes a very short rod and at other times a very long sphere—but quibbles! It was a rod or a sphere or what have you! It was barking up the wrong tree to waste time over it, even to think about it.

And so Evans, considered perverse, idiotic—in the eyes of all wise people who knew what she was up to—went at it. It was surely not strictly in the line of her duty, but she sent to the American Museum of Natural History for a culture of the Malta-fever microbe of Doctor Bruce; and the authorities there sent her back a tube full of disreputable bugs that had been twenty-one years out of the body of a human being who had suffered from Malta fever. Five more families of this alleged micrococcus she begged and borrowed from the laboratories of the Bureau of Animal Industry, where for long they'd lived utterly useless lives, eating beef-broth jelly, at the expense of the Government, out of an endless series of test tubes, through which, for years, to no known purpose, they'd been transplanted. It's the life of Riley for a germ, once he's captured from some cow or human being!

Grotesquely, she was on the trail. By all that was strange, perverse, topsy-turvy, these microbes, the bug of Bruce from sick and dead human beings, the bug of Bang from poor calves born too soon—did look alike! Not labeling them, she painted the two species of them with colored dyes, tried tests, herself, with them, and for the life of her couldn't tell them apart by the looks of them.

NOW her blood was up, though it's an exaggeration to use such an expression to describe the emotions of a young woman so obviously not a hunter, so definitely—gentle is the best word for it. But her blood was up, and she planted sundry families, races, strains, varieties, or what will you, of the bug of Bang, that had murdered calves in their cow mothers' wombs, on this and that and the other sort of culture medium, on every kind of microbe pabulum. And she did exactly the same with that sapper of the vigor and taker of the lives of humans—the Maltese germ of David Bruce.

And to look at the growth of the two of them, who could tell them apart? Day after day—there was a strange, subdued excitement in her now—she took the racks of those tubes from the incubators, peered at them, everlastingly compared them, growing in milk, growing on potatoes, growing on the jelly of agar-agar. . . . Well, yes, maybe—after growing a week, the Malta-fever microbe did turn the agar-agar jelly a little bit browner . . . and it was the same for those cylindrical slices of potatoes. But—but who could tell the difference?

Her blood was up, and you see her now, hesitating no longer, going to Dr. John M. Buck in the Pathological Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry, who was permitted, who was accustomed to make experiments with animals. She didn't dare assert it, exactly, since it seemed too utterly fantastically impossible, but the unborn-calf-murdering microbe of Bang and the Maltese coccus of Bruce—were the same! But were they?

Of the pathologists she made a most grotesque request. Pregnant guinea pigs she must have, female guinea pigs,

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DAYTON, OHIO, HAS AN UNDULANT FEVER SHERLOCK HOLMES IN DR. WALTER MALCOLM SIMPSON. MORE THAN SEVENTY CASES OF THIS SNEAKING MALADY HAVE BEEN UNCOVERED THERE

THE SHOVEL BEGAN TO SWING BACK AND FORTH IN GREAT SICKENING CIRCLES

What is Your Apex?

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

SIXTY per cent of mankind reach their apex before age twenty-five; twenty per cent between ages twenty-five and forty; fifteen per cent between ages forty and sixty; four per cent between ages sixty and seventy. One per cent continues to develop. Join the Hetheringstone Apex Institute and become a member of the one per cent." Timothy Prentice rehearsed his sales talk a trifle breathlessly before he crossed the corridor to the door of I. S. M. Hetheringstone, president and founder of the Apex Institute.

"Good morning, sir," said Timothy.

Mr. I. S. M. Hetheringstone sat behind a big mahogany desk that was all shiny and smelly with furniture polish. Mr. Hetheringstone was all shiny, too, and smelly with hair lotion; he gave an impression of having been fried in the purest vegetable fats, and he always needed to mop his forehead even on the coldest day. He glanced up and nodded without speaking—"To waste words is to waste time; to waste time is to waste money." What is Your Apex? p. 42—and drew a card from the file before him.

When Mr. Hetheringstone spoke, one corner of his mouth stayed clamped together, as if he grudged the wasted motion of opening it all the way across. "How old are you, Prentice?" he said. The words slid out of the open corner of his lips without affecting the rest of his face.

"Twenty-four, sir," said Timothy.

I. S. M. Hetheringstone did not answer, but he permitted his smooth blue eyes to open in surprise and rebuke.

Timothy corrected himself hastily: "Twenty-four years, nine months and ten days, sir."

"Ah," said Mr. Hetheringstone. "Then the next two months and twenty-one days are particularly important. Is it not so?"

"Yes, sir."

"IN THE next two months and twenty-one days it will be decided whether you belong to the sixty per cent who reach their apex before age twenty-five, or whether you will continue to grow, to develop, to expand. Am I not right?"

"Yes, sir."

"In the next two months and twenty-one days you will make an added effort in your own behalf and that of the Institute. Is this correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good." Mr. Hetheringstone picked up the card that lay before him. "Your assignment for today, Prentice, is as follows. First: Mr. Harry Beatley, clerk, perfume counter, Barbridge's; at present ill at his home, 22 Gloomyview Villa Flats, top floor. He offers no obstacles. Second: Mr. Horace Bullock, retired banker, 1486 Glory Boulevard. Mr. Bullock has chronic dyspepsia, and is reported irascible. He is interested in golf. If necessary to secure his order, offer to play a round with him on Saturday. Third: Mr. Llewellyn Merrygale, personnel department, Perry Tyler Optical Manufacturing Company. Mr. Merrygale was unable to give us an interview at his office, but I have arranged for you to lunch with him at the Cargate at one. To facilitate recognition, I have ascertained that he will wear a brown suit, brown hat and an orange-and-green scarf. I need hardly call to your attention the importance of this meeting. It is within Mr. Merrygale's power to place our volume, What is Your Apex? in the hands of every employe of the Perry Tyler plant. See that he does it. Good morning, Prentice."

"Good morning, sir," said Timothy.

Three years ago Timothy Prentice could not have imagined himself taking part in any such scene. He was in engineering school then; when he finished he meant to be a construction engineer—his father would get him in with someone really good, like Milton Founders. And then his father had died, following a spectacular failure, and Timothy found himself with no degree and no job and quite a lot of debts and two dollars in loose change.

It was strange how these events altered things. It appeared that Milton Founders did not wish to take on a young assistant with no experience, no degree, quite a lot of debts, and a father who had failed. Neither did any of the other big construction engineers. Nor any of the little construction engineers. Nor, in fact, any construction engineers at all.

It was necessary, however, for Timothy to have a job; even coffee and rolls cost twenty cents. And so he went to work for I. S. M. Hetheringstone.

AT FIRST Timothy had thought of it as a purely temporary arrangement. But afterward it began to look permanent. It had begun to look that way the time he went to see Milton Founders—stopping off a week in America on his way from Tananarivo to the Parry Islands—and got as far as the elevator boy.

"Naw," the boy said, "yuh can't see him. He kills guys like you'n me every day jes' for the practice."

In the end Timothy enrolled the elevator boy in the Apex Institute and went home.

When he got home that night Timothy looked in the mirror. He had not really looked at himself for some time, and he found the experience upsetting. It was not that he was bad-looking. He was about medium tall and medium broad, with medium-colored brown hair and medium-colored gray eyes and quite a lot of medium-size features. That was the trouble. He just seemed rather—medium. And he had to admit that it was hard to imagine himself standing on a mountain top with his legs apart like Napoleon, directing the operations of a thousand men, and stringing a bridge between a pair of peaks.

It was easier to imagine him as a book salesman.

As a book salesman Timothy had done well. Every year he sold more books and enrolled more members in the Apex Institute than he had the year before, and if he worked like thunder for two months and twenty-one days he might escape from the sixty per cent stratum of mankind into the twenty per cent—and after that he would be ready to work like thunder until age forty to get into the fifteens. But somehow when he thought of himself at age seventy, selling books not by the piece any more but by the hundredweight, enrolling as members of the Apex Institute the Fiji Islanders and the Hottentots and the Laps and the Liberians and the llaneros of far Souzel . . . then somehow he felt dreary.

He was feeling dreary this morning, although he had not slighted the schedule exacted of salesmen by Mr. Hetheringstone. He had risen at six-thirty, taken a cold plunge, a brisk rub, and a series of exercises in front of an open window. He had brushed his hair five hundred times to prevent scalp diseases, brushed his teeth five hundred strokes to prevent gum diseases, breathed deeply five hundred breaths to prevent tuberculosis, and stood on his hands to prevent fallen arches. After that he had breakfasted—Chapter I, the Apex of Health—on two glasses of cold water, a glass of lemon juice, a dish of cereal without sugar, a slice of toast without butter . . . and two glasses of cold water. He had walked briskly on his way to work.

Only once he had stopped. That was at the corner of Ninth and B streets, opposite Milton Founders' office, where they were putting in a twenty-story building; he had joined the crowd hanging over the fence to watch the steam shovel. Presently, seeing a loose board, he had slipped through and stood on the edge of the scarred earthen bank. The shoveler was a big, heavy-handed, heavy-browed fellow, with red-rimmed eyes and a chin fashioned along the same lines as the shovel that he directed; under his touch the

"OH, THAT'S IT," HE SAID. "I THOUGHT YOU HAD A DATE IN HERE"

monster swung about and gnawed a bit out of the bank at Timothy's feet.

"Outa the way," the man shouted, "or I'll shovel yuh inta the sky."

Timothy looked up at the sky; it was grizzly and the clouds hung low. For a moment it appeared that on the lowest of these, one foot up on the cloud next higher, stood the man in charge of these operations. He was about medium tall and medium broad, with medium-colored brown hair and medium-colored gray eyes, but you could see at a glance that he was a man accustomed to command men. "Hush up," he said shortly, "or I'll come down there and run that shovel myself."

"Outa the way, hop-toad," the man yelled again.

And somebody reached out and pulled Timothy back by his neat coat tail.

Timothy had to run the rest of the way to keep from being late. This was bad (The Apex of Health, p. 43). But otherwise it had been a blameless morning.

He sighed and began to move in the direction of the Gloomyview Villa Flats.

THE forenoon passed much as Mr. Hetheringstone had predicted. Mr. Harry Beatley offered no obstacles. He was a little flat man, who looked as if he had been stepped on, about whom hovered the composite sweetish odor of his calling. He spent five or ten minutes looking over Chapter V, The Apex of Happiness, and said he'd take the book.

Mr. Horace Bullock had been correctly reported as irascible. He met Timothy with a golf club upraised in his hand, and it looked at first as if he had mistaken Timothy's head for a golf ball. But when Timothy asked if he was the man who played round the Barberry course in 67, he softened. In the end he said the book had a pretty binding and he might as well take it.

At one o'clock precisely ("Never waste time by waiting, and never waste another's time by making him wait," Ch. II, The Apex of Wealth, p. 97) Timothy walked into the Cargate and looked about for Mr. Llewellyn Merrygale. Mr. Llewellyn Merrygale, however—not having read Ch. II, p. 97—was late. There was a man in a gray suit and two men in blue, and on a circular leather seat around a pillar, several girls. Timothy shied away from them, although he understood that their legs were not really bare and that their little silk thingamajigs would not come any farther into sight. Timothy had always been shy about girls; and this shyness had been enormously increased during the past three years.

It was five minutes past, then ten, then the quarter; and still Mr. Llewellyn Merrygale did not come. Timothy looked at his watch, shook it, held it to his ear, compared it with the clock on the wall. He stuck his head out into the street and nearly had it taken off in the revolving doors. He telephoned to Llewellyn Merrygale's office and learned that Llewellyn Merrygale was out for lunch with Mr. Prentice. He peeped into the dining room.

"Something I could do for you?" inquired the head waiter.

"I'm looking for a man," Timothy explained. "He's got on a brown suit and a brown hat and—er—an orange-and-green scarf. . . ."

"An *orange*-and-green scarf?"

"Yes," said Timothy.

"An orange-and-*green* scarf?"

"Yes," said Timothy.

"You say an orange-and-green *scarf?*"

"Yes," said Timothy.

"Oh," murmured the head waiter. He allowed himself the suggestion of a shrug in one shoulder, and beckoned to a lesser waiter with a tray. "You seen a man in a brown suit, a brown hat and an orange-and-green scarf, George?"

George's black face split wide open into a large, white grin. "No, suh," he said. "Ah ain't see nobody lak that, suh, not in no orange-an'-green scarf, I ain't." He beckoned to a bus boy with a pitcher: "Here you, Charlie, you see no man in a orange-an'-green scarf?"

After that it seemed as if the whole place was swarming with waiters and bus boys. Timothy explained over and over, his face redder and redder; more and more conscious of all those girls on the circular leather seat.

"Yes, orange."

"Yes, green."

"Yes, scarf."

"Yes, an orange-and-green scarf, and a brown hat and suit. . . ."

"Perhaps I might have him paged," he suggested.

"There is no page boy," said the head waiter austerely.

"Perhaps I might go in, then, and have a look round. He might have got here early ——"

THE head waiter elevated one eyebrow; odd though the request was, his manner said, he would not actually prevent it. And so Timothy went in.

While Timothy was outside, it had seemed to him that everyone was wearing gray or blue; now, suddenly, everyone was in brown. He stepped forward to a man at the first table, rehearsing in his mind what he should say: "I beg your pardon, but are you Mr. Merrygale?"

"I beg your pardon," said he hoarsely, "but have you an orange-and-green scarf?"

When Timothy finished with the dining room it was one-thirty, and he was hotter than he had been that time he took the Turkish bath—and redder too. He averted his eyes from the head waiter and crept back into the lobby.

One did not, of course, return to Mr. I. S. M. Hetheringstone and tell him that he could not find the prospect. He trembled when he thought about his apex.

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DOWN FOR REPAIRS. AT LEFT—MISS NICHOLS IN THE PLANE SHE FLEW TO THE PACIFIC COAST AND BACK. NOTE THE EMBLEM OF AVIATION COUNTRY CLUBS ON THE FUSELAGE

Flying for Sport

Coast to Coast With Aviation Country Clubs

By RUTH R. NICHOLS
Transport Pilot

I HAVE been flying for more than six years, but it has taken a 12,000-mile flight, in the air every day and over new wonders, to make me fully comprehend the qualities that flying has to offer.

Over a year ago, men prominent in our national life as well as in our aeronautical industries believed there was a need in America to stimulate sports flying, as has been done so effectively in England during the ten years' existence of the Light Plane clubs. The best way seemed to be to bring people into closer contact with aviation, and aviation within their financial pocketbooks, by offering the charms of a country-club atmosphere.

Each local group, according to the plan, will have its own flying field and clubhouse from whose terraces old and young may watch air regattas, interclub competitions, and the like. Of course there will also be hangars and facilities for four or five types of club-owned airplanes, as well as space for members' planes.

It is obvious that by thus attracting the sports world into flying, the whole manufacturing and air transportation systems of the country will be indirectly benefited.

Having successfully consummated the idea in a club on Long Island, and having started several others in the East, the national club, which now includes such men as F. Trubee Davison, C. M. Keys, Sherman Fairchild, Richard Hoyt and William A. Rockefeller, believed that the time was now ripe to carry on the rest of the plan conceived by John S. Reaves. The board of governors, therefore, carried out the idea by initiating the first Aviation Country Club tour of the United States, with a threefold purpose in view: First, to tell the larger cities of the United States about the club plan, offering equal membership privileges in all clubs formed; second, to make a survey of aerial conditions through the country; and third, to stimulate sports flying.

Of course, the first and most important decision in our preparations was the choice of ship to be used. I am flying the ship alone and I felt it needed structural strength, inherent stability and a slow landing speed, with, above all, a reliable motor.

Arousing Aviation Interest

THEN we needed another hand, and Robb C. Oertel, formerly of the Byrd Arctic Expedition, was chosen to accompany the tour as business representative. In his cabin monoplane he has carried as a passenger C. O. Bedford, our service manager. It is through his conscientious care that our ships have been kept in the air without a single forced landing.

Next, we collected our equipment, which of necessity had to be small but comprehensive. Aside from tools and personal luggage—the latter in my ship included one large suitcase, two smaller suitcases, two round patent-leather bags of no weight in themselves, several coats and a winter flying suit—we gave a good deal of thought to an emergency kit, should we have the ill-chance of a forced landing in desert or wooded country. Perhaps you would be interested to know what we carried in this knapsack:

Water canteen.
One can of Army rations, containing compressed malted milk, eggs, meat, and so on, all of high caloric value, which is enough for one active man for one day.
One small can containing six bouillon cubes, which may be used either in soup or solid form.
One dozen crackers.
Three packages of gum.
Three packages of cigarettes. Although I personally don't smoke, I decided that such an occasion would be the one time when it would be rather interesting to try smoking as a time killer.
Six packages of paper matches for building fires. Boy Scout knife, which contains everything from can opener to gimlet.
Cigarette lighter, with a can of fuel.
Pocket compass—although a watch can be used to great advantage in any one of three ways.
Very pistol plus twelve red charges.
Automatic revolver .380 caliber, plus fifty rounds of shot for signaling, small game, and so on.
First-aid kit.
Two technical books, and a copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

On the day of our start we left Curtiss Field early in the morning with ideal visibility and only a slight wind, reaching Washington a little more than three hours later, with a fuel stop at Philadelphia. We were accompanied by a group of six planes belonging to present members of Aviation Country Clubs, who were invited to attend a luncheon given by F. Trubee Davison as a start of a Washington Aviation Country Club.

In Richmond we found a great deal of curiosity concerning flying. And so we took a good many people up and tried to tell them enough about the whys and wherefores of airplanes to help them skip the usual second stage of being too ignorantly blasé to want to know anything more than the experience of their first flight.

One day, after a heavenly ride on a hunter, for which this country is famous, we were discussing aviation at tea; a belligerent gentleman admitted he was suing a poor little commercial company for flying over his beautiful estate because the noise of its motor took away from its charm. Soon followed the usual round of comments on accidents—and right here let me tell of a letter I received from a reader of a previous article I wrote for the JOURNAL. She said that although she was more or less nervous when driving a car she felt thoroughly relaxed when flying, and furthermore she admitted that she had positively prohibited her ten-year-old son from riding a bicycle, and yet last year he had sixty-five airplane hops to his credit! Everything is relative.

The morning we were scheduled to leave Byrd Field found us with visibility extremely poor and a ceiling of only three hundred feet, and so we waited around for a while, and then for a little while longer, finding that, for some curious reason, the motors were taking a good deal longer to warm up this particular morning than usual. Later, I discovered that little "Beddie," our Curtiss service manager, being of a righteously conservative turn of mind, and not approving of the weather, carried on some with the motors, which succeeded in enforcing a considerable delay.

We stopped off at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, for lunch and found that, even though possessing an excellent flying field, there was a shocking lack of interest in flying.

Missionaries of the Air

KNOWING that Charlotte, North Carolina, was only a short jump away, and desiring to spend the night at the airport of Elliott Springs, we decided to push on, although the sky looked somewhat dubious. For a curious reason, we became lost. I later discovered that Bob, who had the lead—we take turns at that—wished to keep the fair sex out of the rain and succeeded, by circling around the storm, in completely losing our landmarks. Then, when we finally circled back again, we were in quite a fog.

From that time on, we had a nasty half hour of ducking thick, low clouds, which rolled in from all directions, pushing us down to about two hundred feet. Furthermore, as many of the readers who are pilots may know, Elliott Springs field is not the easiest in the world to find. If they learn that you expect to arrive, they draw a very interesting little diagram showing a triangular field, a thousand by six hundred feet, surrounded by tall trees and wires, with an "X" on one corner, sort of "Here's where the body lies"—if you don't land short. Well, we dodged each other round the trees, the tops of the latter being at times in swirling vapor, so low had the clouds descended, but managed eventually to disappoint the neighbors, who had gathered at the sound of our motors, by making a safe landing.

This was breaking our pentalogue of safe flying and was not ever to be repeated, since it is always possible to phone ahead for weather reports and, if they are unfavorable, not to push on no matter what the lure ahead.

The Springs certainly exemplify Southern hospitality to any wandering birdman who alights at Fort Mill, South Carolina. We found it very difficult therefore to pull ourselves away for our next hop over the cotton fields to

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Music and Modern Magic

By WALTER DAMROSCH

ALTHOUGH I am not running for any public office and have no phony stock to sell, I have been receiving letters from people all over the United States, during the past three years, at the rate of thirty thousand a year. These letters come from old and young, rich and poor, educated and illiterate, and nearly all of them contain such friendly expressions and such gratitude for what they think I am giving to them that I often blush while reading them, knowing my own unworthiness. Here is how it all happened:

From 1885 until 1926 I officiated as regular conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, and I have told elsewhere of its activities during this long period of forty-one years. I was beginning to feel that the daily rehearsals and four weekly concerts during a long winter season, all of which were necessary in order to maintain such an organization at its highest level, were becoming a bit irksome. I began to long for greater freedom from such routine, and suggested to our president, Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler, that he relieve me of these responsibilities but permit me to continue my association with the beloved orchestra as a guest conductor for a short period every season. During my long term of service I had given thousands of concerts, had been the first American conductor to tour the entire country almost every spring, and had been rewarded far beyond my deserts by audiences to whom I had given the first hearing of the music dramas of Wagner, and the symphonies of Brahms, Tschaikowsky and others.

To be a pioneer is in my blood, and the fact that many of the Western and Southern cities which we visited had never, or but rarely, heard a symphony orchestra acted as a spur to my activities as a musical missionary.

But gradually symphony orchestras were founded in the cities which I visited. Philadelphia, Rochester, Detroit, St. Louis, Omaha, Los Angeles and San Francisco no longer needed a visiting orchestra to satisfy their newly awakened desires for symphonic music. Excellent local symphonic orchestras under accomplished conductors amply supplied their artistic needs, and I began to feel that my work in that direction was over, and that at best I could not do more than repeat myself in continuing to perform to my own home audiences the works of the masters, with the beautiful orchestra which time and infinite care and affection had enabled me to develop.

WALTER DAMROSCH MAY TRULY BE CALLED A MUSICAL MISSIONARY TO THE GREAT AMERICAN PEOPLE

An Audience of Millions

INCIDENTALLY, especially since the World War, there did not seem to be any new great composer for whom I could break a lance as of yore for Wagner and Brahms. I was naturally deeply grateful for the appreciation of my concert audiences, but at sixty, public applause does not excite one so much as at twenty-five. Then, literally out of the blue, which is out of the ether, something came and beckoned to me with such a lure of new possibilities, such new virgin fields and such new attachments to my fellow citizens, that I found myself suddenly again in a turmoil of fascinating adventure and with an intense and happy conviction that there was still work for me to do.

In the spring of 1925, just before leaving for Europe, I received an invitation from A. Atwater Kent to conduct a concert with my orchestra in his radio series. I accepted, and just before the concert one of the officials of the National Broadcasting Company asked me to give a few explanatory remarks before each number, such as for many, many years I had given at my Children's and Young People's Concerts in Carnegie Hall in New York.

The effect of this concert seems to have been quite extraordinary, but beyond the assurance of the broadcasting officials that it had been successful I thought nothing further about it and sailed the following week for Europe. I had hardly been in Paris a week when I received a cable from the broadcasting company asking me to accept a contract for twenty concerts for the following winter.

It was only then that I realized at least some of the possibilities which this opened before me; audiences of millions at one concert instead of the three thousand in a concert hall; the greater proportion of these radio listeners absolutely virgin soil instead of a more or less sophisticated metropolitan audience which had heard many orchestras, and for whom I might be either their best-beloved or their most-hated interpreter.

I, therefore, acted as guest conductor of the New York Symphony Society for one month, but gave one weekly radio concert during the entire winter.

The University of the Air

THE response throughout the country was amazing to me. Thousands of letters began to pour in, and I was particularly astonished at the fact that most of them especially mentioned my voice as being peculiarly adapted to radio transmission. I had always been interested in diction and proper voice modulation in speaking, and had developed this through the many thousands of dramatic lecture recitals on the Wagnerian music dramas which I had given all over the country, but I could not claim any credit for the fact that my voice seemed to carry well over the radio. Nature had done that trick, and evidently successfully, as the people in Colorado or in New Mexico or Saskatchewan wrote me that my voice sounded as if I were in the same room with them and talking with them as one friend would to another. I shall go into this more thoroughly in another article, but I must now turn to the real purpose of this one, which is to deal more particularly with the educational concerts for the schools and colleges of America which I started last winter.

During the season of 1927–28, while I was conducting a series of radio concerts for the Radio Corporation of America, I mentioned to Mr. Aylesworth, the president of the National Broadcasting Company, that it seemed to me that the radio had enormous possibilities for educating the young people of our country musically and thereby supplying them with a very necessary and ideal outlet for their emotions.

Mr. Aylesworth was delighted, as this suggestion chimed in with his own dream of a "University of the Air," and Mr. David Sarnoff, the general manager of the Radio Corporation, with quick and sympathetic response offered to let me give three such concerts as an experiment. If this experiment was successful they would organize a regular educational series for the following winter over a network that would take in all the schools and colleges in the cities, towns and villages as far west as the Rocky Mountains and as far south as New Mexico and Louisiana. Through the radio

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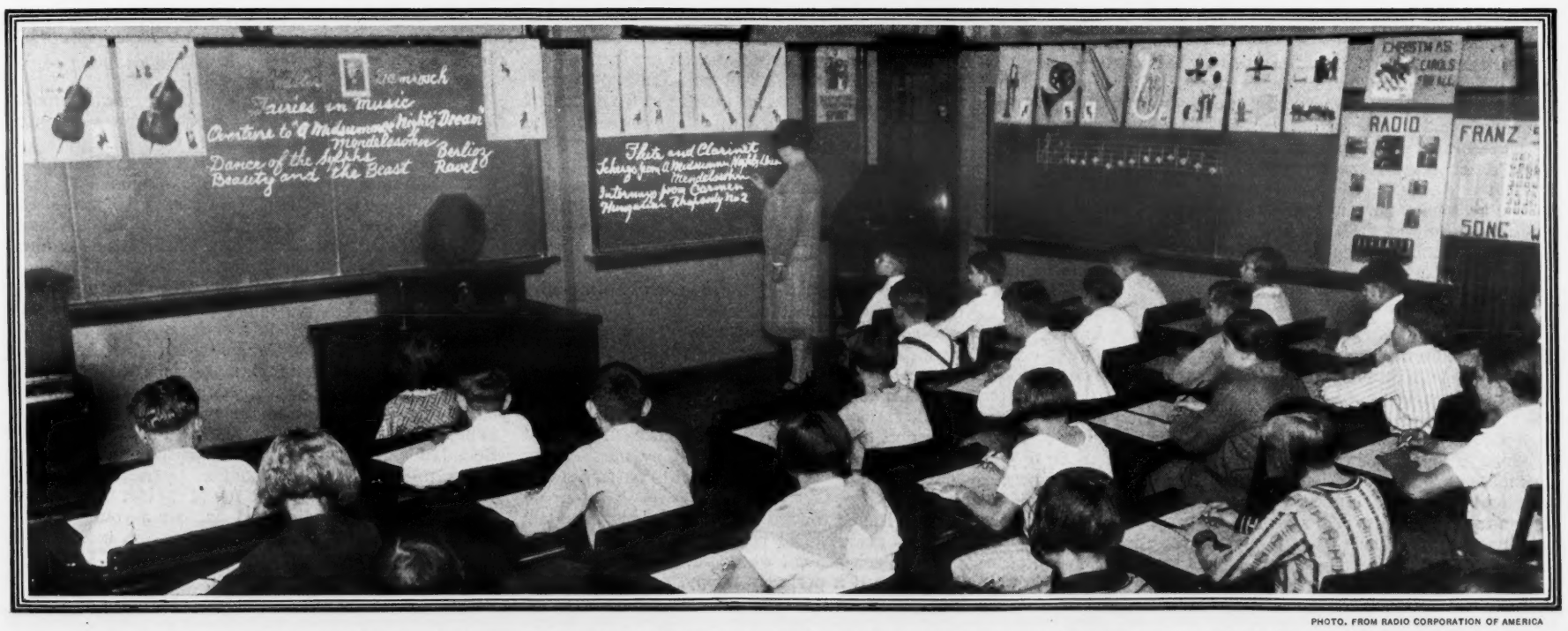

PHOTO. FROM RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

IN THIS ST. LOUIS CLASSROOM THE TEACHER IS WRITING THE PROGRAM FOR A RADIO SYMPHONY CONCERT ON THE BLACKBOARD AND THE PUPILS HAVE COPIES OF DOCTOR DAMROSCH'S QUESTIONS FOR A QUIZ AFTER THE LISTENING PERIOD

Illustrated by
H. R. Ballinger

WHEN HE SPOKE THERE WAS SOMETHING LIKE DESPERATION IN HIS VOICE. "I HAD A JOB AT MILLEDGEVILLE FOR A GOOD WHILE"

Belinda Moves Up

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

MRS. BENNEDGE'S afternoon bridge party at her house in Long Hills had reached the conclusion of its earlier phase—that is to say, it had relaxed and become a tea party. The cards had been laid aside, the winnings and losses adjusted; and now, at a little after five o'clock, four-and-twenty ladies were ceasing to chatter and murmur over the fortunes of the day, and, as they refreshed themselves after the struggle, gradually began to talk of other matters. More accurately speaking, they were presently engaged in talking of one other matter, for when this topic was broached—as it usually was in any Long Hills assembly, except during church services—it nearly always became the sole subject of discussion. What interests one inhabitant of Long Hills interests all the others; yet Long Hills is not a village by any means.

Three generations ago it was a wide-spaced cluster of country places; the families resident in these seats of gentry had little social intercourse except with one another; they intermarried, and, being an outdoor stock, were prolific. The large estates split up into smaller ones to provide country residences for marrying sons or daughters, and often split again to afford grandchildren similar benefits. Then the great city not far away, expanding prodigiously and disrespectfully in the growth, reached almost the rim of Long Hills; ambitious and opulent outlanders paid great prices for land and built fine houses there; the place became suburban.

NEVERTHELESS, it refused to consider itself modern except in such matters as plumbing and electric lighting; the descendants of the elder country-seat families—and a few of these seats were pre-Revolutionary—were still the established authorities, and they were great traditionalists. They did not wish to change in anything or to be changed in anything; the suggestion of change made them nervous; whatever threatened their tradition might threaten their prestige; therefore, a threatened change in tradition made them more than nervous; it made them indignant. A defiance of the Long Hills tradition could be borne from an outsider; indeed, outsiders were not supposed even to know the tradition, and were ignored with perfect comfort and facility. But a defiance on the part of a Long Hills insider—that is to say, a descendant or connection of a descendant of any of the Long Hills earlier landowners—was held to be not simply an outrage but also something in the nature of a violent personal treachery to every constituent of the old *noblesse*.

Such a defiance had been issued—it were clearer perhaps to say it had flagrantly been performed—by a young lady member of the group felt to be most sacrosanct, and Mrs. Bennedge's afternoon entertainment for twenty-three ladies besides herself was not so remarkable as to omit a protracted discussion of this crime, although it had originally been committed during the preceding year, for it was a crime of a peculiar kind; it was repeated daily, and every repetition was felt to be an added outrage to the community.

"That's what makes it so unbearable for her family," one of the ladies at Mrs. Bennedge's said mournfully. "You see, every single day is a fresh trial for them, and for my part I simply don't see how they bear it. Certainly her mother is one of the most long-suffering women I've ever known. If my daughter had done what Mrs. Dale's daughter did, and does, I should merely curl up and die; I wouldn't know what else to do!"

"Wouldn't you, Mrs. Capoole? I would!" another of the ladies said with some grimness. "If my daughter behaved as Mrs. Dale's daughter behaves, and I couldn't control her, I'd call in a psychiatrist. It's the first case of insanity that's ever been in the Dale family—so far as I know."

Mrs. Capoole touched the speaker upon her arm. "Look out!" she whispered. "Mary Dawson will hear you."

Mrs. Dawson, a large, pallid, black-haired woman, wearing partial mourning, was sitting with her back toward this group; but she turned. "I did hear you," she said gravely. "But you needn't mind, since I'm not a Dale, myself, but only a sister-in-law and the child's aunt by marriage, or courtesy, or something—and very glad not to be her aunt by consanguinity."

Mrs. Capoole leaned toward her. "How long have you thought she was queer? Did you ever notice anything of that kind about her when she was little?"

"No. She seemed a perfectly happy, normal girl until quite a long time after she came out. And you remember what a hit she was then, and how popular. It seems that she first began to show symptoms of her present mania—for really it almost deserves to be called a mania ——"

Two of the other ladies agreed with her in murmurs, and Mrs. Capoole said sharply, "Mania is a mild word for it, in my opinion!"

"I believe she wasn't spoken of as queer," Mrs. Dawson resumed, "until after her constant companionship with Patsy Dorker was broken up, as it naturally was, of course, when Patsy was married to Bayard Pelley. After that, Belinda Dale always seemed different; I noticed it, myself, and ——"

"So did I," Mrs. Bennedge broke in eagerly. "She began to have a preoccupied look, as if she were thinking about things. It seemed unnatural at her age, and my own two daughters used to speak of it to me. They said she was always wanting to talk about uninteresting things, sort of like the philosophical aspect of marriage, or something like that—I don't know just what, but things bright, normal girls don't have in their heads. She used to have spells of brooding, I heard."

"WELL, not exactly brooding," Mrs. Dawson amended. "More as if she were puzzling and pondering and thinking."

"Thinking?" Mrs. Capoole exclaimed. "Perhaps she'd better think a little bit about public opinion!"

"Oh, but she does!" Mrs. Dawson cried. "She's terribly sensitive to what's being said about her. She gets perfectly wild over it. Her mother says that Belinda's determined to prove to everybody that she's not 'queer'; and lately she's begun to go out again a little to dances and things to show that she isn't. You remember she stopped going entirely the season after Patsy Pelley was married."

"Yes, she did," Mrs. Capoole assented. "And there always seems something a little mysterious about that. You'd think she'd have been perfectly delighted to have her dearest friend make such a brilliant match, marrying into the Pelleys; but even at Patsy's wedding I noticed, myself, that Belinda looked like doom. Perhaps she had a prevision of the terrible contrast that's exhibited by their two lives now—hers and her former dearest friend's. But she could have been virtually as leading and popular a young matron as Patsy Pelley is today. It was in her own hands, and she deliberately threw her chances away."

"She certainly did!" one of the other ladies said. "It's true that some modern girls of the best traditions have gone to work when there was no necessity to compel them, probably driven by this terrible unrest that exists today among the young people; but even they, no matter how radical and

socialistic, have taken secretaryships, or positions in the offices of bankers, for instance, who know their fathers—though we actually have a case in my husband's family of a distant girl cousin who has taken up newspaper work. But what on earth is there to say for a person of excellent family and of delicate nurture, who has a refined and beautiful home to live in, but chooses to associate herself with the roughest possible type of workingmen and workingwomen, doing the cheapest kind of ordinary labor in a plush factory? Belinda Dale deliberately chose to become a factory girl, not even as a social worker but just as a part of the female day labor of a factory, and well indeed may she be sensitive to being called 'queer' and 'abnormal.'"

Mrs. Capoole shook her head. "I can't help but believe there's something else behind it," she said. "Mary Dawson, you're Belinda Dale's father's sister-in-law, and it seems strange you don't know more about that girl's doing such a thing than you've been willing to tell us. Isn't there something underneath all this? Isn't there something you're holding back?"

"Not a thing in the world," Mrs. Dawson returned. "I don't know anything more about it than you do, yourself, and, if I did, I certainly wouldn't hold it back." And here she spoke with entire honesty; it was not characteristic of Mrs. Dawson to hold anything back. On the contrary, she loved to unbosom herself of everything, and to be the newsy center of interest in such gatherings as this one at Mrs. Bennedge's.

Mrs. Capoole had given her an idea, and she returned to her own house by way of the Dales', hoping that there she might possibly pick up something.

II.

SHE found Mr. and Mrs. Dale placid and rosily illumined by a fire of beechwood that crackled under the old-fashioned white wooden mantelpiece in the living room. "Belinda's not home from the performance of her daily duties to plush, I suppose?" Mrs. Dawson inquired, as she settled into an easy-chair between them. Then she sighed gently but audibly and with the effect of one who shares a chronic distress. "Dear me! I suppose perhaps sometime we'll get used to it; but as one of the family, myself, I can't say I enjoy listening to all the talk that goes on about it."

"You don't think it's abating any?" Mrs. Dale asked, and the placidity that had been upon her when the caller entered the room was now dispersed; her tone was rueful, her expression anxious.

"Abating? Good heavens!" Mrs. Dawson uttered sounds of gloomy and satiric laughter. "Abating! You wouldn't think so if you'd been at Julia Bennedge's this afternoon!"

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Dale sighed. "Oh, dear!"

Mr. Dale frowned uneasily, muttered something uncomfortable to himself, rose, went heavily to a window and stood looking into the dusk; his placidity also was gone, but he said nothing.

"Terrible!" Mrs. Dawson murmured gloomily; then she went on: "What I can't understand is how Belinda can persist in this folly of hers after all these months when she knows exactly what everybody's saying about her." She paused, seeming to muse for a moment; then added, "I believe she has the strangest character I've ever known."

Mr. Dale spoke without turning; he appeared to address himself to a large beech tree that rose towering from the lawn below the window. "They're all strange nowadays, these young people," he said. "They're all strange."

"Not our young people," Mrs. Dawson returned quickly. "Not in Long Hills; Belinda's the only one. They were saying this afternoon at Julia Bennedge's what a terrible contrast her life is to Patsy Pelley's, and how odd it was that Belinda's peculiarities seemed to begin to come on her just after Patsy's wedding to Bayard Pelley."

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Dale said. "I was afraid maybe people would get that idea sometime, maybe. It's really too bad."

"People get to thinking anything," Mr. Dale observed, returning to his chair. "I wish they'd stop thinking about Belinda's affairs though, because it gets on her nerves and gets on ours too. Her motive is perfectly simple. She just got filled up with a modern spirit of independence, and made up her mind that if any boy had a right to go into a business and learn it from the bottom up, she had the same right and was going to exercise it." He laughed, not with a great deal of mirth. "She decided to work her way up to be president of the American Textile Corporation, and that's all."

"Ah, but that isn't all," Mrs. Dawson said in a sweet commiserating voice. Then she added, "Of course I know that you believe it, Charles; but naturally Long Hills—at least the women of Long Hills—know better. Everybody thinks there's a personal reason of some kind behind it—something that happened about the time of her most intimate girl friend's wedding."

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Dale's distress had increased, and she spoke too hastily. "I knew at the time something like this would happen, and I told Belinda then that she'd made a dreadful mistake in looking so tragic at Patsy's wedding. I was terribly afraid that people would notice her and say she was disappointed about not getting Bayard Pelley herself. I told her ——" But here, catching a sharply warning glance shot at her from beneath her husband's lowered eyebrows, she checked herself abruptly; but it was too late.

"REALLY!" Mrs. Dawson cried, and she hurriedly covered her elation under an expression more sympathetic than ever. "Why, that explains it all, and nobody ever thought of it! Why, of course!"

"No, no!" Mrs. Dale exclaimed quickly. "It doesn't explain anything, because it isn't true, of course. Belinda never for a moment ——"

"But some people did notice how she looked at that wedding. Fanny Capoole did; she said this very afternoon she noticed that Belinda looked like doom; those were exactly Fanny Capoole's words, and now, hearing your explanation about her disappointment concerning young Bayard Pelley, why, it's just like putting two and two together. People have merely thought that Belinda's peculiar; but ——"

But here Mr. Dale added his own protest to his wife's. "You're absolutely on the wrong track, Mary. Belinda

(Continued on Page 96)

"BY GEORGE!" HE SAID, AND STOPPED SHORT AT SIGHT OF THE VISITOR. "WHY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR MONTHS, BELINDA. WHY DON'T YOU DROP AROUND OFTENER?"

TO GO ANYWHERE IN MACHU PICCHU ONE MUST CLIMB EITHER UPSTAIRS OR DOWN

THE GREAT STONE DIAL AT THE VERY APEX OF THE CITY

The Place Where the Sun is Tied

By

RICHARD HALLIBURTON

IN THE land of the Incas, at the time of the Spanish conquest, there stood in the imperial city of Cuzco two buildings that were the wonders of the Inca world. One was the great Temple of the Sun; the other the convent where the sun virgins lived.

Like the vestals of ancient Rome, and the rain god's brides in Mayab, these sun virgins of ancient Peru, next to the emperor himself, were the most sacred personages of the empire, and their cult the holiest of institutions. In honor of the sun many of the particularly beautiful and high-born young maids of Incaland were collected in the Cuzco convent, where they were trained in temple duties and consecrated to the lifelong service of the great god.

Into this university of beauty and virginity, Francisco Pizarro and his rapacious band of conquistadors burst in 1533. The Inca emperor had been captured and beheaded; the defending armies terrorized and slaughtered. Cuzco and its fabulous treasures lay helpless before the invincible Spaniards—its fabulous treasures of the gold mines, and its virginal treasures of the flesh.

Soon glutted with gold, the conquerors, seeking new diversions, battled their way into the sacred convent, each mail-clad soldier seizing for himself one of the inviolate maids. This scene of wholesale assault needs no description. Helpless and desperate, the sun god's virgins were dragged from their temple into the arms of the adventurers from Spain.

But by no means all of the vestals suffered this fate. One hundred of them managed to escape, flee together over the crest of the Andes above Cuzco, and disappear down one of the great tropical canyons that lead on to Brazil.

For four hundred years the fate of these refugees remained an unsolved mystery. In 1911, in the most dramatic archæological revelation in the history of the Americas, they were found—found in a secret city of incredible wonder at a place in the mountain fastnesses where the sun is tied.

I first read of this romantic discovery way back in 1913. In that year, in its April number, the National Geographic Magazine startled all its readers with Dr. Hiram Bingham's report of a fresh-discovered Inca city in Peru—a magic, fantastic city, poised upon a pinnacle of rock, surrounded by canyons half a mile deep—that by some twist of fate got lost in the Andean wilderness, along with its sacred virgins, four hundred years ago, and remained totally concealed from the world till the American expedition blundered upon its miraculous stones.

Mysterious Machu Picchu

NO ONE could have been more startled at the discovery than I. My schoolboy eyes simply bulged over the gorgeous pictures of the city's granite architecture and spectacular setting, over the history of its rise and its glory, its four centuries of solitary, secret imprisonment, and its triumphant rescue by the American knights. This archæological fairy tale appealed to me as one of the rarest stories I'd ever heard—this story of an ancient capital that was hidden away from the invading Spaniards, and found again but yesterday, intact as the day it was built, mysterious and dramatic and beautiful beyond all record of pen and picture, and the story of the lost Inca vestals who inhabited it.

Lord! To think that such marvels and such romances could still be discovered in this all-discovered age; that the sweep of modern civilization which had made commonplace every remotest corner of the earth could have overlooked for so long this supreme source of archæological treasure! To think that in 1911, even as in 1511, there could still be new worlds to conquer!

It did not make the story less dramatic for me that the new world, in this case, had been for a long, long time unutterably dead.

Dead, but imperishable.

No sooner had I laid eyes on the first published photographs of Machu Picchu, and read the extraordinary history of its exiled virgins, than I placed this lost Inca city high on my boyhood list of sacred shrines. Machu Picchu went down in my golden book along with Popocatepetl and the Matterhorn, Ilium and Angkor, the Acropolis and the Hellespont—Lhasa—Persia—Timbuktu—the magic places that must be visited and embraced before I could feel that I had seen enough of the wonders of the world to quench the wanderlust, and rest content with my farmhouse, my cat and my slippers.

And now that I had left Lima behind, and traveled south three hundred miles along the Peruvian coast, and several hundred miles inland to Cuzco, the long-awaited hour could not be far away.

Cuzco lies upon the Pacific slope of the high Andes, near the summit of the continental divide. To reach Machu Picchu one must surmount this 14,000-foot crest and descend into the tropical Urubamba canyon that winds into the Amazon.

Cuzco is one of the great sights of the New World, but I knew I had a yet greater sight ahead of me. So I did not tarry, but climbed resolutely to the apex of the divide, looking back at the Pacific slope deserts, and forward into the jungles.

For sixty miles I followed the Urubamba gorge, marveling at the 2000-foot precipices and the 20,000-foot glacier-crowned peaks that imprisoned me beside the hysterical river which alone has been able to cut its way through this forbidding granite world.

It was down this same canyon that the hundred vestals fled in 1533. They were not fleeing blindly. Some seven hundred years before the early Peruvians had built Machu Picchu, a fortified citadel, on a crag top above the canyon. Some five hundred years later the mountain city had been abandoned by its king in favor of Cuzco. The original capital was forgotten by all but the religious authorities, who for two centuries secretly kept it in a state of repair as an invulnerable retreat in case the sun god failed them and such a refuge were necessary.

Such a refuge had become necessary—very necessary. And now, under the guidance of a priest, the hundred terrified

ON ONE SIDE WAS A WALL WITH THREE WINDOWS—UNDOUBTEDLY A SYMBOLIC MONUMENT

maidens from the Cuzco temples were climbing the 2000-foot canyon wall to hide themselves away from the rapacious white demons, and to remain hidden, along with their secret city, for four hundred years.

Down this same Urabamba canyon Doctor Bingham's expedition moved in 1911. Never was an explorer more unsuspicious of what lay ahead of him, for not the faintest whisper of the ancient capital had found its way into any of the records and histories of Peru that flowed forth from Cuzco, only sixty miles away. No maps included it; no explorers knew of it.

Peru was colonized and civilized, the treasure mine of Europe, the home of luxury, science and culture, for one hundred and fifty years before North America began to emerge from a savage wilderness—and yet this wonderful city, so near a center of government, with its four hundred hewn-stone houses, temples, palaces, eluded for four centuries even the Indians who passed and repassed a thousand times along the canyon at its base.

Machu Picchu was still sleeping when Doctor Bingham—now United States Senator from Connecticut—alert for hidden treasures, learned from a native that "some old terraces" could be seen on top a neighboring and particularly steep ridge across the valley.

Anticipating nothing of importance, Doctor Bingham nevertheless made the laborious climb, and had the good fortune to burst upon the largest Inca city except Cuzco in existence, unknown, untouched, undesecrated by four centuries of Spanish fanaticism and lust for destruction. And there, when the four centuries of jungle growth had been removed, in their burial caves were found the skeletons of the hundred long-lost virgins of the sun.

And now at last—late one afternoon—I, too, had reached the point in the Urubamba gorge, two thousand feet above which the secret city was waiting in the clouds.

A claptrap bridge leaping from bowlder to bowlder led me across the torrent. Then up through the moss-draped jungle that hung above the frothing river I followed the zigzag path, up the terrific precipice, stumbling over roots, clutching at vines. A thousand feet of this and the vegetation thinned. I could look ahead now and see the gabled end of a stone house or two, another thousand feet above—and in my enthusiasm hurried on as fast as my lungs would let me.

As on a number of previous occasions, I was approaching a scene anticipated for years. In this same mood I had hurried to meet Mt. Olympus, and the snowy poem of Popo, and the summit of Gibraltar. In every case realization had surpassed expectation. I had waited twenty years to see the mound of earth that once was Troy. It had been well worth the wait. In Angkor I had expected magic—and magic was revealed.

And now—the sun virgins' refuge of Machu Picchu! Was it going to disappoint? Had the pictures been doctored? Had the story been hand-painted? Anxiously I raced on up the cliff. I came to the first great stone staircase near the summit—up two steps at a time. Here was an Inca building—then another and another—dozens—hundreds—gleaming, sun-flooded, flawless granite, rising tier on tier toward the apex of the ridge. I was too eager to see everything at once to stop and examine anything. On up through the maze of dazzling architecture—across the sacred plaza—past the granite temple—up the winding granite stairs to the sundial on the tiptop of the peak—on to the sundial—to the edge of the appalling chasm that fell sheer two thousand feet below—the edge from which I could see the copper sun sinking into the glaciers of a far-off cloud-capped world, and hear the voice of the tempestuous Urubamba thundering at the feet of these breakneck precipices.

A City in the Clouds

A RAINSTORM was at that moment surging across the amphitheater of forested peaks that rose to the heavens on the opposite side, blackening the pinnacles with angry mist from the Amazon, as it struggled to climb the barriers and look, even as I, upon this fabulous city. The thunder of the battle broke and bellowed down the canyon. The lightning struck at the tops of the mountain fortresses. The rain swept triumphantly through a shaggy eastern pass.

But in the west the sun god of the Incas blazed away not one beam less brightly for the tempest in the east. With a welter of searchlight brilliancy he poured his fire against the glittering granite walls of the temples there below me. Then, just before the close of day, seeing the infinitesimal speck standing speechless with wonder on top of his holy altar, and knowing full well he found in me a faithful, yea fanatical, worshiper who knew not the gloomy Spanish idols that had displaced him, he opened wide his treasure chest of glories, and reaching for his one supremest prize, before my eyes flung a bewildering double rainbow across the face of the cloud-and-mountain combat, and then sank in a frenzy of color into the western snows.

No, Machu Picchu did not disappoint me!

It was twilight when I climbed down from the sundial, back to the little plaza about which the city is clustered.

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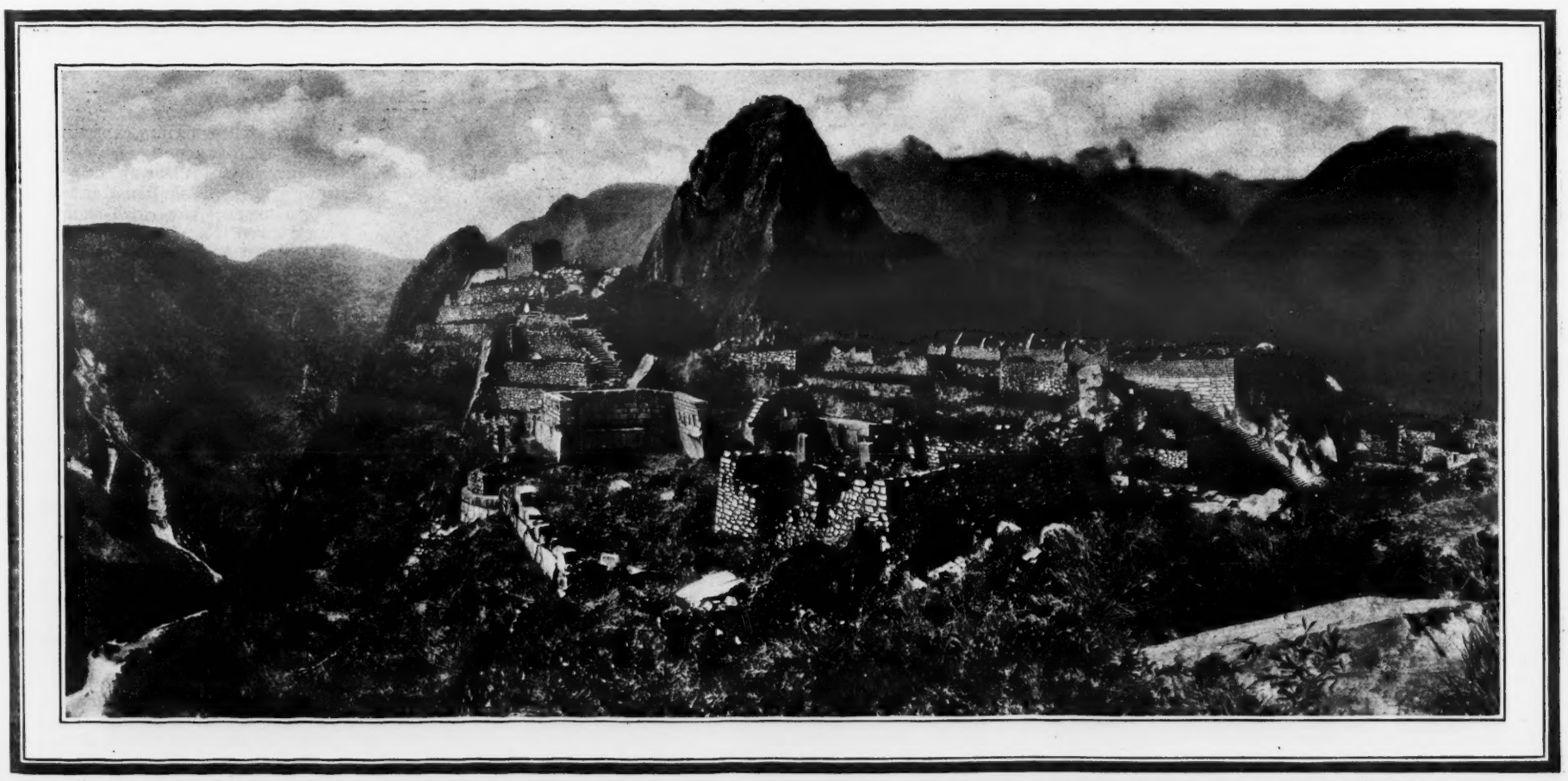

THE FOUNDERS OF MACHU PICCHU LOOKED THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE ANDES AND PICKED OUT THE MOST AERIAL SPOT OF ALL

BETWEEN A GOLDEN GUINEVERE AND A CASUAL MINSTREL BOY THERE IS NO COMPETITION: THERE IS ONLY CHOICE

Fiancée for Rent

By VIVIEN R. BRETHERTON

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

THE girl who came racing down that winding, careless highway drove her vicious, underslung-looking little roadster with that charming, irrational feminine insouciance that seems always to chant, like a nursery rime:

Sticks and stones may break my bones,
But cars can never pass me!

Which might have been all very well, if she hadn't encountered a dark-haired young individual who also drove to a nursery rime. His went:

There was a young man and he drove a crooked mile,
Along a crooked road, in a very crooked style!

All of which explains how it happened that Cherridah Sorrel, upon a very nice day in June, found herself sitting in the middle of two wrecked cars, holding an unknown and very bloody head in her arms. Under the blood was a ghastly whiteness, and Cherridah, staring down into the face of an utterly strange young man, felt the chill touch of horror.

She had kiiled a man! She—Cherridah Sorrel!

She couldn't hear his heart, because nobody ever heard anybody's heart by listening through the thickness of a leather coat, and she couldn't feel the pulse beat in his wrists, because she didn't know where to feel for it. She'd never taken First Aid. So all she could do was dart frantic eyes up and down the empty road and moan miserably, "Oh, I've killed him! I've killed him!"

The strange young man, whose name happened to be Jock Hamilton, opened one eye—opened two eyes—winced and said grimly, "Served you right if you had, you little idiot!"

"Idiot!" Cherridah dumped his head back on the road again, not any too gently. "Idiot yourself, tearing around on unsuspecting people at ninety miles an hour!"

Jock Hamilton struggled to a sitting position. Bloody he might look, but dead he certainly was not. "Ninety miles! I like that! I suppose you were doing a nice conservative fifteen yourself!" His eye fell upon what was left of his car. "Look at that! I suppose I wrecked my own car!"

Cherridah blazed. "What about my car? It doesn't look like two cents as a turn-in! And what if you are a little bloody? Just because I'm bruised black and blue instead of nicked a little where it shows doesn't mean I'm not nearly as killed as you are! Look at me!"

Jock did—at her sulky, cross little face; at her stormy, unfriendly green eyes; at her stubborn, petulant red mouth. He thought she was the most unattractive girl he'd ever laid eyes on, and because he had no time for unattractive girls he promptly turned his back on her. Because he had a beastly pain in his head, he clutched it, groaning, "Oh—my head!"

Cherridah, eying him, experienced that same rage that a mother feels when little Johnny, having run away and scared her into a fit, turns up bland and smiling. For a moment Cherridah had believed she'd killed this man, and the horror of it still left her shaky. But he wasn't dead—he was very much alive, and calling her an idiot, to boot. She was femininely furious with him for giving her such a fright.

She said unsympathetically, "What do you expect me to do about it? As far as I can see, there's no help around here."

There wasn't—nor much of anything else, it seemed. Stubble covered fields on either side of that lonely detour.

The young man with the bloody head shot a hopeless glance about him. Nice fix he was in—kindling for a car and Rita English waiting for him six hours over the next hill!

He got groggily to his feet. "I don't know what you are going to do, and I care less. But I'm going to find a telephone."

But he didn't, because before he'd taken a dozen steps he'd tumbled over in a very complete if a very ungainly heap. And there he lay, quite as if he never intended getting up again.

"There you go—fainting on me!" muttered Cherridah darkly, but she didn't really think he had. It was Cherridah's belief that no man sat up in the middle of a road and called you an idiot one moment and then toppled over in a bona fide faint the next. However, when several seconds passed and he didn't rise up to call her a few more names, she went to take a look at him. One was enough. He had, in truth, passed completely out.

She eyed him belligerently, because life hadn't given her a very pleasant disposition at any time, and having her car, not to mention her plans, knocked into a cocked hat hadn't improved it any. She muttered dourly: "You might as well come to, because I can't drag you back to that last farmhouse, and I wouldn't if I could. I'm no derrick, and I don't like men, and I particularly don't like you. You can lie there until doomsday, for all I care!" Whereupon she bent to the task of dragging and pulling a man twice her size in the direction of that last farmhouse, and when her efforts roused him to consciousness she pulled him to his feet, got her shoulder under his and, wabbling a bit under the weight, she somehow managed to get the groggy Jock Hamilton over the hill and up to a run-down, ramshackle-looking, deserted shack.

Did she encourage him as lovely ladies are supposed to encourage the wounded heroes they rescue, with soft little cries of, "Please hang on, for my sake. Please be brave and wonderful. You're all right—Cherridah will take care of you"? Did she? She did not! When she wasn't grunting with her labors she was snapping his head off, panting tartly, "I suppose you'll go fainting just about the time I get you halfway there! You would! Just to be contrary—and troublesome"—puff, puff—"men never do have any spunk"—puff, puff—"let 'em tear a hangnail and they think they're dying"—pant, pant—"howl if they bump their heads"—grunt, grunt—"go blotto all over the place!"

All of which made Jock Hamilton so hopping mad that he gritted his teeth and kept going and vowed inwardly that he might die in his tracks, but he'd be eternally darned if he'd flop over again and give this young hyena a chance to gloat over him. So he hung on to her, smiled somewhat grimly when she wabbled under his weight—he hoped she'd break a bone—and staggered along for the longest fifteen minutes he'd ever endured. At the end of it, when the little vixen at his side plumped him down in what had once been a chair, he gave one hollow moan, muttered something about "Go on, say s'more funny things ——" and quietly slid off into blackness.

WITH ONE REACH OF HIS LONG ARMS HE YANKED HER OUT OF HER SEAT. "YOU—LITTLE IDIOT!" HE ROARED. "WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO—KILL YOURSELF?"

TO TELL what Cherridah Sorrel's reactions were during the next hour, when she lugged water in from an antediluvian well behind that deserted shack, started a fire with three sticks of wet wood and pure grit and, so equipped, did all the things a first-aid nurse is supposed to do, in addition to several more of her own inspiring, one would have to tell something of Cherridah herself. And that something, including the explanation of her sulky, cross little face and her tart tongue, might be summed up in five words—one more daughter of divorce. To be sure, Cherridah hadn't been a whit concerned when her casual parents had decided to end their dozen years of strife with an amiable Parisian divorce. For one thing, she'd never known her father to be anything but spendthrift and hot-headed and generally difficult to live with. And for another, Cherridah's mother had been one of those gay and careless ladies far too concerned with the various amatory affairs of her own life to bother much about a scrawny, long-legged daughter she'd never wanted in the first place. With those two as a background, and a series of schools that ranged all the way from a convent in Canada to a finishing school in Paris, as a contrast, it wasn't any wonder that Cherridah, at twenty-two, wasn't a parlor pet for anybody's hearth. The fact that a doting grandmother, having no confidence at all in Cherridah's haphazard parents, had left her entirely too much money, was the finishing touch in making her a restless, chaotic young changeling.

She had never, for one thing, loved anybody during the twenty-two years of her life. Her father wasn't the sort that anybody could love and her mother had never been long enough at one time in the vicinity of Cherridah to be loved. Neither had she ever been in the least considerate to anybody, since no one had ever shown any sort of consideration for her. As she sat and mopped the blood from Jock Hamilton's head she was, for the first time, helping someone who needed help. She was also the closest that she'd ever been to an exceedingly attractive young man. Her fingers, upon his poor, battered head, were curiously gentle for the fingers of Cherridah Sorrel, and when at last Jock Hamilton came back from the land of oblivion she was so subdued as to ask him, quite as if she cared, how he felt.

Jock groaned, stared at the cobwebby rafters and vouchsafed succinctly, "I feel like hell—thanks to you."

Cherridah gave one flip and sent a chair toppling. She gave another and sent the basin of water after it. That done, she told Jock what she thought of him in French; then, to be more explicit, embroidered it in German and in Italian. Finally, with a few choice epithets in Spanish—phrases that fairly sizzled as they hit the air—she blazed out of the room in a fury, banging the door behind her.

Jock viewed the world in general with a jaundiced eye. "Nice, sweet gal," he observed to the cobwebs. "Papa's little comforter! I only hope the next time I get catapulted out of my little go-buggy I'll land in a pretty, companionable swarm of hornets!" And he turned his face to the wall.

It was a dirty wall, and so he turned away from it again. He wondered how many bones he had broken, and discovered after judicious manipulations that he hadn't broken any; in fact, aside from a wabbly feeling about the head, he thought he might even live. He told himself that, that being the case, he might as well stagger up and see about the little matter of getting on to Los Angeles. "No use expecting any help from little Snapping Turtle out there," he told himself. "Thank Pete, she looks like quinine. There's only one ray of light about this whole tea party, and that is that I don't have to explain any beautiful blonde to Rita! Even Rita won't accuse me of choosing Sour Face for a nice, adventurous happen-so."

At the thought of Rita—Rita, so beautiful that it made your throat tighten to look at her—Jock heaved himself to his feet. He navigated the room and found himself on what had once been a porch. There, hunched up like a gnome on a mushroom, sat Cherridah Sorrel.

"Look here," proffered Jock patiently, "no use to go on digging up the bones. We're here and we've got to get out of here."

CHERRIDAH shot him a baleful glance out of her green eyes. Oh, why did he have to be so good-looking! If she had to run down a man who called her an idiot and let it be known he didn't like the sight of her, why couldn't it have been a man with three gold teeth and a neck shave?

She said coldly, "Is it any more important for you to get back to Los Angeles—I suppose you're going there, or you wouldn't be on this darned detour—than for me to get on my way?"

Jock Hamilton told her just how important it was. "You see, I'm going to propose tonight to the most beautiful girl in Christendom—and be accepted. I—I've simply got to be there!"

"I imagine she'll take you tomorrow," retorted Cherridah. The look on his face—that dreaming, intent look—made her tongue sharp. Nobody had ever looked that way over her—nor ever would. She, with her green eyes and her sharp tongue!

But Jock was saying rather grimly: "You don't know Rita. She—well, she won't wait for any man. We had a fearful row last week—that's why I lit out. Made up my mind, then and there, I'd put an end to it—forget her. But Rita somehow isn't the sort a man forgets."

"So you're crawling back for more punishment?"

He eyed her belligerently: "What the devil do you mean, punishment? And what do you know about Rita, anyway?"

"Not a thing," retorted Cherridah crisply. "But I know this: Whenever you find a girl men can't forget you find a

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A Carnation for an Old Man

By HUGH WALPOLE

Illustrated by Earl Horter

RICHARD HERRIES, his sister Margaret and their friend Miss Felstead arrived in Seville one February evening soon after midnight. Their Seville adventure began unfortunately. As Margaret Herries always remorsefully declared afterward: "We might have known at the time that it was fated to end disastrously. It had so dismal a beginning."

It had indeed. They had expected—even Miss Felstead had expected—to step out of the train into a glorious tumultuous mixture of castanets, bullfighters, carnations, Carmen and Andalusian dancers. Instead of this they were received by a gentle drizzle and a square quite silent and occupied only by some somnolent motor cars.

They needed encouragement. It had been a long and wearisome journey from Granada. Why, as Margaret said over and over again in the course of it, when Granada and Seville were so close to each other on the map, they should be such an infinite distance by train, only the Spanish railway authorities could explain, and they, so she was informed, never explained anything. They had been already unfortunate at Granada, where it had been cold, and where Miss Felstead—who was very romantic—had been unable, in spite of bribes, to persuade the custodian to allow her to see from the Alhambra Tower the sunset light up the Sierras. It would be too bad were Seville to be unfavorable also.

But it really started badly. They had engaged rooms at the Hotel Royal in the Plaza de San Fernando. This had been done only after a most vigorous and almost acrimonious discussion. The point was that the Hotel Royal was a Spanish hotel run for the Spanish and therefore cheaper than those that accommodated especially the English and American. Cheaper, yes, but Margaret was sure, much nastier. Wasn't Spanish sanitation notorious? What about the smells they had smelt in Barcelona? And didn't the Spaniards cook everything in rancid oil? Economically minded though Margaret always was, for once she was against economy. She changed places indeed with her brother, who was the most generous soul alive. But the bill at the English hotel in Granada had seemed to him quite beyond justice, and an English lady—a very clean and particular English lady—had told him that she always patronized the Royal when she went to Seville. An excellent hotel, she told him, clean, the servants polite and remarkably willing. A marvelous cheap *pension* and the food good and plentiful. So Richard had for once insisted.

And now behold the miserable commencement! Miss Felstead—who had eyes like gimlets—perceived at once that in the square there were two hotel omnibuses, asleep like everything else, and that on the windows of one of these were inscribed the magical words "Hotel Royal," so she marshaled the two young dreamy porters and steered them with the luggage in the proper direction.

INSIDE the omnibus was a hotel porter fast asleep. He was awakened, the luggage piled on the roof of the omnibus and the three travelers installed inside. Then occurred the disgraceful event! After waiting for some ten minutes and drinking in the miserable fact that Seville station at midnight in the rain was worse than Sheffield on a Sunday, it occurred to Margaret Herries that nothing at all was happening. The hotel porter, who was dozing on the step of the omnibus, explained to Richard—who had a literary rather than practical knowledge of Spanish—that the driver of the omnibus had, some half hour before, disappeared into the station for conversation with a friend.

"Well," suggested Richard, "fetch him."

The porter, who had all the individuality, nobility and gravity of his race, walked with dignified austerity to the edge of the station, looked at it, shook his head and returned, wrapped in melancholy and thinking, apparently, of lottery tickets. After a while he pressed, very gently, the hooter of the omnibus, but with no result. Then, strongly urged, he went once more to the edge of the station but returned empty-handed.

So half an hour was passed. By this time Margaret and her friend were frantic with railway nerves, bodily hunger—they had had only twenty minutes at Bobadilla to snatch some food three hours earlier—weariness and disappointment. Finally all the luggage was taken off the omnibus, after another half hour a taxicab was found and they set off for the hotel. The last view they had of the porter he was curled up inside the omnibus, happily reposing.

As Margaret always afterward said, this was an omen. She had herself never believed very much in omens before. Miss Felstead was the one for omens, but after the horrible weeks in Seville with its dreadful ending she never laughed at omens again.

But for her everything was wrong with Seville from the beginning and, oddly, for Richard everything was right. Oddly, because until now Richard had not enjoyed Spain. He was an old man now—seventy-five years of age—and of course wanted his comforts. As a matter of fact the Herrieses always did want their comforts and saw that they got them. But once and again there would be a freak Herries who never seemed to know quite what he did want, and Richard had been rather like that. It was because he had been like that that his many sisters had always looked after him so thoroughly. First, Hattie, and then, when she married, Florence, and then, when she married, Rosalind, and then, when she died, the youngest of them, Margaret. On two occasions Richard had almost married; might have been married altogether had he not been looked after so completely.

HE TOLD HER MANY THINGS THAT HE HAD NEVER TOLD ANYONE IN HIS LIFE BEFORE

He had not, be it understood, objected to being looked after; he had rather liked it. He had felt perhaps that only so could he preserve his own secret life. And then they were immensely kind, especially Margaret.

Margaret had always adored her brother. She was not at all a sentimental person. She was a definite type of Englishwoman—a little mannish, thickset and square, given to white collars, Scotch tweeds and brogues, rosy of complexion with strong black hair flecked now with gray, a snub nose, an obstinate mouth and a clear calm forehead. No other country could possibly produce a woman so calm, so determined, so masculine and yet feminine, so kind and so obtuse and so certain that all the things that she didn't know were unworthy of any sensible person's attention, so unsexual and yet so obviously designed for maternity.

She poured all her maternity onto Richard and yet apparently without a shadow of emotion. They never, under any conditions, showed emotion the one for the other, but they were devoted, self-sacrificing and very good companions.

For seventy-five years Richard Herries had submitted to his sisters because he was both lazy and dreamy. He was the Herries type that dreams dreams and they have always either submitted and been wrapped away to nothing or have rebelled and been cast out.

People described him as a "dear little old man." He was short and fat with snow-white hair and rosy cheeks, clean shaven and of an immaculate shining neatness. He had a delightful chuckle, a fashion of jingling his change in his wide trousers' pocket. He seemed to enjoy everything. No one would have guessed that for some while now he had been one of the loneliest souls in Christendom.

It had begun a year or two before at a concert of modern music in Berlin. Schnabel was playing and he, Richard, had suddenly realized that he was miserably unhappy, that he had wasted the whole of his life, that he had done none of the things that he ought to have done. Margaret was with him and he bought her a tie pin. Nevertheless, for some days he still felt miserable. This feeling returned at certain intervals, once when he watched Punch and Judy outside the Garrick Theater, once when he read Madariaga's Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, once when he ate too much at a dinner party, once when he saw his reflection in a looking-glass, once when he was staying in the old Herries home in Cumberland and watched the birds fly over Derwentwater on a September evening. And now again on this visit to Spain!

HE CONNECTED these distresses at once, like all good Herrieses, with his stomach. He liked his food and his wine, but when he was unhappy he had only a biscuit for luncheon.

He rearranged his pictures in his London flat, hanging the Utillo over the piano and the Segonzac over the bookcase, hoping that that would put things right. He had fancied at the time that it had, but here he was now in Spain with no pictures to rehang and his stomach in perfect order.

He was unhappy, rebellious and discontented, and especially he detested Miss Felstead. When a very courteous aged English gentleman detests an amiable lady, what is he to do about it? Avoid her company? Yes, but you cannot do that if you are traveling with her in a foreign country. Say as little as possible? This he tried, but his unusual silence at once aroused suspicion. Was he ill? Was he uncomfortable? Was he, Margaret hinted, simply sulking? Whenever Margaret thought that anything was wrong she was extremely sensible and cheerful. She was as sensible as a chemist's shop and as cheerful as a fine day on the Scotch moors. She was breezy and jolly and accommodating. Miss Felstead on the other hand was tender and gentle and mysterious. In shape Miss Felstead was as slender as an umbrella handle and in complexion rather blotchy, so that, quite frankly, when she was tender she was awful.

Richard had never liked her, but she was one of those English maiden ladies with no money and no relations upon whom others are always taking pity. It was rumored, too, that she was extremely intelligent, that she would have been an authoress of note had she not possessed so critical a mind. When she was young she read Dante in Italian and belonged to a Browning Society; now that she was no longer young she raved about a Czecho-Slovakian pianist and read papers

ON MAKING HIS ESCAPE HE WENT STRAIGHT TO THE CATHEDRAL—AND STEPPED INTO HIS TRUE LIFE

like Light, and Whence? Why? Whither? But Richard had always suspected her intelligence and his suspicions were confirmed when in the Prado, before Las Hilanderas she had said: "Very fine of course, but does one like it?"

THAT evening, in order to annoy her, he had passionately defended the bullfight and had sent her at once into a rocking, wailing recitative of "Ah, but the horses! The poor, poor horses!"

He suspected that in her heart she detested him as truly as he detested her. She was jealous, in the curious tenacious way that such maiden ladies have, of Margaret's affection for him. The thought that she perhaps detested him gave him some comfort.

In any case, and for whatever the reason, he had from the very moment that he set foot in Seville the worst attack of rebellion that he had ever known.

He was exceedingly fond of Spain and of the Spanish. He had been only twice before and on each occasion with Margaret as his companion. It was by his firm wish that they were there now. Margaret did not like Spain; it seemed to her a lazy, purposeless country. She could not understand what Richard saw in it, but loved him too dearly to refuse his wish.

He timidly suggested that he should come this time without her. He, seventy-five years of age and travel alone?

"But I'm perfectly fit. I've been there before. I know the language."

Margaret smiled then, one of those smiles peculiarly the property of the Herries women, a smile self-confident, indulgent, maternal, kindly and patronizing, a smile that had, on more than one earlier occasion, made murder a conceivable practice.

"Dear Richard—at your age—and Spain of all countries to be alone in!"

YES. "Spain of all countries!" That was Margaret's honest view of it. She thought that Spain was bad for everybody and especially for the Spaniards.

So, whether it were Margaret's anti-Spanish feeling or Miss Felstead's romanticism or simply the air or the disappointment over the omnibus at the station or the fact that they were at a Spanish hotel—whatever the reason—from the very first moment in Seville, Richard and Margaret were at loggerheads.

"If I only had known!" Margaret said again and again afterward. But of course she did not know. No one, thank heaven, ever does.

Richard had never been to Seville before. His first visit, some ten years earlier had been along the southern coast, Malaga, Algeciras and Cadiz. The second time, five years ago, had taken him into the Basque country and as far south as Madrid and Toledo. At present his favorite town in Spain was Segovia, but he had stayed there only two days because Margaret was homesick for Cumberland. He looked back on it as a lovely city of silver-gray stone, flowers and green trees. He wouldn't mind settling there, he had told Margaret, for a year or two.

He was thinking of Segovia this first morning in Seville. He had slipped out of his hotel without letting the women know and had almost the air of a guilty schoolboy as, seeing the tower of the cathedral beckoning to him across the blue above the Spanish Bank, he turned in that direction.

After that first step his story enters into another world. How many other worlds are there? Millions says one, none at all says another. "Two are all I need," says the poet. Richard Herries had all his life known only one and longed always, like ancestors of his, for another. Margaret's account of it afterward was: "On that very first morning in Seville he was unwell. Of course for one thing we were staying in a hotel for Spaniards—a most unwise thing to do, but Richard would have it. Then he went out all by himself that first morning, a most unusual thing for him to do. If I had only known that first day how ill he was!"

Luckily she did not.

But he didn't feel ill at all. He had never felt so well in his life before.

Although the sky was blue, there was a sharp nip in the air. It was eleven o'clock and everyone was beginning to wake up. At one all the shops would shut until four, the hour when everyone would really be awake. This was a sort of false dawn and very pleasant it was. In February Seville knows nothing of tourists save for an occasional meteoric flash of a boatload from Cadiz or Malaga or Gibraltar. Richard might be said to be the guest of all the town.

His head was undoubtedly queer—not unpleasantly so, but as though he had taken a draught of some very potent sparkling wine. His limbs were light, made of gauze, and he seemed to have no age at all.

HE WAS accustomed to the quiet and removed but friendly dignity of the Spaniard. That was one of the things that he liked best about Spain. They never pressed you to buy anything or go anywhere or do anything active, with the important exception, of course, of the boys who wanted to clean your boots for you. If you were a pretty young woman and alone they might stare at you and even follow you, because pretty young women do not walk about alone in Spain, but that was the only active interest they took. And yet they were friendly, kind and beautifully polite. Richard loved good manners.

So today as Richard passed under the lovely portal that leads into the garden where the orange trees nestle under the cathedral walls the audacious thought came to him that he would stay in Seville for many weeks, perhaps until June even, see the Holy Week with its processions, enjoy the *feria*, bask in the suns of May and, best of all, bury his nose in carnations. All his life his favorite flower had been the carnation, and especially that purple one that is divinely streaked with mauve and crimson.

IT HAD been his thought when he had first come to Spain that he would find a country buried in carnations, but it had been on every occasion too early in the year and he had been bitterly disappointed when offered a miserable bunch of these flowers, already half dead, for the exorbitant sum of four or five pesetas. Why, they were cheaper in Piccadilly! But now standing in that lovely garden with its uneven and crooked flags beneath his feet, the Giralda at his left stretching to the heavens and the Patio de los Naranjos, its stone incrusted as though with jewels, the Madonna above the great door regarding him so benignly, the birds flying from buttress to buttress, he trembled with the excitement of his new experience—he would stay here. Margaret and Miss Felstead should return without him. He had in his heart the sweet burning awe of falling once again in love.

He gave some money to the old twisted beggar who, with trembling hand, lifted the black leather flap for him to enter, and passed inside.

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Street view showing five of the "Garden Homes," and how house and garage are used to screen the grounds from the public street.

Six English Twin Houses

Especially Designed for Commercial Subdividers and Builders

HUSZAGH & HILL, *Architects*

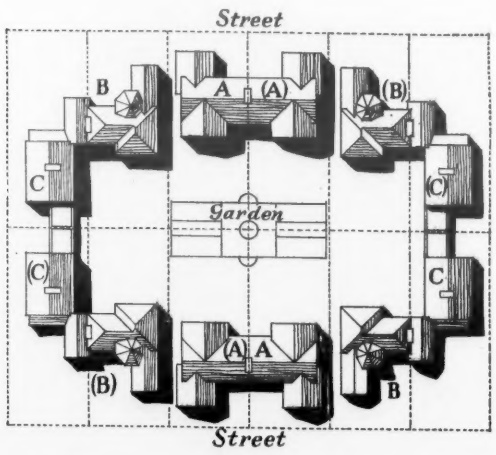
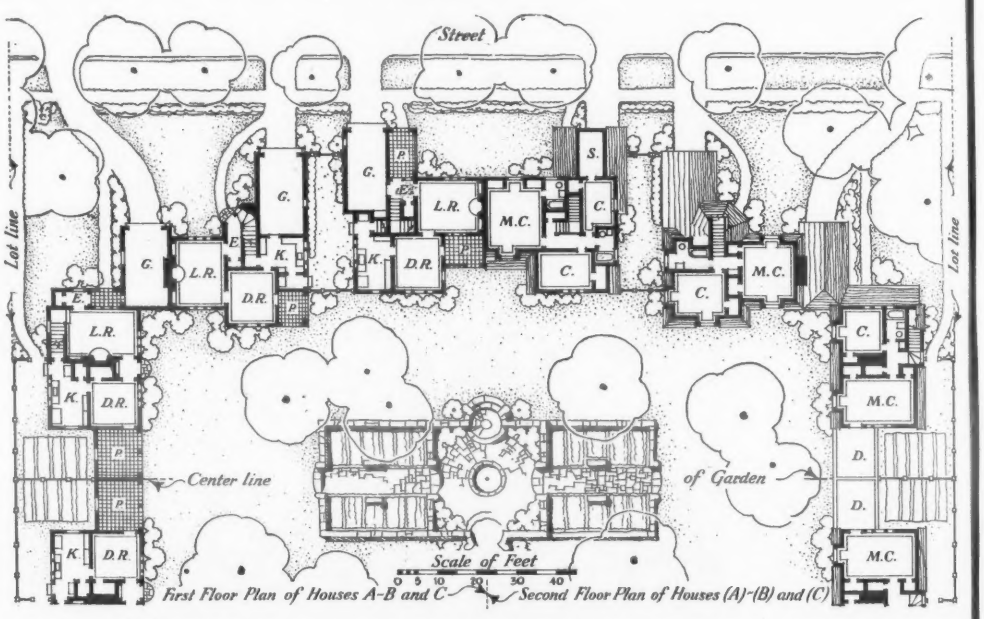


Diagram showing how these six English twin houses may be grouped on a plot of ground 200 by 240 feet in size.



Half of the plot plan, showing the way houses are grouped round a hollow square. The other half of the plan is identical, but reversed.

THESE six twin houses in the English manner further illustrate the convenience and economy of the "garden home" idea, first proposed by the JOURNAL in September, 1928.

The "garden home" is planned with garage and service quarters to the front, with living and dining rooms to the rear overlooking the garden. The house is placed as near the lot line as possible in order to eliminate unnecessary sidewalks, driveways, porches, and the like. These savings may be put back into the house, to make for greater convenience and comfort. It is only in a house so planned that the maximum of privacy may be obtained in this motorized age.

It is estimated that these houses can be constructed and sold by builders at $7500 for each family accommodated.

Garden view of one sector of the project, showing five of the twin houses, as grouped around a community pool.

For information about any architectural plans and specifications, write the Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

To Have and To Hold

How to Finance Your New Home

By **SAMUEL CROWTHER**

THE mottoes and slogans having to do with the worthiness of owning one's home would reach, placed end to end like railroad tracks, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. They all have to do with thrift and its varied virtues. They form a dismal company crooning about old age and death. A home, it would seem, is rather a place to die in than to live in. Dying under one's own rooftree appears to have some peculiar advantages of a highly moral nature. It is that which makes it so awful for the soulless mortgagee, in black broadcloth and waving the papers, to shove the near deceased and his dutiful daughter out on the street just when the Grim Reaper is about to save him the trouble.

There can be no objection at all to buying a house, a homestead or even a coöperative apartment as an evidence of sterling virtue. It is quite all right to buy a place to die in—if one's mind runs that way. But there are other and better reasons for buying real estate. For instance, it might be bought as a speculation—and usually it is. Or it might even be bought as a pleasant place in which to live. Whatever the reasons for buying, the primary point, aside from the intrinsic merits or demerits of the property itself, is the method of finance. For, though a deal of honest sentiment may grow up about a house that one has bought and has lived in for years, there is nothing at all sentimental about buying a house. It is just a brutally naked financial transaction. The purchaser who believes all the lovely things that have been told him about house buying will go in as a nice woolly lamb and come out with nothing left but his bleat. And—whether a house be bought to live in or to die in—neither objective will be achieved unless the whole project first be surveyed in an utterly dispassionate, dollars-and-cents way.

Why should anyone own a dwelling place? As a plain affair of business, what are the arguments for buying? That it is cheaper to buy than to rent is not always true. What does it matter if it is true? And what does it matter if the reverse is true? What about buying for an increase in value—living in the place not with the thought of creating a homestead but only to work out interest and taxes until someone with a sense of values and a lot of money comes along? That violates the tradition. But is it or is it not a legitimate reason for buying? Speculation may or may not be sinful; but who ever heard of anyone being utterly downcast because a bit of property had increased in value?

PHOTO. FROM HAROLD HAWKINS

NO END OF PEOPLE ARE IN THE BUSINESS OF SELLING HOMES; VERY FEW HAVE TAKEN UP THE SUBJECT OF MAKING THEM EASIER TO BUY

The Ancient Art of Home Buying

THE urge to own the place where one lives is about as elemental as anything we know. There are factors to be considered which cannot be expressed in terms of money. But that is not a reason for thinking that money does not form the major part of every transaction. The last census showed that out of every hundred families fifty-four rented and forty-six owned. It is believed that the next census will show that the proportion of home owners has fallen off. A rather extensive canvass recently made of rent payers in representative communities revealed that thirty-four out of every hundred wanted to own to every twenty who did not want to own or were so shiftless that they could hardly be expected ever to own anything. If 80 per cent of the people either own or want to own their homes, the demand can be called universal—as demands go. Then why do 34 per cent not own?

The survey also furnishes the answer to this question. The 34 per cent do not buy because they cannot get together money enough to make the first payment required on any property that they would like to buy. And that at once brings one face to face with the first great question in house buying—the amount of money that must be put down before a purchase can be made.

The number of people who buy a house for cash down is negligible; there is a strong difference of opinion as to whether it ever pays to have a house free and clear of all mortgages. Many wealthy men retain mortgages on their properties, although often they could pay them off out of their current bank deposits. The difference between the value of a property and the sum of the mortgages is known as the equity of the owner. Real estate has always been bought on installments. There is a record of a man selling lots in that fashion in ancient Rome. But the realty plan differs from all the present-day installment plans in that the property is seldom fully paid for and there is almost no demand for payment after the first 40 per cent has been paid.

Sixty per cent of the capital required to own a house may easily be rented—that is to say, borrowed—on good terms. The crux of house buying and owning comes in the remaining 40 per cent. Some, although not all, of that capital may be rented—but only at a price, and that price will determine the character of the whole transaction. For then we begin to run into the real-estate tradition.

One needs only read through a deed to property to realize that the mere association with land takes one back into an elemental atmosphere. The older deeds have about them an air of sanctity. They were done on fine parchment by scriveners whose art had descended from the monks of the Dark Ages. They were signed, sealed and delivered with ritualistic solemnity. For the better part of five hundred years after the discovery of printing no conscientious conveyancer would be party to a transaction involving a deed that was not wholly done by hand. Today printed forms of deeds may be bought at the stationery shop, but they are not yet used by the older practitioners and only within very recent years has the typewriter been accepted. But even the sloppiest of modern deeds—the cheapest printed form filled in by a broker trembling lest some one will have a change of heart before he gets his commission—takes one straight back through the centuries to the powdered wigs of judges and barristers who joined their fathers when London Tower was young. The formal language of a deed in most states antedates the King James translation of the Bible. But the mass of theology founded on the words of the Bible is insignificant as compared with the mass of legal decisions growing out of, as well as forming, the words in a deed. A deed is a hallowed and venerable instrument having to do with the most prized of earthly possessions—land.

So much for that. The purchase of land—the buying of a homestead—has also surrounded itself with an atmosphere. Thrift is said to be a virtue and apparently it is very close to godliness when its objective is the buying of a home. Some of the preachments on home buying quickly rise to the evangelical pitch. If words are to be taken at face value, then acquiring a bit of property that will be one's very own is a high rite that needs an ecclesiastical setting. It would be imagined that the evangelists would make the way easy for the convert. And that is where the shock comes in. After some centuries of high conversation on home owning, the facilities for home owning, it will be discovered the moment one attempts to buy a home, are in exactly the same condition as the deed to the property itself—musty with forgotten lore. Using virtue, morals, patriotism and all sorts of fears and traditions as materials, the friends of the people have erected a vast edifice of buncombe. For, although the act of acquiring a home may be very virtuous, it is a transaction in which not a scintilla of human confidence enters.

Buy for the Future

THE conveyance of real estate stands out from all other human transactions in that, as far as possible, all human features are eliminated. Only cash counts. The world has moved on, but the buying and selling of residences and residential real estate have stood still. All of which in a way is rather curious. In another way it is not so curious. From the beginning of time land has been considered the only absolutely tangible expression of value. In the law it is called "real" property as distinguished from "personal" property. In the older days a rich man's fortune was in land. Any other sort of fortune was held to be essentially evanescent. The only promises to pay that were worth anything were mortgages on land, and in these the value of the land and not the character of the debtor controlled. Even as lately as a century ago, the modern sort of fortune which consists of corporations' promises to pay interest or shares of earnings—that is, bonds and stocks—would scarcely have been conceivable. A share in a business enterprise had a market value only if someone stood ready to buy it. The original laws of all the states regulating the investment of fiduciary funds restricted the trustees to governmental bonds, which were presumed in a way to be mortgages on the common property, and to first mortgages on improved real estate at not more than 50 or 60 per cent of its most conservative valuation. Some of these laws have been modified, but essentially they remain as originally enacted.

The belief will not down that a promise to pay, backed by real estate, is of far more consequence than any other sort of promise to pay. Probably it is the presence of this higher security that has barred mere personal promises to pay from all real-estate transactions. That is the tradition of real estate reaching back to the good old days of fine but befogging words and no trust. And thus today we find that, although no end of people are in the business of selling homes, very few have taken up the subject of making them easier to buy.

The very rich do not need any aid in financing or building their homes. They can pay for them if necessary out of their current deposit funds and the only useful law in their behalf would be to prevent them from putting up the terrible monstrosities they sometimes conceive. The rank and file

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"AND HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE MADE?" HER BROTHER ASKED. "TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS"

The Infamous Mr. Conker

By DOROTHY BLACK

Illustrated by Thornton D. Skidmore

MISS ATTERLEY, getting no reply to her persistent ringing, lifted the letter box and looked through into the hall. A rich, warm fug wafted out at her. On the bottom step she could see the cat sitting safe and domesticated within. There wasn't a sound. Clara had forgotten once more that it was a Thursday, and gone out. When the children, Clare and May, had been small, Miss Atterley had always found her sister-in-law at home on a Thursday, because the nurse went out. Miss Atterley had helped eat up the stale ends of cake left over from livelier parties, and look after the two children, whom she cordially disliked, although she hoped that she always managed to behave in a Christian spirit toward them.

Miss Atterley sighed and let the flap of the letter box go. They had probably all gone to a cinema. How it would have thrilled her to go to a cinema. But they never offered to take her and she dared not venture alone.

She turned away sadly and retraced her steps along the Cowley Road, back into Oxford. She would miss the convent tea anyway, and so there was no point in hurrying. Besides, such proportions did this weekly free tea assume in her budget, that the whole thing was thrown out of gear if by any chance it failed her.

THE trees tossed themselves restlessly about, for it was a fall afternoon. Miss Atterley found herself playing involuntary football, as she went along, with innumerable chestnut conkers, hard, polished and brown. They reminded her of the walks she had had there in other days with May and Clare, and of how envious she had felt toward youth. For all the world is decked out for their pleasure. Bluebells to ring them chimes on spring mornings, and chestnut conkers for fall afternoons. What was there for the middle-aged? Nothing, thought Miss Atterley, with bitterness, except lumbago in the winter and hay fever when they cut the grass.

She might have grown fond of May and Clare if they had not been so mean to her. After the fashion of children they ferreted out all her weak points.

"Why is your hair growing so gray, Aunt Miriam? I don't think it's pretty. Mamma has no gray hair."

Those were the days when Miss Atterley was just beginning to cherish as a suspicion something she was now completely sure about. Clara was never going to have any gray hair. She had taken steps. Not, perhaps, entirely the right color, but still steps.

"Why have you never got married or had any children, Aunt Miriam? Surely at your age you ought to have some children, like us."

Clare, round-eyed and plump like her mother, with just such another pair of stout legs brewing upon her, said ponderously, "You can't have any babies unless a gentleman asks you if you would mind. You can't have any babies unless you get married, and I don't suppose anyone ever thought of marrying her."

Miss Atterley longed to shout, "You are wrong, you very nasty, unkind little children. Quite wrong. I would have been married long ago, only he was too poor. Too poor ——"

And she would see, there on the Cowley Road, Brian's kind, scholarly face before her as clearly as if he walked by her side as he had done that night, on the Embankment, long ago.

You could not discuss such things with children—fat children on the Cowley Road, who in any case did not care.

Miss Atterley had done her best to grow fond of her sister-in-law, but Nature was against it. Clara's figure was so embarrassing, so large. Her legs, incased in pink silk stockings that were often mud-tashed, her great arms, and the way she billowed over her stays in front, terrified and alienated Miss Atterley, who was small and dainty and neat. She could never understand how Bob, always so fond of beautiful things, had committed the error of judgment of taking Clara into his home. Nor, apparently, could Bob. Once he had been such a bright and jolly little boy. Now he was gray-headed and morose, bent in a corner over a book, from which he would look up from time to time and see his family around him with a start of surprise—as if they were news to him.

Miss Atterley, retracing her steps and leaning against the cold wind that blew along the Cowley Road, thought sadly that Bob had never been quite the same to her since their father left her everything. Everything was, to be sure, only one hundred and twenty pounds a year, but Bob had always felt it should have been divided. Miss Atterley often wondered what she would have done if it had been divided, for as it was she could barely live. She could not pay the entire fee usual from visitors to the convent. She eked it out by doing certain services for them. She spent nothing on herself, and had a faded and threadbare look. Her one luxury was the little fur she had inherited from her mother, which, coiled round her neck, biting its own tail just under her ear, bore a terrible resemblance to a whiting.

Miss Atterley rang the bell at the side door of the convent. A lay sister let her in.

"DEAR me, how early you are this week," she said, her pretty, bright face alight with smiles. Everyone liked little Miss Atterley. She was so dainty and tidy and neat.

"They had gone out. I suppose they forgot," said Miss Atterley with a great attempt at cheerfulness—as if to miss a tea was nothing to her. The lay sister watched her go upstairs. She would have given a lot to take the little woman up to some cozy room and given her tea and cakes. But in all the whole wide world the lay sister had nothing she could call her own except her kind heart.

It was half-past five. In the washbasin in Miss Atterley's room a can of boiling water had been placed. Miss Atterley knew that she was hungry. She stared at the cupboard wistfully for a few moments, then decided that now was the moment to draw upon her emergency ration. She opened the cupboard, and there, among her underwear, as though recently visited by a hen, lay a fresh egg. You knew it was fresh because it had those words stamped on it in blue.

Miss Atterley slipped it into the hot-water can and sat down to wait.

Through the bars of the convent you saw the colleges and chapels and well-kept lawns and gardens of academic Oxford. Lean dons and students passed and repassed below her window. Chapel bells began to ring presently. Here and there a stout cow browsed in green pastures, very fleshly and material among so much learning and devotion.

The egg was not quite raw when Miss Atterley retrieved it with a shoehorn. She had a small tin of biscuits hidden among her stockings. Beside her window Miss Atterley had a feast. She had done it before when Clara had failed her. After that she sat with the morsels of eggshell still in her lap, and looked out into the twilight, and dreamed dreams. Fantastic pictures wove themselves into the mind of Miss Atterley. She made up a long story, all about nothing in particular. She saw herself, dashing and bold, leading an awful life in London. She saw Clara tearing her hair, and saying, "This might never have happened if we had thought of her a little more." It was not the first time she had done it. The story was getting quite clear-cut and precise in her mind, with all sorts of marvelous side adventures and ramifications.

IT WAS there, sitting beside her window, that the great Idea came to Miss Atterley. Why not write it down? All the bold things, and all the naughty things she might never speak to anyone about. The bolder and the naughtier, the better in a book.

Miss Atterley was so intrigued with the idea that she could not eat her silent supper.

They always had silent meals at the convent in the visitors' room. You sat without saying one word, listening to the champing of other people's jaws, the hysterical click of Miss Entiknap's false teeth when she wanted the butter and no one would hand it to her. Little boys, passing without, would drum their fingers suddenly along the windowpanes. Barrel organs, without warning, would strike up worldly tunes and flood the silent chamber with song. And you might not laugh. The sisters were pained if you laughed. Miss Atterley was always getting into trouble—having to fly from the room, handkerchief to mouth, like a schoolgirl. They told her to pray against the sin of levity, which indeed she did, but it was of little use.

Tonight she managed to remain serious through Miss Entiknap's most frenzied clickings. She was thinking of her story. It would be wonderful to have something to do.

NEXT time she went out she ruined herself on sevenpenny writing pads and pen nibs. She set to work at once. It is wonderful what an occupation, even if it is only a pretended one, can do for a body. Miss Atterley was engulfed with a new cheerfulness. Many a Thursday went by without her bothering to visit Clara at all. She sat and wrote in her cold little bedroom.

Nobody ever came to the convent to see her. Clare and May never for one moment imagined their aunt would have been gratified by an occasional visit. Miss Atterley might well have been alone in the world, for all the attention she got, although she knew for a fact that she had an Aunt Mary in London and an Uncle Lewis in Leeds, besides Bob and his family up the Cowley Road. As visitors at the convent went, Miss Atterley was singularly well equipped with relations. But it made no difference to her. Her birthday came and went. Christmas passed and passed, but nobody ever sent her a letter or dropped her a Christmas card, or acknowledged her existence in any way.

Meanwhile, over the pages of those sevenpenny blocks trooped all the charming people Miss Atterley had never met, took place all the dashing incidents in which she would have liked to figure, but never did. Spring came, and daffodils gave a festive air to the gardens around the colleges and chapels of academic Oxford. Miss Atterley's story was finished. The whole of one sunny day she sat in her window reading it, and she was quite appalled. For that was a very worldly and unspeakable book, now that it was done. Miss Atterley hardly knew whether to burn it, or to send it to the literary agents whose name she had already marked down in a newspaper advertisement. In the end she sent it to the agents, but she dare not put her own name to it. She decided it must be a man's name that went with it, because it seemed incredible that a woman should have written a book like that. It took Miss Atterley a very long time to think of a suitable man's name that would incriminate nobody. In the end she called herself Gerald Conker.

SHE KNEW HIM BEFORE HE KNEW HER. "BRIAN," SHE WHISPERED

It was easy to do all the deceitful necessities that followed, like taking the letter from the postman before anyone else saw to whom it was addressed, since one of the duties that was Miss Atterley's, because she could not pay the whole of the fee usual in the case of visitors, was to arise early and open the convent—light the candles in the chapel, let in the priest, and take the letters in at the big front door from the postman. It was easy to slip the one addressed to Mr. Gerald Conker out from the others and hide it in her dress, but she felt a little faint as she did so. For the first time it struck her she ran the risk of ruining the reputation of the convent. What would any Mr. Gerald Anything be doing there, in that sanctuary of women? She would have to make some other plan. Masculine letters could not go on coming there without giving rise to speculation on the part of the postman.

The agents wrote enthusiastically to Mr. Conker about his book. The subject, of course, was a trifle difficult, but nowadays publishers were very broad-minded and they were convinced they would make a ready sale.

A broad-minded publisher was instantly forthcoming. He paid Mr. Conker a lump sum down on acceptance. Miss Atterley sat in her bedroom, the lump sum in check form in her hand, quite stunned. She was thoroughly frightened. She had never seen so much money before. She did not know what to do. Letters to Mr. Conker began to arrive at the rate of three a day, and at any moment someone might make the hideous discovery of her secret. Miss Atterley had to consult somebody. She thought of her banker. Bankers are men of the world and can keep secrets. Miss Atterley went to see him at once.

MR. SVENSON, hearing this gentle little lady had written a book, visualized a nice tract. But when he saw the lump sum he took another look at Miss Atterley, for it struck him there must be more to her than met the eye.

"You won't tell anyone?" she faltered.

Mr. Svenson would certainly not tell anyone. He advised her to have Mr. Conker's correspondence sent in future to the bank, seeing her difficulty at the convent. He assured her that he would give her any assistance she required. He was interested.

England thrilled over the book. Some there were who said it should be banned by the Home Office and withdrawn from publication. Others there were who praised, in the newspapers, Mr. Gerald Conker for his courage and outspokenness. And both helped equally to sell the book. The agent was pleased, and the publisher delighted, but Miss Atterley was completely unnerved. She hooked the little fur that was so tragically like a whiting round her neck with fingers that trembled, and went off down the Cowley Road to see Bob and Clara, and to escape from her own sense of guilt.

There, in a corner of the room, sat Bob, Mr. Gerald Conker's work between his fingers.

"HE CAN'T put it down," said Clara. "We think it dreadful that such books should be published, and left about where they can corrupt the minds of pure young girls like Clare and May. They say he is quite a young man too. He ought to be hounded out of decent society. If I had him here I would give him a piece of my mind. I daresay Bob will lend it to you, if you like, but I suppose you can't very well take it back to the convent. Someone might see it, and that wouldn't do at all."

Bob looked at her over his glasses:

"Miriam doesn't want to read stuff like this."

Miss Atterley blushed crimson and said she did not want to read it on any account. The publisher had sent her six free copies, which she had taken out by stealth, their parcel

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"AND WHAT," HE ASKED ROUGHLY, "IS GOING ON HERE?"

The Bleating of the Lamb

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

JONESBORO was agitated. As a matter of fact the little city was rather more than agitated—it was in a state which bordered upon acute hysteria. In the first place, it had stood aghast, and then it had talked about ropes and lamp-posts, and after that it had lapsed into a state of bewilderment, where it remained until more details and a fuller exposure of the affair were laid before it by the screaming newspapers.

Briefly, the mayor of Jonesboro had been arrested with marked bills to the amount of fifty thousand dollars in his pocket. He had been taken into custody by detectives as he came from a room in the Baxter House where the bribe had been paid. And, it transpired, official cameras in adjoining rooms had taken surreptitious photographs of the passing of the money through carefully concealed holes in the wall. There could be no doubt of it. The evidence was complete and unimpeachable. Mayor Tim Hyde, wealthy, famous as a polo player and athlete, who had been elected to reform the city and take it out of the hands of Boss Milliken, had turned out to be more brazen in his cupidity than the professional politicians whom he had displaced.

It is true he remained but an hour in the police station before bail was provided and that he was again at liberty, but one cannot be released from the clutch of facts by bail or by any other device. He had been caught in the act, and whether or not he was convicted in the courts, or whether he escaped through the exertions of influence and the improper use of money, his career was closed; his reputation was forever damned, and there was no spot on earth where he might hide from the shame which would follow and find him out.

He sat alone in his library in the morning, deserted by his friends and abandoned by his supporters. As he sat he did not look the bribe-taker nor the betrayer of the confidence of his city. On the contrary, in spite of a certain pallor and in spite of grim lines about his mouth, he seemed, as he had seemed before, a handsome, manly, upstanding young man worthy of any trust and capable in any emergency.

It was the abandonment of him by his friends that hurt more than all the rest—the fact that none of them gave him the benefit of the doubt, or, at the very least, that none of them remembered enough of their affection for him to come and curse him for his conduct. True friendship might do that, and he would have been grateful for it. But he was alone, stark alone. No foot mounted his steps, no finger pressed his doorbell. And because of this his eyes were dark and weary and despairing.

It was not late in the day; in fact, it was very early, but there had been time for any friend who clung to him in spite of the damning facts to have manifested his friendship. But none had appeared. Alone he had sat in that chair through the night, waiting and waiting and waiting. Alone!

The telephone upon his desk rang with a startling clamor, but Tim Hyde's hand was sluggish in lifting the receiver from its hook. Who was there that he cared to talk to now? Again the bell rang insistently and he replied.

"Hello," said a voice.

"Hello," Tim replied dully.

"Is it you, Tim?"

"Yes."

"I like one egg, poached and on toast. Possibly half a grapefruit to start with, and a cup of coffee."

"What?" said Tim mechanically.

"For breakfast," said Mary Jane Ware. "I just got off the train and I'm hungry. I'm about to descend upon you from a taxicab. Five minutes at the most."

"You just got off a train?" asked Tim.

"Yes."

"And you're coming to see me?"

"It's forward, I know. But I must eat and I hate to spend my own money."

"But, Mary Jane, have you seen the papers?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you still are coming?"

"Why not?"

"Mary Jane, didn't you read about me?"

"Oh, that!" said Mary Jane. "Yes, I skimmed through that. Remember, poached. And nice crisp, buttered toast." Then the receiver clicked in his ear.

Tim Hyde frowned and wrinkles appeared between his eyes. He did not know what to make of it. But then Mary Jane Ware always was a bewildering person; she never did precisely what one expected of her, any more than she was actually what she seemed to be from a casual glance. If, that is, anyone ever glanced casually at Mary Jane. Because a casual glance generally turned into a stare of admiration, for Mary Jane was a person at whom one could look for long intervals without discomfort. But the stranger, even after staring for a long interval, would never have guessed her to be a professional woman, an attorney-at-law with a regular office and regular clients who were more than satisfied with her services. Nobody would guess that, for Mary Jane looked to be nothing more or less than an exceedingly lovely and fashionable young woman whose thoughts never would rise far above society, fluff, dresses and young gentlemen.

So now Tim Hyde, well as he knew Mary Jane and much as he had desired to become her husband before the present situation arose to make such a hope impossible, was surprised. How had Mary Jane taken the news and what was she going to do about it? She never had demanded breakfast of him in his home before. And her voice over the telephone was as casual as if nothing at all had happened. He continued to frown, because there was nothing else to do, but somehow he felt some better than he had for a dozen hours, and he listened intently for the doorbell to announce her arrival.

Presently she came, and he met her in the hall.

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The Personality of a House

Exterior Decorations

By EMILY POST

Author of Etiquette; the Blue Book of Social Usage

ONE would naturally suppose that the floral decoration of a house would be far more appealing to a garden lover than to one who takes "green things" for granted, like parsley garnishing on a platter. Yet many of those who dote on gardens as places in which flowers are made to grow, who are deeply concerned with profusion or perfection of bloom are often the very ones who think little or nothing about gardening in its strictly decorative phase. If the roses are free from bugs and black spot, if the irises have added to their families, why should anyone bother to notice that a stark, bare house with a garden in the distance looks like an undressed person whose clothes are on a far-off chair; or that a haphazard drapery of vines strung on with neither skill nor attention is no more likely to prove an adornment than are any old garments flung regardless of style or becomingness?

The utmost embellishment of a house is that which is of utmost becomingness to its type, its perfection—or imperfection—and its color. Unpretentious houses of no definite period are bound by no conventional requirements beyond those of suitability to situation and to climate. Landscape decoration is seldom if ever restricted by precept—as is architecture. Selection of the garden surroundings for even a strictly period house is much more a question of personal choice than the unimaginatively conventional landscape designers would have us believe. Like the automatic interior decorator who adds "two chairs with figured covering and one with stripes to every sofa and pair of chairs that are plain," the automatic landscape decorator cannot picture an Italian house without a marble-balustraded, cypress-spired garden; nor a French house without a trellis surrounded parterre that as a retreat and shelter is about as satisfying as a put-together jig-saw puzzle left out on a billiard table. To the English house alone is allowed a garden that anyone could long to walk, or to sit, or to live in.

Like Trimming a Hat

IT IS true, perhaps, that an austerely formal house must be embellished with a garden that is formal to a certain degree. But even this convention, taken as an unbreakable edict, is likely to produce commonplace monotony rather than personality and charm. Do not forget, however, that it is a well-known American habit to call all sorts of things "formal" that are not really formal at all. In fact, when people speak of "formal dinners," "formal houses," "formal gardens," one has no way of knowing whether they mean a house of architectural austerity, a ceremonial dinner, gardens such as those of the palace at Versailles; or whether they mean four neighbors in for dinner, a house that is neatly kept, a garden that has a square of grass with a semblance of balance in its planting.

But using formal in its proper sense, there is little to be said in an article such as this because a landowner who is going to have a genuinely formal house set in equally formal gardens either is going to employ an expert architect, or is himself far too expert to need suggestions from anyone.

But to you who are in somewhat of a quandary as to how to beautify your house, the simplest and best suggestion possible is to go out and really look at it. Stand at the entrance gate, or across the street, or out on the lawns—or wherever are the important places to see it from—and look at it as though it were a room to furnish, a child to buy clothes for, or a hat to trim.

In fact, if you have ever trimmed hats with any degree of success, you will know that a beautiful result is not dependent upon the quantity or quality of trimming, but upon the right amount put on the right place. You will also know that although you can somewhat cover a bad shape by means of skillful trimming, it is impossible to beautify a foundation of hideous color. Decorating a house is exactly like trimming a hat. Houses of certain outlines and colors are so easy to trim that they almost trim themselves. Others are so decoration-defiant that little or nothing can be done with them short of muffling them completely from ground to roof top—and even then outlines of ugliness show through. Pseudo-Gothic houses perched high off the ground—their worst fault—with shelf-paper ornamentation of porches and gables, and painted in various shades of maroon or pumpkin or the muddy mixture known to country painters as "mongrel," are the most discouraging subjects for decoration to be imagined. Unless a platform terrace can be built around an up-on-stilts example to bring it lower to the ground, there is little use in taking off its paper trimming or doing anything to it except paint it a pastel tint and cover it as much as possible with vines. Other difficult, if not impossible, houses to trim without repainting are those that have varicolored bandagings, or violently contrasting color values such as very dark side walls heavily banded with hard white trim that rushes forward to the eye of the beholder, crossing out every planted object in its way. The redecoration of one such house wrought a transformation that might be well to describe in detail:

In the suburbs of New York there was a nondescript cottage stained almost black, with a scarlet brick chimney, olive-green lattice and glaring white trim. It had a commonplace golden-oak door, the upper half set with plate glass and a heavy guipure-lace curtain behind it. At odd spots there were a few little bushes and a fragmentary vine, and out on a side lawn was an isolated round bed of geraniums. It was a replica of a hundred thousand suburban homes; it belonged to people who cut its grass and planted the geraniums, but whose ability to look at their property as a picture was evidently blank.

Last year an artist bought the place. He painted the whole house cream—trim, chimneys and lattice, to match. As the roof was weathered gray he let it alone, but the shutters and door were painted light delphinium-blue, and small panes were substituted for the plate glass of the door and the big panes of the windows. Against the solid light background the hitherto-unnoticed vine and plants came into focus; in fact, the rose vine reached easily to the top of a new arbor surrounding the doorway. In place of two wooden steps there was now a single one of stone and below it a small front terrace paved with broken-up flagstones from the former entrance walk. Against the wall of the house was a perennial border dominated by delphiniums and hollyhocks, and along the edge of the terrace were blue tubs filled with salmon-pink geraniums, ageratum, ivy and turquoise morning-glories. The former wide, high walk was replaced by stepping-stones set into the grass, and where the round geranium bed had been, was an iris-bordered pool.

This description must not be taken, however, as a statement that all dark houses should be painted white, or that "picture-book" planting is alone appealing.

Cottage and Palace

THE house of uniformly plain dark color—especially when chosen for a wooded location and embellished with little or much unflowered green—sinks into the background in a way that is especially inviting and restful. Moreover, dark-stained houses with a light trim that is applied in careful relation to masses of brilliant-colored flowers, such as nasturtiums, scarlet sage, geraniums, marigolds and goldenglow, assume an air of gayety that is both hospitably friendly and homelike.

These same Spanish colors are becoming to all sand-colored houses with red-tiled roofs.

The easiest house to decorate is the broad-roofed, low-to-the-ground "cottage" of stone, brick, open timber, stucco, shingles or clapboard—either natural or weathered or painted white. A low white farmhouse and its adjoining buildings literally smothered in bloom is as lovely as a bride with her bridesmaids. But a formal house—really formal—must be adorned with skill and dignity or it will look like a lady "of a certain age" dressed as a flapper.

Therefore, if the would-be owner of a palace is strongly attracted by carnival trimmings such as gayly painted flower boxes and tin awnings; if he prefers cottage gardens that are somewhat tangled, rather than the set beds and box sculptures dear to the hearts and hands of head gardeners; then let him build himself a low, rambling house of light-tinted stucco or whitewashed brick or stone, the walls of which will accept almost anything placed against them.

In the northern half of the United States houses painted pink, sky blue, Nile green, violet or buttercup yellow have never been thought to go very well. But these same bright colors on walls decorated with dark tropical foliage in southern latitudes are simply ravishing. And perhaps

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PHOTO. FROM S. H. GOTTSCHO. PEABODY, WILSON & BROWN, ARCHITECTS

ONE DELIGHTS IN THE GARDEN BROUGHT SO CLOSE TO THE HOUSE AS TO BECOME A PART OF IT

Skylark, one of the choice soft-blue varieties. In circle below, the exquisite new dark-purple, Periwinkle.

Plant Siberian Iris Now

By ROBERT WAYMAN

Photographed in Natural Color by W. O. Floing

The most important group of the beardless iris is the so-called Siberian iris *(I. sibirica)*, probably so called because they did not come from Siberia, their native habitat being Central Europe and Russia. Included under this heading are also the Orientalis species—theoretically a larger form of Sibirica, but coming from Manchuria and Japan—and hybrids between these two species. All irises under this heading differ from other varieties and species in having hollow, slender flower stalks. These are tall, cylindrical, wiry stems. Though they prefer a moist, well-drained, sunny situation and soil that is rich in humus, they will take care of themselves almost anywhere. I have had them bloom profusely in full shade, but of course they should have some sun for best results. At the same time, I have noticed that the brilliance of color is preserved to better advantage in semishade. I have also had them do well in a very dry location, notwithstanding their preference for moisture.

Well-decayed manure is the best fertilizer, and if the beds can be prepared in advance and the soil turned occasionally, it will be so much the better. They may be planted either in spring or during September or October. In case of fall planting it is well to cover them the first winter with some coarse, light covering, such as salt hay, evergreen boughs, cornstalks, and the like. The intent is to prevent them from being thrown out of the ground by alternate freezing and thawing. This cover should be put on after the ground freezes and should be removed the following spring.

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DURING the past twenty-five years I have grown all sorts of plants and shrubs purely as a hobby. Being engaged in business, and away from home a good part of the time, I had to rely a good deal upon gardeners. I found that they average just about like other average humans: intentions fairly good, enthusiasm for other people's affairs fair—like a fair egg. And so my gardening just naturally drifted into the things that require the least care, that will stand the most neglect and abuse and will return the greatest dividends in garden beauty. Iris, peonies, climbing roses and a few other such rugged things were the answer, and, of all, beardless iris are the most simple to grow. You just plant them and watch the results. No need to cover them for the winter, or to dig them up and store them over winter and replant them again in the spring. Like all irises, you just leave them where they are and, like the grass on your lawn, they die down in the winter and come up smiling next spring. Of course there are certain things that can be done for best results.

White Dove, a fine new snow-white with deep lemon-yellow throat.

Emperor, a rich, uniform, deep violet-blue with bronze veinings.

Narcissus for Spring Beauty

By GEORGE W. KERR

Photographed in Natural Color by W. O. Floing

Incomparabilis—Sir Watkin, also known as the Giant Chalice Flower. It never fails to do well, whether grown in pots for forcing or in the open border.

Leedsi—Mrs. Langtry, dainty and chaste in color, recommended for naturalizing.

Poeticus—Horace—(lower row) has the delightful fragrance of the old poets narcissus.

Emperor and Empress are fine examples of the large trumpet daffodil.

Sulphur Phœnix, a double-flowered hardy daffodil, excellent for naturalizing.

Jonquil—Campernelle. This sweet-scented member of the narcissus family is a gem for the rockery, and equally good for pots and naturalizing.

OF ALL the early spring flowers which may adorn our gardens, none are more welcome than the dancing daffodils rejoicing in the rough winds of April—a glory and a joy among the orchard trees where snowy cherry blossoms fall on sprouting grass, and apple buds redden the April sunshine. For of all the gladsome loveliness of spring, there is nothing that equals the Easter joy of daffodils growing in a setting of grass. Their beauty, however, is not confined to their presence in orchard or meadow. They are a delight when seen in groups among shrubbery, or even in formal beds in the flower garden or border. We might add that they are the hardiest, showiest and most valuable of all early spring flowers.

Daffodil is the common or poetic name applied to the genus Narcissus. It has a more homely sound

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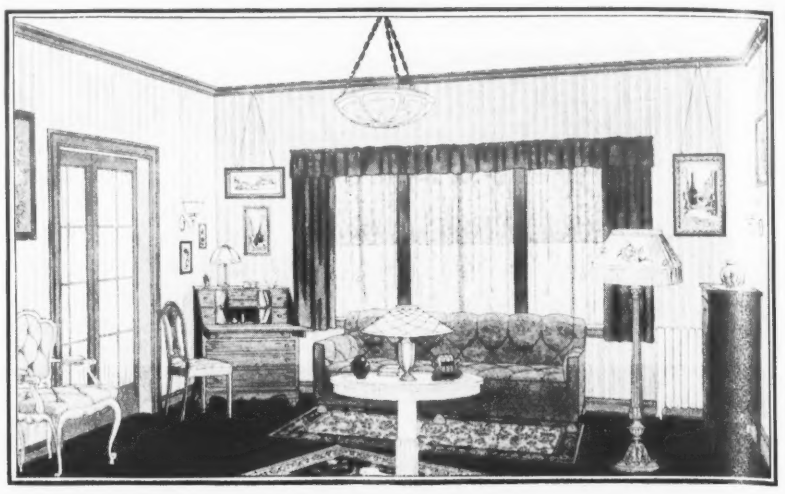
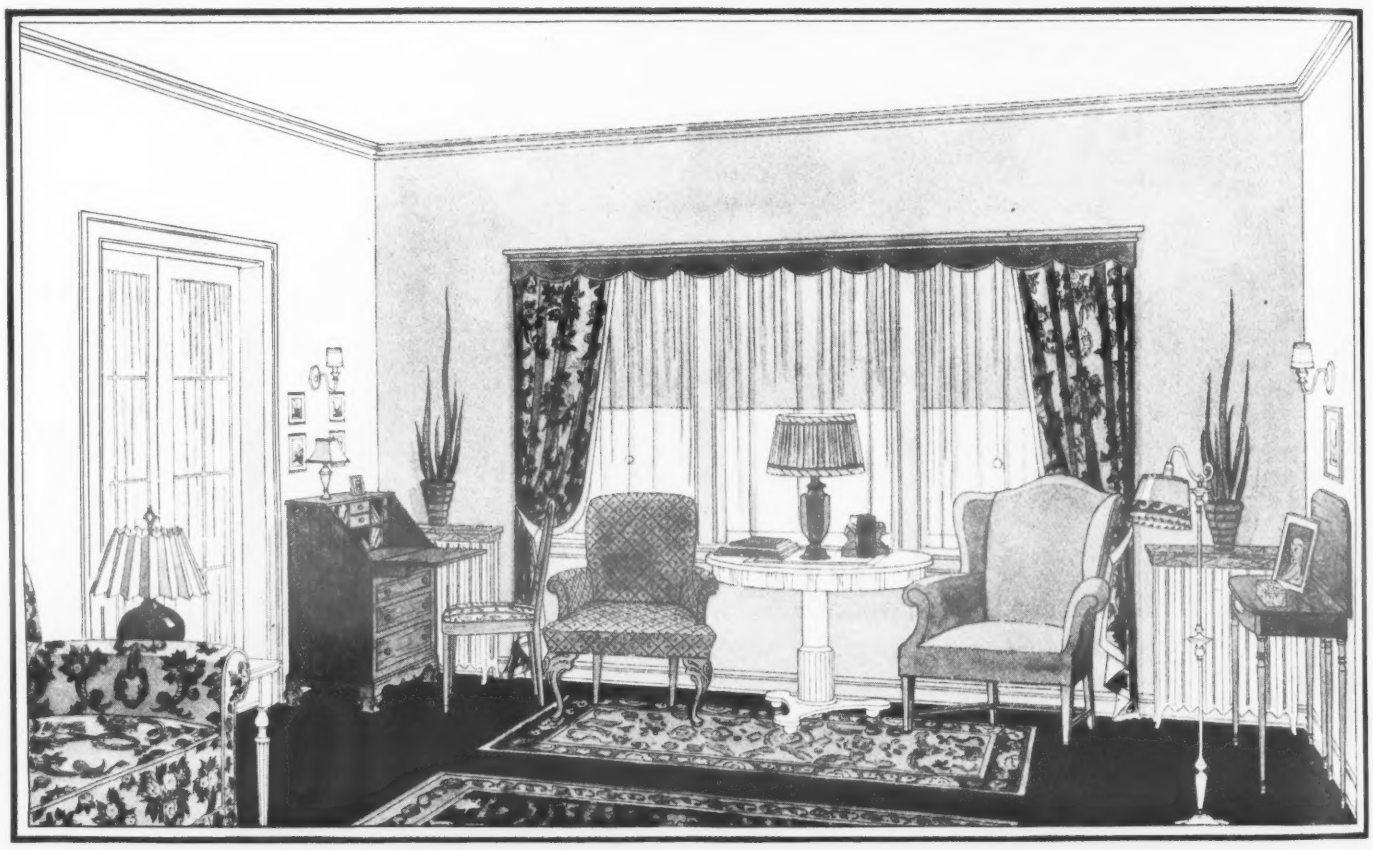
Redecorating a Fifteen-Year-Old Living Room

By KATHARINE R. P. TAYLOR

Interior Decorator, Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, Illinois





Before-and-after views of the fifteen-by-twenty-foot living room which was redecorated at a total expenditure of five hundred dollars in a sensible manner anyone can easily follow.

AFTER living for fifteen years in the same building and with the same furniture with which they started housekeeping, Helen and Ralph Brown decided to spend five hundred dollars in refurnishing their living room. They concluded that the way to get the best results was to avail themselves of the services of a decorator. They then took their problem to the decorating department of a large Chicago firm, where they secured without charge the services of one of its many skilled decorators. Their problem was a difficult one as they presented it to the decorator, and its many phases will be of interest and help to others.

It was when Mrs. Brown actually got down to facts that she found that her problem was not going to be an easy one. There were things—heirlooms—that she wanted to keep. Others—old things that had outworn their usefulness—she wanted to discard definitely. And there were still others which, she felt sure, could be rejuvenated and made useful again with the right treatment.

When the decorator called on Mrs. Brown she found a living room fifteen by twenty feet in size, the general effect of which was not restful, due to the poor arrangement of furniture and to the display of too many small objects. This was further accented by the pictures, which were either hung too high or were badly grouped. A dreary effect was caused by the dark woodwork, the gray satin-striped paper on the walls, the drab tones of the furniture and the brown curtains at the windows. On the hardwood floors were three small Oriental rugs. The room was lighted by a center indirect-lighting fixture of white opaque glass and four brass wall brackets which had art-glass shades. Facing south was a group of three windows covering a space of nine feet. The glass curtains were white figured net with a narrow lace edge which hung to the sill. In front of the windows was an overstuffed tufted couch which was upholstered in dark blue-and-gray tapestry material. In the left-hand corner, standing diagonally, was a slant-top mahogany writing desk, on which stood a small metal lamp with a colored glass shade and several other small articles. Near the desk was a mahogany desk chair with a striped black tapestry seat.

The Original Room

ON THE east wall a pair of French doors opened into the dining room. To the left of the doors was a Victorian armchair upholstered in light brown figured velvet, which was one of the pieces Mrs. Brown had been given by her grandmother. Off center from the lighting fixture on that wall was a heavy oak mission table, which held a large metal lamp with a colored glass shade. Above the table and chair, between the doors and the wall fixture, was a large floral painting. On the other side of the fixture were four small hunting prints arranged stair-step fashion.

The wall opposite the windows was occupied by the fireplace and low bookcases with doors of small leaded glass panes. The mantel was birch-stained mahogany like the rest of the woodwork, and the tiles around the opening were of a reddish-brown color. On the wall over the mantel and bookcases were hung a large oval framed portrait and several other small pictures, including a pair of hand-colored photographs in narrow dark frames. The mantelshelf and tops of the bookcases were filled with a collection of bric-a-brac, among which were a very good clock and a pair of ginger jars on teakwood stands. Near the mission table on the right side of the fireplace was a large overstuffed rocking-chair covered to match the couch. Opposite it was a small table holding a large jardinière and a fern. A pair of dark brown velours portières hung at the doorway leading to the entrance hall.

Arranged against the west wall near this door was a group consisting of a mahogany side chair like the one used at the desk, a small gateleg table in walnut and a walnut-and-cane semiwing chair. Among other things on the gateleg table was a small dull brass lamp with a faded silk shade which had been far too ornate for so simple a base. Beyond the center on this wall was the mahogany upright piano and bench, and beside it was a mahogany music cabinet. High on the wall over the piano was a black-and-white etching framed in gold. On the top of the piano were a long scarf that hung down at either end, framed photographs, a pair of brass candlesticks and a vase. A pottery vase was placed upon the music cabinet. Beside the piano was a heavily carved wood-base floor lamp with a very ornate silk shade. In the center of the room on a diagonally placed rug was an old American Empire round table of red mahogany, also an heirloom from Mrs. Brown's grandmother. On this table was a pottery lamp with a yellow silk-lined wicker shade. The table had a black satin cover on it, a pair of bronze book ends, a jar and some magazines.

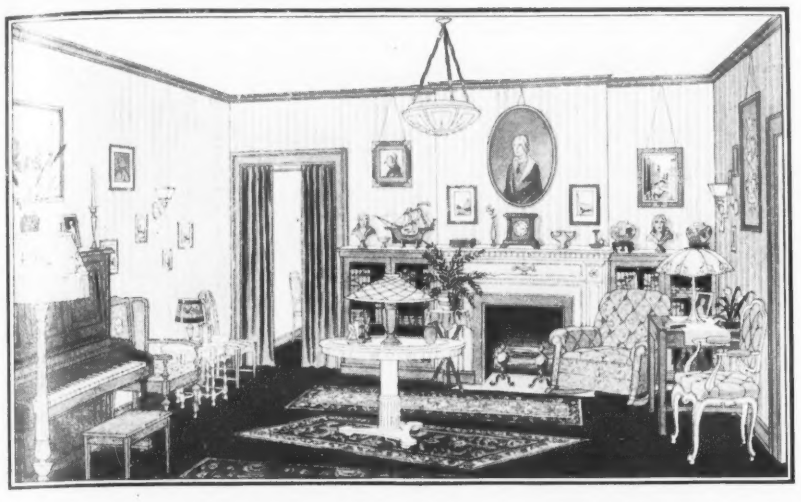
After carefully studying the room and determining which pieces could be retained and worked into the new plan, a color scheme was worked out. The glass doors were removed from the bookcases, and the ceiling fixture, which was seldom used, was also removed. The walls, woodwork and ceiling were painted. All this work was done for the Browns by the agent of their building. The color selected for painting the room was a soft sage green. The effect of painting the walls, ceiling and woodwork alike in this soft light color tends to add space to the room and to make it appear lighter at all times. The couch and rocking-chair were found to be in very good repair except for the covering, which was worn and faded. The three Oriental rugs were in usable condition, the colorings were good; so they were incorporated into the new scheme. They were each about four by seven feet in size and were rearranged squarely on the floor. The decorator decided to use these things in the new scheme, for Mrs. Brown's budget would not permit the purchase of a new chair and couch of good quality nor of good floor coverings.

What Was Done

THE heavy oak mission table was discarded because it was decided to be too heavy for the room and was poor in design. The cane-and-walnut wing chair was discarded because it was badly worn and not at all comfortable. The small table and fern were moved to another part of the apartment, and it was found necessary to eliminate many other trivial pieces of bric-a-brac and some of the pictures to bring about an effect of greater simplicity. The portrait over the mantel was moved to a position over the sideboard in the dining room, as its colors were not particularly desirable for the new arrangement.

A study of the accompanying floor plan will give a very good idea of the rearrangement of the room and the better balance and grouping which were achieved. Mrs. Brown had arranged the room with the idea of having the couch, piano and desk as near the windows as possible. This arrangement only tended to bring all the heavy pieces of furniture together at one end of the room and left the opposite end very badly balanced. It also gave no importance to the fireplace, which is always an architectural feature of any room and one which should be taken into consideration.

For the new curtains Mrs. Brown and her decorator finally decided upon a heavy linen. This was printed by a



Before-and-after pictures of the fireplace end of the living room described on these pages.

had faded to almost a gold color. Before the couch was a new coffee table which was large enough to hold books and magazines when not being used for serving coffee. On the other side of the fireplace was the rejuvenated rocker, with its smart rose slip cover. The small gateleg table, with one leaf down, stood beside it, and in the proper place to give light for reading was a new bridge lamp with a simple parchment shade. This intimate little group was completed by a three-fold screen which stood behind the chair and which took the place of the faded, worn brown velours portières which had been at the doorway.

The piano was moved to the center of the wall opposite the dining-room doors. A balanced grouping for this wall was achieved by placing the music cabinet under the lighting fixture on the right side of the piano and the side chair near the door as before. On the other side of the piano was the new double-top card table, with one leaf against the wall. The large etching which had hung very high over the piano was now placed immediately over it. The pair of hand-colored photographs which had been over the fireplace were now used over the music cabinet and over the new card table, directly under the lighting fixtures. This rearrangement gave a pleasing balance of heavy and light pieces of furniture to this long wall space. Light for the piano was provided by the addition of another small bridge lamp, which forms a pair with the one used in the fireside group. The old cumbersome floor lamp was discarded.

On either side of the window group were large radiators. These were painted the same color as the wall, and metal radiator tops were found, which are very inexpensive and adjustable to several sizes of radiators. The tops of these are finished with a marblelike effect and the under part is painted the green of the walls. On these metal shelves were placed bright yellow pottery jars with growing dark green plants in them.

Groups

A LIVABLE and comfortable group was arranged in the windows by using the round mahogany table and two new chairs. The pottery lamp base, with a new shade, was retained for this table. A medium-size wing chair with straight Chippendale legs was selected for the right side of the table. It is upholstered in dull gold material roughly woven, interspersed with a few black and dark red threads. For the other side of the table a comfortable armchair with Queen Anne legs was selected. This chair is covered with a green tappette with a small diagonal pattern of gold and rose. The writing desk was left in its former corner, but was placed against the wall in the space between the French doors and the radiator. This arrangement centered it under the lighting fixture, and the four small hunting prints in red frames were arranged in pairs over the desk. The dull brass lamp base which had been on the gateleg table was provided with a smart chintz shade and was used for the desk lamp. The desk chair and its

(Continued on Page 212)

process, which greatly resembles hand blocking, the colors of which were very beautiful. The background is a soft rose color with deeper rose lines, which give a moiré effect. The pattern, which is carried out in gold, blue, mauve, apricot, green and a deeper rose, was taken from an old wood-carving design. The new glass curtains of deep cream marquisette were shirred very full and hung to the sill. One pair of lined draperies was made from the linen. They hung to the floor and were trimmed with a band of *strié* taffeta which was a deeper tone of rose, and were looped back with bands of the linen. A wood cornice, cut simply in wide shallow scallops, was painted to match the walls and woodwork and was striped with rose, gold and a deep green.

Getting More Comfort

THE linen like the curtains was used as a slip cover for the couch, and the *strié* taffeta which trimmed the curtains was used for a slip cover for the rocking-chair. This taffetalike material is made of rayon and heavy cotton threads and has excellent wearing qualities, washes well and will not fade. The slip covers for both these pieces were tailored so that they fitted perfectly. The rocking-chair had been a cumbersome piece of furniture, but a cabinet man converted it into a comfortable lounge chair by removing the rockers and putting on short, substantial legs.

The couch was moved to the wall formerly occupied by the mission table and was centered under the lighting fixture. At one end of the couch was a new small table holding the new lamp. This lamp has a round gold base and a pleated linen shade. Drawn up near one end of the couch, facing the fireplace, was the Victorian armchair with its original velvet color, which

FURNITURE IN OLD ARRANGEMENT

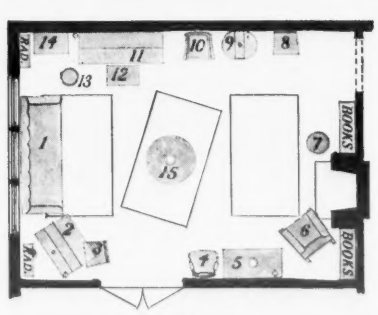
1. Sofa
2. Desk
3. Desk chair
4. Victorian chair
5. Mission table
6. Overstuffed rocking-chair
7. Fern stand
8. Side chair
9. Gateleg table
10. Cane semiwing chair
11. Piano
12. Piano bench
13. Floor lamp
14. Music cabinet
15. Round table

DISCARDED FURNITURE

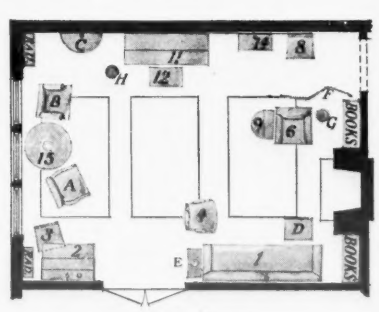
5. Mission table
7. Fern stand
10. Cane semiwing chair
13. Floor lamp

ADDED FURNITURE AND ACCESSORIES

A. Upholstered chair
B. Wing chair—upholstered
C. Double-top card table
D. Coffee table
E. End table
F. Screen
G. Bridge lamp
H. Bridge lamp



The old plan.



As it looks now.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN ITEMIZED LIST OF MRS. BROWN'S EXPENDITURES FOR THE REDECORATING OF HER LIVING ROOM

Wing chair	$52.00	
Armchair	37.50	
Double-top card table	40.00	
Three-fold screen	25.00	
Sofa end table	13.50	
Coffee table	18.50	$186.50
Repair on rocker	15.00	
2 Radiator covers	13.90	28.90
2 Bridge lamps and shades	25.00	
Gold base lamp complete	12.50	
Silk shade for old table lamp	18.50	
Chintz shade for desk lamp	3.00	
4 Shades for wall brackets	4.00	63.00
3 Pairs marquisette curtains	$16.50	
1 Pair draperies, made, lined and hung complete with painted cornice	78.10	$94.60
Slip cover for couch made from linen and slip cover for chair made from rayon taffeta	115.38	115.38
2 Yellow pottery jars for plants	5.00	
Gold damask square for table	6.00	11.00
		$499.38

Just Married!

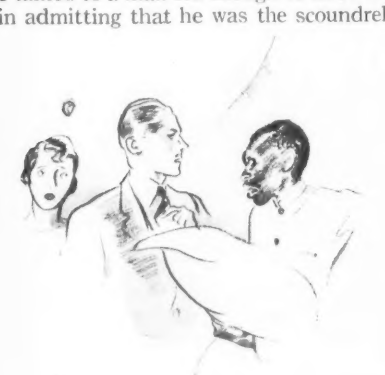
By GRAEME LORIMER

Illustrated by Garrett Price

OUR faces still stiff from smiling, we were off in a cloud of confetti and cheers. From the hue and cry as cars dashed after in pursuit, you might have thought us a couple of escaping bandits instead of a happy bride and groom. Pity the poor criminal, say I, after that experience. No time for thought, much less words; it was flee for our lives, white ribbons streaming, old shoes swinging and tin cans and pails bouncing and crashing with the din of forty fiends. The "Just Marrieds" chalked all over the shiny finish of my new car to proclaim to the world our blissful state were an additional touch we could have done without.

At the risk of spending our bridal night in a hospital or a jail, we finally gave our friends—though we didn't think of them as that at the moment—the slip and stopped to catch our breath. Patsy helping, we removed the ribbons, shoes, cans, pails and slogans—at least we made the chalk marks almost illegible. Nothing but another coat of paint could entirely obliterate them or restore to its pristine bloom the finish of which I had been so proud.

At that, I guess we should have been thankful. Our well-wishers overlooked a couple of tricks like punching a hole in the gasoline tank or sticking tacks in the tires. Recently I talked to a man old enough to know better who took pride in admitting that he was the scoundrel who had bought a dozen cowbells and had his chauffeur fasten them to various parts of the chassis of a bridegroom's car with padlocks and brass chains. He thought it very funny that the poor b and g had had to spend two hours in a garage while the infernal bells were filed off. It was an outrageous thing to do, and I'm just waiting until someone I'm particularly fond of gets married so I can do it to him.



"BUT I SAID NO, YOU WAS JEST PALS"

That's the psychology of the thing—the better you like a person the more you will do to harass him. Take the charivari, called chivaree in the West and horning in parts of New England.

Hiding the Telltale Signs

A FRIEND of mine, Bill Blunt, married a girl from New Mexico. As the ranch house he was building wasn't quite finished, Bill and his bride planned to live in a tent for a couple of weeks. The first night about midnight a crowd came out from town with horns and drums and dishpans and anything that would make a noise. They gave a preliminary serenade outside the tent, and then with a deafening racket and much laughter broke in. Bill, who came from Philadelphia, had never heard of a chivaree and he was boiling mad. Before his bride could stop him he hopped out of bed and pasted the leading citizen of the town on the jaw. This, of course, broke up the festivities and got Bill in wrong so deep that it's taken him two years to climb out. In this particular town in New Mexico they don't put on a chivaree for everyone. Although a trifle embarrassing, to be sure, it is a tribute and a mark of esteem when they do and should be duly appreciated by the newlyweds.

THIS CONTINUES FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS

We made the run from Philadelphia without mishap, put the car in a garage and got to our hotel in time for dinner. I strode up to the register, a married man and mighty proud, I can tell you. Suddenly doubts assailed me. How should I sign? Should I sign and then Patsy sign, or should I write down both our names? While I asked about my reservation, I sneaked a look at the register and luckily saw that the thing to do was to sign Mr. & Mrs. I don't suppose they would have thrown us out if I'd signed our names individually, but I would never have got over the shame of it.

The ambition of every b and g is not to be known for a b and g, although within a year if anyone thinks them that they will take it as a compliment. I know when Patsy and I opened our bags and found that Patsy's little brothers had thoughtfully stuffed them with rice we got down on our hands and knees and gathered up every grain. At last we went down to dinner feeling sure that all the telltale rice was safely stowed in the envelope in my pocket.

But when we came back to our room we saw a white spot in the center of the carpet. On closer inspection it proved to be a neat little pile of about a dozen grains of rice! The chambermaid never said anything—she didn't have to.

Then there is the story about the b and g who got on the transcontinental train. They knew if people caught on they would be stared at and talked about for four days, and so they took every precaution, even to blotting out the maiden initials on the bride's suitcase. The bridegroom tipped the porter five dollars and told him that if anyone asked if they were a bride and groom to say no. The porter smiled knowingly and said they could trust him.

When they went into the diner they made a great effort to look disinterested but contented, in the manner of married couples of long standing, but they soon became conscious that people were looking at them and whispering to each other.

When they got back to their section the furious bridegroom called the porter and accused him of having betrayed them.

"Ah, no, sah," he protested. "Folks ast me if you-all was a bride an' groom, but I said no, you was jest pals, tha's all."

Which reminds me of a story that a married woman of many years still delights to tell on herself. After she and her husband had been married some time they were making a trip West. They had to change trains in Chicago and wait over most of the day, and so they checked their bags in the station and then went to a hotel with the idea of getting a room until their train left that evening.

UNMINDFUL OF THL BOY WITH THE ICE WATER, THE HEARTBROKEN BRIDE OF A DAY THREW HERSELF ON THE BED SOBBING THAT SHE WISHED SHE HAD NEVER GOT MARRIED

When the husband went up to the desk without having made a reservation and without baggage and asked for a room for the day, the clerk looked from him to his wife rather dubiously and said that he was sorry but the hotel was filled up. Here the lady's eyes sparkle: "Howard was furious, feeling I had been insulted, but it was all I could do to keep from saying, 'Thanks for the compliment.' It was quite thrilling to think that after being married ten years and having three children I could be mistaken for a light woman."

When we went down to dinner on our wedding evening, Patsy looked at me, her protector and defender—her husband—and smiled mistily, insisting I do the ordering. I looked over the bill of fare for something nice. Extra nice and hang the expense was my attitude. My eye lit on ragout of lamb. Ah, a dish with an exotic name like that would be just the thing. To my amazement and confusion when it came it turned out to be Irish stew, but humming birds' tongues on toast couldn't have tasted any better to us that night.

Styles in Honeymoons

AFTER spending a day in New York we got our car and started for an inn in the Catskills. The garageman's look and smile as we left made it clear that he knew us for what we were, but how he could have found out we could not imagine. Likewise when we stopped along the way for lunch, we had no sooner stepped into the dining room than people began staring at us and whispering. What could it be that gave us away so quickly? We couldn't imagine.

We soon got the answer. From our table we could look down on the parking space below, and there on the top of our car JUST MARRIED in huge chalk letters leered up at us.

That evening, the telltale sign on the top of the car having been carefully erased, we reached our inn and settled down for two weeks of walks, golf, tennis, riding and unalloyed bliss. From our own experience and from what the great majority of young-marrieds I've talked with say, a stationary honeymoon is the only thing. Some even ask, why go on a honeymoon? A b and g I know had planned to be away three weeks, but they got so homesick for the little house they had built and furnished that they came home ten days early. Another couple told me that they decided being married would be fun enough in itself. And so they stayed home and saved their money until they had been married a year and really needed a honeymoon!

When it comes to getting married a peculiar kind of insanity grips a number of b's and g's, however. They feel they must travel and see things. In response to this urge one young couple I know decided to take a motor trip. They were married at noon and gayly started off in their car. They drove a hundred miles before sundown. The next morning they were up early because they had a long day ahead, 250 miles to the next good hotel. When they got to their room late that evening they were both dog tired. The bride dragged off her hat and fell on the bed, too done in to wash her face or fix her hair. The groom made for the bathroom in the hope that a hot bath would revive him.

The bride was roused from her coma by a knocking at the door. "Come in," she called wearily, sitting up on the edge of the bed. No luck, the door would not open. She must get

(Continued on Page 62)

THE FAMILY ASSEMBLED IN THE MAIN HALL AND MARCHED INTO THE DINING ROOM BEHIND MRS. SPAINE AND HER SON JOHN

The Merivales

By

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

XIV

THE Coach and Saddle closed on the twenty-seventh of the month—that is to say, the paying guests departed. On the twenty-eighth members of the extensive family began to arrive; by the second day of November the entire clan, with few exceptions, had settled in, so to speak, for the week in which Mrs. Spaine's birthday was an outstanding, preëminent event.

The absentees supplied good and sufficient reasons for failing to appear. Caleb Corween and his wife, for example, were still in Europe, a circumstance over which they had no control, according to the congratulatory cablegram that came a day too late; a number of grandchildren couldn't very well get out of school at that time of the year; Wilfred Spaine, Ursula's second son, was down with an attack of quinsy, but his wife Harriet, his four sons—two of them being twins—and their wives, together with all nine of their children, came early to represent that branch of the tree; the fourth daughter, Mrs. Stevenson Blow—aged forty-seven—arrived without her husband, who, it appears, was tied up in court; her twin sister, Janet, also came without her husband, Atkinson Waite, whose excuse was the same that he had employed on so many similar occasions that no one took the trouble to notice it, much less to comment unfavorably upon it.

NEVERTHELESS, allowing for these defections, there were sixty-six members of the clan quartered at the Coach and Saddle, exclusive of personal servants, secretaries, nurses, tutors, dogs, Sir Pethelwick Streepways' *masseur*, J.B.Corween's dietitian, and other odds and ends, such as saxophones, cameras, dolls, roller skates.

It was a large and apparently happy family. This state of affability was no doubt due to the fact that most of them never came in contact with one another from one November to the next, and, to a certain extent, the desire to convince Mrs. Spaine that nothing on earth could be half so jolly as this annual get-together conclave. Some of them pleasantly spoke of the family as "the bunch."

Mrs. Spaine was not deceived. She was bored and she knew that they also were; it had become a most irksome chore, this annual job of entertaining Spaines of all ages, opinions, habits, morals, conditions, creeds and—alas!—greeds. On the other hand, at least four-fifths of the "family" looked upon the gathering as more or less compulsory, and privately characterized it as sentimental nonsense; the things they wished they could say would have filled volumes. It was a task to make this yearly pilgrimage to Merivale Springs, all for the sake of paying homage to a close-fisted old despot, whose word was law and whose will was still a matter of doubt.

But it had become a custom; she felt she had to keep it up, and so did they.

As a matter of courtesy—by no means was it an obligation—she was in the habit of holding a conference, attended only by her sons and daughters, at which reports regarding the management of the hotel, the farms, the warehouse, the dairy and other valley interests were presented and approved. This meeting took place in the ballroom of the hotel; it was quite brief and very dull. The heirs were not very much interested in the mild and sometimes insecure prosperity of Merivale Springs; what they would have liked to hear was the very latest news concerning the gold mines out of which the Merivale fortune was being dug, and also something about the nature and beauty of Mrs. Spaine's investments.

For answer to all inquiries she replied that she supposed everything was going along nicely, she had had no word to the contrary, and that she had implicit faith in certain boards of directors, certain banks, certain lawyers and certain brokers.

ON THE third of November, provided it did not come on a Sunday, she always gave a tea at Merivale Hall. Invariably it was a polite but excessively dreary affair. This year, however, there was an interest that made the function—as the local newspaper called it—worth talking about in family circles. Everyone wanted to have a good look at Miss Molly English, who was so soon to enter the charmed circle. There was a great deal of curiosity about her; she had to undergo a bland, appraising scrutiny that irked her terribly. As the bride elect she rather overshadowed—for the moment at least—the grand old lady.

Opinions differed. The menfolk were enthusiastic about her; the women were more reserved. The latter secretly were of the opinion that she was a fortune hunter, and a rather common one at that; the former were just as envious and declared that fortune was entirely on Edgar's side.

Mrs. Corween, being the eldest child—her name was Anne and she had just turned sixty—and John Spaine, the next in

(Continued on Page 69)

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

Insuring the Future

IN THE midst of discussions of tariffs and taxes, disarmament and foreign debts, President Hoover takes time to consider the welfare of the individuals who must carry on when we of the present day are gone. Sometime during the coming winter or spring there will be assembled a White House conference to review what has been done in the past and what may be done in the future for the health and protection of children.

Twenty years ago President Roosevelt called a similar conference, the results of which gave impetus to the great task of saving the children. We have learned since that time how to feed children better; we have conquered many of the diseases of childhood; we have seen the infant-mortality rate reduced year by year in astonishing figures; we have taken youngsters out of sweatshops and factories, and recently various cities have undertaken campaigns to stem the tide of deaths on our streets, where so many little children, bewildered by the speed of traffic, have lost their precious lives.

But still much remains to be done. In the words of President Hoover's recent announcement: "The subjects to be covered embrace problems of dependent children; regular medical examinations; school or public clinics for children; hospitalization; adequate milk supplies; community nurses; maternity instruction and nurses; teaching of health in the schools; facilities for playgrounds and recreation; voluntary organization of children; child labor and scores of allied subjects."

Already studies of these subjects are under way, and by the time the conference is assembled a great mass of information will have been collected and a progressive program for the future will have been outlined.

The future of our nation is in the end far less to be determined by present taxes than it is by the children who are growing up to carry on our greatness, our progress, our prosperity and our world-wide humanitarianism in the years that lie ahead. It is fortunate that President Hoover so clearly sees the human element as well as economic and political necessities.

Back to School

THE return of millions of children to school this month raises the perennial question: Are school costs too high? The answer is an emphatic "No" if the schools are actually preparing boys and girls for good citizenship and real usefulness in later life. But the answer may be "Yes" in some schools that are ridden with isms and ologies and the oddities of some so-called modern systems of education.

For those parents who are themselves hipped over strange theories of self-expression and other peculiar psychologies, who feel that there is some great gain to the child mind in confusing the fundamentals of education with weird formulas of social maturity and morality, there are plenty of private schools that specialize at high rates of tuition in these queer aspects of modernism.

But those fathers and mothers who still believe that good spelling is a sign of education, who think that history and geography and mathematics and modern languages and science are necessary to the future of our coming citizens, will fortunately still find schoolmasters and teachers who agree with them.

Just how much do you know about your child's school, anyway? Have you ever visited it?

What War Really Is

EVEN the most bebraided admirals, the most beribboned generals will admit that war is horrible, will say it should be prevented. But the wisest ambassadors, leagues, international conferences have failed, so far, to devise any sure way of bringing about permanent peace. This is so, we fancy, because the mothers who send their sons, and the husbands and boys who've got to fight don't realize the bloody horror that waits for them just the other side of the pretty flags and the braying bands.

At last, eleven years after the greatest of wars, a true, beautiful and powerful story of it has been written. It strips war of all its camouflage of glory and hurrahs. It leaves you face to face with the reality of this most dirty and brutal of human afflictions. This book, All Quiet on the Western Front, is the work of a young German whose grandfolks were French. He himself was for three years a plain infantry soldier in the war. He wallowed in the unspeakable dirt of it. He was spattered with the blood and the mangled flesh of it. He himself was wounded. All his pals were killed; every last one.

In his story, which is terribly vivid, fast-moving, and so short that you can read it in one long evening, he spares not one atom of the insane horror of his experience. He uses words, he describes experiences that would raise gooseflesh on a gunman and bring embarrassed blushes to the face of a hardened thug.

But you read on, you've simply got to read on, because the story is so tragically beautiful, and your throat tightens because you so much want these simple soldiers to live.

Once the plain folk of the world realize that comradeship is better than power, they'll hand the plug-hatted, stay-at-home, war-making statesmen the machine guns, bombs, gas and cannons, and tell them to go fight it out among themselves.

Commonplace Religion

THE minister was asking a group of men in his church to assist him by making calls on new people in the community as well as on backsliding members of the congregation—"not," he explained, "to ask them for money, but to tell them what good you get out of the church and what they are missing by their failure to take part in our activities."

There was an awkward silence, finally broken by one man who voiced the sentiments of all. "I just can't do it," he said. "I can talk about business or politics or social affairs, but I simply cannot make myself talk about my religion or the other fellow's religion. I'm embarrassed when I try it, and the other person is even more embarrassed. I cannot butt into the spiritual inner workings of any other man's mind."

Most people feel the same way about it. Sincere Christians themselves, they are hesitant to express themselves for fear of being thought religious fanatics.

The trouble is that with most of us religion is from earliest infancy held apart from the rest of life. If it could be made to fit in with the ordinary things, to be a part of everyday activities, the church would become a much more vital force in every community. Religion should be a commonplace in every life.

But the only way we can make it a commonplace is to start the children without embarrassment, to make their prayers simple and easy, to discuss the church as freely as we discuss the movies, to make Bible stories as enjoyable as Peter Rabbit.

Margaret Bondfield--Minister of Labor

By **SARAH COMSTOCK**

SHE has no pulpit, she wears no ministerial robe; in fact, nobody ever calls her a preacher. She is, in this year of 1929, England's most prominent woman in political life: Margaret Grace Bondfield, the new Minister of Labor. Ever since the nineties she has been associated with the Labor movement in England, making speeches and organizing workers. She has sat—on and off—in Parliament and at length being honored by such a position as no woman of her nation has ever before held. Politicians are not, as a rule, looked upon as religious leaders.

But it is when one catches a glimpse of the hidden Margaret Bondfield—when one peeps through a crack in her door, so to speak, and sees for a moment the real person who lives behind the political exterior—that one realizes religion to be the motive power which has all along been back of this woman's career.

Not a matter of creed or dogma, understand. Not the kind of religion that is kept in cold storage six days of the week, and then brought forth like a Sunday-best crêpe-de-chine gown. It is the kind that toils for man and his welfare here on earth. She never sermonizes; but in every word she utters, in every act she performs, there the militant, practical religion of today expresses itself. She can put more genuine preaching into her recommendation that "Canadian orphans' pants be lengthened in winter" than some parsons can put into their whole discourse. While the System of Child Migration was being profoundly studied by learned authorities, those youngsters were going about with their poor little legs chapped and bleeding. Miss Bondfield came to Canada as chairman of a delegation to investigate, and, presto! something was done about it. More cloth must be appropriated! Orphans' pants might appear a small matter to peers, potentates and parliamentarians, but Margaret Bondfield could take time from a great career to mother those little chapped legs. It is a concrete instance of the way her religion in politics works.

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AS PRIME MINISTER MACDONALD'S MINISTER OF LABOR, MISS BONDFIELD IS BRITAIN'S FIRST WOMAN CABINET MEMBER

A Spiritual Politician

TO HER the combination is obvious. "I cannot for the life of me separate the two things," she said in an address which her close friend, Maude Royden, another great preacher, published in her little periodical. "I cannot understand how any body of Christians can separate the two things, how they can divide politics from religion. The corporate expression of conversion must work itself out in our political system. The reign of God cannot be conceived as either a plutocracy or an autocracy. The reign of God on earth, if we are to understand the implications of Christ's own words, must be an all-embracing democracy."

Do you see how simple her attitude is? She seems to brush aside all the tangle of doctrine and argument and the pros and cons, and go straight to the source. "We have got to realize that Christianity must be the motive power of the politics of the twentieth century, that it is only through a realization of the message of Christ that we are ever going to get the reign of God established," she went on.

And now see how she visualizes life, the great power inherent in all things:

"Behind this great evolution of society there is this gigantic spiritual force, stronger than all the material forces and yet working through material things, working through the conquest of coal, of iron, of steel, of the air, and of the sea, working through these wonderful inventions of the twentieth century."

Coal and iron and steel. Think of a politician and trade-union leader who can come, time and again, from hot, noisy, quarrelsome meetings where man fights man; can come, weary and dusty and overworked and sometimes discouraged; and yet can hold that vision, can still see the spiritual force working through things as ugly as coal and iron and steel and strikes. Day in and day out she talks of these, and not of religion. And yet, so charged is she with this spiritual conception of everyday life, that her own vision somehow reaches her hearers and holds them, although she may be talking of nothing more apparently spiritual than the dole, or the woman voter's "sticks" of furniture, or eggs to nourish the pregnant woman worker. It is the vital secret of her phenomenal power.

For when a person rises to such outstanding position, one naturally looks about for the secret. Of course, as everyone knows, Miss Bondfield is of rare intellectual attainment and has behind her a long experience. But somehow even these facts do not altogether explain her.

When a short woman in her fifties, plump, with a light voice, moderately comely, neither very smart nor very eccentric in dress, not in any way arresting of appearance, is chosen to be leader of six million organized workers, she piques one's curiosity. When she settles a strike involving seventy thousand workers and ten million pounds; when she sweeps Northampton in election; when she is made Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labor; when, having lost one election, she wins a later one, and finally becomes the Minister of Labor him—or her—self, one asks, with American abruptness, how she puts it over.

A Crusader

FOR the most striking fact about her, at first sight, is that she isn't striking at all. And, by all the laws of publicity, this should be a serious failure. Take some of those other famous women in British politics; they are dramatic in personality, in appearance. There is Susan Lawrence, like a powerful, keen, gray man, peering at you, into you, through the haze of her ceaseless cigarettes. There is Lady Astor, of distinguished daintiness, flawlessly garbed from *cloche* to slippers, stabbing her opponents with brilliant repartee, and doing it as airily as she might waft a fan. There is Ellen Wilkinson, tiny as a child, glorified by that nationally famous red-gold bob. All these, and others, assign themselves at a glance to certain rôles; they "play up."

But there is Margaret Bondfield, suggesting nothing so much as a dearly motherlike plump bird in the nest. She is maternally pretty, and no more; she dresses agreeably, but with neither dash nor freakishness to catch the eye; she lacks the tricks and mannerisms that are easily quoted or caricatured. A little lady in summery pink silk and broad straw hat; rosy, with sparkling dark eyes and threads of white showing in dark, simply coiled hair; pleasing features, firmly modeled, full of kindly curves, but in no wise remarkable. Perhaps her most marked physical charm is a deliciously soft, plump little hand with fingers tapering to pink tips—more like the hand which the eighteenth-century painters bestowed upon their lovely ladies of idleness than the one to grasp modern politics, like a sizzling frying pan, by the handle and refuse to

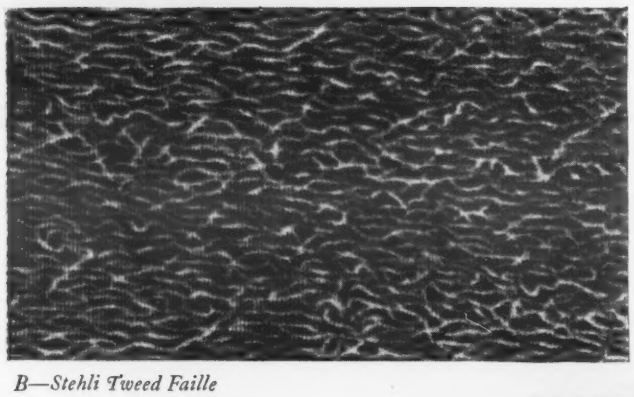
(Continued on Page 176)

Winter Fabric News

A—Ardross Wool Etamine

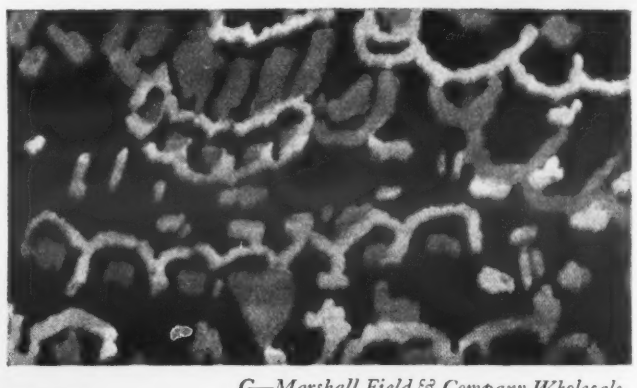
Photographs in Color by W. O. Floing

H—Cheney Velvet



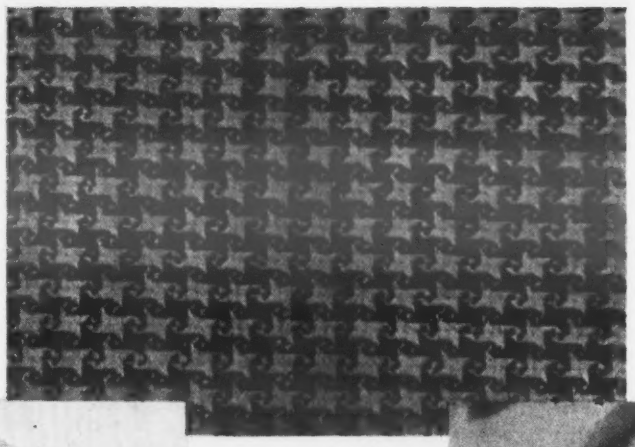
B—Stehli Tweed Faille

The smartest street frocks for early fall are created in wool, like A, the rayon-and-wool etamine, or C, which is doubly chic by reason of its pin check. Both of these fabrics come in the smart browns, blues, greens and wine reds. B, above, is a faille especially designed for use with tweeds, as a suit blouse or as a frock with an ensemble coat.

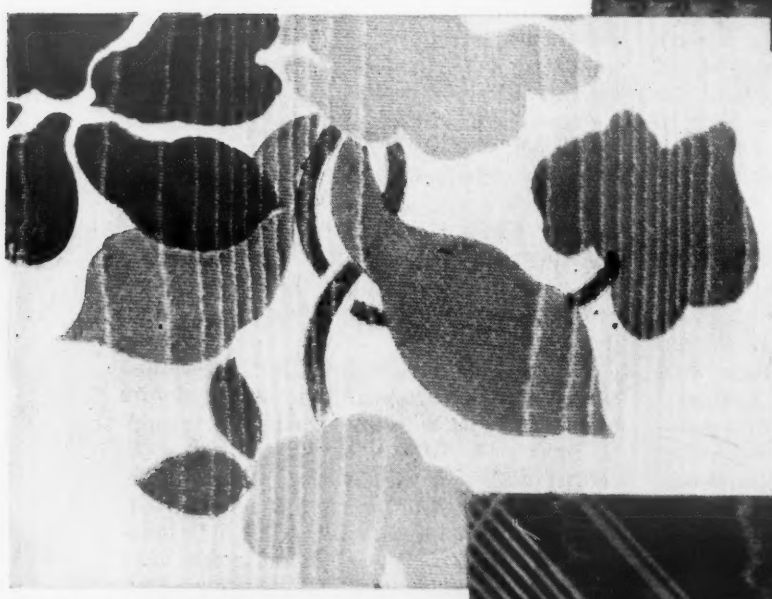


G—Marshall Field & Company Wholesale Beau Monde Printed Transparent Velvet

Velvets are smart in light shades like H, above, for afternoon wear with the very new light-color fur coats, or in darker prints like G, the "Plumage Print" above, its design inspired by a flicker's feathers, its small pattern devised to minimize the effect of creased velvet. It may be had in brown with orange, rose on black, or exquisite blues.

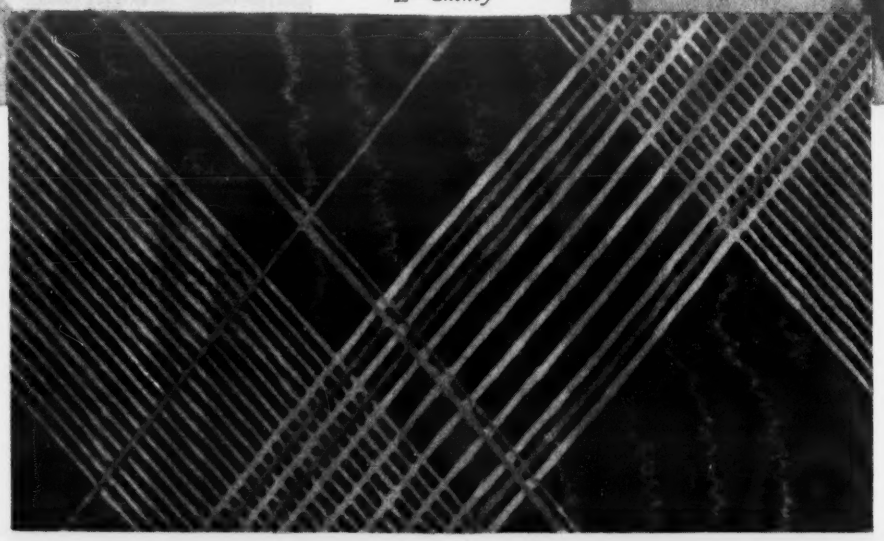


C—Gera Mills

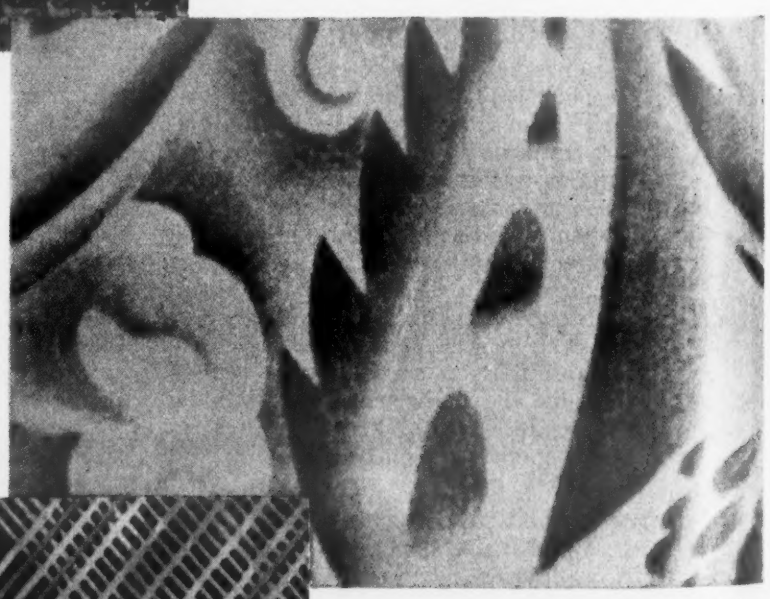


D—Celanese Printed Moire

Moires are increasingly important this season; they are particularly new for day wear in the smart greens, browns and blues, plaided in lighter colors, like E; for evening wear the Celanese moire D comes with yellow, peach, blue or white backgrounds, printed with brilliant floral designs, or in white printed with the chic capucine shades.



E—Cheney



F—Svelda Chiffon Crêpe

The modern note echoed by the Svelda chiffon crêpe made of Bemberg (F, above) is as modern as the slim floating lines of the newest evening frock, and the combinations of color, among them gray and rose, blue and lavender, and soft green with faint touches of chartreuse, are exceedingly smart as well as becoming and sophisticated.

Forecasts of Coming Fashions

By PAMELA COYNE
Fashion Editor of the Journal

THIS is the time for planning your winter wardrobe, with paper and pencil and figures and a great deal of hard thought. But the first and really the most important step is to learn what is going to be smart this season, so that you can be guided in your new purchases. At this point—September first—the general trends can be forecast and a quick review made of what is very new and very chic in the fashion world.

First, color. Browns are undoubtedly the most obvious of the newer colors. Some of these browns are definitely tinged with red, all are warm, and they incline to be dark. The choice of dark brown, almost *tête de negre*, for their summer accessories by so many chic Continental women last summer undoubtedly added to the growing prestige of these tones. Brown is, of course, a day color—for silk frocks, for tweed and woolen coats, for suits. One must be sure of one's complexion to wear it, but if it is becoming at all it can be used with amazing effectiveness. The combination of brown with chartreuse green was rather done to death last spring; the dark brown with pastel blue—faintly green tinged—or with rosy pink as introduced by Vionnet, is a newer—and a very sophisticatedly smart—combination.

Greens and blues come next in color importance. The greens are clear, with a distinctly bluish cast, and are stunning for fall dresses and ensembles. Blues are very bright, with the recent Continental preference for navy with a bright cast an important influence.

Wine reds are with us again—and other reds as well; reds of the type known as Spanish, still reflecting the great Spanish expositions; reds verging on the fuchia tones, which take a great deal of wearing and must be selected with discretion and sparingly; and reds of the luscious raspberry tones, which are more becoming.

Beiges, it is worth noting, are waning in their importance. Not that you must throw away any last year's frock which happens to be beige. Beige is too practical and attractive to die a rapid death. It will still be seen this season, but gray is undoubtedly more chic if you are considering new purchases.

Colors for Evening

FOR evening we still have capucine (nasturtium) shades; we have also pastel colors, almost all of them being smart; off-whites are legion, the "off" being provided by the faintest possible suggestion of yellows, pinks, blues or greens, so that there can be no excuse for not suiting your coloring to its best possible advantage; and these off-whites are certainly more becoming to almost everyone than dead white. A lovely clear sky blue, almost a baby blue, is important for evening, and in the evening, too, the raspberry shades which we mention above are smart.

RODIER WINTER FABRICS EMPHASIZE TWEED TYPE CALLED BURRASPOR MATCHED BY JERSEYS IN SAME TONE STOP MANY CREPE WOOLENS FLAT LIGHT TYPES SIMILAR TO FLANNEL AND VELVET SURFACED AND BUCKLED WEAVES STOP IMPORTANT COLORS INCLUDED IN RANGE BROWNS GRAY GREENS BORDEAUX CARNET LIE DE VIN

BIANCHINI WINTER SILKS FEATURE LIGHT GREEN AND BLUES AND PALE BROWNS ALSO ALL PASTELS INCLUDING PARCHMENT AND APRICOT IN PANNE SATIN PLAIN TAFFETAS MOIRE AND FAILLE FOR EVENING AND DARK BROWNS AND LIGHT NAVY FOR AFTERNOON IN PRINTED PANNE FLAMENGA AND, A NEW SATINLIKE RAYON CALLED FIORENZA

These cables from our Paris office lead us directly to fabrics. Following the sun around, we meet the woolens first. Not that the word "woolens" conveys what we mean at all. Someone remarked in our office not long ago that woolens still meant red flannels to most of us, and this department is inclined to agree and to wish that a fresh name could be invented for the exquisite new things which are being done—and with the very wool yarns that most of us shudder to think of now.

Tweeds for suits are very smart this year, particularly in the loose almost-rug weave which was featured by French fabric houses, with colored knots spotting them gayly. Tweeds are also smart for dresses and coats, or your tweed coat may be matched with jersey for the day dress. Then for the smart run-about dress which is worn for street with a fur until late in the fall there are all sorts of smart wools—the rayon-and-wool etamine shown on the opposite page, in which the rayon thread gives a gleaming touch which is charming, or the very light wool with the unusual pin check, which is also shown. Woolen crêpes, light as feathers, and coverts are also very good, and they come in a fascinating range of the new colors.

Chanel's 1200 is a typical two-piece dress from her gifted hand. The belted blouse is trimmed with stitched bands or tucks and her famous bows. The collar has an inlaid band of contrasting material, repeated at the cuffs. The skirt is wrap-around in type, with a pleat at the left side. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. The velvet cape, Design No. 1201, which we hear so much about for winter, has, as designed by Chanel, a deep collar widening out in a point at each shoulder. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Below—Chanel
1200

Chanel
1201

By "run-about frock" we mean such smart dresses as Jenny's 1196 on page 38, Chanel's 1200, Paquin's 1203 on page 45, and Premet's 1204 on page 42. We recommend for these frocks the Ardross rayon-and-wool etamine. For Jenny's 1196 we also recommend the very smart Gera Mills small check wool shown on the opposite page.

The tweed faille which is shown on the opposite page and which has been especially designed to wear with tweeds (which, as noted above, are very chic) is particularly to be considered if you select either Chanel's 1200, shown on this page, or Redfern's 1213, shown on page 45, as a frock to wear under your tweed sports and travel coat for the winter.

In silks the satin crêpe, the faille and crêpe de chine types are classic of course. For afternoon we have moire, the newest version, plaided in gay color, being shown opposite; velvets, of course, in prints which tend to be small in pattern and light in color; and panne velvet is the newest arrival in the ranks of very smart fabrics. For velvet frocks we selected the Plumage print which is shown opposite, with Lanvin's 1221, Philippe et Gaston's 1220, Lucile's 1210 and Joseph Paquin's 1203 particularly in mind. Since the stunning plaid moire which we show opposite is sure to intrigue you, it is well to say that it is particularly attractive for the Maison Paul Poiret's 1208, shown on page 40, for Lanvin's 1221 on page 38, and for Nicole Groult's 1209 on page 42.

Evening Gown Fabrics

SATINS for evening are exquisite in the pastel and off-white shades. Moires, plain or printed—like the enchanting Celanese moire on the opposite page—taffetas and panne velvets divide the field with chiffons and georgettes. Velvet and brocade are particularly smart for evening capes.

We particularly like to think of Philippe et Gaston's 1217, shown on page 40, and Drecoll Beer's 1216, shown on page 45, in the Svelda print, with bands of solid color, Svelda chiffon taking the place of the lace which is shown in our illustrations. The Celanese moire is soft and pliant enough to use for 1217 too.

The lines which were initiated last spring continue to influence the silhouette and increase their following this fall. The high waistline is a definite thing, not just a trend or a Parisian tendency. With suits, the tuck-in blouse emphasizes this. Coats are belted or cut on princesse lines. Flares are lower placed than ever before, the line being fitted by means of stitched-down pleats or like devices until well below the hips, when the flare spreads out. This can be said of both coats and dresses. In suits there is a distinctly smart return to the double-breasted jacket with notched collar and revers. Skirts are decidedly longer—three inches below the knee being the shortest which you can consider safely, and still very long for evening, with evening wraps emulating the frocks over which they are worn.

As for details, probably the increase of formality and elegance explains better than anything else the increasing number of small details—and they are all attractive. There are, for instance, lingerie collars, particularly smart in beige. They began their career with Patou's collection last spring; they were seen at the races in Paris this summer. They will be seen on smart Americans this fall, and it goes without saying that if you are sick to death of your face above an unadorned plain dark neckline, this is *your* winter.

Tuck-in blouses are newest and smartest, though one must compromise with one's figure discreetly; for daytime and sports they are mannish and apt to be in pastel colors; for wear with formal suits they are again pastel in shade, but are done in satin. Loops for belts, like those on a man's trousers, are seen at the waists of very smart sports-suit skirts.

Suits are apt to be fur-trimmed, preferably in the flat furs, with a leaning to the more handsome furs, such as Persian lamb, galyak and caracul.

Furs for coats, as we mention in connection with and explanation of the light velvets and colors for afternoon

(Continued on Page 60)

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents; Canada, 65 cents.

New Waistlines are Higher

In Our September Paris Collection

1196—"Bristol," by Jenny, a town frock in soft blue wool or crêpe marocain, the blouse cut in a bolero effect, with an inset vest of white georgette matching the cuff bands of the flaring sleeve. The skirt has a circular cut with two inset box pleats in the front, and buttons at either side of the yoke. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. 1218—"Parisienne," by Jenny, trims navy-blue crêpe marocain with varicolored bands which may be of bias crêpe de chine, grosgrain ribbon or braid. The color appears at the neck line, above the inset circular sleeve sections and as a heading for the inset circular section of the skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. 1198—"Fraicheur," by Worth, was created in his smart gray crêpe with apricot collar. The waist is high, with fitted hip line composed of many bands. The diagonal yoke and pointed cuffs are extremely new. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Jenny 1196 *Worth* 1198 *Jenny* 1218

1195—"Train Bleu," by Lanvin, features the smart light blue in a two-piece wool tailleur, with incrustations of navy-blue trimming the cuffs and notched collar of the double-breasted jacket and the circular-cut skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. 1199—Jane Régny's double-breasted two-piece suit also features the smart notched collar and has a plain skirt with inverted front pleat, four pockets and a leather belt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. 1197—"Fétiche," by Jenny, is trimmed with tiny pleated ruffles set on in the pointed movement of the uneven hem line. The scarf collar is bordered with pleating, and the frock was designed in blond crêpe marocain, for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. 1221—"Primevère," by Lanvin, uses a second tab of contrasting color to give the appearance of a shadow beneath the long tab which continues the neckband. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

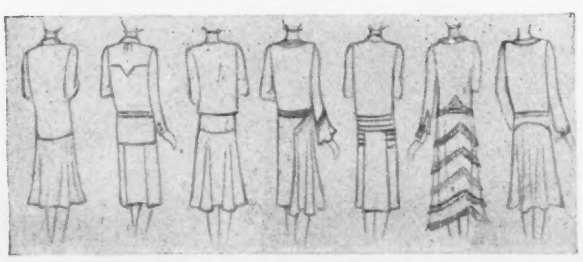
Lanvin 1195 *Jane Régny* 1199

THE dresses and costumes contributed by Jenny, Worth, Lanvin and Jane Régny to the wardrobe of the smart American woman for this fall re-emphasize various points made in the fashion editorial on Page 37.

For instance, the return to prominence of the three-piece suit—the blouse tucked inside the skirt—and in particular of the double-breasted jacket with notched collar and revers. Reps and blue serges, which are increasingly mentioned in Paris, as well as very heavy flannel, for more informal wear, are particularly good for the suits. The light navy blue so much mentioned for this fall is also featured in these suits. The smartest blouses for wear with them are of very mannish type in colors, especially in combination with navy, pink—in cottons for early fall wear, in silks for later days. With such suits, our Paris office cables, the smart French woman wears a silver fox, such as is shown on page 50, slung across the shoulder.

It is amusing to notice that Jenny's 1196, at the upper left, also reflects the importance of the tuck-in blouse, while still remaining a dress. Worth's 1198 emphasizes the high waistline and fitted hip band, and Jenny's 1197 was designed in blond crêpe marocain, fitting it particularly for wear with the new light fur coats later on in the winter.

Hats on this page, from left to right, are from Georgette, Marie Alphonsine (second and third), J. Suzanne Talbot, Florence Walton, Marcelle-Lely, Marie Alphonsine.



Jenny 1197 *Lanvin* 1221

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents; Canada, 65 cents.

Just the kind of convenient luncheon you so often want!

BUSY all morning, and so anxious to get an early start for that afternoon away from the house . . . No wonder you don't feel like spending much time in the kitchen over the luncheon things . . . Yet you simply must have substantial food . . . In a few minutes time, no more, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is all ready for the table . . . And you sit down to a luncheon of 15 different vegetables. How you do enjoy it. . . . 12 cents a can.

Although I am sick,
There's one thing I know:
My hunger for Campbell's
Seems only to grow!

AS A MEAL OR WITH THE MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

All Skirts are Longer

In Our September Paris Collection

1217—"Lady," from Philippe et Gaston, is a fascinating evening gown in chiffon and lace. The surplice bodice has an inset shirred section forming a girdle across the front only. The inset lace on the bodice is echoed by a lace hem on the irregular, longer-in-back skirt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. 1215—"Banco," by Redfern, is an inspired evening coat particularly designed for longer-in-the-back evening gowns, collared in zibeline or fox, for brocade, satin or velvet. The bodice is fitted, the skirt flaring and set on in scallops which are repeated on the dipping hem and on the flaring lower sleeve as it joins the upper sleeve. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. 1208—"Regate," from the Maison Paul Poiret, is an individual and effective frock, the blouse cut away at the side to give an Eton-jacket effect, a draped sash tying over the wide circular tunic of the skirt. Red lines the standing collar, the bows on closely fitting sleeves, and sash. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 34 to 38.

1210—Lucile's afternoon frock emphasizes the chief colors of its printed crêpe with bands on the left-side revers of the wrap-over blouse, on the shirred extensions of the wristbands which terminate the bishop sleeves, and on the tucked girdle. The shaped overskirt hangs below the hemline on each side. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. 1219—"Bigondes," from Lenief, is as distinguished as it is smart and unusual. It was created in wool etamine, with the inset-circular-skirt sections and flaring cavalier cuffs emphasized by ciré braid. The white collar is trimmed with loops of crimson georgette, and crosses to the right. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. 1220—"Eclipse," by Philippe et Gaston, is a stunning afternoon frock, designed in black satin with irregular overskirt and pointed waistband. The deep pointed inset yoke, finishing in a scarf end at the back, and the pointed applied cuffs, are of beige satin. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Redfern
1215

Philippe et Gaston
1217

Maison Paul Poiret
1208
Georgette Hat

Lucile
1210
Marie Christiane Hat

NOT only are all skirts longer, but skirts for evening are very long, and likely to remain so, with evening coats patterning their hemlines upon them. Skirts for afternoon are themselves rather inclined to length of an uneven sort. Three inches below the knee is the shortest even hemline which one can choose with safety, and one's afternoon frock is apt to be considerably longer at various points in its career. The progression is perfectly logical—greater formality, greater length—for elegance and formality must depend, today, largely upon line, and line demands length.

The days of the uniform having passed away, street and sports clothes are still fairly standardized by external conditions—but in one's afternoon frocks one may choose a more personal, unusual type if one wishes. Suiting one's clothes to one's type is one of the greatest charms of selecting one's wardrobes from the authentic creations of French houses. We particularly recommend the Maison Paul Poiret's 1208 for the sophisticated woman of any age, Lucile's 1210 for the older woman whose fashion genre is feminine, Lenief's 1219 for the young and dashing, and Philippe et Gaston's 1220 for the *élégante* who is tall, distinguished and stately.

Lenief
1219
Patou Hat

Philippe et Gaston
1220
Georgette Hat

Marion Glynn

VOTED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE ARTS

by John Barrymore
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.
F. Scott Fitzgerald

MISS JULIA EVANS, *of St. Louis, Missouri, chosen from among Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most beautiful woman in the arts. She is photographed here with the famous Benda masks.*

"BEWILDERING"—the judges found their task when it came to choosing the most beautiful woman in the arts among users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Every type, every locality, seemed to be represented. There was a slim little golden-haired dancer from California. There was a grave-faced young violinist from Pennsylvania, with a head that might have been engraved on a Greek coin. There was a curly-haired art student from Kansas City—a tall young sculptress from Connecticut—and out of San Antonio, Texas, came the lovely laughing face of a singer of Spanish folk songs.

From hundreds of entrants the judges chose Miss Julia Evans, a young dramatic student of St. Louis.

★

Her beauty is very distinguished, very individual, with something rich and golden about it that somehow suggests the rippling play of light on Western wheat-fields. Long lovely lines that give her most unconscious attitudes a wonderful plastic grace—a slightly husky contralto voice full of haunting undertones and overtones—a face as beautifully modeled as a statue's, but warm with color and life.

She is a member of "The Players" of St. Louis and has played in various amateur productions. She is "serious" about the stage—hopes to act professionally some day—and is all on the side of the revolutionists in drama.

When asked about her lovely skin—fair, warm in color, as if the sun had given it just a hint of the gold that is in her hair and in her voice—Miss Evans said that she had used Woodbury's for years, and that she found it matchless for keeping her skin in good condition.

"I know Woodbury's must be absolutely pure, for while other soaps have a tendency to irritate my skin, Woodbury's has just the opposite effect. It gives it an almost velvety softness. I love the feeling of my skin right after I have used Woodbury's—refreshed, invigorated—deliciously smooth."

FROM all over the country their letters come to us—letters from the beautiful girls and women of every community—telling how Woodbury's Facial Soap has benefited their skin. Only a few of their photographs can be printed in this series—only an indication of the thousands of women throughout America whom Woodbury's has helped to gain and keep a fresh, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today and see how much it will do for *your* skin. *You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"*

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JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Practical Daytime Frocks

From Our September Paris Collection

1205—"Promenade," by Dœuillet-Doucet, is an afternoon frock for silk crêpe or satin crêpe. The skirt flounces are circular and drawn down to a point in front, but in back run straight across, echoing the two deep tucks of the blouse. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. 1206—"Biarritz," by Dœuillet-Doucet, is a three-piece suit, the blouse trimmed with applied bands of contrasting color. The skirt has a deep-pointed hipband and double box pleats at the front. The short jacket which completes the ensemble has a close-fitting, buttoned hipband. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. 1214—"Helios," by Redfern, has a roll collar on the wrap-over blouse, which, like the inset circular section in the circular skirt, is of contrasting color. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

Florence Walton Hat

Dœuillet-Doucet 1205

1209—"Mardi," by Nicole Groult, is an ideal frock for the new moire prints or velvet prints that are smart this fall, particularly with fur coats. Bands of contrasting material, emphasizing the color of the print or in unexpected contrast, are applied at the V-neck line, wrists, belt and at the joining of the circular flounce at the bottom of the skirt. This low flare is particularly smart. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. 1204—"La Gazette," by Premet, is an ideal model for the first fall "runabout" dress in lightweight woolen. The circular skirt comes up to a point on each side of the front, the waistline being slightly fitted. An applied shaped band outlines the inset pointed vest with its white frill and turnover collar. Frilled cuffs echo the smart lingerie touch. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

THE business woman finds her wardrobe a problem apart. Realizing that her appearance may be a determining factor in her business career, she is particularly interested in the smart and the new—but good taste, especially in the office, precludes fads and extremes.

These five dresses proclaim their own smartness—they are authentic Paris creations, each with its own fashion interest—but they have been especially selected for the wardrobes of business women.

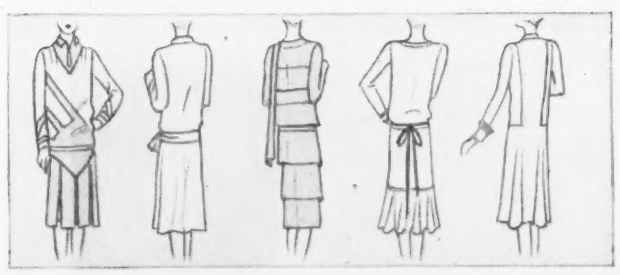
Dœuillet-Doucet's 1206 is a two-piece sports costume which the business woman will find suitable if she has reproduced it in the darker "street" shades—and it will fill the dual roll of providing her with a smart sports costume for week-end fall days. Nicole Groult's 1209 in printed silk can be worn on the street without a wrap during the first warm fall days and later with a cloth or fur coat through the winter. The high waist and low-placed flounce are of fashion importance, but neither feature is too exaggerated for office wear.

Premet's 1204 is a charming wool dress for all-winter use. The vest and cuffs may be of white or pastel color, and provide a pleasant touch of variety which is smart as well.

For the occasions when the business woman plans to go directly from her office to a dinner engagement, Dœuillet-Doucet's 1205 and Redfern's 1214 are suitably formal without being fussy.

Dœuillet-Doucet 1206 Thénault Hat

Redfern 1214 Patou Hat



Nicole Groult 1209 J. Suzanne Talbot Hat

Premet 1204 Marie Alphonsine Hat

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents; Canada, 65 cents.

Piquante — Vivacious — Chic

MRS GIFFORD PINCHOT II

A lovely young Parisian-American reveals the French philosophy of Beauty

LOVELY young Parisian—welcome to America! Born and bred in France, you bring its sunshine in your smile. As the bride of a New Yorker of distinguished name and family, your pretty ways and sparkling wit have won all hearts.

You are so beautiful, with your golden hair and laughing brown eyes and your flawless fair skin sun-tanned to coppery sheen. A true "October blonde"! Tell us your French philosophy of beauty! What is the secret of your inimitable charm?

"This is our rule," says Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II: "Be always meticulously groomed, *toujours soignée!* For beauty in France is chic, and chic is smartness, simplicity, fastidious perfection of detail.

"Yet, after all, it is to your clever America that we owe four wonderful ways to guard our loveliness—simply, swiftly, surely."

Delightedly the young Parisian announced her discovery:

"Just the four steps of Pond's Method—faithfully followed every day and never omitted—will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and fresh and clear.

"The Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing is the best I have found anywhere. The dainty Cleansing Tissues are the perfect way to remove cold cream. The perfumed Skin Freshener to tone and firm the skin bestows the gift of youth, and the delicious Vanishing Cream for powder base keeps your skin like velvet. In all the world," she summed it all up with her flashing smile, "nothing is finer or purer than Pond's four delightful preparations."

MRS. PINCHOT adds an illustrious new name to the long list of beautiful women, distinguished for their elegance in the exclusive circles of America and Europe, who are devoted users of Pond's. They follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

DURING THE DAY—First, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, patting with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes, letting the fine oils penetrate every pore. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are so much softer, more absorbent—such a saving of laundry and towels.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm, and preserve the youthful contour of your face and throat.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. The coupon brings trial sizes of all four preparations. Try them!

Beautiful MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT II *was recently married to the young American scientist and sportsman of this distinguished family. She was Mademoiselle Janine Voisin of Paris, daughter of the famous French "industriel." A radiant October blonde, her golden hair and laughing brown eyes contrast with her flawless fair skin. Imagine this lovely coloring set off by the splendor of this Russian evening coat of crimson velvet embroidered in gold!*

(right) *She is enchanting in evening dress, with her lovely neck and arms. Her Lanvin frock is of ivory taffeta and tulle.*

(below) *On her Florida honeymoon, this young Parisian discovered the delights of deep-sea fishing. A keen sportswoman, she rides, drives, swims and dives superbly.*

(left) *Pond's four delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream, and Skin Freshener to banish oiliness after cold cream cleansing.*

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Left—Colonial home designed by William Clifford, Jr., architect. Below—Living-room of this house decorated by Hazel Dell Brown, Armstrong's Bureau of Interior Decoration. Floor is Armstrong's Linoleum No. 68.

See Each Room...

mirrored in miniature

before you begin to decorate

RIGHT in front of your eyes, complete room ensembles—draperies, wall effects, woodwork finishes, even the floors! Not merely colors, but actual materials. You feel the texture. You see the pattern. Wouldn't that take the difficulty out of decoration? Make you certain of results before you spend your money? Be a genuine inspiration for *doing* rooms that are distinctly different?

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Just one cost-free consideration. Each color scheme you receive will be based on an Armstrong's Linoleum Floor. All we ask is that you see the floors suggested, learn for yourself what modern Armstrong's Linoleum really looks like. And that won't take much of your time, for the latest Armstrong Floor designs are now on display in department, furniture, and linoleum stores right near your home.

There's good reason for you to start your decoration with the floor. It's the largest single area in a room—the foundation, the background for everything else. That's why so many decorators and architects are turning to Armstrong's Linoleum Floors when they plan their fine interiors. The exact effect, the exact color to fit the spirit of any type of room, can be found today in an Armstrong Floor.

And installed so easily, too! In a new home, a single tongue-and-groove underfloor is sufficient (that means money saved). In an old home, your Armstrong Floors are installed right over the old worn wood. In both, a warm cushioning lining of builders' lining felt, then your linoleum—trimly tailored, built-in to fit every nook and cranny. The whole job is quick, botherless, yet permanent!

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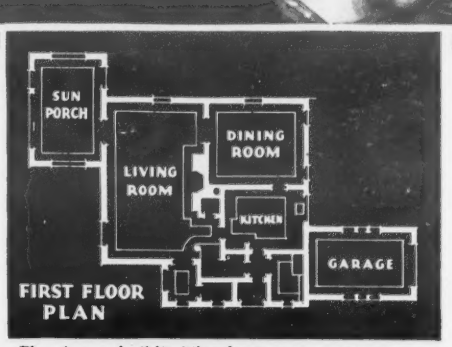
Of course, some floors may need frequent washing (kitchens, halls, baths). Simply renew the finish occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)



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* * *

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Fall Costumes for the Matron

From Our September Paris Collection

1212—Lucile's informal dinner frock for the matron is of black georgette, with blond lace simulating a bolero on the blouse, edging the sleeves and the circular-cut skirt which opens in front over a fitted foundation. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 46. 1207—Dœuillet-Doucet designs a matron's coat with set-on flounces echoed by shaped set-on trimming for the sleeves. In wool with collar and cuffs of a smart flat fur. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 46. 1211—Lucile's smart afternoon frock for the older woman combines black satin effectively with two shades of crêpe. The asymmetric banding of the white blouse with gray crêpe de chine is particularly interesting. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Lucile *Drecoll-Beer*

1216—Drecoll-Beer dresses the matron for evening in a simply and gracefully cut gray georgette frock trimmed with matching lace inset. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40. 1203—Joseph Paquin's morning frock for the matron, wraps to the left, has an uneven hemline and is trimmed with applied bands or braid. Designed, in navy blue wool, for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 46. 1202—Joseph Paquin creates a smart travel coat for the matron in tweed, stitched and collared with fur. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. 1213—Redfern's gray crêpe-de-chine morning dress has wide revers becoming to the mature figure, and a circular skirt with inverted pleats in front. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

Dœuillet-Doucet—1207 *Jane Blanchot Hat*
Lucile—1211 *J. Suzanne Talbot Hat*
Joseph Paquin—1203 *Jane Blanchot Hat*
Joseph Paquin—1202 *Marie Christiane Hat*
Redfern—1213 *Georgette Hat*

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents each; Canada, 65 cents.

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WHEN you use Paris Patterns you wear Paris clothes.

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How are you going to make it feel and look as fresh as spring again? (Not by smoothing on a bit of cream—that's the doctor's word on it!) Again and again doctors insist that only *washing* with a pure soap really frees the pores . . . really removes the deep-in soil which is the greatest enemy of a lovely skin.

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PROCTER & GAMBLE

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FREE! A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different skins? For hair, hands, figures? The 'why' of wrinkles." Send a post card for "*On the Art of Being Charming*" to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VJ-9, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

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Authentic Paris Chic is Easy to Achieve

PHOTO. BY FRANK PALMER

Redfern—1135

THE year 1929 will be remembered by countless grateful women as the year when a great difference between good and indifferent dressing ceased to exist. This difference was the availability to the American woman of authentic last-minute Paris fashions.

There used to be—so short a time ago that we can all remember—the woman who could afford to dress in Paris, or in the smartest shops at home. You could always pick her out at parties, in the theater, on the street. Her dresses had, somehow, an air about them. It might be only the way a polka-dotted tie contrasted with a cleverly cut pink blouse, or the cut of a skirt, or the drapery sweeping down to the ankles from an evening décolletage. Whatever the reason, there she was, as smart and as distinguishable as the creative art and inspiration of great dressmakers could make her. And she stood out among an eddy of the others who dressed in moderately expensive ready-made clothes, almost—but not quite—perfect in fit, with compromises in color and pattern and cut, perhaps, which were occasioned by the fact that the "Moderately Priced Dress Section" had not had quite what they were looking for.

About as well dressed were the women whose frocks were made for them by dressmakers, although a certain sameness in general pattern and a certain lack of originality were distinctly evident in their dress. They were the top of a very rapidly sliding scale which reached its lowest ebb with the woman who "ran up" her own dresses at home, and naturally selected something very simple, which, though it lacked such pitfalls as may beset the amateur dressmaker, also lacked inspiration.

Philippe et Gaston—1022

PHOTO. BY PINCHOT

PHOTO. BY PINCHOT

BUT in 1929—February of 1929, to be exact—these hard and fast lines began to fade and women with fashion wisdom, whether they had Rue de la Paix or bargain-basement pocketbooks, realized that the introduction of Paris designs from which they could select their dresses was of importance to them. We do not mean that the difference is absolutely indistinguishable now. But those details, the clever color combinations, the amusing cuffs, the new waistlines—sufficiently ahead of the mode to be interesting, but not so far ahead as to be bizarre and conspicuous—are possible for anyone.

But, comes the objection, in the first place, how do we really know that those dresses are designed in Paris? And, second—a very important second—aren't these original, Paris-designed dresses too complicated and difficult for anyone but the most professional couturier to attempt to make?

We would like to send out with every dress design an autographed letter from the head of the house where it is designed, saying that it is as authentically a true Parisian *grande couture* frock as though it were purchased between the four gray or mauve or modernistic walls where its creator works. Obviously, this is impossible. But the statement is nevertheless true—a sketch, a complete dress in muslin, gives us the working model for each design, and details are not tampered with. The dress as it was designed in Paris is there for your selection. Seeing is believing. Hence we are publishing the very smart photographs which you see on this page. The young women who are wearing the dresses—every stitch of which, every operation, from cutting to finishing, they did themselves—are not professional seamstresses. They are college students.

The Bryn Mawr student at the top of the page is also a New York debutante. She makes many of her own clothes, and chose for a summer wardrobe a Redfern dress, Design No. 1135.

The photographs at the bottom of the page show you a Pratt Institute student, photographed in the Philippe et Gaston dress, Design No. 1022, which she made for this fall.

She chose this particular model because the loose bolero back with its unexpected buttons, the belt with its "tricky" interlace fastening, were unusual and amusing—but she found it easy to make even in the angora in which you see it photographed. And angora isn't so easy to work with, after all.

ACTUALLY designed in France—in Paris, more exactly—these designs are made in this country, cut to American-figure proportions and measurements in American standard sizes. They are cut, moreover, accurately and carefully. And the charts and directions that accompany them are clearly written for American readers to follow. They are as simple as it is possible to make them.

Some of the most interesting "tricks of the trade" hints on draping, putting a dress together on a dress form, how to manipulate it so that it will have the graceful and correct hang of a custom-made frock, have been incorporated in an interesting booklet by Miss Rose Baird, which we will be glad to send you if you will address your request, with a two-cent stamp, to the Fashion Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents; Canada, 65 cents.

Worth
Florence Walton Hat

London Trades
Marcelle-Lely Hat

Schiaparelli
Marcelle-Lely Hat

Jane Régny
J. Suzanne Talbot Hat

Chéruit
Le Monnier Hat

Paris Emphasizes Youth This Fall

THE models on this page, chosen from recent Paris collections, interpret a youthful guidance for early autumn. They serve as fashion barometers for newness in line, fabric and color. The model at the extreme left, from Worth, named Où Vas-Tu, illustrates the tighter jacket made with easy but fitted lines; and shows the tendency to straighten the skirt in a suit. The model is made in soft blue duvetyn. The mannish blouse, worn inside the normal line of the skirt, is made of pink silk shirting. It has a soft turnover collar and tucked front quite like some of the men's evening shirts. This color contrast is important, especially in the shades of blue with pink. Even the detail of the large square, which one can use as a scarf, as shown in the illustration, or tie around the wrist, is pink with a blue-plaid border. The hat shown on this figure is from Florence Walton. One should choose it in blue for the costume, but the original is made in soft green felt. Its long side at the right, and up-brim almost crumpled in effect, but made with fine tuckings, are considered chic.

Second from the left is a smart frock from London Trades, aptly called First Choice. Fine beige jersey is used for this simple, inspired model. The scarf, a beige printed brown tuslikasha, slips through slits in the front; and the brown tone is repeated in the slim brown-leather belt. This idea of matching a printed scarf with its deepest tone in the belt is accepted by many of the smartest women in Paris. Marcelle-Lely created this two-toned hat.

Schiaparelli's suit is shown in the center of the page. The slim jacket with its upstanding collar, almost concealed by the soft collar of the white blouse, its slim skirt with pockets just where the hands fall while the arms are in repose, and the fact that it is made in a striped deep-red tweed worked on the bias in the jacket are essential points which it conveys concerning the new mode. The hat, illustrated with Schiaparelli's suit, "Number 344," is a béret from Marcelle-Lely, the two girls who have made a notable success in Paris recently. For wear with this tailleur one would choose black or deep red, but the original is made in navy felt, with three pleats at the side.

The fourth variation in the street costume which we have selected for you is that from Chéruit—Madame Wormser—shown second from the right. The name is Tangara, and it is made in a mixed tweed of beigy-brown tints with a dash of golden orange in its coloring. The longish coat, fitted about the hips and buttoned almost full length, is one of the newest notes seen in Paris for the fall mode. Chéruit shows this type of costume with the blouse worn inside or outside the skirt.

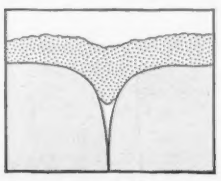
The little Dutch type of hat shown with the model is from Le Monnier. The original is in navy-blue felt with an outline of a bowknot encrusted in white in the crown.

At the extreme right is an ensemble from Jane Régny in a beige-and-brown-tweed mixture piped with yellow broadcloth. She calls this Ormesson, and the three pieces—pullover blouse, skirt and coat—are in the same material. The blouse is interesting with its buttons placed part way up the front and its slim line and inset collar. This is another instance of the rather mannish type of blouse for sports or street wear. The coat is quite collarless, which is not only smart in itself but induces one to have a rich fox to wear with it if the days are cool. Red fox should be chosen for this particular model.

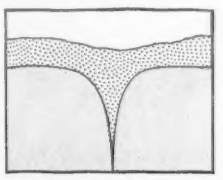
The J. Suzanne Talbot hat, illustrated with the Régny costume, is composed of black-and-white felt, with importance given to the black side with its wing points in felt.

How this Penetrating Foam cleans your Teeth better

Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

. . . *and only 25¢* The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.

Colgate's not only polishes the outer surfaces . . . it cleanses completely, because it washes the impurities from the tiny tooth-crevices.

DON'T be content with merely polishing the outer surface of your teeth—any toothpaste can do that. Use the dentifrice designed especially to go down into all those little crevices and fissures where impurities collect, and where ordinary brushing cannot reach.

Recent scientific tests prove that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any other leading toothpaste, because of a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") possessed by the bubbling foam into which Colgate's breaks when brushed on teeth. This active foam gets down into every tiny crevice, softening and dislodging the decaying impurities and washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe, yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but, because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where ordinary brushing can't . . . to a degree not found in ordinary toothpastes.

Remember, the function of a toothpaste is to *clean* the teeth. No toothpaste can cure pyorrhea; no toothpaste can correct an acid condition of the mouth. Colgate's does not claim to do these things—but it *does* claim to clean teeth better!

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1664, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. FREE
Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

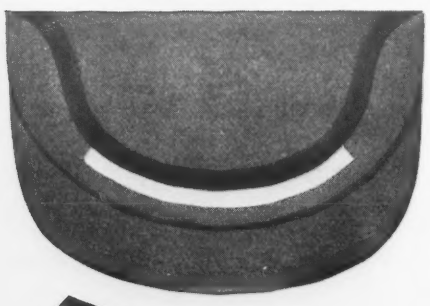
Address.....

Accessories Selected for Paris Frocks

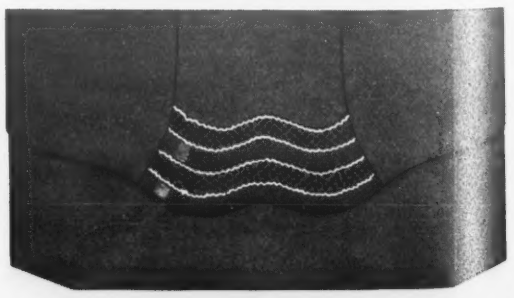
For morning, street and travel the ensemble bases its harmony on a note of tailored serviceability. The Knapp-Felt hat "Highways" is of stitched felt, banded in grosgrain. Its lines are smart and becoming, and it may be worn with a brim turned down to shade the eyes in front, and up in the back, or vice versa; in all the smartest fall colors. In the same tailored tone are shoes for street from I. Miller. The all-leather heel is extremely smart, and the shoe may be had in brown, tan or black kidskin, with trimming of matching lizard. Tailored gloves of pigskin, one-button, are from Louis Meyers and Sons. The classic silver fox is a handsome accessory, always chic with tailored or more formal costumes, too beautiful to be affected by momentary fads.

The passing of sports-clothes-all-around-the-clock, the increased formality of this winter's mode, make it necessary to add several "afternoon" frocks to one's wardrobe, and also the accessories to accompany them. The beautifully designed afternoon slipper below, and the purse which matches it, may be had in suède trimmed with kidskin, or in kidskin trimmed with the same leather. In navy, bottle-green, black, brown or antique red; from I. Miller.

We have selected the unusually smart pump and its matching bag, which are illustrated below, because they are particularly happy accessories for the chic matron's afternoon frocks and ensembles which we are showing in our Paris collection this month. The pump and purse are trimmed with an effective but conservative arrangement of gold pinking and lizard. They may be had in suède or kidskin in the popular fall shades; from I. Miller.



For evening the classic pump is given an unusual touch by a slender strap and brilliant-set buckle motif; it may be had in black or white crêpe, or may be tinted to match one's frock. It is also available in street shades of kidskin and suède for wear with afternoon frocks; from I. Miller. Formal daytime gloves are worn decidedly longer, wrinkled about the wrist outside the cuff. The top pair above are a very soft velvety suède finish, from Fownes Brothers. The return of long gloves for evening in the favor of the smart Frenchwoman is another revived formality. Sixteen-button mousquetaire white glacé-kid gloves from Louis Meyers and Sons.



Old Dutch is the greatest forward step in modern cleaning efficiency

It Safeguards the home with Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch Cleanser is the greatest forward step in modern cleaning efficiency because it cleans perfectly—doesn't scratch. Furthermore, it makes cleaning so much easier—so much more convenient and economical, and most important of all, brings *Healthful Cleanliness.*

When you use Old Dutch, you employ the most modern, advanced and practical method of cleaning. It is especially adapted to proper care of the finest up-to-date porcelain, enamel and polished tile. The very fact that Old Dutch is ideally suited to these highly glazed surfaces is your assurance that it can be used for all cleaning purposes with absolute safety and most satisfactory results. Old Dutch is absolutely safe because it is entirely free from harsh, scratchy grit. Free from acids or caustic. It is not a chemical.

Old Dutch Cleanser safeguards your family with *Healthful Cleanliness.* Its flaky, flat-shaped particles possess distinctive, detergent energy. They capture and remove the invisible impurities, as well as the visible dirt, assuring wholesome, hygienic cleanliness. Old Dutch creates a standard of cleanliness that should and can be constantly maintained.

You will find it so handy to have a can of Old Dutch in the kitchen, another in the bathroom and one in the laundry. It simplifies cleaning—saves steps and energy—keeps everything spick and span. Old Dutch is kind to the hands; doesn't irritate or roughen the skin. A little Old Dutch goes a long way.

© 1929 The C. P. Co.

New Lines for a New Season

MANY models of this season derive their flowing lines from circular-cut flounces, godets and bands that are applied on skirts which flare out from slim blouses shaped in the princesse manner.

In the lower left corner, Design No. 6254 illustrates this mode with an adjusted hipline and circular panels on the skirt. The applied neckband knots with fluttering ends. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 50. The frock interprets the new lines for the mature figure.

The ensemble, second from the left, Design No. 6252, characterizes sports simplicity. The dress crosses over in front like a vest, and applied diagonal pieces trim the coat on the cuffs and pockets. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 46.

Shown next is Design No. 6255, a charming afternoon dress. A circular jabot crosses the blouse, and flounces decorate the skirt dipping in a low curve on one side. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 48.

Third from the right, Design No. 6251, is a distinctive daytime and street dress trimmed at the diagonally shaped neck with a flatly applied bow in a contrasting shade which is echoed on the sleeves. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

The fur-trimmed coat second from the right, Design No. 6258, derives its gently flaring motion from its circular-cut skirt and slightly adjusted waist. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

At the extreme right, Design No. 6257, a spectator sports or street frock displays its chic in a checked material. The blouse V's over a crossed gilet, and the skirt flares with box and inverted pleats. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 46.

6253—Cape with adjusted shoulders and circular flounces. Scarf looped behind. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

6256—Gown in the new princesse style made in six sections with scalloped hem. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

6249—A smart vest frock with adjusted waist and circular skirt flounces. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

6250—Coat with dipping hem, flared skirt, rolled collar and full sleeves. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 52.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses 45 cents.

MR. ARTIST, PLEASE DRAW THIS KIND OF PICTURE
TO ILLUSTRATE THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Draw the kind of woman who takes great pride in her home, from cellar to attic — for this is a Fels–Naptha advertisement.

She may have a little house. She may have a big house. But whichever it is, she runs it sensibly and capably. Her work goes along like clock–work — she plans things to save herself as much as possible. That's why she uses Fels–Naptha.

(Since you are an artist, you may not know much about household things, so we'll explain. Fels–Naptha is the soap that gives extra help. It's more than soap alone. It's good golden soap combined with plenty of naptha. Naptha is the safe, gentle dirt–loosener dry cleaners use. Naturally, the soap and naptha, working together, result in extra help. This extra help makes Fels–Naptha get clothes clean clear through with–out hard rubbing. So — picture the sort of woman who appreciates a real bargain in washing value.)

Of course we can't tell you just how she'll look, the color of her hair and eyes,—but she will be bright, trim and attractive. You know — the sort of woman who reasons things out for herself. They're quickest to take advantage of the extra help that Fels–Naptha can give.

As to what you have the woman doing, that's up to you. Of course Fels–Naptha's main job is helping with the weekly wash, so you might show her doing that. If you do, you can have her at either tub or washing machine, for Fels–Naptha works well in both of them. She might be hanging out the clothes, and if she is, put a lot of breeze and sun–shine into the picture — something to show the airy freshness of clothes that are home–washed with Fels–Naptha.

Another idea might be to have her smelling a bar of Fels–Naptha, for that's the test thousands of women have made to prove to themselves that this soap holds plenty of naptha. (You can smell the clean naptha odor in every bar.) Or then again, you can show her doing household cleaning, for Fels–Naptha is welcome extra help for that, too.

FELS & COMPANY
Philadelphia.

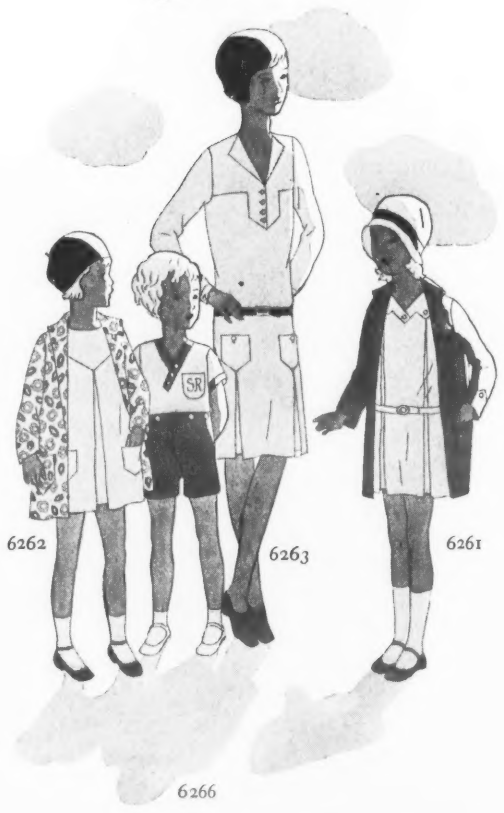
© 1929, Fels & Co.

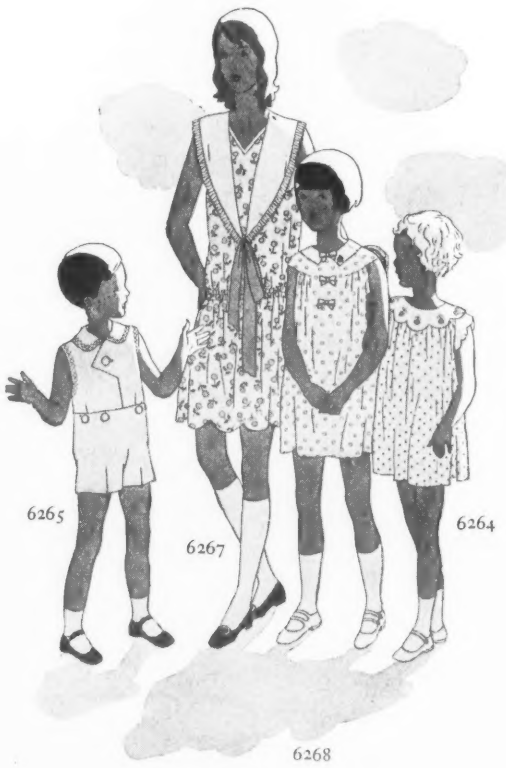
These are the Latest Fashions for the Very Small

THIS is a day and age of specialization; the child is not forgotten in the fashion world of today—special children's patterns and styles and accessories are created, special fabrics are designed, with a child's eye and fancy and a mother's practical views in mind, special theories of dress and comfort and color are advanced. Here is a page, then, of news of this junior fashion world, the younger fashionables of today.

The ensemble idea which has grown to be second nature to the older fashionables may seem on first thought a bit sophisticated for the very young generation. But there is something about having a coat and dress which go together which is almost as exciting as first pockets and tiny pocketbooks. The thin cotton coat may have several washable cotton dresses to match it for first school days, and Design No. 6262 shows just how charming four-to-ten-year-olds can look in a figured coat with a little frock of solid color under it. For such a coat we suggest the Dumarette print, which comes in blue, rose, green, lavender or red and yellow, lined with solid color and with dresses matching the lining, or the printed Sudanette, with solid-color Sudanette lining and frocks. Amusing color combinations are possible, such as a blue printed coat, lined with lavender and having both lavender and blue dresses to wear with it, or a green printed coat lined with yellow and worn with either yellow or green dresses. This latter combination of green and yellow, by the way, is very much seen just now in the children's specialty shops in Paris.

The ensemble dress is very simple, with a pointed yoke in front and back, an inverted pleat in the center front and at the underarm on each side, applied pockets and full bishop sleeves with pointed cuffs. The little coat is straight, with patch pockets, turnback pointed cuffs and a standing collar.



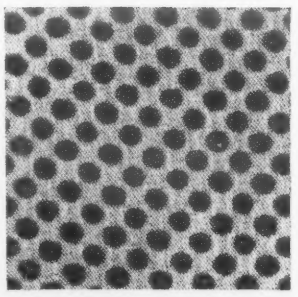


LATER on in the fall the ensemble with a woolen jacket is worn to school. In Design No. 6261 the coat, with its standing collar, patch pockets and pointed sleeve-trimming band, may be made in the incredibly light—but nevertheless warm—rayon-and-wool from Arlington Mills, and the dress, with its pointed yoke buttoning to the right and an inverted pleat laid under it at each side, may be made of the same wool for greater warmth. The ensemble is designed for ages 6 to 14 years. A heavier wool, from Lisbon, is shown in the lower right-hand corner of the page. It is a tweedlike mixture of the type which is so smart for small and grown-up fashionables alike.

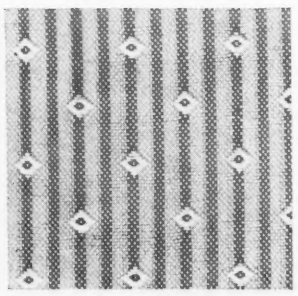
SMALL boys are dressed in mannish suits with trousers buttoned onto waists and with very tailored trimming. For early fall Design No. 6266, designed for ages 2 to 6, the V neck trimmed with an appliquéd band—the type of trimming most often used in smart French children's clothes just now—or Design No. 6265, designed for ages 2 to 6, with short or long sleeves, the collar matched by rounded cuffs, could be made with figured shorts and plain blouse, or a printed blouse with trousers of solid color. The sturdy wearing quality of Sudanette and its smartly simple print design recommend it particularly for such combinations.

The older daughter's school dress, Design No. 6263, designed for ages 6 to 14, has a pointed, shaped yoke in front, pointed pockets under which are laid inverted pleats, a straight yoke across the plain back and long bishop sleeves with close wristbands. Svelda shirting—of Bemberg—because it wears and washes so well, is as practical as is Arlington Mills rayon-and-wool, or Botany challis, which comes in several charming prints.

Design No. 6267 is for parties and afternoons. The skirt is full and is attached to the blouse with two rows of shirring. Designed for ages 6 to 14. Soft finish Celanese taffeta comes in gay colorings which are not too sophisticated for party frocks. Cheney printed Rillora (an easily washed radium) crêpe, with its enchanting hunting scenes, will intrigue any child, while the Beverly rayon flat crêpe which we are showing suits an entirely different type. The very small girl wears such dresses as Designs Nos. 6264 and 6268, the former designed for ages 2 to 8, with scalloped collar and gathered at the neck in front, back and across the shoulders, the latter designed for ages 2 to 8, with a round yoke reaching over the shoulders a bit, shirred under the yoke, with a flat collar. They depend upon fabric for formality; in such cottons as Galey and Lord Elfin Batiste, they are worn to school, but the Beverly rayon flat crêpe makes them formal enough for parties.



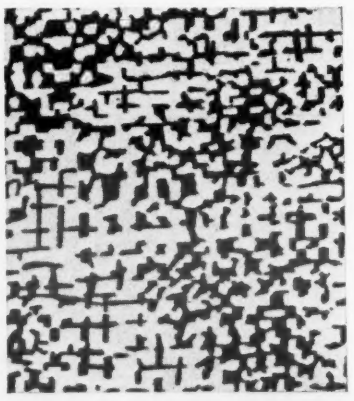
Celanese Printed Taffeta



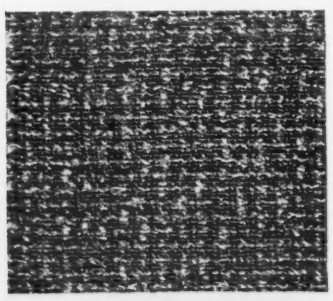
Svelda Shirting

Cheney Printed Rillora

Galey and Lord Elfin Batiste

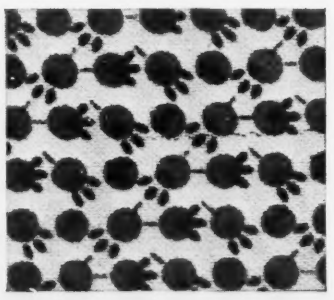


Printed Sudanette

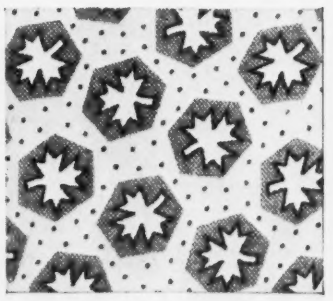


Arlington Mills Wool

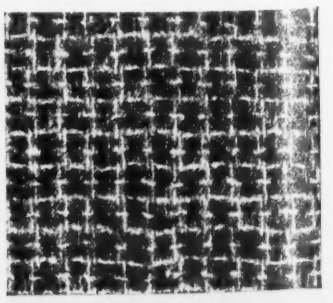
Beverly Rayon Crêpe de Chine



Botany Printed Challis



Dumarette Print



Lisbon Wool Coating

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents.

Why 9 out of 10 smart women

instinctively prefer this new sanitary protection

IT is easy to see why the use of Kotex has become a habit among women who set the standard of good taste. For such women have young ideas, young minds. They resent the old-fashioned makeshifts that meant so much work and worry. They want soft, hygienic comfort in a sanitary pad—and they want all the special advantages that Kotex has to offer, besides.

Often, it is the young women of a household who introduce Kotex. Or a doctor, a nurse . . . recommending it to safeguard health, to assure hygienic security. But, in any case, once it is used no substitutes will ever do again.

The new deodorant

To assure the utmost daintiness of person, Kotex now deodorizes by a process discovered and perfected in Kotex laboratories.

Today, Kotex is so inexpensive that home-made cheese cloth and cotton pads actually cost more. And its fleecy softness, its marvelous absorbency are unlike any substitute, no matter what the price!

Surgeons select Kotex filler

Can you imagine any more eloquent tribute to Kotex than this? Surgeons in 85% of the hospitals in this country select Kotex filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for their patients! Not only for sanitary pads, but also for surgical dressings! This is the same, identical, Kotex-made Cellucotton.

"I started to use Kotex because of my children," said a smart matron recently. "Now I wouldn't go back to the old way. This is so much more civilized—how did we ever get along without it?"

You will ask that same question, once you've tried Kotex. Study its special features, listed right here. Then buy a box and try it.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

USED IN 85% OF THE LEADING HOSPITALS

1 KOTEX FILLER is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

2 KOTEX IS SOFT—Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

3 KOTEX FILLER is far lighter than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

4 ROUNDED, TAPERED CORNERS—make for inconspicuous protection.

5 DEODORIZES . . . safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.

6 ADJUSTABLE . . . filler may be made thinner or narrower, as required.

7 DISPOSABLE completely, instantly, without laundry.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store; singly, in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12.

[*Prices slightly higher in Canada*]

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

For the first time in history, the greatest dermatologists* in America give scientific approval to a complexion soap

I was sure Camay would be a wonderful soap the minute I knew Procter and Gamble made it. And then, after I'd used it for a week or so, I discovered from my own complexion that it was as gentle and mild as the softest rain-water alone!

I was so thrilled at my discovery that I decided to go straight to the greatest complexion authorities in America and ask them if Camay wasn't the ideal soap for even the most delicate complexions.

So I did! I consulted 72 of the most eminent dermatologists in America. These physicians examined Camay's chemical analysis. They tested Camay's effect on various kinds of complexions. They used Camay themselves. So did their families.

As a result, Camay has the unanimous approval of these great scientists—something no other complexion soap *ever* received before!

Many of these physicians went much further than a formal approval. A professor of dermatology in the largest medical school west of the Rockies says:

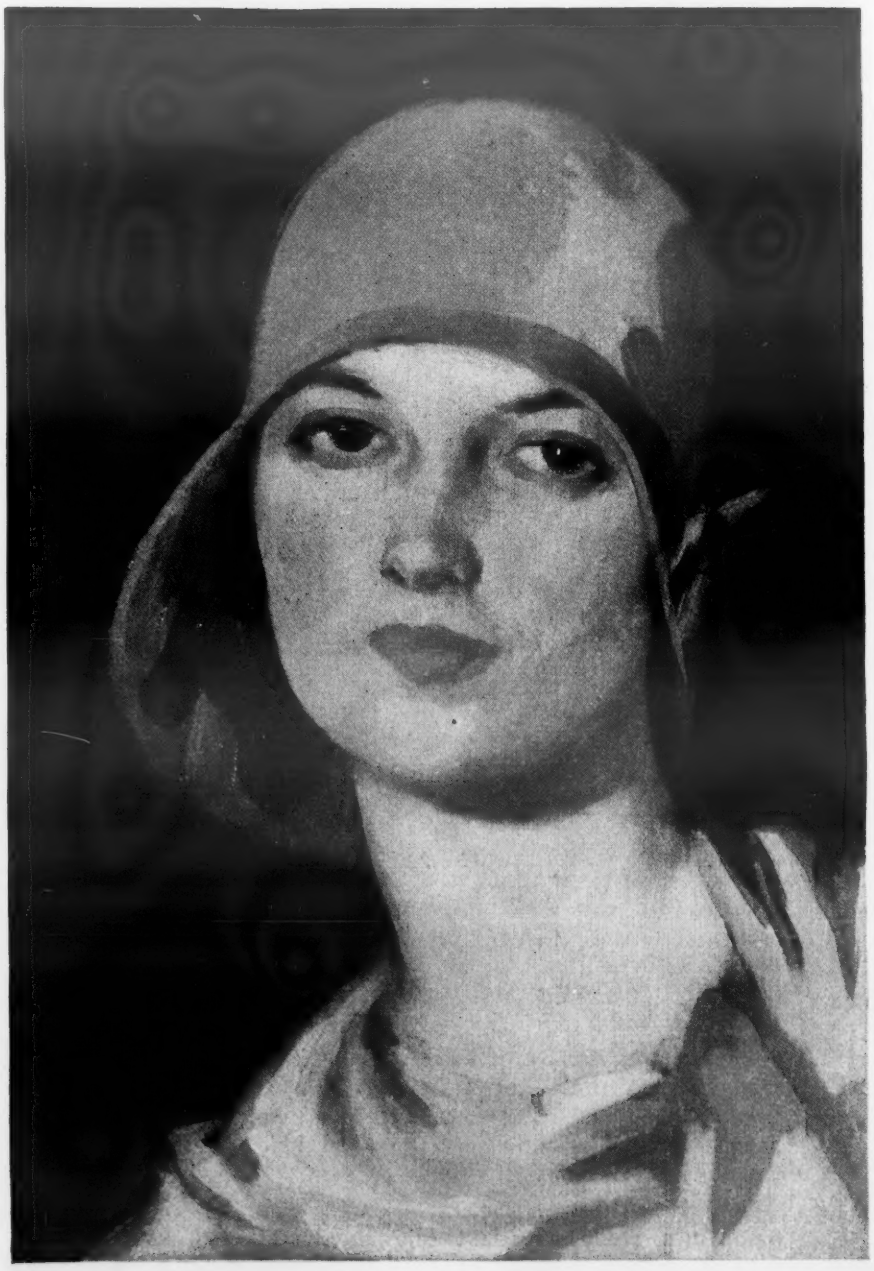
> "I have purchased samples of Camay in the local market and have tried them out on my own skin and that of several members of my family, all of whom have sensitive skins. As a result of these experiences I can state that Camay Soap is a first class toilet soap in every respect."

A famous Chicago authority says:

> "Camay lathers freely. The sensation produced by the lathering process is one of blandness. It cleanses efficiently without leaving the skin feeling drawn."

Will *you* try Camay? I'm sure, before you're two weeks older, you'll begin to realize how this gentle, fragrant new soap is helping you keep your skin fresh, clear and outdoor-looking.

Helen Chase



CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

★What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

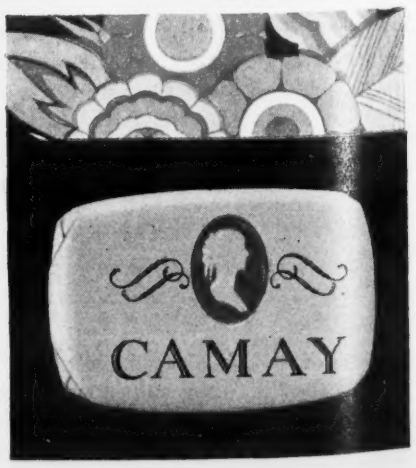
I have personally examined the signed comments from 72 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association, editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice from 72 of America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YJ-99, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

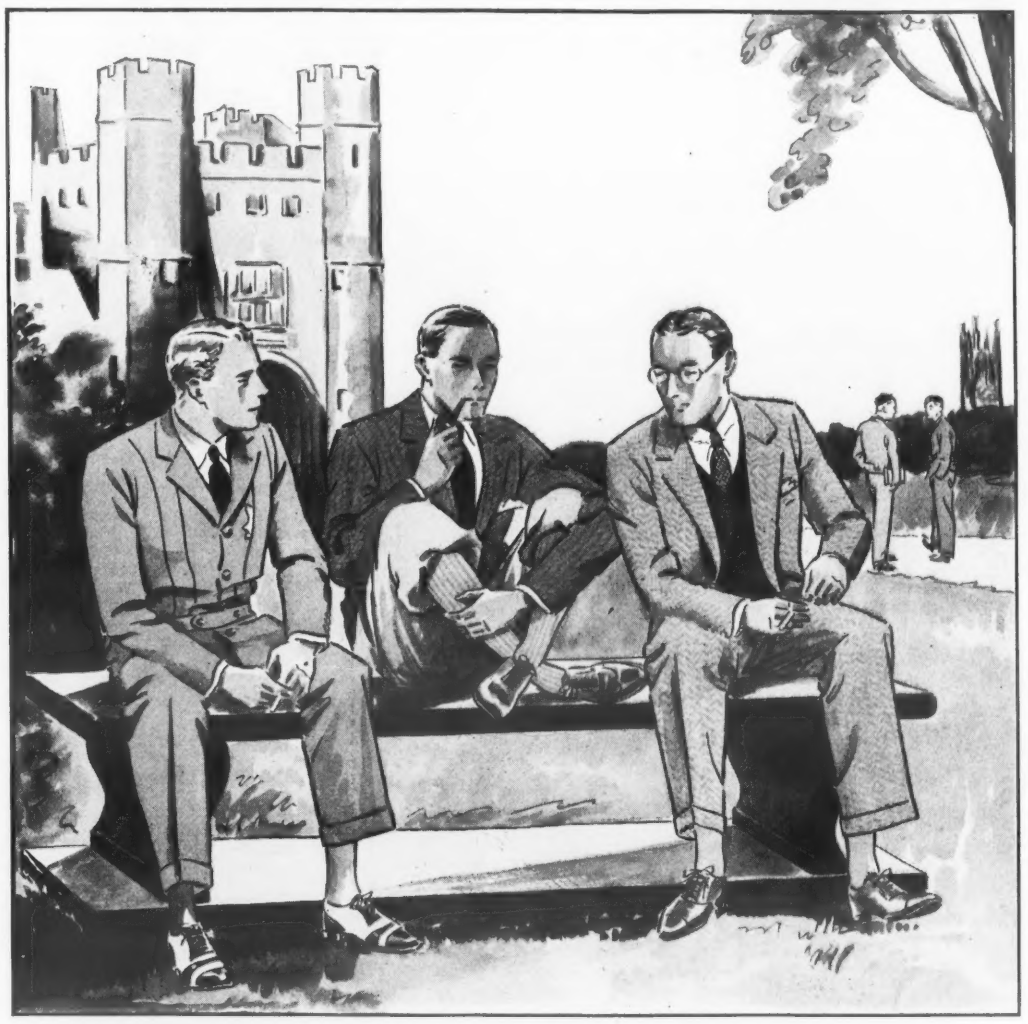
CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE



The Boy at School

By SCHUYLER WHITE

Illustrated by Earl Sargent



The wardrobe of the undergraduate is composed chiefly of sports clothes—tweeds and homespuns—that are comfortable and in keeping with the athletic and country-club atmosphere of the campus.

GENERALLY speaking, the garb of a schoolboy is very little different from that which is worn by the usual run of young men. To be sure, his clothes are designed along more youthful lines, but, on the whole, they closely follow the type of clothes worn by older men. This, of course, is true only after a young man has been graduated into long trousers, and it is from this age on which forms the basis of discussion in this article.

The assembling of a schoolboy's wardrobe is of unusual interest whether he is of high-school or prep-school age or if he has advanced to the realms of such higher education as is dispensed at colleges and universities. His wardrobe remains fundamentally the same whatever his age, but it is subject to rather distinctive characteristics. It is these characteristics that are a definite part of a school's traditional dress which give an interesting and unusual touch to his turnout.

Sports clothes are the basis of every schoolboy's wardrobe. These are the type of clothes in which he passes the greater part of his time. Sport has become such an integral part of his life that it seems almost superfluous to describe sports clothes, but that there may be no doubt in the mind of any one interested in the clothes of the typical American schoolboy, let us follow his school routine.

If he is at the age when he goes away to school, we find him arriving at the chosen seat of learning in an ordinary sack suit. It may be either single or double breasted. If it is single-breasted, it will undoubtedly be a suit of navy-blue serge or unfinished worsted, or it may be a suit of homespun or tweed in some gray or brownish mixture. If it is double-breasted, the suit will be navy-blue serge or unfinished worsted, or perhaps gray flannel. Just here it is a good point to remember that invariably double-breasted suits are never made of such fabrics as tweeds or homespuns, because these materials are essentially for sports wear. Double-breasted suits, because of their formality, are in better taste when made of some smooth-finished fabric such as serge, worsted or flannel. The dark-blue suit, however, must be included in his school wardrobe for wear on such occasions as attendance at church and such other events where the informal tweed or homespun suit would be out of place; in fact, in many schools the wearing of dark-blue suits on Saturday evenings and on Sundays, until after luncheon at least, is compulsory.

For everyday wear a boy should have at least two suits. This is the minimum number with which he can get along if he is to make anything like a presentable appearance, due to the hard wear and tear his clothes will receive. His trousers, of course, will receive the hardest wear and, therefore, several extra pairs of knickers should be included. Tweed and homespun suits frequently come with both long trousers and knickers. Therefore, four-piece suits are recommended as being practical as well as economical, and two of these suits with a couple of pairs of extra knickers should see a boy through his school term.

Soft, collar-attached shirts have had a universal acceptance among schoolboys. He should have at least six white shirts in addition to about half a dozen colored shirts. The colored shirts may be in solid colors in blue or tan, or have a striped pattern. Too much stress cannot be placed upon the importance of having at all times an adequate supply of shirts. Boys cannot be expected to be immaculate at all times, but there should never be any reason for their not being immaculate because of a lack of clothing. The same is true of the other accessories in his wardrobe. He should have a supply of underwear, socks and handkerchiefs to permit a fresh change every day. These habits of wholesome cleanliness and tidiness cannot be brought to the attention of a boy too early in life. It is these habits thus early formed that cling to him throughout his life and which have a distinct influence upon his morale.

Caps and soft felt hats are worn by boys in school, although the wearing of special school caps is subject to certain restrictions in some schools. For instance, in one prominent Eastern university, the freshmen are required to wear little black skull caps on the campus, and it is only when they are in their sophomore year that they are permitted to wear a soft felt hat. Another tradition at this same college limits the wearing of knickers on the campus to the juniors and seniors. The student will, of course, be guided by whatever traditions are peculiar to his school.

(Continued on Page 62)

"White tie" having now become de rigeur at parties in town, the well-dressed college man finds his wardrobe no longer complete with only the dinner jacket. This, however, is still the correct thing for most campus occasions.

The Chesterfield coat and bowler hat are worn on trips to town. The smart college man realizes that only on the campus is the informality of the slicker and baggy tweeds in good taste.

The Woman Whose Beauty Counsel Sways Paris

"I strongly advise every woman who is anxious to retain perpetual beauty to make use, daily at home, of . . . the specially blended Palmolive Soap, which is a powerful factor for promoting perfect skin hygiene."

Mlle. Le Brun

L'Institut de Beauté,
26, Place Vendome

Salon of L'Institut de Beauté, Place Vendome, Paris

Mme. Valentin Le Brun

Director de L'Institut de Beaute', Paris

finds an ideal home beauty treatment

"THE woman who revolutionized the art of Beauty Culture"—Madame Valentin le Brun—holds enviable appointments to three Royal houses; she is an officer of the Academy of France and an officer de l'Instruction Publique.

It was Madame le Brun who first recognized the need for cosmetics to suit various types. Her formulas are world famous. Among the pupils of her Paris school are some of the world's best known beauty experts. Despite her insistence on modified cosmetics to suit various kinds of skin, Madame le Brun recommends one soap only—and that is Palmolive!

Madame le Brun discusses Palmolive

Madame le Brun finds that "Palmolive Soap... removes, without irritation, all the dirt and oils which obstruct the pores and leaves the skin thoroughly cleansed and healthy. . . . Other soaps, even more expensive ones, often irritate the skin and, in the end, tire and spoil it."

Her Parisian co-workers agree; Lina Cavalieri, Delord et Bion, Massé, Vincent, Payot . . . all the leaders in Parisian beauty culture work first to assure foundation loveliness by regular use of Palmolive Soap!

Madame Valentin le Brun holds the following Royal warrants and honored public positions: By Appointment to His Highness, The Khedive; to Her Majesty, The Queen of England; to Her Majesty, The Queen of Spain and to The Princess Eulalia; Officier d' Academie, and Officier de l'Instruction Publique.

Echoed by the world's experts

In every country, in every world capital, one meets this same advice. Madame Bertha Jacobson, of Mayfair, London; Elise Bock, of Berlin; Pessl, of Vienna—scores of others give their smart patrons this same advice: Massage the face gently for two full minutes with Palmolive lather. Rinse this off thoroughly, and with it all impurities and secretions. Follow with a cold rinse . . . to icy temperature, in the morning, as an astringent. All other treatments, all use of make-up, should be preceded by this basic skin cleanser.

Your own beauty specialist, you will find, agrees with this statement. The leading experts in every city throughout the country recommend Palmolive Soap. Their enthusiastic recommendation has helped to make it the most popular beauty soap in the world.

Retail Price 10c

4813

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

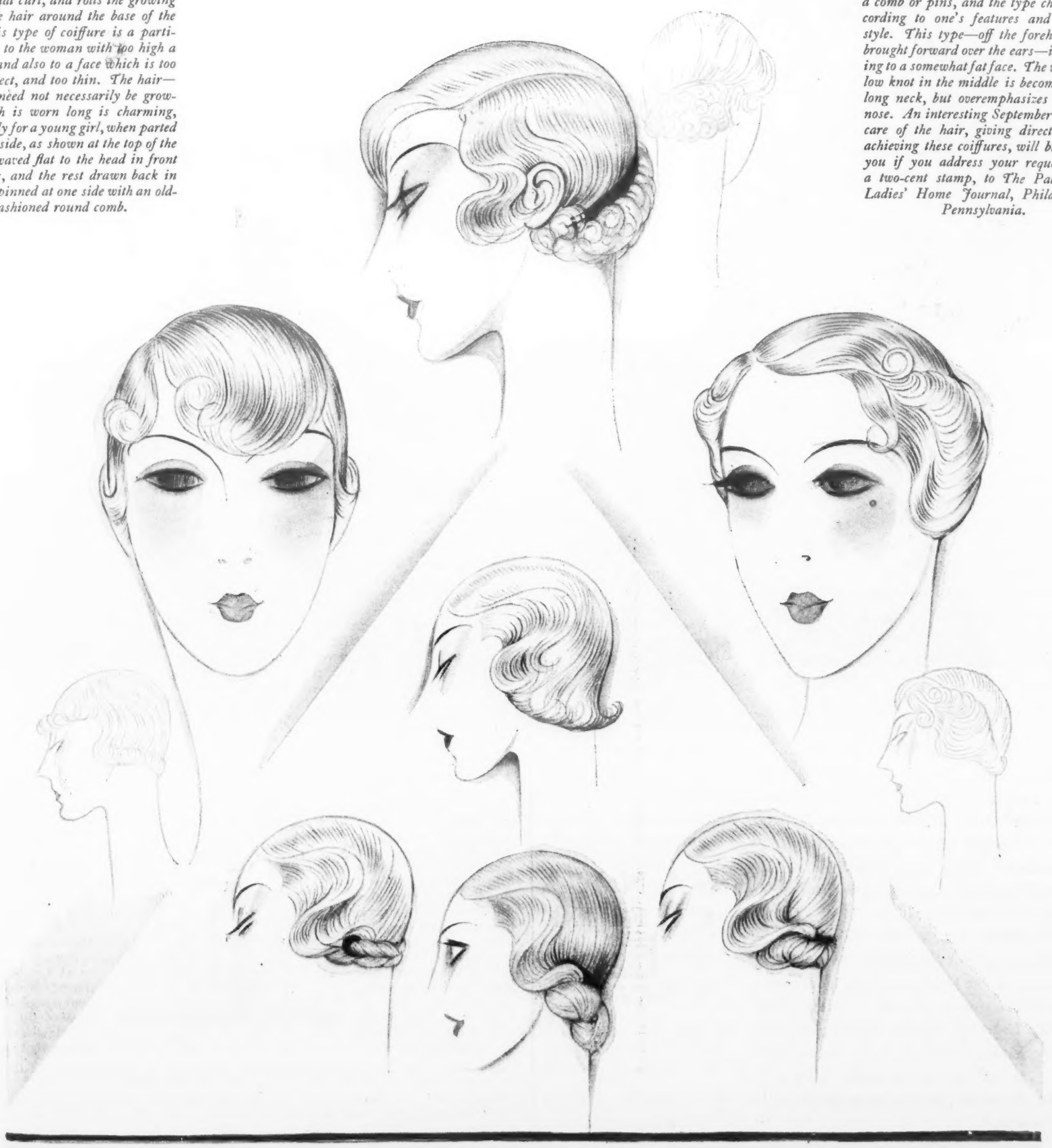
The Patch Box

Presents Six Unusual Coiffures

Especially Designed in Paris
By M. Fromenti

The bobs which are growing longer, the increasing formality and femininity of the mode, are but expressions of our eternal interest in variety. Here are several variations on the theme of growing hair, designed for us in Paris by M. Fromenti. Not everyone will find them suitable for everyday use, but they are delightful inspirations for evening parties when one wishes a change and to feel particularly soignée. The coiffure at the extreme left below sweeps down over the forehead in a becoming flat curl, and rolls the growing ends of the hair around the base of the neck. This type of coiffure is a particular boon to the woman with too high a forehead, and also to a face which is too long in effect, and too thin. The hair—though it need not necessarily be growing—which is worn long is charming, particularly for a young girl, when parted on the left side, as shown at the top of the drawing, waved flat to the head in front of the ears, and the rest drawn back in curls and pinned at one side with an old-fashioned round comb.

A lovely low forehead may be shown by parting the hair high on the right, as shown in the extreme right-hand drawing, and rolling the sides, which are being allowed to grow much longer than the back, off the face in a wide sweep—from which one curl escapes to break the severity—that ends in a small roll across the back of the head. Three variations of growing hair with which one uses a switch are shown at the bottom of the page, the long hair being held in place by a comb or pins, and the type chosen according to one's features and general style. This type—off the forehead, but brought forward over the ears—is becoming to a somewhat fat face. The very long low knot in the middle is becoming to a long neck, but overemphasizes a sharp nose. An interesting September letter on care of the hair, giving directions for achieving these coiffures, will be sent to you if you address your request, with a two-cent stamp, to The Patch Box, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



Everything that makes coffee delightful..

Nothing to make it forbidden

COFFEE—steaming and fragrant. Stir its ebony depths or watch the cream turn it to a golden brown. Then lift the cup to your lips and take a sip—rich in flavor—tempting in aroma—utterly satisfying.

If you've had to give up coffee, imagine being able again to drink coffee like that! If you cannot drink coffee at night, imagine being able to drink it—night *or* morning—without regret!

That's no futile wish—no wistful day dream. It is a marvelous reality. For the way has been found to remove from coffee the one thing in it that ever caused regret—caffein. Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.

Nothing added—only caffein removed

Sanka Coffee is *real* coffee—a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees. Nothing is added—only caffein is removed. It is spicy in flavor—tempting in aroma—full of coffee's old-time goodness. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer in quality or in flavor. It is equally delicious hot or iced.

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. Your grocer sells it—in pound cans, always fresh, ground or in the bean—with the guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back. Get a pound today! If, by any chance, your dealer does not yet carry Sanka Coffee, send his name and address and 75c to the Sanka Coffee Corp., 1 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and a pound will be sent you postpaid.

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night! It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee that you can enjoy morning, noon and *night — without regret!*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine *Delicious*

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

© 1929, S. C. CORP.

Forecasts of Coming Fashions

(Continued from Page 37)

shown on page 36, are light in color. Paris cables us:

MAX HEIM GRUNWALDT AGREE BEIGE GRAY IN PLATINUM TONE ALSO MUCH BLACK BEIGE IN VARIATIONS HEIM GREGE AND PALE ROSE BEIGE MAINLY FLAT FURS CARACUL BROADTAIL WORTH USING BEIGE CURLYLAMB GRAY AND TAN BROADTAIL

And for the October issue of the JOURNAL Paris will send us a page of the very latest French creations in fur coats.

Hats are amusingly small again. Agnes does a great deal with her bonnet types, and every smart millinery house in Paris is showing close-fitting hats. Our Paris office cables us:

AUTUMN MILLINERY TENDS TOWARD VELVET LONGHAIRED FELT MARCELLE LELY SHOWING REVERSIBLE VELOURS WITH FELT ON ONE SIDE THIS HOUSE FEATURING HIGH REVERS ALL MILLINERS SHOWING SMALL CLOSE FITTING TYPES COLORS SOFT BROWN REDS BOTTLE GREEN BUT FLORENCE WALTON CONSIDERS LIGHTER TONES PREFERABLE FOR WINTER

Lucien Lelong shows an effective necklace of flat almond-shaped metal pieces.

Once you have selected the dresses and coats which are going to make up your new winter wardrobe, accessories must be picked out. We have selected a few with our September collection of Paris designs in mind, and if you will turn to page 50 you will find them. For sports suits, such as Lanvin's 1195 and Jane Régny's 1199 on page 38, Dœuillet-Doucet's 1206 on page 42, or with travel coats like Joseph Paquin's 1202 on page 45, the Knapp-Felt "Highways" hat is in exactly the proper mood—and it can be had in a color to contrast with or to match your suit. With these same suits a silver fox, like those shown on the figures with the hats, is the most classic and handsome accessory which you can buy and an investment in chic which you will not soon tire of. To wear with these suits we have also selected the smart pigskin gloves at the top of the page, and the swagger walking shoe — its all-leather heel being one of the points most in its fashion-favor.

Chanel 1200 *Chanel* 1201

After you have decided on afternoon frocks you will be interested in shoes—and gloves—and purses. On page 50 are also shown some of the new longer gloves which are to be worn wrinkled around the wrist. The purse-and-shoe combination shown in the lower left corner is charming for afternoon wear, and was selected particularly for such frocks as Dœuillet-Doucet's 1205 on page 42, the Maison Paul Poiret's 1208 and Philippe et Gaston's 1220 on page 40, Jenny's 1197 and 1218 and Lanvin's 1221 on page 38. For frocks in printed fabrics, or which are more elaborate in their own design, we recommend a plain pump in suede or kid.

PHOTOS. BY SCAIONI, PARIS

Schiaparelli shows this chain of enormous carved Chinese links in black and white.

The stunning but simple and well-designed pump with low French heel, and its matching purse, shown in the lower right-hand corner of the same page were selected with Lucile's 1212 and 1211, shown on page 45, in mind.

For evening there is little change. The very open sandal may be worn by the woman whose feet are pretty, but the classic pump in crêpe de chine or satin dyed to match the dress is very smart. On page 50 we are showing a variation of the usual pump which is particularly charming and becoming to the foot.

With elegance the long glove returns for evening. Notes from Paris mention black kid gloves as frequently seen on smart hands, jet bracelets as being again worn, and a cable from the Paris office sent at the last moment paints a picture of intriguing evening accessories, bags created by Rose White:

ROSE WHITE INTRODUCING STUNNING EVENING BAGS WITH MOTIFS BASED ON SEVERAL FAMOUS OPERAS INCLUDING TOSCA DELICACY AND LIGHTNESS OF MASSENET'S MANON SPANISH SHAWL OF CARMEN JEWEL SET OF FAUST VERMILION OF LAKME GOTHIC SETTINGS OF ROMEO AND JULIET ORIENTAL ATMOSPHERE OF THAIS EMBROIDERY ON SILK LAME

And so the winter advances, with longer lines, greater formality bringing back somewhat the grace and charm which we sacrificed completely on the altar of the pencil silhouette and sports clothes a few years back.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Price, 65 cents; Canada, 65 cents.

More than Likely, even as You read this . . .

a thousand charming women, in a thousand smart shops, are asking for these two creams in their graceful, Grecian jars. For they are Woodbury's—blended by those acknowledged authorities on skin care: the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Twin creams that you, too, may confidently depend upon to keep your complexion always naturally lovely.

Each night make it a practise to cleanse your face thoroughly with Woodbury's Cold Cream. Under the gentle massage of your fingertips, this cream liquefies and penetrates down into the pore-depths, removing dust and blemish-forming impurities, leaving your skin exquisitely clean, transparently clear.

And to tone your skin to a velvety softness, lightly apply Woodbury's Facial Cream. Daintily greaseless, it supplies just the right amount of natural moisture without clogging the pores.

No matter where you live . . . no matter where your travels may take you . . . you will find it easy to get the two Woodbury Creams. Or, we will send you a trial set of the Creams and Woodbury's Facial Soap upon receipt of 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. J-9, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE *TWO* WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*

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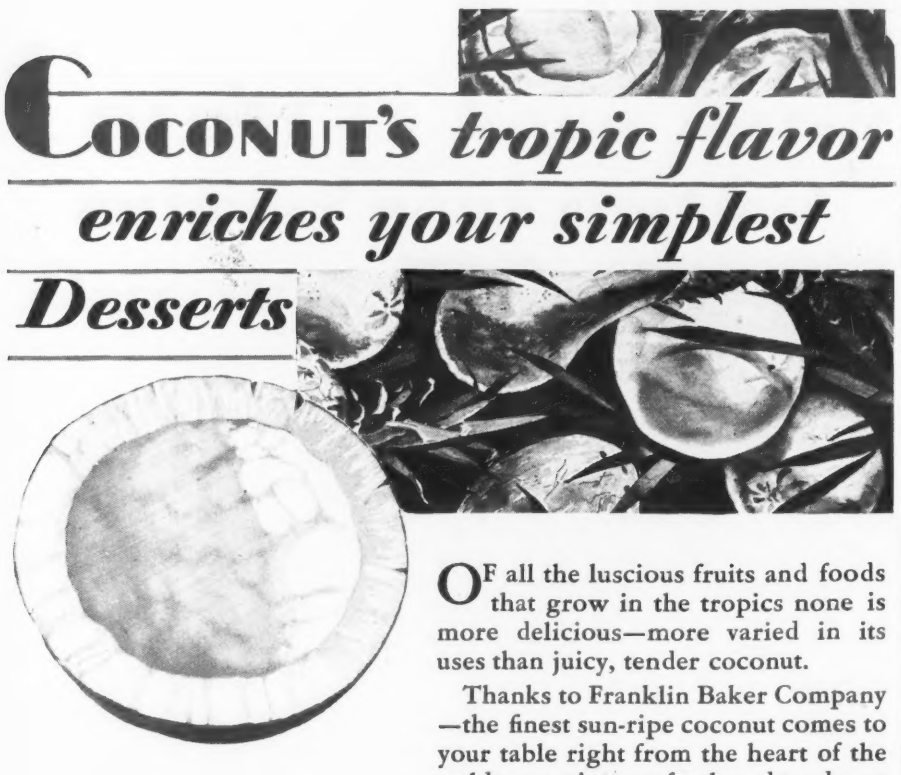
COCONUT'S *tropic flavor enriches your simplest* Desserts



OF all the luscious fruits and foods that grow in the tropics none is more delicious—more varied in its uses than juicy, tender coconut.

Thanks to Franklin Baker Company—the finest sun-ripe coconut comes to your table right from the heart of the golden tropics—as fresh and tender as the day it was plucked.

Only choicest nuts are gathered. Fast fruit steamers hurry them to New York. Here the shells are opened—the snowy-white meat taken out—shredded and packed the superior Franklin Baker way—with every bit of its native flavor retained.

Delicious new ways to use coconut are given in the fascinating new Franklin Baker recipe book. Novel sandwiches, delectable fruit pies, salads, hurry-up desserts—suggestions for every meal and season.

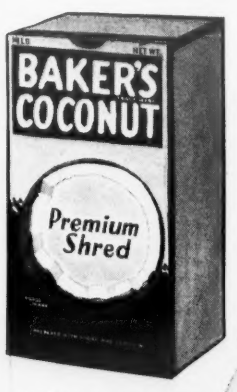
For a free copy or a trial can of Southern-Style—see coupon.

Chocolate Coconut Frosting

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
5 tablespoons cold water
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern-Style
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled.

Put egg whites, sugar, cream of tartar, and water in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire; fold in vanilla and coconut. Do not beat mixture. Cool. Add chocolate. Spread on cake. Makes enough frosting for two 9-inch layers.

All measurements are level



Baker's Premium Shred, in triple-sealed, stay-fresh packages, the familiar kind for all desserts.

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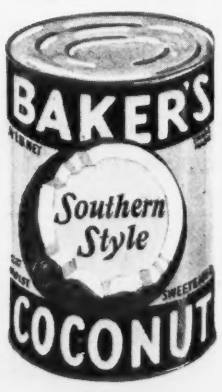
Baker's Southern-Style, the new moist-packed kind in tins, slightly sweetened.



FRANKLIN
BAKER'S COCONUT
"adds tropic richness to desserts"

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FRANKLIN BAKER Co., Inc., Hoboken, N. J. L. H. J.—9-29
☐ Please send me recipe book (free) ☐ I enclose 10¢ for half-size trial can of Southern-Style. (For Canada, address Franklin Baker, Ltd., Sterling Tower, 19th floor, Toronto 2, Ont.)
(Print name and address—Mark x for choice)

Name.....

Address..... City.....

The Boy at School

(Continued from Page 57)

Shoes should be sturdy and comfortable and of good stout leather such as Scotch and heather grain. Though tan shoes are more practical for everyday wear, at least one pair of black shoes should be included in his wardrobe for wear with his dark-blue suit.

Neckties play a very important part in the dress of a boy at school. If he belongs to a club or fraternity, he will undoubtedly wear a tie in his club colors. Or his tie may be one in his school colors. But if his tie is just an ordinary tie whose pattern and coloring do not have any special significance, it can be gayer and more colorful than the tie worn in town by older men. Gayly striped ties have always been popular with boys of all ages and it must be admitted that they do belong to the school and college youth.

When boys reach the age of sixteen a dinner jacket should be included in their wardrobe. These are worn at school dances and at parties in town. The accessories worn are the same as those worn by older men. For instance, a wing collar and black bow tie are correct. A stiff-bosom shirt is compulsory. The idea of wearing soft shirts with dinner jackets is a bad one and is in very poor taste. The waistcoat may be of white linen or piqué, or black in the same material as the suit, or in a dull-finished ribbed silk to match the lapels of the coat.

In recent years there has been a marked change in the formal dress of everyone, including schoolboys. The tail coat and white tie have returned to their own, and if the tail coat is considered a little mature for the boy of prep-school age that is not true of the college undergraduate. In this connection it should be pointed out that with a tail coat white waistcoats of linen or piqué are preferable to silk. The reason for this is that a waistcoat of linen or piqué always has a cleaner and fresher appearance than a silk one.

The "Collegiate" Air

AND what of the so-called "collegiate" clothes? In reality they do not exist any longer, at least not among bona-fide schoolboys and college students. If clothes and accessories are a little more colorful than those worn by older men, their cut is as conservative as the clothes of the man whose school days are over. Perhaps the most noticeable difference is in the way the schoolboys wear their clothes. There is a certain nonchalant air about their appearance that is thoroughly in keeping with their age.

When it comes to overcoats, a raccoon-skin coat seems to be the ambition of every boy of school and college age. But as raccoon coats are not always possible with the average boy's clothing allowance, a good warm ulster must suffice. These are to be had with a detachable lining of camel's wool, which insures plenty of warmth for even the coldest winter day.

Chesterfield overcoats are much favored by the youth of today, especially for those occasions when they come from school for the holidays. For school wear tan polo coats are as popular as any other type, and an oilskin "slicker" is another indispensable item in the school wardrobe. This is certainly the ideal type of raincoat for a young man, but no mention should be made of it without also calling attention to the inevitable galoshes which are part and parcel of the rainy-day outfit and are to be taken for what they are worth—the most satisfactory shoe covering for stormy weather.

Winter Sports

IF A SCHOOL is located in a section of the country where the climate permits of winter sports, provision should be made in the school wardrobe for special sports clothes of the warm, heavy type. It is as necessary to be properly dressed for winter sports as it is for the golf course or the tennis court. For skating and skiing, as well as tobogganing, breeches will be found preferable to knickers, because there is less interference at the knees. A pair of golf stockings worn with an oversized heavy boot and an extra pair of socks rolled down over the top of the boots, are the best and warmest way to protect the feet from the cold. Flannel sport shirts over which a heavy sweater or mackinaw, or both, are worn, have been found to be most satisfactory.

The popular sweater today seems to be the one in plain colors, unless a special school sweater is worn the color of which is governed by the school colors. And, in speaking of sweaters, warm, comfortable dressing gowns must not be overlooked.

Though the assembling of a schoolboy's wardrobe very often is the combined choice of parent and son, parents have long since realized that they can no longer govern the attire of their sons after they have entered college. For now certain complex, intangible forces begin to assert themselves. Perhaps it is the result of hero worship or perhaps an entirely different feminine influence than has heretofore been recognized. A noticeable change takes place in his appearance. His clothes begin to reflect the sophistication which he feels he possesses in no small degree. Meticulous attention to the cut of his clothes, a careful selection of colors which, he fondly hopes, will make him more attractive in the eyes of the fair sex, are now part of his more serious thought.

Just Married!

(Continued from Page 32)

to her feet, cross the room. A superhuman effort, but she managed it. "Oh, dear," she moaned. The wretched door wouldn't open. She tried and tried, but she couldn't seem to spring the catch.

"Arthur, oh, Arthur," she called.

"What is it?" growled Arthur from the bathroom.

"There's someone at the door and I can't get the darn thing open."

"Damn," said Arthur, low but still quite audible. "All right, I'll come out." A noise of splashing water, and a moment later Arthur appeared sketchily clad in two bath towels. Patches of wet skin showed here and there and he dripped on the carpet. He went over to the door and opened it without the slightest difficulty. The love light burned very low in his eyes as he looked at his bride. "I should think anyone could open a door," he said brutally and strode back to the bathroom.

Unmindful of the boy with the ice water, the heartbroken bride of a day threw herself on the bed sobbing that she wished she had never got married.

Other even more foolish young couples go to Europe. In looking forward to Zelly's, Pigalles and the Rue de la Paix, and a cathedral or two, the bride forgets that a large and restless body of water separates her from these delights.

She comes on board the picture of health and happiness. Next morning you

(Continued on Page 64)

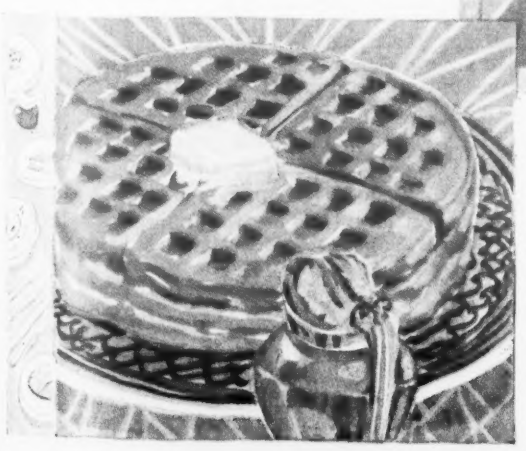
A NEW STORY *of Swans Down success..*

...TO BE CONTINUED IN YOUR KITCHEN

You know the story of Swans Down cakes. You probably discovered, long ago, how easy it is to be an expert, when you follow a Swans Down cake recipe! But do you know this . . .

Swans Down brings the same perfection to pies—waffles—cookies—muffins and biscuits—that it brings to cakes! You can make your pie crust lighter and flakier—your waffles more velvety tender—your muffins and biscuits more feathery fine. Swans Down adds an extra touch that makes you proud of your baking!

Swans Down is a *specialized* flour, made from selected soft winter wheat. *It is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour.* That's why it works such wonders with the simplest recipes. That's why, if you follow your recipes with care, you won't have to worry about failures and wasted ingredients. Success will be *sure*, every time!



WAFFLES

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks, well beaten
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted butter
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg yolks, milk, and butter. Add to flour, beating until smooth. Fold in egg whites. Bake on hot greased waffle iron. Serve hot with butter and Log Cabin Syrup. Makes six 4-section waffles.

(All measurements on this page are level)

• • •

BRAN SAND TARTS

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 tablespoon milk
2 cups Post's Bran Flakes
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually; then eggs, milk, bran, and flour. Mix thoroughly. Add vanilla. Use ¼ cup bran and ½ cup flour mixed, in rolling out. Roll a small piece at a time to ¼ inch thickness. Cut with cookie cutter. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 5 minutes. Makes 4 dozen 2½-inch cookies.

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PIE CRUST

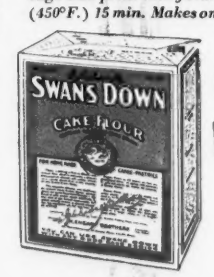
1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons cold shortening
3 to 4 tablespoons cold water

Shortening and water should be as cold as possible to obtain best results. Sift flour once, measure, add salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening until mixture looks like meal. Add water, a little at a time, mixing with knife or spatula until dough cleans bowl of all flour and pastry. Use as little water as possible. Roll dough ⅛ inch thick on slightly floured board. Fit loosely on pie plate. Turn edge and prick with fork. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 min. Makes one 9-inch pie shell.

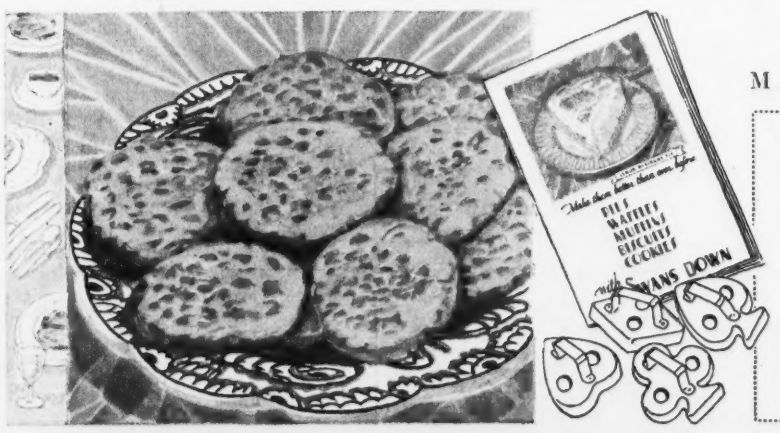
LEMON MERINGUE PIE

½ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup boiling water
½ cup milk
3 egg yolks, beaten with 1 egg white
½ tablespoon butter
2 lemons (¼ cup juice)
Grated rind 1 lemon
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
4 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine flour and sugar in top of double boiler. Add water, stirring constantly; then add milk. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler, and continue cooking until mixture drops in thick sheets from spoon. Add butter, lemon juice, and rind. Cool and pour into pie shell. Fold sugar and salt into egg whites. Pile lightly on filling. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) 12 minutes, or until delicate brown.



SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR



BREAKFAST MUFFINS

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
¾ cup milk
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening, melted

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg and milk and add to flour, beating until smooth. Add shortening. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 10 muffins.

• • •

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter or other shortening
⅔ cup milk (about)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually until soft dough is formed. Roll ½ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes fifteen 2-inch biscuits.

MORE GOOD NEWS FROM THE SWANS DOWN KITCHENS!

For only 15c, we'll send you four novelty cooky-cutters, to make heart, diamond, club and spade-shaped cookies; also our brand-new book of wonderful recipes for pies, cookies, and quick breads If not entirely satisfied with these articles, you may return them, carrying charges prepaid, and your money will be promptly refunded.

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., Evansville, Ind.
Established 1856

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

L.H.J.—9-29

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., Evansville, Indiana.

Enclosed is 15c, for which I am to receive four novelty cooky-cutters and a copy of the new Swans Down recipe book.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

Unexpected guests? Dessert not yet prepared?

These enchanting dishes are the perfect response!

Enchanting to the eye—enchanting to the taste—and so very wholesome for children and elders alike! Minute Tapioca unites with all types of dessert ingredients—so smoothly, so deliciously, that it has become the good fairy of the pantry shelf.

No matter how little time one has for preparing a meal, there is always the opportunity to end it with a wonderful flourish. One time it may be a fresh or preserved-fruit surprise, vivid with Nature's own colors. Another time, a sparkling delight with a rich chocolate, coconut, maple or ginger flavor. Better still, these gay-toned, subtly flavored "hurry-up" desserts, quick to yield their body-building nourishment, are so easily digested. And since Minute Tapioca comes partially cooked in small granules—no soaking is needed; it's ready for use with only brief cooking.

Maple Meringue Minute Tapioca

MAPLE MERINGUE MINUTE TAPIOCA

⅓ cup Minute Tapioca; ½ teaspoon salt; 2½ cups milk, scalded; ⅓ cup Log Cabin Syrup; 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten; 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten; ⅓ cup sugar; ⅓ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Add Minute Tapioca and salt to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add syrup and egg yolks. Turn into greased baking dish. Cover with meringue, made by beating egg whites until stiff, adding sugar, and beating until mixture stiffens again. Sprinkle with coconut and bake in moderate oven (325°F.) 15 minutes, or until coconut is delicately browned. Serve cold. Serves 6.

All measurements are level.

PEACH TAPIOCA À LA CRÈME

4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1½ cups boiling water; ½ cup sugar; 2 cups peaches, thinly sliced and sweetened; few drops almond extract; ½ cup cream, whipped.

Add Minute Tapioca and salt to water, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar, peaches and almond extract. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Chill. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Just before serving, garnish with additional whipped cream and peaches. Serves 6.

Peach Tapioca À La Crème

New $20,000 Cook Book, Revealing Minute Tapioca as "Precision Ingredient," is FREE!

It contains, besides a host of individual dessert delights, over 50 recipes for dishes that employ Minute Tapioca as a "precision ingredient." In this new rôle, Minute Tapioca assures accurate results in worrisome dishes, where, without it, the just-right texture, the perfect appearance and true flavor were never assured! This invaluable book is FREE. *Send for it immediately.*

FREE!!!

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Please send me FREE copy of Minute Tapioca Cook Book.

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MINUTE TAPIOCA

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THE DESSERT AND "PRECISION INGREDIENT"

(Continued from Page 62)

can hardly recognize her. She lies wan and spiritless in her steamer chair while the dutiful groom hovers over her. This continues for two or three days, the one-time pretty, happy bride getting yellower and yellower and more irritable. Finally the groom gives up in disgust and goes off by himself to the hurricane deck or the smoking saloon. Physically the bride may recover even before the ship reaches port, but the desertion of the groom will leave a scar on her soul forever!

Of course, if you do go to one place and settle down you want to be sure that you both enjoy golf or horseback riding or whatever the activities are, so that you will have something to do with yourselves, for as one observer puts it:

"Most people, in their endeavor to fill in the time, squander enough honey and sweetness during the honeymoon to last all the rest of their lives, if spread out economically over the years. Later on they are going to wish they had saved some of the petting and confidences for the long, long winter evenings at home."

Maybe you've read some of the dithyrambs in the travel and sport magazines in praise of Honeymooning Cross Country by Bus, or Love and Fishing in the High Sierras, and think my suggestion for a stationary honeymoon sounds a little tame in comparison. Let me give you the story a young married woman told me the other day.

"When we got married," she said, "we planned to spend several days in New York and see all the latest plays and have a regular spree and then go to a hotel at Virginia Hot Springs where we had reservations. The day before we were to leave New York for Hot Springs my husband became restless and moody. I was worried sick, wondering if he regretted having married me or something awful like that. Finally he confessed the truth. The duck-hunting season had opened, and this would be the first he had missed in ten years! In my relief that it was nothing more serious I gladly gave up the plan to go to Hot Springs and let him take me to a farmhouse in Maryland. As the trunkful of trousseau clothes I had looked forward with such joy to wearing at Hot Springs was hardly appropriate for duck hunting, I spent my days around the farmhouse in a borrowed apron, helping the farmer's wife make butter and feed the chickens. I shed a few tears, I'll admit, for my husband was off at dawn and not back till after dark, dirty, tired, and cross. Of course, it doesn't seem as tragic to me now as it did then, but I do think there should be a closed season on brides for hunters and fishermen. A hunter should be allowed to marry only in the spring, and a fisherman in the fall."

The Groom's Trousseau

EVEN though the bridegroom is a matter-of-fact soul who looks on his honeymoon as an incident in his life secondary in importance to duck hunting, he must try to remember that it is the big moment for his bride. She probably has worn herself to a nervous wreck with planning the wedding and the reception and ordering a trousseau worthy of him. She may never admit it, but she'll feel hurt if he doesn't take the event as seriously as she does—and how many men do? Take the groom's trousseau, for instance. You smile, you've never heard of such a thing—and yet, why not? Even a bird knows enough to put on his finest feathers and sing his sweetest songs when he takes a bride.

But a great many men are conceited enough or thoughtless enough to think themselves sufficiently charming as they are, and leave the dressing-up to their brides. The other day the mother of a thirty-year-old bridegroom told me that the day before the wedding she discovered her son was planning to take a bathrobe three years old on his wedding trip!

Another mother, belonging to one of Philadelphia's first families, tells a somewhat similar story on her son. As he was quite young when he married—only twenty-one or two—she thought she had better check up on him, and so the morning of the wedding she asked him to let her look through his going-away suitcase.

"But where's your underwear?" she asked, on completing her inspection.

"I've got it on."

Though two of my friends came back from a two weeks' honeymoon, the girl with a bandaged hand and the boy with a black eye, and never offered any explanations, the happy bride and groom usually get through the wedding trip without open warfare. It's not till they get in their own house and a man begins finding fault with the cooking, or comes in fresh and cheerful after his wife has worked herself ragged dusting, scrubbing and cleaning and getting dinner, and instead of exclaiming at the results of her labor says, "Well, what did you do today, dearie?" that he really gets on her nerves.

On a honeymoon the b and g are more apt to make themselves miserable trying to be polite and thoughtful of each other.

When the Honeymoon Wanes

"IT IS nearly thirty years ago, but well I remember the third day of our honeymoon," a still happily married woman told me. "Of course, being married was all new and strange, but when you're young you soon return to normal. It was early fall, with a spicy tang in the air and we must have walked five miles that morning. Never before or since have I had such an appetite. I craved rare roast beef and plenty of it, with all the trimmings.

"My husband looked at the menu a trifle glumly. 'Do you know, dear,' he said, 'I've been feeling a bit on edge the last day or two? I think maybe I'll stick to milk toast for a couple of meals.'

"'A good idea,' I said. 'I'll take milk toast too!'"

The bridegroom, alas, is not always quite so thoughtful. One day a couple I know who were honeymooning at the seashore took their lunch and walked miles and miles until they came to a rocky promontory jutting out into the sea. Reluctantly at last they started back, arm in arm. On the way an unusual little rosette of seaweed caught the bride's eye.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked the thoughtless bridegroom.

"I'm going to take it back to the hotel. Don't you think it's pretty?"

The groom's face was both unsympathetic and unromantic.

"They'll think you're crazy if you go into the lobby with a handful of seaweed," he argued. "What do you want it for anyway?"

The bride gazed at him ruefully. "I took it as a reminder of a perfect day," she said, "but I don't need it now," and she threw the seaweed away.

Like this article, honeymoons must end—or must they? On this point a supposedly infallible encyclopedia suggests as a derivation of the word "honeymoon" that, "As the moon commences to wane as soon as it is full, so does the mutual affection of the wedded pair." In this instance Patsy and I have proved the cynical encyclopedia wrong, as instead of waning after the honeymoon our mutual affection is still on the increase.

The explanation of this phenomenon is very simple. Long before Patsy and I became engaged I knew a girl who was getting a divorce because her husband never asked her to play the piano. While they were engaged he often asked her to play and seemed to enjoy it, but after they were married he asked her less and less often and finally stopped altogether. He liked the radio better. It made a profound impression on me and I resolved at the time that, if ever I should step off, I would not stop courting my wife when I married her. I am particularly careful about the piano; twice a week I insist on Patsy playing.

. . . and of the BRAN Cereals

HERE'S THE FAVORITE!

As a cereal or in muffins millions prefer it because it is so effective . . . so good to eat

Post's Bran Flakes, the most popular bran cereal in all the world—how easy it is to understand why!

Here's the bran cereal so delicate in flavor, so tempting to the taste, that you'd want to enjoy it every day in the week, even if you knew nothing of its effectiveness. Richly mellowed with other nourishing parts of the wheat—here is bran in its most delicious form, toasted into tender flakes—crisp on the tongue—gentle, normal, natural in action. Little wonder that Post's Bran Flakes is the leader of them all! So effective—so good to eat!

For tomorrow's breakfast, which will you try first—the favorite bran cereal of the nation, served crisp from the package with milk or cream or piping hot bran muffins with all the full mellow flavor of the most popular bran cereal in the world?

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

HAVE YOU TRIED THEM?

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour	1 egg, well beaten
3½ teaspoons baking powder	2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt	¾ cup milk
1 cup Post's Bran Flakes	3 tablespoons butter, *melted*

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg and milk. Add flour stirring as little as possible. Add butter and Post's Bran Flakes. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

All measurements are level.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

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Post Food Products

WITH OTHER C.W.Post PARTS OF WHEAT

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN MOTOR CARS YOU WILL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THESE LATEST

CHRYSLERS

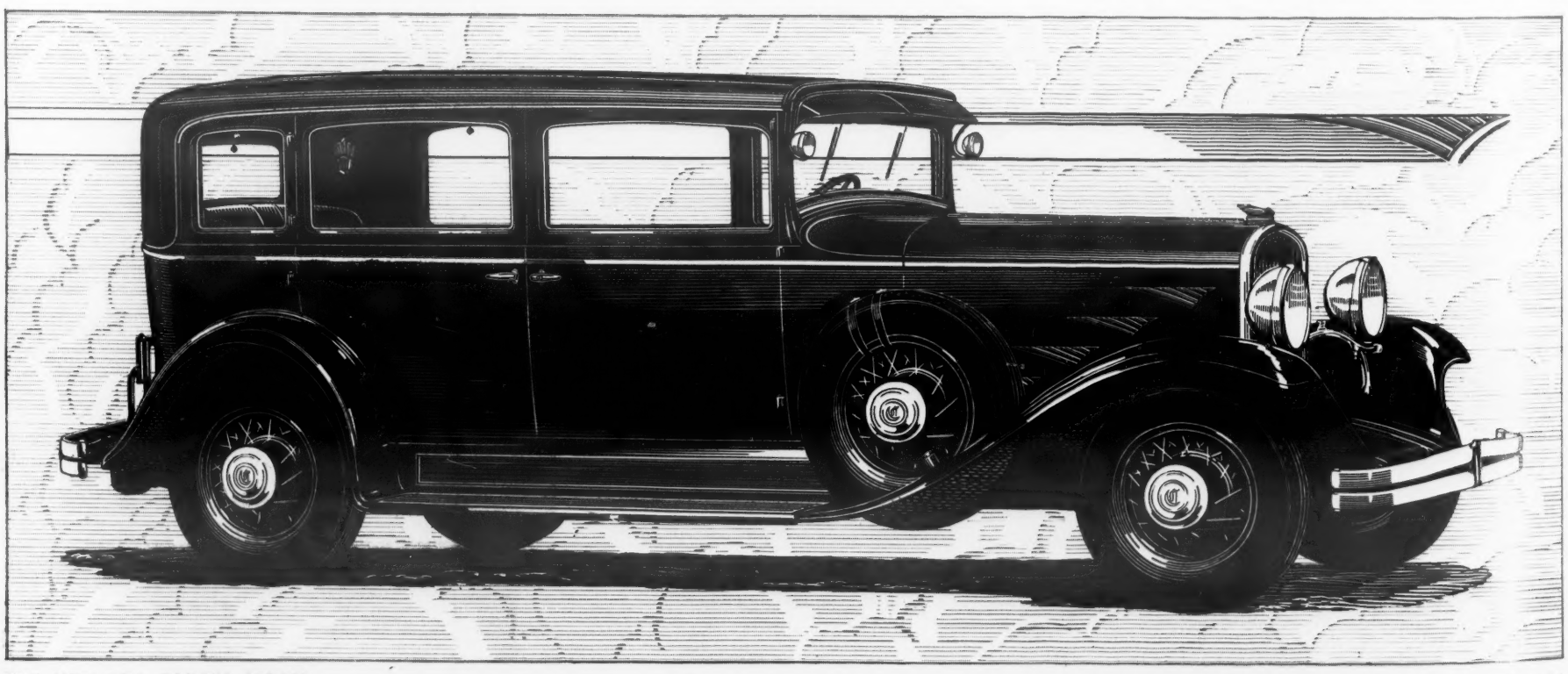
THE NEW "77" AND "70"

You have undoubtedly been hearing a great deal about the new Chrysler "77" and "70." They are the most talked of cars that have appeared in years.

Their new style design, their marvelous comfort and the manner in which they achieve an entirely new facility of operation have excited interest on every hand.

If you haven't actually ridden in these sensational new cars and driven them — you must be curious to know just why these latest Chryslers are so different in every way — what has been done to adapt them more completely to the needs of women than any other cars that have ever appeared.

Indeed, these new Chryslers introduce revolutionary changes in structural beauty, in motoring comfort and in giving the feminine motorist more thorough mastery than she has ever before commanded at the wheel.



THE NEW "77" CROWN SEDAN

MECHANICAL SIMPLICITY AND EASE OF CONTROL

Briefly, the new Chrysler "77" and "70" are the heralds of a new science in automobile building — a science different in origin and unique in theory — as much higher in its standards of efficiency as it is more efficient in its practical application of new principles to the exacting transportation needs of today.

Instead of the assembly of heterogeneous units found in cars of the past, there is just one scientifically unified mechanism from radiator to rear axle — the Synchronized Power System — a recent Chrysler engineering achievement.

Where formerly driving had to be confined primarily to one gear (the high), and gear-shifting was a laborious, noisy and uncertain operation, in the new Chrysler "77" and "70" you

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utilize a series of complete speed ranges with gear-shifting far simpler, safer, surer and quieter than ever before.

SILENT, EFFORTLESS GEAR-SHIFTING

This is made possible by the exclusive Chrysler-built Multi-Range Gear-shift. It enables you to move through the gears, or back and forth between forward speeds at will—without clashing, without effort, without possibility of mistakes in technique—as easy as in the "electric" of your mother's day. You are concerned only with the conventional three forward shifts in normal driving. But what a magnificently greater and more competent range of performance you enjoy!

STEERING RESPONDS TO FINGER TOUCH

Another important innovation is the new-type Cam-Lever Steering which responds to the lightest touch. The extra-short turning radius proves a big advantage in parking and in turning.

UNEQUALED COMFORT AND SAFETY

Even the comfort that contributed so tremendously to the popularity of previous Chryslers is far overshadowed by the marvelous floating sensation you enjoy in these new Chrysler cars. The Paraflex Spring Suspension is responsible for this unique and delightful impression of being in space rather than on solid ground. It abolishes sidesway, deadens road impacts and holds the car steadily in its course at all speeds. Added to this are new Chimney-Type Rubber Shock Insulators and Hydraulic Shock Absorbers further to level even the roughest road. There are, of course, Chrysler light-pressure weather-proof internal-expanding four-wheel hydraulic brakes—the safest and quickest-acting ever devised for a motor car.

So much for the mechanical design of these sensational new cars. To women other features will prove equally interesting.

NEW BODIES THAT ABOLISH NOISE

Just as new in the science of their design and construction as the chassis advancements are, the new type bodies, which the Chrysler "77" and "70" introduce for the first time. Employing the new Architonic principle, these bodies are non-squeaking, non-rumbling, possess immeasurably greater strength, afford utmost safety and provide increased roominess both in the tonneau and in the driver's compartment.

The front seat is doubly adjustable—for leg length as well as pitch—so that a woman of small stature can enjoy the same comfort behind the wheel as a tall woman, without using a makeshift support to assure a restful driving position.

JEWELRY-LIKE FITMENTS BY CARTIER

As for luxury within the cars, the new Chrysler "77" and "70" have established new standards. All of the metal fitments have been executed by Cartier et Cie., the famous Paris and New York jewelers. Pillow-type upholstery, in a choice of four fabrics of finest texture, give the interiors drawing-room refinement. The indirectly-lighted instrument panel of modernistic design lends a touch of inviting distinction. Not a detail has been overlooked to give these cars the beauty and dignity of the finest custom-built creations.

REFRESHINGLY NEW IN STYLE

Outwardly, the new "77" and "70" are refreshingly artful, introducing in exterior design a host of individual touches. Pennon louvers, arranged in a graceful sweep along the hood, replace the conventional type. Sparkling chromium architraves about window reveals and dashing chromium girdle mouldings accentuate the lithe, graceful body lines. Smart sconce-type lights mounted high on the pillars and matching headlamps harmonize with the rest of the body ensemble. A scientifically tilted one-piece non-glare windshield provides ventilation simply by the turn of a lever within easy reach of the driver's seat.

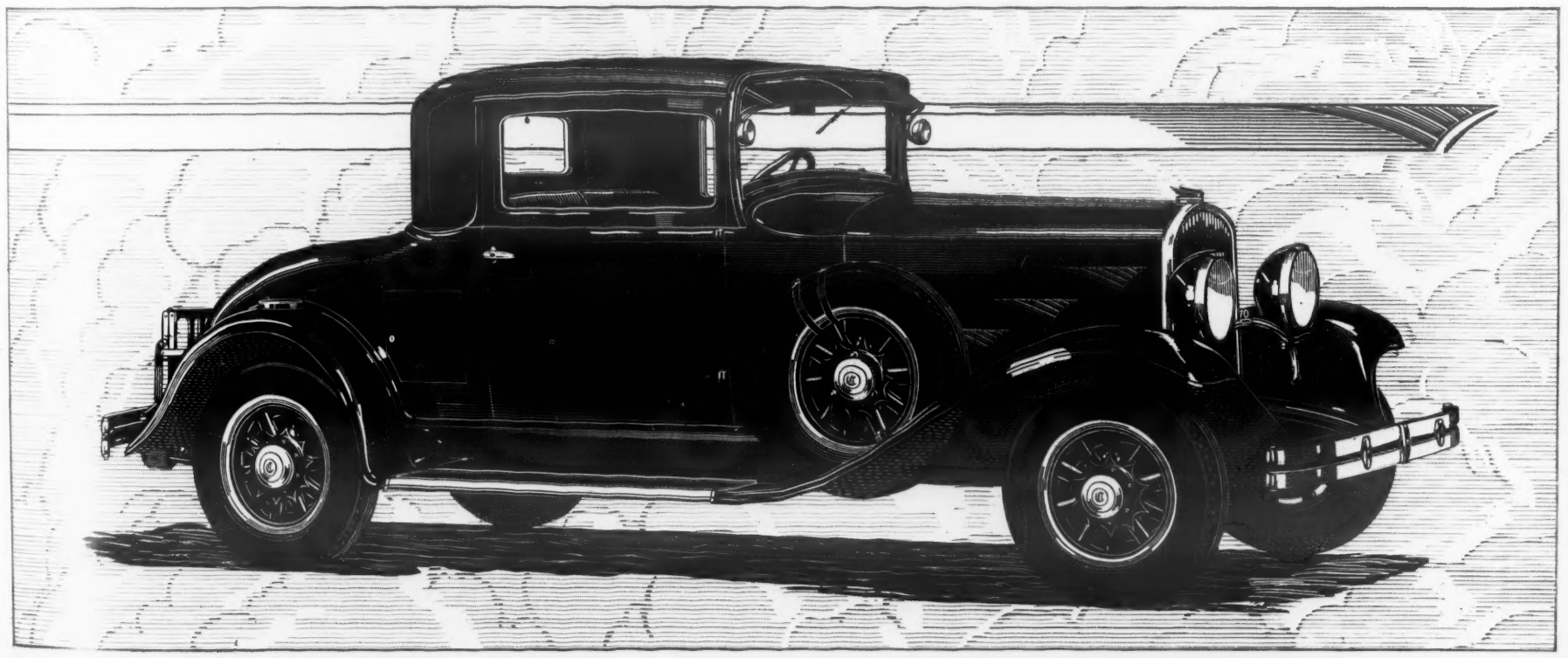
NEW "77" AND "70"

\+ \+ \+

The more a woman knows about motor cars the more intensely interested she will be in these latest Chrysler creations, because of the scientific advancements they introduce.

But even the woman who knows nothing of the mechanics of motor cars is sure to sense the appealing difference in beauty, in comfort and in the way these cars ride and drive.

Without question, the new Chrysler "77" and "70" overwhelmingly surpass all previous Chryslers and are the most revolutionary development that a quarter-century of automobile building has witnessed.



THE NEW "70" ROYAL COUPE

NEW CHRYSLER "77" AND "70" BODY TYPES

CHRYSLER "77"			CHRYSLER "70"	
Roadster (with rumble seat)	Business Coupe	Town Sedan	Roadster (with rumble seat)	Business Coupe
5-Passenger Phaeton	Crown Coupe	Crown Sedan	Phaeton	Royal Sedan
Royal Coupe	Royal Sedan	Convertible Coupe	Royal Coupe	Brougham

Surprises are trumps

when JELL-O *helps plan a party!*

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CARDINAL SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
¾ cup beet juice
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons onion juice or grated onion
1 tablespoon horseradish
¾ cup celery, diced
1 cup cooked beets, diced

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add beet juice, vinegar, salt, onion juice, and horseradish. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in celery and beets. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 8.

PEACH WHIP

1 package Lemon or Orange Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup peach juice
½ cup cream, whipped
1 cup crushed peaches, sweetened and drained
2 or 3 drops bitter almond extract

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add peach juice. Cool until syrupy, then beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in whipped cream, peaches, and flavoring. Turn into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with peach slices. Serves 6.

All measurements in the recipes are level.

JELL-O CAKE PUDDING

1 package Cherry or Raspberry Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water or fruit juice
2 cups plain cake, diced (stale cake may be used)

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water or fruit juice. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in cake. Pile in sherbet glasses. Serve plain, with custard sauce, or with whipped cream. Serves 6.

CHICKEN MOUSSE

½ package (4 tablespoons) Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling chicken broth, free from fat
1 cup chicken, cut in small pieces
1 cup celery, finely chopped
1 pimiento, finely chopped
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of Cayenne
½ cup cream, whipped
Crisp lettuce

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling broth. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Combine chicken, celery, pimiento, vinegar, salt, and Cayenne. Fold into Jell-O. Fold in cream. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with stuffed olives. Serves 6.

BRIDGE club luncheon? Here's a new one. *A ruby red salad.* Bright—jewel-clear—the key to a gay new color scheme! So—quick!—be the first in your Club to serve it!

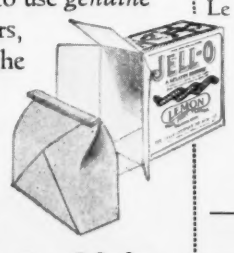
Child's party? Want a dessert surprise? Here it is. A cake-and-Jell-O dish—cunning as can be. And so simple, even the littlest, littlest ones can have some. Yet watch the grown-ups want some, too!

A Sunday supper gathering? Or an after-the-show feast? Then it's Chicken Mousse. It's just—well, it's just a *poem* of good eating. Tender. Creamy. Little murmurs of flavor all through it. Men and women join in praising such a dish!

And for the dinner party tonight. A Peach Whip to top off the meal. It will make you want Peach Season, 1929, to linger and linger. Reputations are made on such a dish!

Four party surprises, right here. Yet these are a mere patch on all the wondrous things that Jell-O can do. To know them by the dozens, to have one ready for *every* occasion, send for the Jell-O booklet. Free. Awaiting your coupon. So fill it out—now. And mail it at once!

For all these good things—be sure to use *genuine Jell-O*. It comes in five pure fruit flavors, each package sealed tight, so that the aroma is fresh and fruity when you open it up. Buy six packages at a time. Keep a supply in various flavors always on hand. With Jell-O you can't fail. It's easy. And so economical. And—another good point—remarkably, *remarkably* easy to digest! Try one of the recipes on this page. This very day. And fill out the coupon now, for the booklet that will bring you *more* surprises—*many* more!



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FREE—*A booklet brimful of surprises!*

J—L. H.—9-29

The Jell-O Company, Inc.
Le Roy, New York

Please send me, *free*, the new recipe booklet, "Today . . . what salad, . . . what dessert?"

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City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address The Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd.
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

The Merivales

(Continued from Page 33)

line, took it upon themselves as privileged seniors to ask their mother how Edgar expected to keep a wife when, so far as they knew, he was totally unable to keep himself. Whereupon Mrs. Spaine issued, through them, a plain, matter-of-fact statement for consumption by the entire brood. Omitting, for obvious reasons, any mention of her design to "compensate" Miss English for the step she was taking, she flatly announced her intention to start Edgar off with a handsome nest egg. She hoped she would hear no word of complaint or criticism from any of her sons and daughters.

Later on her youngest son, Herbert—who had been given his father's name because Mr. Spaine wistfully reminded the infant's mother that it probably was his last chance to be perpetuated—took the old lady to task for favoring Edgar.

He had been put up to this by his wife, the startlingly good-looking but avaricious Yolanza. The Herberts and their three small children lived considerably beyond their means in Garden City, Long Island.

"MY REGARD FOR MIRIAM IS TOO FINE. I REGRET TO SAY, SIR, THAT I FEAR WE SHALL HAVE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT"

WHEN the unfortunate Herbert wasn't squirming under Yolanza's thumb he was briskly dodging creditors and doing everything in his power to keep her from carrying out her threat to divorce him on account of the various lovers he suspected her of having. Notwithstanding their precarious financial state and their questionable social standing—in Garden City—they presumed to look with scorn and some aversion upon the rest of the family assembled at Merivale Springs. At any rate, Yolanza did, she being a potential though not an avowed "red." They looked upon themselves as "fast."

"The point is, mother," complained Herbert, "you aren't fair to the rest of us. What has Edgar ever done to deserve consideration from you? He's a sycophant, a—a squirt. He ——"

"One moment. Please go back to Yolanza and tell her I do not like the word 'squirt.' What's more, Edgar isn't one. He is a gentleman and—here is something else for you to tell your wife—he is going to marry a lady. Now, Herbert, you've got a splendid position paying twenty thousand a year, and ——"

"Ten thousand," he broke in.

"Twenty thousand," she repeated calmly and with certainty. "If you can't get along on that I pity you. If I am not mistaken, Yolanza fared pretty nicely before she married you on her salary of twenty dollars a week. She is very handsome. I must say that she is the best-looking daughter-in-law I've got—that is, up to the present. I think Edgar's bride will compare quite favorably with Yolanza. Miss English is very pretty, don't you think?"

"I AM not here to talk about Miss English," said Herbert tartly. "I want to tell you what I think of the way you are acting about Edgar. If he ——"

"I think it would be generous on my part to explain to you—and you can spread the news with my permission, Herbert dear—that a codicil to my will is being prepared. Edgar understands and approves. This codicil provides that in the settlement of my estate after my decease his share is to be reduced by the precise amount that I am advancing him on the occasion of his marriage. He will not get quite so much as the rest of you when the estate is divided, if that is any consolation to you. Is there anything else you would like to speak to me about, Herbert?"

Herbert took a deep breath. He had not expected this. But no sooner had he declared that he thought the provision absolutely fair than he remembered something else that Yolanza had ordered him to speak about.

"By the way, mother, is it your intention to provide a home for Caleb Corween's daughter and her husband?"

"Don't forget the twins, Herbie. Have you seen them? Aren't they darlings?"

"I mean, are you going to keep them on here permanently—or ——"

"I shall consider it a pleasure to look out for them until that insufferable nincompoop of a Caleb comes to his senses and opens his arms to the poor young things. I like Ella and I like Joe. She is a peach and ——"

"A—a what?" gasped Herbert.

"That is what she calls me, and I like it. She has even called me a pippin, Herbert. Joe will be all right as soon as he gets over being a boy. And I adore Corella and Barbara. There is plenty of room here for all of them, so do not let that worry you and Yolanza. Now you really must excuse me, dear. Sir Pethelwick is waiting to see me. He wishes to pay his respects. He paid them yesterday and the day before, but it doesn't matter. He is English and so punctilious."

Incidentally, Sir Pethelwick's wife, the former Lucy Spaine, conducted a fashionable and very prosperous dressmaking and millinery establishment in Fifth Avenue under the beguiling name of Streepways, Inc., and was making money hand over fist. Their only child, a homely spinster of thirty whose name was Lucille, was a man hater. It was she who, as directing manager of Streetways, Inc., put many a man's nose onto the grindstone once a month. She hated men with such joyful malignance that it was almost impossible for a woman to get a Streepways gown under three hundred dollars, and seventy-five was cheap for a hat.

THERE was an affecting little scene when Ella Bellwilliger ventured down to the hotel to see her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Corween. She took Joe with her. It was the first time the Corweens had ever seen him. Afterward he described the meeting to David France somewhat in this fashion:

"The old folks have always been keen about Ella, and she's devoted to them. Of course I didn't know exactly how I stood with them, Davy. How could I? Their own son had put the kibosh on me. On Ella, too, for that matter. Well, they made an awful fuss over Ella. Kissed her and hugged her and all that sort of bunk. Made me kind of sick. Grandma Corween called Ella a lambie and grandpa called her a name I'd never heard before. Sounded like 'snookems.' Well, finally they got around to me. Mr. Corween shook hands with me and I swear I think Mrs. Corween would have kissed me if she could have reached up to me. She's a stumpy little thing, you know. Fat, too, so I stood up straighter than usual. Well, then they asked about the babies and we both told 'em about Corella and Barbara, and how much they look like their grandparents, and so on. If I thought they looked like either of 'em I'd do what Ella suggested afterward—call in one of these plastic surgeons.

"So they asked us to stay and have dinner with them, and we said we couldn't because it was the nurse's night off. You'll be lying like that yourself some day, Davy, if you're lucky. Well, Ella simply had to be polite and inquire about her father. You see, he's their son and I suppose they expected it. They said he was O. K. and they were sure things would be patched up soon."

"ELLA told 'em flat that the only way things could be patched up was for her father—I'm not certain whether she said her father or their son—the only way was for him to grovel a bit and then she'd let him shake hands with me and kiss the babies. They said he was a very stubborn man. Ella certainly surprised me by coming right back and saying I was stubborn too. Can you beat it?

"Well, Mr. and Mrs. Corween both said perhaps it was a good thing for her to have a stubborn husband, and darned if Ella didn't say right off the bat that she preferred stubborn husbands to stubborn fathers, and we all laughed. It was a great crack.

"And say, that reminds me, Davy, I want you to stroll down to Jackson's on the sly tomorrow morning and have a look at a little car Mrs. Spaine is thinking of giving Ella for her birthday. Dead secret, mind you."

On the fifth of November the customary banquet was held at the Coach and Saddle, just a week before the marriage of Molly and Edgar.

Mrs. Spaine was eighty-two years old on that day.

(Continued on Page 72)

Because these suds until the task is

You work less – the suds work more

HAVE you discovered *why* Chipso gives such wonderful help in clothes-washing and dishwashing? If not, notice the *suds* particularly the next time you use it.

Hot water turns Chipso's thin flakes into foaming suds. But these suds aren't light, puffy suds that vanish into thin air when you put in your clothes.

Chipso suds are eager, rich suds that start immediately to loosen the clinging particles of dirt and grease. They're suds that *last* until *all* this dirt-loosening work is done. That's the secret of Chipso's help . . . the reason why you need never wear yourself out *rubbing* the dirt loose!

Foaming or quiet, Chipso suds are at work

Time for shopping . . . time for walks—when Chipso does the *hard* work for you

Even dirt played into children's clothes comes out quickly in Chipso's rich, lasting suds. Their white clothes are whiter, their little colored frocks brighter, because Chipso removes *all* the dirt *safely*.

Rich suds save machine power:

Chipso is not only a convenient, but economical dishwashing machine soap. A twenty-minute soaking right in the machine *before* the motor starts loosens the dirt so that, in half the usual time, and with half the usual amount of power, your clothes get spotlessly clean.

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

The most amazing success in

"stand up" done

penetrating every inch of fabric. They loosen the dirt for you so thoroughly, in fact, that when clothes have soaked twenty minutes you can *remove* the dirt by squeezing the suds through the clothes a few times. (Only extra-soiled spots may need a little light hand-rubbing.)

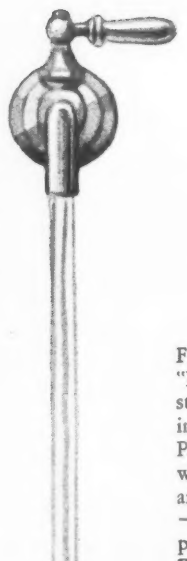
Because Chipso is made of rich materials especially chosen to give lasting suds, you are not continually adding more and more flakes to keep Chipso suds *alive and working.* They last and *last*—and *you* save time, trouble and soap.

Quick, thrifty Chipso! The 25¢ box does from four to five family washings (more if your water is soft) or an entire month of dish-washings . . . because the suds *last!*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

These lasting suds soak dirt free!

A twenty-minute soaking in rich Chipso suds loosens even greasy dirt completely. (Though you can soak overnight if you prefer.)



FREE! *Saving Golden Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains . . . save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods,* are discussed in a free booklet —*Saving Golden Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. CJ-99, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

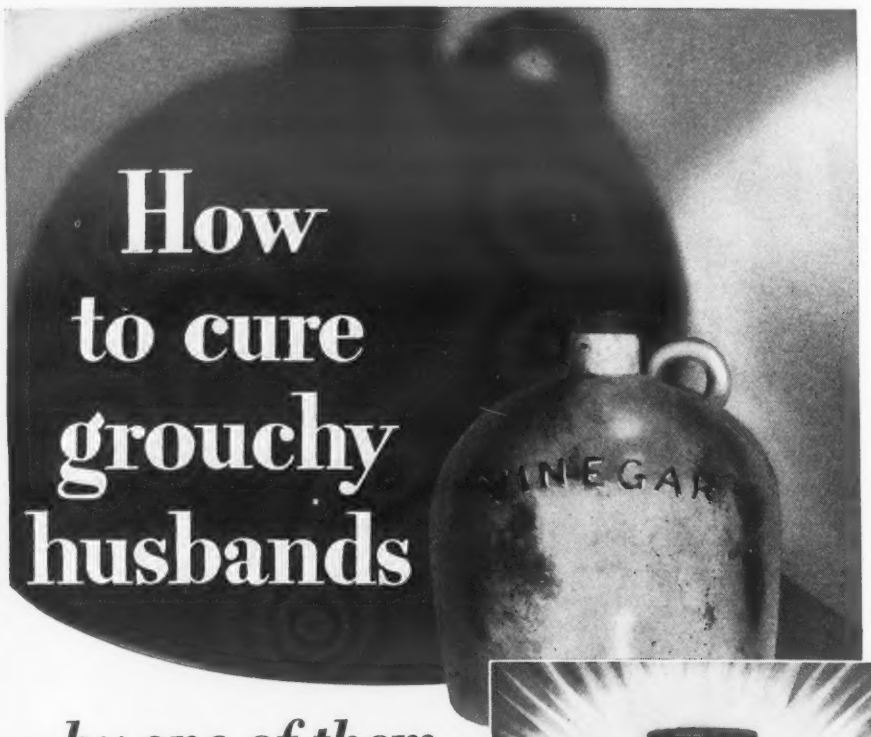
Quicker dishwashing:

Let Chipso's foaming suds soak the food traces off your china while you rinse and wipe silver and glass. You'll find the dishes nearly ready to rinse—and suds left to soak pots and pans clean. No need to add more soap. And your hands hardly go into the water!

Chipso—hot water
Quick suds that last!

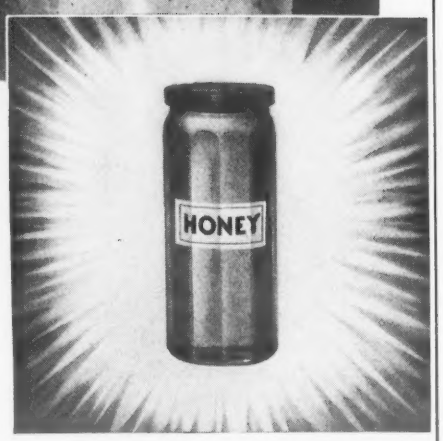
Soaks clothes clean
Dishes ⅓ less time

the history of household soap



How to cure grouchy husbands

—by one of them



"I am a grouch. My father was a grouch and so was my Mayflower ancestor. I have long been loaded with crepe and vinegar. On my honeymoon, my wife diagnosed the cause. 'Quit using caffein,' she said. I did it for a week, then weakened. For 18 years I used caffein and remained a grouch.

"Then one morning my wife made some Postum. It looked good. I drank a cup and then a second. Now for more than a month, caffein has meant nothing to me. I no longer read myself to sleep. Yesterday, I weighed 131 pounds—six pounds more than a month ago. I find I can whistle and stir up a smile.

"I started by proclaiming myself a grouch and I stick to it. But if you don't believe I have thrown off some of the crepe and vinegar and taken on some honey and molasses, just ask my wife."

CECIL EASTMAN
225 East Robinson Ave. Orlando, Fla.

• • •

RASPING nerves and lack of sleep can make a grouch of the most cheerful man living. A man simply can't smile when he has risen, tired and grumpy, from a sleepless bed. But the sad part of it is that so many men fail to trace their grouchiness to its source—often the artificial stimulant they take with their meals. They fail to realize that caffein, by disturbing sleep and the calling for use of much reserve energy, has turned many a man into a "bundle of nerves."

Try this test and see how it works in your case! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then judge!

Postum contains no trace of any artificial stimulant—nothing to fray nerves, keep you awake, or impair digestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A wholesome drink with a rich, full-bodied flavor—a flavor that millions prefer.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.-L. H. J. 9-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.*
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

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Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

(Continued from Page 69)

The feast was always a notable one. The family assembled in the main hall and marched into the dining room behind Mrs. Spaine and her son John. Potter, the head waiter, met them at the door and, stepping a little higher than usual, led the way to the head of the table, where he personally pulled out Mrs. Spaine's chair and then pushed it in again, completing as he did so a very carefully prepared wish that she might enjoy many happy returns of the day.

All that is necessary to say about the great birthday feast is that it went off pretty much as usual; the food was wonderful; there were a few impromptu speeches to be applauded and when it was all over some of the guests hurried upstairs and did a little forehanded packing for the early morning trains next day.

By the eighth of the month the last of them was off, bound for the several corners of the land; another year could be said to have passed away.

QUITE a few of them would have prolonged their stay until after the wedding except for two reasons: The doors of the Inn were to be locked on the ninth for one thing, and for another, not a single member of the family was invited to be present at the ceremony. Edgar calmly explained that Doctor English's house was too small to accommodate any but the close personal friends of the bride's family, including the preacher, and as it wouldn't be fair to invite one if not all of the Spaines he and Molly—and his mother, by the way—had decided to make the affair as small and as intimate and as jolly as possible by leaving out practically all of his family.

Both David and Molly declined Mrs. Spaine's invitation to the banquet, the latter reminding the somewhat annoyed old lady that she was not yet a member of the family and therefore had no right to the privileges. David, thanking her for the unexpected "bid," stated that he would feel uncomfortable and out of place in view of the fact that he was not in any sense related to the family and never could be, even by marriage. He was not even puzzled by Mrs. Spaine's smile nor by the remark she made.

"You are quite right, David. Not even by marriage."

He asked for a few days' leave of absence if it was convenient, saying he had been planning for some time to go to Richmond.

"By all means, my dear David," said she. "Stay as long as you like."

HE REDDENED a little under her steady gaze and mumbled something about being back long before Edgar's wedding.

He went to Richmond, notwithstanding Miriam's letters advising him to bide his time. She had had it out with her mother, it seems, but as yet lacked the courage to broach the subject to her father. David decided to take the bull by the horns. He had to know where he stood and there was only one way to find out.

Shortly before noon he walked into the bank and inquired for Mr. Traffordson.

"Please tell him that Mr. David France is here to see him on a matter of importance."

"Is he expecting you, Mr. France?"

"He is not," said David rather grimly.

Presently the young woman returned. She was a trifle red in the face.

"Mr. Traffordson says he is engaged until three o'clock this afternoon and would you be good enough to call then."

"Please tell him I shall be here at three o'clock sharp," said David, replacing his hat and walking out of the bank. Several pairs of admiring feminine eyes followed him.

Mr. Traffordson was singularly pale and very frosty when David entered his private office at three o'clock.

"Good evening, David," said he, as courteously as possible. He had had instructions from his agitated wife when he went home for luncheon. As he was already standing—in fact, he had been pacing the floor—it was not necessary for him to carry courtesy to the extent of rising to greet his caller.

"Good evening, Mr. Traffordson," said David, smiling. He extended his hand as he came forward. Mr. Traffordson took it fishily. "Hope you are well, sir. And Mrs. Traffordson?"

"We are both very well, David," said the banker. After a moment's hesitation he went on: "Won't you be seated?"

"THANK you, sir, I will. I shan't detain you long, Mr. Traffordson," said the young man, sitting down in the chair indicated. The older man already had seated himself. David came to the point with shocking suddenness. "I came, sir, to see you about Miriam. I am here to ask you, sir, for your daughter's hand in marriage."

The banker blinked rapidly a couple of times and for a moment was speechless. The abruptness of the onslaught found him unprepared. He had expected David to hem and haw and to lead up to the subject in a diffident, deferential manner. He eyed the young man coldly.

"You were quite right when you said you would not detain me long, France," said he, taking up a pen as if immediately to resume the task of signing letters his secretary had left on his desk. "I shall be equally considerate. I shall not detain you at all. I refuse my consent, of course. That should go without saying."

"I don't mind saying, Mr. Traffordson, that I expected this. I will admit that I am not good enough for Miriam. As far as that is concerned, no one is. I believe myself to be as good and as honorable as any of the men who have sought her hand in marriage. This includes the nobility, sir. But that is beside the point. Pardon me, sir! Just a moment, please. I should like you to know that I love her dearly and that the rest of my life shall be spent in making her happy. Also, I have every reason to believe that she loves me and will be content to take me for what I am and to put up with what I am able to offer. It is only fair, sir, that I should tell you exactly how matters stand. We ——"

"YOU do not need to tell me, sir," rasped Mr. Traffordson, paling with anger. "I know better than you how matters stand. You are impertinent when you come here and attempt to tell me how matters stand. Once and for all, you cannot have my daughter. I shall never give my consent. She will obey me; you may be very sure of that, sir. Is this perfectly clear to you, France?"

David rose. "I trust you are not expecting me to plead with you, Mr. Traffordson. Nothing could be farther from my thoughts. I merely came to see you because I considered it to be my duty. I have no desire to be underhanded about it. My regard for Miriam is too fine. I regret to say, sir, that I fear we shall have to get along without your consent. I should have preferred it the other way, but you ——"

Mr. Traffordson half rose from his chair as he thundered: "Do you mean to say, sir, that you hope to—to marry her against my wishes, and her mother's too?"

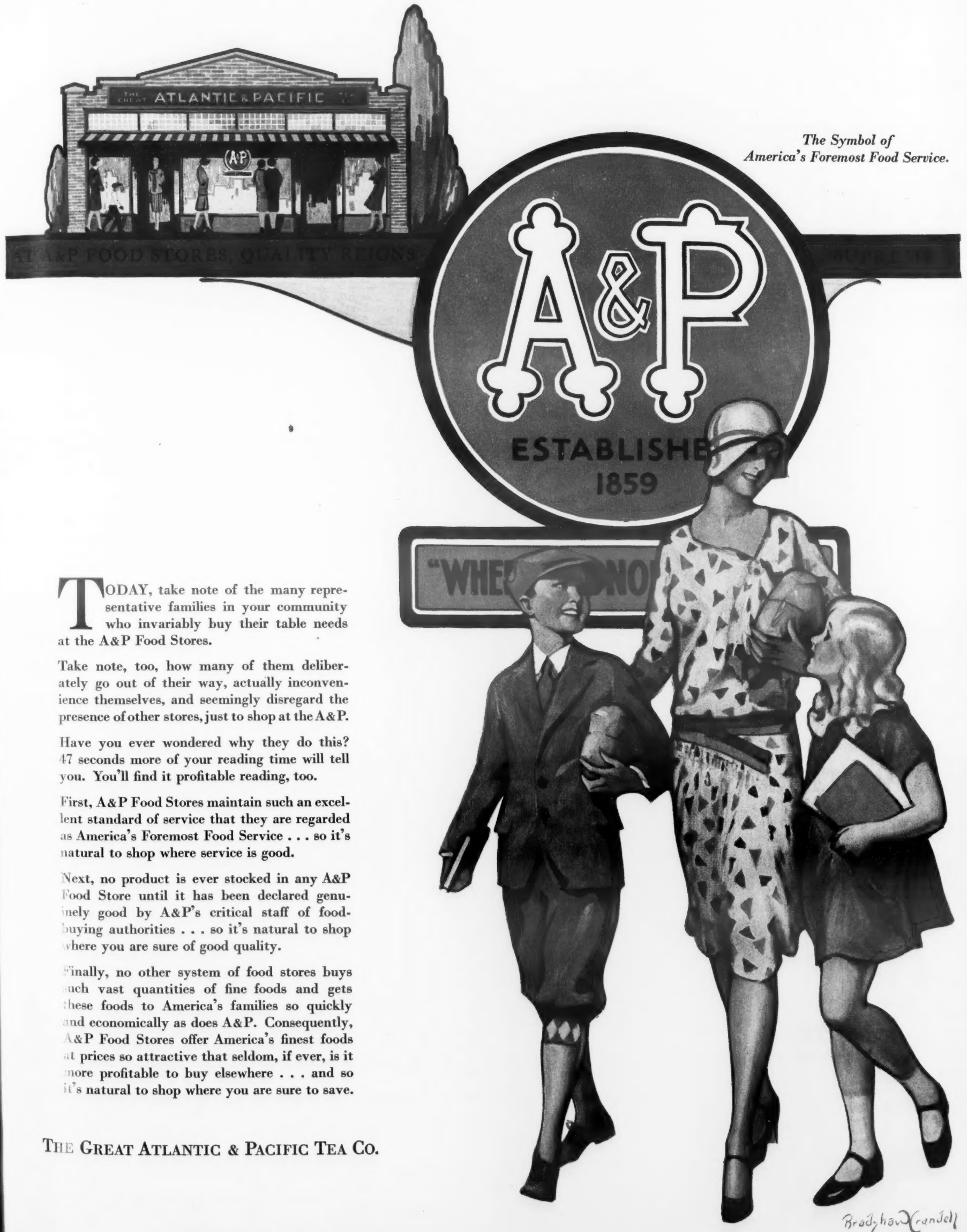
"Certainly. Unless she backs out, and I don't believe she will do that."

"You insolent upstart! How dare you come to me with ——"

"I am not making any threats, sir," broke in David coolly.

"You—you'd better not," sputtered the banker. "I'd have you thrown into the street. Get out of this office. There is no more to be said. I would as soon see Miriam in her grave as married to you,

(Continued on Page 74)



The Symbol of
America's Foremost Food Service.

TODAY, take note of the many representative families in your community who invariably buy their table needs at the A&P Food Stores.

Take note, too, how many of them deliberately go out of their way, actually inconvenience themselves, and seemingly disregard the presence of other stores, just to shop at the A&P.

Have you ever wondered why they do this? 47 seconds more of your reading time will tell you. You'll find it profitable reading, too.

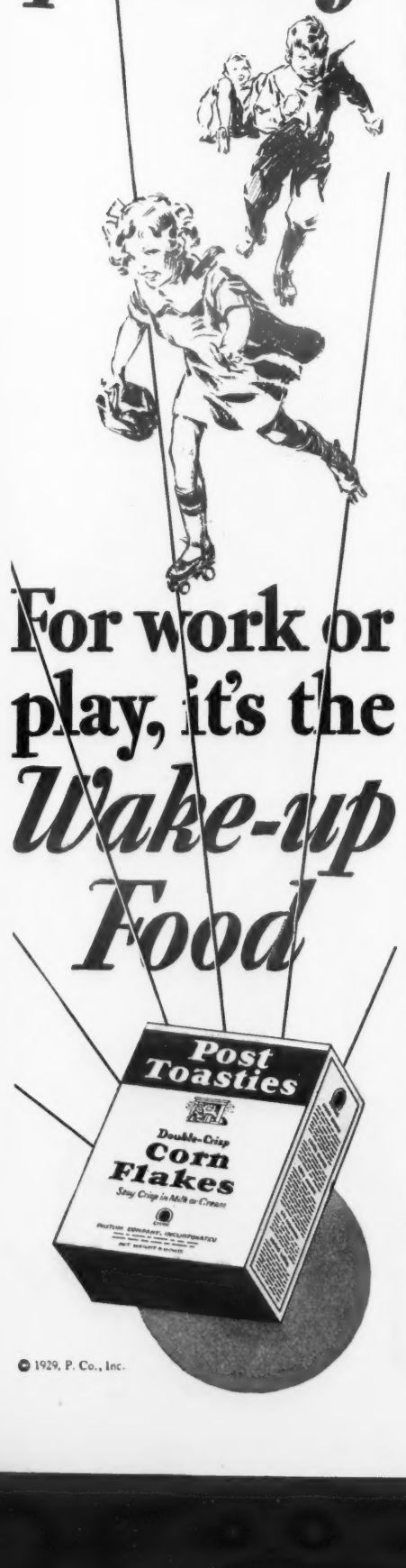
First, A&P Food Stores maintain such an excellent standard of service that they are regarded as America's Foremost Food Service . . . so it's natural to shop where service is good.

Next, no product is ever stocked in any A&P Food Store until it has been declared genuinely good by A&P's critical staff of food-buying authorities . . . so it's natural to shop where you are sure of good quality.

Finally, no other system of food stores buys such vast quantities of fine foods and gets these foods to America's families so quickly and economically as does A&P. Consequently, A&P Food Stores offer America's finest foods at prices so attractive that seldom, if ever, is it more profitable to buy elsewhere . . . and so it's natural to shop where you are sure to save.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

Crisp delicious POST Toasties wakes up new energy *quickly*



For work or play, it's the *Wake-up Food*

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(Continued from Page 72)

David France." He laughed rancorously. "France! That isn't your lawful name any more than it is mine. You haven't a name, young man. Your father had no name. He was never entitled to the name of France. For some fool reason of Ursula Spaine's, George France was not allowed to adopt your father, your foundling father, whose parentage is absolutely unknown. You have no name to give my daughter. How dare you come to me and ask my consent to her marriage with a man whose father was undoubtedly a child of love, a waif? How ——"

"STOP right there!" cried David, his eyes narrowing, the color ebbing from his cheeks. He advanced a step or two and then stopped. Mr. Traffordson had come to his feet in sudden alarm. Being a banker, he jumped to the conclusion that his visitor had a gun. "You've said enough, Mr. Traffordson. Now we know where we stand. Some day you will have to apologize to me for those words. You'll have to apologize to me before you can put your foot across my doorstep. You will have to eat those words if God is good enough to give Miriam and me a child. If I am not entitled to a name then our children will be in the same boat with me."

"Get out of this office!"

"Before I go, sir, I wish to announce that I intend to marry Miriam, with or without your consent."

"She will never marry without my consent. You—you do not know her. You ——"

"Oh, yes, I do. I know her a long sight better than you do, Mr. Traffordson. Mrs. Traffordson despises me because I'm a nobody, but she knows that Miriam loves me and always has loved me—God only knows why!—and that nothing on earth, not even you, sir, can keep us apart. I am sorry we can't seem to hit it off. I am not looking for trouble nor do I want to cause anybody else a moment's unhappiness. I've done my best to play fair with you, sir. I came to you like a man. I haven't gone behind your back in this matter. You have insulted me. But I rather expected that. All I have to say, sir, is that everything rests with Miriam. Her wishes, not yours or mine, are to be considered. Good day, sir."

He turned toward the door. Mr. Traffordson banged the desk with his fist.

"If you attempt to see her I shall ——"

"One moment!" interrupted David, facing him, his eyes hard and glittering. "I wish you to bear in mind that I came to Richmond to see you, sir, and not to see Miriam. I do not expect to see her. I am going home on the evening train."

XV.

DAVID spent a day at Charlottesville before returning to Merivale Springs. He put in most of the time at the University, strolling about the beloved old campus, sitting meditatively alone in well-remembered spots or visiting the few professors whom he liked and who were fond of him. On his return to Merivale Springs he found a long letter from Miriam awaiting him at the cottage.

She described the scene with her father following the unheralded visit to the bank, mildly taking her lover to task for going away without seeing her, and wound up the letter by passionately reasserting her love and devotion and her unyielding vow to marry him whenever he said the word.

"Only," she wrote, "I think I can bring him and mother round to my way of seeing things, once they realize how determined I am, David. I do not believe they fully appreciate the lengths to which I will go rather than give you up. Of course at present father is in a dreadful state. He says he will disown me, cast me off, and all that sort of melodramatic stuff. He is miserable and unhappy and so unbelievably fierce. But, dear heart, I do believe I can convince him sooner or later that it's no use, and then he will give in. Do be patient for a while. Give me a chance to see what I can do. Naturally I do not want to hurt my father and mother if there is any way to avoid it. I want to be happy and I want them to be happy. But here is my solemn vow, David. You may count on it. Whenever you are ready I pledge myself to marry you. It rests with you. There never can be any other man. I want you to believe that, David dear.'"

The wedding of Molly English and Edgar Spaine took place on the afternoon of the twelfth. The company was not a large one, perhaps twenty people in all. Following the ceremony, Mrs. Spaine gave a little supper at Merivale Hall, to which no one outside the two families was invited except the pastor and his wife and David France.

Shortly before train time, Mrs. Spaine took Molly's arm and led her into the little office, closing the door behind her.

"I am happier than I thought I should be, Molly," she said immediately. "I believe you really care for Edgar. At first I was afraid." She cleared her throat. "Now, my dear, you will remember that some weeks ago I announced that ——"

Molly interrupted her quickly, her face crimsoning.

"IF YOU are going to remind me of what you said in this room a couple of months ago, Mrs. Spaine—you know what I mean—I must beg of you not to do so. I can't bear to have you think that I could be—bought. That is the only word, Mrs. Spaine. If you still have such a thought in your mind I ——"

"Nevertheless, my dear, you hadn't been Mrs. Edgar Spaine more than ten minutes before a message was on the wire from me to a certain bank in New York. You know it well. You've written hundreds of letters to its president. Do you remember me talking to the telegraph operator from the station in your father's front hall just after the ceremony? He was there by appointment." She laughed, a dry little chuckle. "He hadn't the faintest idea what the message meant but the gentleman to whom it was sent knows all about it. He is the president of the bank and he was expecting word from me. I didn't wire him until you were Edgar's wife. My dear daughter, you will find waiting in New York my wedding present to you. It is for you alone. I give it cheerfully, gladly. If it will make you any happier, Molly, it gives me great pleasure to assure you, on my honor, that this gift is not in pursuance of the hateful, sordid plan I mentioned to you some time ago. The amount, I am obliged to confess, is the same. I have not spoken to Edgar about it. You may do so if you choose. In any case, it is my wedding present to you."

She stood for a long time looking down upon the bent head of the sobbing bride, whose flaming face was covered by tightly pressed hands.

"DRY your eyes, my dear," said the old woman, laying her hand on Molly's shoulder. "I am very happy today. I hope to be still happier before I die. I am truly happy to have you for my daughter-in-law, for my own sake and for Edgar's. My heart goes with you to Europe; it will always be with you in your home in Washington. If I haven't said so before I say it now. I wish you to consider Merivale Hall your home; I shall always rejoice to see you here. You must believe me, Molly. I am very, very fond of you. Ah, that is better. I should like to kiss you, dear. I am not as hard-hearted as—as ——"

"You hard-hearted?" cried Molly, throwing her arms about her mother-in-law's neck. "You are the gentlest, the finest woman in all this world." She kissed her warmly, eagerly.

Mrs. Spaine disengaged herself. Her seamed, aristocratic old face wrinkled into a dry, almost sardonic smile.

(Continued on Page 77)

Once upon a time...

A true story about Helen who was three

★

Once upon a time, there was a little girl, three years old, named Helen, whose own daddy started a tiny factory to make stockings only for babies and little boys and girls. And he called all the stockings he made American Baby Hose.

Not only that, but Helen's daddy made a promise when he started his tiny factory. He promised that all his American Baby Hose would be made as well as he could make them—exactly as though they were all to be worn by his own darling baby girl! Because, he said, doctors had told him that little children's feet did not have strong, hard bones like those of grown-ups, but only what he called soft cartilage. And that if a child's stockings weren't made exactly right, they wouldn't fit and, so, would twist or bend the soft cartilage and cause all kinds of foot troubles when the child grew up.

That was fourteen years ago. But Helen's daddy has been making stockings and socks for babies and little children ever since, exactly as he promised he would—as though they were all to be worn by his own darling baby of three!

Of course, Helen is no longer three. Indeed, she's not even little any more. But her daddy—just so he would never forget his promise—has all the stockings and socks he makes packed in boxes, and on all these boxes he has a picture printed of his little Helen when she was three years old!

And, oh yes! That tiny factory isn't tiny at all any more, but has grown and grown until it's now the biggest factory in all America for the making of stockings and socks for babies and young children. And Helen's daddy says it's all because he kept his promise!

★

J. H. BLAETZ
Mascher and Allegheny
Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN *Baby Hose*

THE STOCKING WITH THE STRETCH

Write for Free Booklet—"The Care of Baby's Feet".

You can have more pretty clothes.. without spending a cent more!

GREAT MOVIE STUDIOS TELL YOU HOW

Keep your clothes looking just like new *much* longer . . . then, instead of spending all your clothes money replacing worn-out things, you can afford to buy *extra* clothes!

Take a "tip" from the movies. Wardrobe directors of the great studios have learned by experience how to keep the lovely clothes of the screen new-looking *twice as long* . . . Without exception they find—

"All types of washable modern clothes keep that exquisite, fresh, new look twice as long *if always cleansed in Lux.*"

Now every great movie studio in Hollywood insists on Lux.

You, too, can double the life of pretty clothes . . . and so buy many *more* clothes without spending a cent more. Always use pure, safe Lux. Avoid rubbing with cake soap . . . avoid the harmful alkali found in so many soaps, whether flakes, cakes, chips or powders.

"SO MANY *more pretty clothes, thanks to Lux"—that is what clever women everywhere say. They find every type of costume, from imported negligees to inexpensive little 'round the house frocks, can be kept like new so much longer with Lux. You don't have to replace worn-outs nearly so often—so you can afford more pretty clothes.*

ADRIAN, *costume director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, discusses a new costume with Anita Page . . . "We can't afford to risk using anything but Lux," Adrian says . . . "Lux cleansing keeps clothes so beautifully new they can be worn through months of production."*

CHARMING LOUISE BROOKS *in a smart white angora suit . . . This lovely star, like other stars and all the big studios, insists upon Lux to keep beautiful clothes "like new twice as long!" You, too, can keep clothes like new far longer with Lux!*

LUX IS MADE *by a marvelous special process . . . made whiter and thinner and purer than ordinary soap . . . that is why Lux keeps clothes like new so much longer!*

The homes of Presidents and Kings are served by *Frigidaire*

IN THE executive mansions of presidents, governors and kings, and in the residences of great engineers and architects and business leaders everywhere, the predominant majority of electric refrigerators are Frigidaires. There are definite reasons for this choice.

Frigidaire is the only automatic refrigerator in the world equipped with the Frigidaire "Cold Control"... a simple dial that gives you ice cubes quickly and enables you to freeze delicious desserts that require extreme cold.

It is the automatic refrigerator with the extra powerful compressor which keeps the food compartment always below 50 degrees ... the temperature so vital to health ... regardless of how hot the weather may become.

Frigidaire is the quiet refrigerator. You don't hear it start, or stop, or run. Frigidaire is the automatic refrigerator of outstanding beauty. There is no exposed machinery to catch dust or dirt. The food shelves are elevated to make stooping unnecessary. It can be placed anywhere, for it requires no connections except for electric current.

Because Frigidaire alone offers this combination of essential features it is the choice of the majority, and the economies of quantity production make prices lower.

New models are now being shown at display rooms everywhere. A catalog and a copy of our new recipe book will be mailed on request. Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

The "Cold Control"... lets *you* regulate the time required to freeze ice cubes.

Frigidaire Corporation, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,* Department T-507, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me a free copy of the Frigidaire catalog and the recipe book of frozen delicacies.

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If you live in Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Towers, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

The QUIET *Automatic Refrigerator*

(Continued from Page 74)

"If you should happen to have ten or a dozen children to bring up, my dear, and live to see them all married off, you will then appreciate how sweet those words sound coming from a daughter-in-law."

In a day or two life at Merivale Springs settled down to its usual winter placidity. The windows of the Coach and Saddle were boarded up, the doors locked, the porches stripped of their mattings, flower beds covered up, boxes and pots carried into the hothouses down the hill. No sign of life about the inn, save the tread of sleepy day and night watchmen.

DAVID was busy. The days sped by, leaving Thanksgiving behind; Christmas was close at hand when he went to Mrs. Spaine and announced that he would like to take a short vacation after the holidays.

She had been watching him closely, even uneasily, for several weeks. Always when he was with her he appeared to be cheerful and interested in the affairs of the estate. But there were times that he did not know that she was observing him. At such times he was moody, the muscles of his jaw were hard-set, his eyes dark and frowning.

She was worried. Into her own eyes came a furtive look of anxiety, the expression of one who questions the outcome of some favored enterprise or plan.

He kept his own counsel. Not once did he allude to Miriam or to his future. She gave him many opportunities, but, to her chagrin and annoyance, he deliberately ignored them. Finally she began to despair, this strong old woman who did not know the meaning of the word. Something was wrong. Had he given up the fight? Had Calhoun Traffordson prevailed? Or had Miriam, after all, decided that she did not love David enough to marry him, the son of an unnamed foundling?

Her heart was set on the marriage of these two. Unless that came to pass, all her plans, all her hopes were as naught. More than anything else in the world she wanted to see this unacknowledged grandson of hers take his place, rightly or wrongly, among the people with whom he belonged, for there was blue blood in his veins and the heart of a thoroughbred in his body.

Her brow would have cleared and her nights would not have been so long had she known of the surreptitious correspondence that was kept up by Miriam and David.

THE Christmas season brought letters, cards and telegrams by the hundred to the revivified old lady of Merivale Hall. There were letters from Edgar and Molly, who were in Paris; a joint cablegram from them also arrived on Christmas morning.

She gave many presents, but rigidly adhered to a rule of long standing barring gifts to herself by any member of the family or by her servants. To every one connected with her extensive ménage she gave pieces of gold; David attended to all this, obtaining stacks of yellow coins from the local bank. There was a substantial gift for him, together with a new contract for ten years at a surprisingly large increase in salary, as well as a share in the profits derived from the various interests coming under his supervision.

Ella and Joe were remembered in a fashion far beyond anticipation—or even desire, for, be it said to their credit, both felt that she had done enough for them.

There was a small tree for the totally indifferent twins and a dinner on Christmas Day to which Molly's parents were invited.

Ella received from her mother a diamond-and-platinum wrist watch; from her young brother Richard a beaded bag. Nothing at all from her father. Good signs, said Mrs. Spaine with satisfaction.

It was on New Year's Day that she confessed to being very lonely without Edgar and Molly. A sign, she said—the first, by the way—that she was beginning to show her age! Christmas and New Year's with no Edgar rambling about the place was like a nursery without children.

And now David was going away on the second, to be gone for a fortnight or three weeks. That made it even worse. She smiled when young Joe assured her that Davy wouldn't be missed. Hadn't he given his word to look after things about the estate during the superintendent's absence? So long as Davy wasn't worried, why should she be?

"Don't you bother your head about things, Mrs. Spaine," said he sturdily. "I know how to manage the place. Leave it to me. Things will go along like a house afire."

The day after David's departure the old lady came down with a cold. She not only despised colds but resented people who had them. Doctor English put her to bed for a day or two.

This annoyed her exceedingly, for her lawyer was even then on his way down from Washington in obedience to a letter stating that she wished to consult him at once on legal matters of importance.

XVI.

THE principal event connected with this story of Ursula Spaine occurred shortly before midnight on the eleventh of January. Other things of a nature calculated to be diverting, but which, after all, are only of passing interest and meant to be forgotten, have been recorded simply because of their bearing upon the life and, at the end, death of the Mistress of Merivale Hall.

The coming of Joe and Ella and the twins, the courtship and marriage of Edgar and Molly, the affairs of David and Miriam, the defection of Frank Brown, the story of Raleigh Reynolds and his grandson—all these must be looked upon as matters of minor importance in comparison with the event which brings to a close the active chronicle of Ursula Spaine. From that date on, all reference to her perforce must be historical.

She died shortly before midnight on the eleventh of January, aged eighty-two years, two months and six days.

But in as much as several things of interest occurred between the day on which she fell ill and the one that brought her life to an end, it is necessary—indeed, it is imperative—that they be recorded more or less in the order of their happening, if for no other reason than to prove that she undertook nothing in life that failed of ultimate achievement, even though some of the fruits and benefits were denied her at the end.

To begin with, her lawyer came down from Washington to see her. Not one of the secondary or even junior members of the firm, but old Judge Branchley himself. He brought with him a confidential clerk, a number of important-looking documents, and a carefully prepared list of the things his doctor said he could eat at his time of life without being in any especial danger of suddenly having to take to his deathbed.

He was well past seventy and beginning to believe in doctors.

SHE apologized for remaining in bed. Doctor's orders, she complained. The judge solemnly assured her that the doctor was right. She solemnly assured him that most doctors were jackasses.

Judge Branchley returned to Washington on the following day, having prepared several codicils to her will, at least one of which was astonishing. She signed them before witnesses. There were other matters to be discussed and acted upon, other documents to sign, and by dinner time she was so tired that she turned the judge over to Ella and Joe for entertainment and, having done what she called a good day's work, partook of a bowl of crackers and milk and went to sleep.

(Continued on Page 79)

as told to PRINCESS PAT
by 10,000 men

"WOMEN USE TOO MUCH ROUGE"

THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. There is never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the most natural rouge in the world. Blonde and brunette use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never, because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the light powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of colors as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge.

PRINCESS PAT
PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
CHICAGO

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

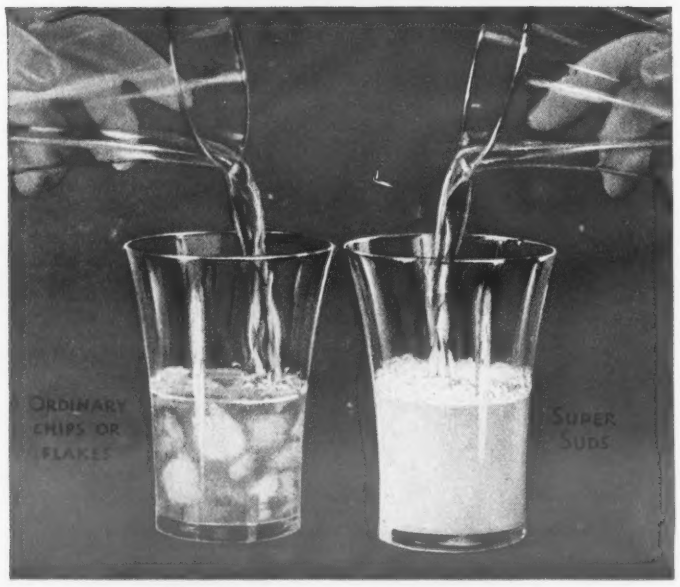
SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-829, Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print) .....
Street .....
City and State .....

These Active *Underwater* Suds Speed Dishwashing

New form of soap gives instant suds *all through the water.* Dishes wash faster. Drain shining dry after one hot rinse—wiping unnecessary.



Make this amazing test!

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds all through the water. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass gummy chips float about, dissolving very slowly.

This is how these soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness.

INSTANT SUDS, clear down to the bottom of the pan! That's what makes dishes wash clean easily—quickly. That's what you get with Super Suds, the new soap in "bead" form.

For it's below the surface of the water that dishes are really washed. So it's suds below the surface of the water that really count.

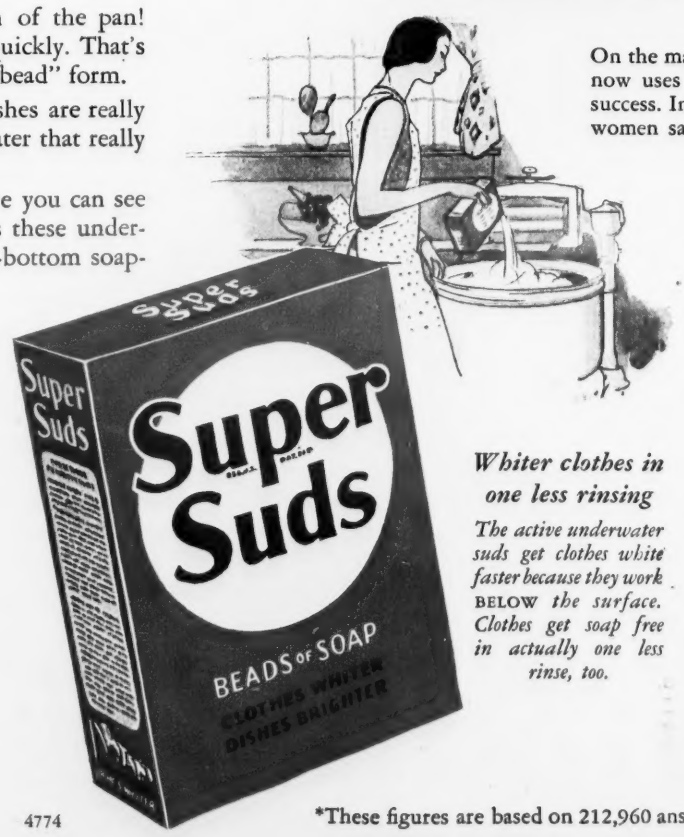
When you make the glass test pictured above you can see the amazing speed with which Super Suds gives these underwater suds. You can see the quick down-to-the-bottom soapiness that only Super Suds can give you.

This is how Super Suds acts in your dishpan. This is why it speeds dishwashing in these three important ways.

1. ***No waiting for suds.*** Without stirring or coaxing . . . in hard water . . . in water cool enough to keep hands soft and white, Super Suds gives instant suds.

2. ***Dishes wash faster with underwater suds.*** Super Suds gives suds *below* the water where you really need them. Active "underwater" suds that even penetrate between plates piled at the bottom of the dishpan. Food and grease dissolve off dishes like magic. Silver, glasses, china, come shining clean in far less time.

3. ***Dishwiping unnecessary.*** Every trace of Super Suds rinses away in one hot rinse. There are no specks of undissolved soap. No soap film to streak dishes. Dishes drain dry to a sparkling cleanliness no towel could give them.



Whiter clothes in one less rinsing

The active underwater suds get clothes white faster because they work BELOW *the surface. Clothes get soap free in actually one less rinse, too.*

America's greatest dishwashing soap

On the market scarcely more than a year . . . one-third of America* now uses Super Suds. No other soap has ever had such instant success. In a recent nation-wide investigation, 212,960 answers from women said "Super Suds is fastest dishwashing soap ever made."

✓ ✓ ✓

Soap sprayed from towers

Super Suds works faster, saves your time, because it's so amazingly thin. It's not chips nor powder. But soap in the form of tiny hollow beads. Made by pouring melted streams of soap from great towers many stories high. As the soap falls it forms into millions of fine beads, with walls four times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake.

That's why Super Suds dissolves faster, washes quicker, rinses easier, than chips or flakes. Why this amazing soap can save one-third to one-half your dishwashing time.

Buy Super Suds today. Use it for dishwashing—for laundry—to speed every bit of cleaning you have to do. A big box for only 10c.

4774

*These figures are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives when called upon in their homes.

(Continued from Page 77)

She stayed in bed for three days and then, defying Doctor English, got up and, to use her own expression, began to make herself at home. The next day found her back in bed again, running a temperature, fretful, and very much disgusted with everything. She developed a distressing hoarseness and a cough. Doctor English, overriding her objections, sent to a near-by city for two nurses. He recognized the symptoms. All unbeknown to her, someone was coming from the same hospital with oxygen.

Pending the arrival of the nurses, young Ella took command. Much to Mrs. Spaine's amusement and satisfaction, she proved herself to be a most capable, thoughtful and apparently tireless attendant. She ordered the servants around, prepared and administered medicines with astounding precision, read to the patient, conducted herself with deceiving cheerfulness and won the grudging respect of even so harsh a person as Jane Cobb. The old lady watched her with an approving if sometimes wandering gaze.

"But I despise chicken broth, Ella," she said hoarsely, at noon of the fifth day, a few hours before the nurses were to arrive.

"SO DO I, grandmother," said Ella gently. "But just the same," she went on in a surprisingly firm tone, "you've simply got to drink every drop of it. Get busy, please. The sooner you get it down the sooner you'll have it over with. Besides, it is delicious. Come on, there's a dear. Drink it."

And Mrs. Spaine, sitting half up in bed, drank it and smiled gratefully.

Within an hour after this little episode of the chicken broth a telegram came for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Bellwilliger. Joe was out "superintending" something or other, and so Ella opened the envelope. She read the message twice before emitting a little whoop of delayed amazement. She rushed up to Mrs. Spaine's room, her eyes wide with excitement, a triumphant grin trembling on her lips.

"For goodness' sake, child, what is——"

"Oh, gosh! Just listen to this. Wait a second till I get my breath or whatever it is that isn't working."

Mrs. Spaine raised herself on an elbow, her feverish eyes gleaming.

"What is it? A telegram from David? Have they ——"

"It's from mother. To Mr. and Mrs. Bellwilliger. That's Joe and me. You could knock me over with a feather. It only goes to show, grandmother, that if one is firm and unrelenting —— But listen. Here's what she says. Oh, goodness! I forgot. I hope it won't excite you and—perhaps I'd better take your temperature. Now where did I put the thing-um-a-jig. I mean the thermometer. I ——"

"READ it," commanded Mrs. Spaine thickly as she sank back upon the pillows. "I think I can guess, however. Your father has come to his senses. I knew he would if we'd let him have his own way about it. Men always do. Read it."

"Joe will be absolutely paralyzed. Listen!" Ella's voice shook as she read this message:

YOUR FATHER HAS CHANGED HIS MIND SUDDENLY STOP HE WANTS YOU AND JOSEPH AND THE CHILDREN TO COME TO US AT ONCE STOP HE NEEDS YOU STOP HE IS WRITING YOU TODAY STOP I AM OVERJOYED STOP ALL IS WELL AND I THANK HEAVEN STOP IT WILL BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU WITH US STOP GIVE OUR LOVE TO MRS. SPAINE STOP WIRE WHEN YOU ARE LEAVING OR WHETHER DADDY SHOULD COME FOR YOU STOP LOVE FROM MOTHER.

Mrs. Spaine's smile was dry, almost scornful.

"It was only a question of time, my child," she said with an effort. "It is good news. I can't tell you how happy it makes me. Now run along and find Joe. He may have something to say about it, you know."

Ella scuttled away. The sick woman murmured as she closed her eyes:

"Heigho! It begins to look as if nobody will be left here for me to love before long."

It was Joe who dictated the reply by wire. He took on a surprising air of dignity. The telegram, signed "Ella and Joseph," read as follows:

We were both made very happy by your message. Joe is acting superintendent of the estate during absence of Mr. France and we cannot come to New York even for a short visit until he returns especially as Mrs. Spaine is ill and needs both very much. Letter will explain. Please tell father not to bother about coming all way down here. We will start for New York soon as possible. In meantime we desire you to accept our sincere and undying love.

THE nurses arrived that evening and took charge. Doctor English suggested a consultation, mentioning a prominent physician in Charlottesville. Mrs. Spaine pooh-poohed the idea.

To everyone's amazement she seemed decidedly better the next morning. Her fever was down, her respiration better; even the cold in her chest seemed to have diminished.

Then, along about noon, came news of the crowning event, looking at it from Ursula Spaine's point of view.

It was in the form of a telegram savoring so strongly of obligatory afterthought that even the recipient was constrained to feel that the sender did not regard the announcement as any of her business—a telegram from David France containing the news that he and Miriam Traffordson had been married in Charlottesville the night before. It read:

Miriam and I were married here very quietly at eleven o'clock last night by the Rev. Dr. Thraill. Leaving today for Washington by motor and will be at New Willard. Returning to Merivale from New York in about two weeks. DAVID FRANCE

The news created a vast sensation. The day nurse, who hadn't the faintest idea who Miriam and David were, opened the envelope and read the contents aloud to her patient. Ella was present. She uttered a triumphant squeal, which in itself was enough to convince the nurse that she had erred in breaking the news so suddenly, and she lost no time in feeling Mrs. Spaine's pulse.

BUT the sick old lady's pulse did not jump. It behaved admirably. She not only smiled but took the message in her hand to read it, first to herself and then aloud.

"Well, well," she said, laying the telegram on the counterpane; "will wonders never cease?"

She appeared to be perfectly calm, almost indifferent. But the excited Ella detected a gleam in her old eyes that neither she nor anyone else had ever beheld before, a flash of mingled triumph and joy and—could it be possible?—gloating.

"I wish you would get me pen and ink, nurse," said Mrs. Spaine. "I desire to write the telegram of congratulation to them myself. I wish to give them my blessing with my own hand."

The nurse took her temperature a little later on and was amazed to find that it had not risen so much as a fifth of a degree; in fact, Mrs. Spaine seemed suddenly to become brighter and stronger; there was something even gay in her manner.

And she actually laughed outright when shortly after four o'clock that afternoon a telegram came from T. R. Calhoun Traffordson. She insisted on reading it herself. Doctor English was there. He began to wonder whether he hadn't made a mistake in bringing the interne with the oxygen all the way from Charlottesville.

APPLE JELLY FROM SWEET CIDER

Measure 7½ level cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar and then 1 quart (4 cups) apple cider into saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. Stir in 1 bottle Certo and bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for 1 minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot paraffin wax.

GREEN PEPPER RELISH

Use about 1 dozen medium-sized green peppers (see note below). Discard the seeds. Put peppers through finest plate of the food chopper twice. Drain off some of the juice and pack 2 level cups solid with the ground peppers, using just enough juice to flood the cups level. Discard rest of juice. Bring 6½ level cups (2¾ lbs.) sugar, peppers and 1½ cups apple vinegar to a hard boil in a large pan and set aside where it will keep hot for 15 or 20 minutes uncovered, stirring occasionally. Bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for 2 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in 1 bottle Certo. Skim and stir repeatedly for just 8 minutes after taking from fire to cool slightly, which prevents peppers from floating. Then pour quickly and cover hot relish at once with hot paraffin wax. (Note: Sweet red peppers may be used in any proportion with green peppers. This gives a pleasing color combination to the relish.)

With CERTO

you can even make jelly *from* Cider . . . *and* jam *from* Green Peppers!

YES—*Cider Jelly*—and it's delicious too. And *Green Pepper Jam*—to be used as a relish, of course—but a relish with the firm consistency and added uses of jam. The recipes are on this page—read them and see how easy they are!

With the Certo "short-boil" method you can make perfect jams and jellies from *any* fruit or fruit juice—even those delicious fruits that never before would jell.

No matter how inexperienced you may be, with Certo you can be certain of success every time. It's so simple and easy when you use this modern "short-boil" method. You just bring your fruit or fruit juice and sugar to a boil—boil rapidly *one or two minutes*—and it's ready to pour into the glasses. All done in about 15 minutes!

Certo is a Pure Fruit Product—just the natural jellying substance extracted from fruit in which it is abundant. Millions of women have discovered that jams and jellies made the Certo "short-boil" way have better color and flavor—more like the fresh fruit itself—and that the cost per glass is from 1 to 3 cents less than by the old "long-boil" method.

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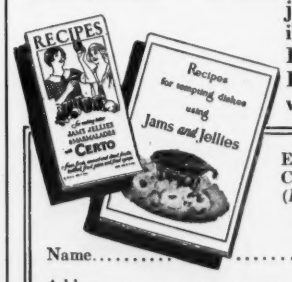

FREE: Two booklets—one, on how to make jams and jellies by the "short-boil" method—the other, an illustrated booklet of "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies." Mail coupon to Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept. She will write you and send the two booklets.

L. H. J. 9-29

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept.,
Certo Corporation, Fairport, New York.
(If you live in Canada, address: Certo, Cobourg, Ont.)
Please send me the two booklets described above.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here for trial half-bottle of Certo and send 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

A Wonderful Friend to your skin

At the last minute—when you are dressing for a dinner party or a dance —use Jergens Lotion to give your hands a final perfection of whiteness and softness. A costly negligée or delicate fabric runs no risk from this wonderful preparation, for it leaves not a trace of stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly.

2 famous ingredients give it instant power to heal

YOU do not have to *wait* for results —your skin tells you instantly the healing relief it gets from Jergens Lotion.

Delicious coolness and smoothness at the first touch of this fragrant, soothing liquid.

Roughness, redness, skin irritation subside and disappear. Jergens Lotion restores the lovely, child-like freshness of your skin, gives it back its youthful, velvety softness.

Two famous ingredients, long used in medicine to heal the skin and stimulate skin repair, give Jergens Lotion its wonderfully healing, soothing quality. It can be used at any time, on any occasion, for it leaves not a trace of stickiness. Your skin absorbs it instantly and completely.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today! Use it every time you have had your hands in water, and see how beautifully smooth and white you can keep them by this method. Fifty cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

FREE

A new trial bottle · a beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3017 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "*Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection.*"

Name_____

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In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3017 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

JERGENS LOTION

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

The young man had arrived that morning and was staying at the doctor's home.

She did not read Toby's message aloud; she kept it to herself, even though she found something in it to amuse her. When Ella came in shortly afterward, she produced Mr. Traffordson's telegram and handed it to the girl.

"READ it and then throw it into the fire," she said, chuckling, her voice as hoarse as a crow's. "And get a pencil and pad, my dear. I want to send a reply to him."

This is what Miriam's father said in his telegram to her:

As I feared the worst has come to pass as you must know by this time, even if you have not known all along. We do not intend to forgive her any more than we mean to accept the person she has chosen in defiance of all good sense and breeding. It affords me great pleasure to inform you that you will never see either Mrs. Traffordson or myself again at Merivale or elsewhere if I can prevent it. I do not hesitate to make this statement as openly as possible. We have no wish to hide our shame.

T. R. C.
TRAFFORDSON.

And this is her reply:

It seems to me that in as much as Miriam has taken it upon herself to make the best of everything it might profit you to do likewise. I have wired my congratulations to the happy couple. It will not be my fault, my dear Calhoun, if I am denied the pleasure of seeing you and Clara Louise at Merivale, as usual, next summer. Pray convey my warmest regards to your wife and assure her that I shall be very happy to overlook and forget your ultimatum.

URSULA MERIVALE SPAINE.

FOR three days she continued to improve. The doctor was on the point of pronouncing her out of danger. Her amazing vitality, her tremendous will power, apparently had conquered the malady which, at its worst, was alarming only on account of her age and at which she, after her own fashion, sneered. The nurses stayed on, for English was a wise and cautious man. A temperature persisted, indicating infection, and he was not willing to take any chances.

Everything was turning out well for her. She was contented. Come what may—even death—she had had her way. Lying there in bed with nothing to do but think, she found herself dwelling upon the singular manner in which Fate had handed its weavings from Raleigh Reynolds and herself down to David France and the daughter of Calhoun Traffordson. In many respects the conditions were identical; there was the age-old family grudge that stood between her and Raleigh and there was the bitter opposition that failed to keep David and Miriam apart. Two men, her lover and their grandson, had set their hands and hearts to win and the walls had crumbled before them; there was a distinction, of course, but, summing it up, there was no difference to speak of. Merely a question of ethics and, it so happened, the matter of a smile on the part of Luck. She could well afford to be happy.

Then, on the night of the tenth, she suffered a relapse. It came like a bolt from a blue sky. Doctors and nurses hard at work; the quiet, energetic consternation of a household into which death was stealing; the whispers, long faces, smileless lips and troubled eyes; the waiting.

Twenty-four hours of this, and then suddenly she opened her eyes and for a moment frowned perplexedly.

"Why—good gracious," she whispered huskily, utter incredulity in her eyes; "I—I wonder if I am going to die. How—how absurd!"

She closed her eyes, but opened them again almost immediately. Her breath was faint, her voice almost inaudible:

"Don't cry, Ella. It is all right. It has to come to all of us."

Then, a moment later: "God, here I am—a sinner. Be merciful to me."

Those were her last words, uttered in what permissibly may be recorded as her last breath; a short period of unconsciousness followed and then she was still.

Herewith end the story and the life of Ursula Merivale Spaine.

THE funeral was over. The late Mrs. Spaine's sons and daughters—with one exception—were gathered in the big dining room at Merivale Hall for the reading of the will by Judge Branchley. Several sons-in-law and daughters-in-law also were present. Other members—but by no means all—of the family were quartered at the Coach and Saddle, which had been reopened for their accommodation.

"She was like a mother to me," said David France, tears in his eyes, as they walked out of the little cemetery.

Miriam pressed his arm tightly and said, with greater perception and wisdom than she knew: "More like a grandmother, dear. Grandmothers seem always to be able to do and say the right thing where mothers fail because they are handicapped by being blinded."

DAVID and Miriam were present at the reading of the will. Judge Branchley announced to the members of the Spaine family that the deceased had given him oral instructions to have her superintendent present when the document was read. It was her wish; it was for him to obey and for them to submit to this command of hers. It was little short of a command, in fact. There was, he explained, a codicil and also a suggestion relating so directly to David France that he deemed it advisable, in any case, for the young man to be in attendance. Suffice it to say, the Spaines were nonplused. The word "codicil" had a sinister, unsavory meaning. As a family, they frowned.

David and Miriam, sitting over against the wall near the double doors, were the

(Continued on Page 82)

The Great Adventure

(Inspired by the cover on this issue)

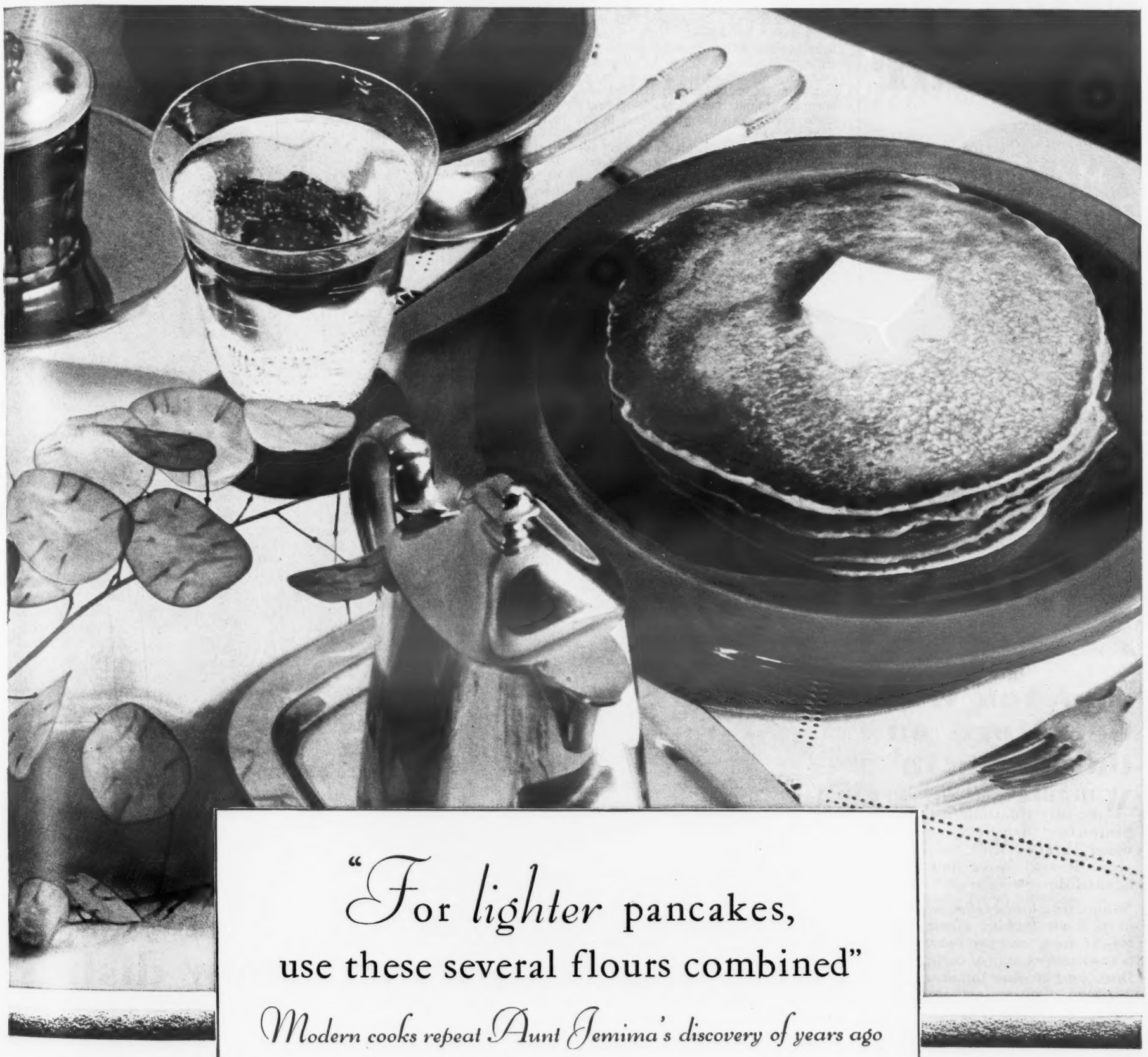
By **DOUGLAS CARY WENDELL**

TODAY I'm on my way to school;
I have a book!
And see my orange big and round?
I have two pencils and a rule;
Today's my very first at school!

My brother Billy's only three—
Too young for school.
I left him swinging on the gate
With Rags my dog—disconsolate.
Poor Billy! He is only three;
That's why he has to wait for me.

My Daddy said to me last night:
"Your Great Adventure's just ahead!"
And smiled and tucked me into bed.
At school, perhaps, if I am bright
I'll find out what he meant last night!

I'm not afraid!... I want to know
What school is like
And how to play with other boys.
But, oh, if only Rags could go!
He'd love a Great Adventure so.



"For *lighter* pancakes, use these several flours combined"

Modern cooks repeat Aunt Jemima's discovery of years ago

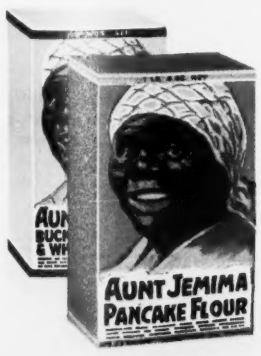
Because most men today want unusually light, tender pancakes for breakfast, this southern recipe is growing more and more popular. It is an old plantation "knack" of mixing four different flours for special goodness.

Celebrated cooking experts today say: for *lighter* pancakes, daintier and more wholesome, use several flours combined. *And just this was Aunt Jemima's discovery years ago.*

Corn flour, rice flour, rye flour were skilfully added to wheat flour by Aunt Jemima in making her famous golden-brown, fluffy pancakes.

Today you can easily give your family these same tender pancakes that have made Aunt Jemima famous. Cakes remarkably light and dainty with the true plantation flavor. Try Aunt Jemima's four flours—her entire recipe, *ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Grocers have it. If Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour does not give you complete satisfaction, your grocer will be glad to refund its purchase price.

Aunt Jemima's four flours and all her other ingredients now come ready-mixed *in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Her Buckwheat Flour is also ready for use. Just add milk (or water) to either, and stir*



Free—To get a trial-size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, together with recipe leaflet giving many tempting ways for serving pancakes and waffles, just mail the coupon.

The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. A-28, St. Joseph, Missouri. (Canadian address: Peterborough, Canada.)

Gentlemen: Please send free trial-size package Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and recipe booklet.

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And You Will Get More on the "Trade In"

WHETHER you drive ten or fifty thousand miles, a Simonized car brings more when "traded in," for after years it still looks new and beautiful.

Simonizing makes it so easy to keep a car looking clean and bright every day for years. It is the modern way of caring for Duco and lacquer finishes and protects them so well that all dust and dirt can be wiped off without scratching. Simoniz also guards the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

Anyone can Simoniz a car . . . it's fun. Like magic a little Simoniz Kleener on a cloth restores the finish to its former beauty. Then Simoniz provides that hard, beautiful surface of protection.

Insist on Simoniz—and your car will always look new and beautiful.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Motorists Wise~
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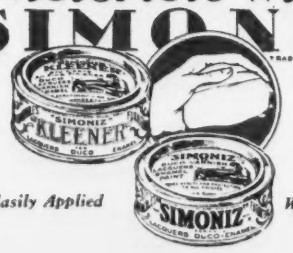


Easily Applied *With a Cloth*

(Continued from Page 80)

only "outsiders." They, too, were a bit nonplused, bewildered. Ten Spaines, some of them with their wives, others with their husbands, a company of seventeen all told, were seated about the room, all faces turned toward Judge Branchley, who occupied a chair behind the big library table, his back to the warm blaze in the fireplace.

Judge Branchley cast a glance over the assemblage. He seemed to be counting noses. Satisfied that all were present, he cleared his throat and in a crisp, unsympathetic voice began the reading of the will. There were the usual introductory clauses, relating to just debts, soundness of mind, and the like, all of which the heirs sanctioned by the involuntary nodding of heads; then followed a long series of bequests to tenants, house servants, estate employes, hotel attachés, mine officials, and so on, winding up with specific donations—she avoided called them bequests—to church, town library, local hospital and the long-established Merivale Fund for the Needy and Deserving Poor.

THE judge cleared his throat again, smiled perfunctorily, and read that the testator had left to him the sum of $50,000 outright. To Dr. C. W. English she gave the sum of $25,000.

Then came a lengthy, rather arbitrary clause creating a corporation to control and operate the mines and to dispose of the same if deemed advisable at the expiration of a given period, the holdings and proceeds to be divided into equal parts among the eleven children, or in the event of the death of any one of them prior to said sale, the share of such legatee to pass on by will to his or her heirs, and so on and so forth.

The real estate, personal property, buildings, and the like, in Merivale Springs and throughout the valley were bequeathed in much the same fashion to her sons and daughters, with the proviso that no member of the corporation could sell except to his fellow legatees, an exception being made in the case of the Inn, which, if an agreement could be entered into by all of the heirs without dissent, might be disposed of to outside interests, the testator appreciating the fact that her sons and daughters possessed neither the capacity to conduct a hostelry of such magnitude nor a liking for the business itself.

Merivale Hall, the ancient family home, with the immediate grounds comprising a plot of some ten or twelve acres, was endowed. A sum providing sufficient income to maintain the establishment and provide for repairs to house, grounds, roads and outbuildings was set aside in perpetuity as a special fund; trustees were named, plans of operation indicated, ironclad conditions imposed. The name, Merivale Hall, was to remain unchanged. In a way, the place was to become a sort of museum; an innate form of vanity in Ursula Merivale Spaine led her to indulge in this one act of sentimentality.

CALEB CORWEEN afterward remarked that the poor old thing couldn't bear the thought of Mount Vernon or Monticello or even the Betty Jumel Mansion being granted monumental importance and Merivale Hall left to slide into obscurity.

True to her word, Edgar Spaine's share was reduced by the subtraction of two hundred thousand dollars. There were small appropriate bequests to grandchildren, great-grandchildren and, last of all, to Corella and Barbara, the "great-greats," as Ella termed them.

Then came the codicils. The family stirred from a state of calculating pondering; it moved, there was a creaking of chairs, the shifting of legs and the rustle of garments, a slight leaning forward of bodies. Judge Branchley read them off soberly, as if they really were vital. The family began to smile inwardly. Nothing to amount to anything in any of these afterthoughts of hers, nothing to —— But just as they were preparing to sink back collectively into something like ease, he started on Codicil No. 6. It was dated January 4, 1925.

"'It is my will that a certain tract of land known as Black River Farm, containing a fraction over one hundred acres all told, be freed of and removed from all obligation as set forth in Clause Eighteen of this instrument providing for the creation of a Corporation to own, control and dispose of that part of my estate heretofore mentioned as situate in Merivale Springs and Valley, and that said Black River Farm (separately described in the recorder's document attached) with all its appurtenances is hereby bequeathed outright to David France, to have and to hold as his own so long as to him it may seem fit and to devise and bequeath to his legal heirs. This bequest is made in a spirit of love, appreciation and, to a certain extent, duty. I am confident it will meet with the approval of all my children. The services rendered to me and to them by David France and by his lamented father, Reynolds France, have been of such a loyal, imperishable character that I take this means of requiting him, and through him, belatedly, the memory of his father.'"

Later on, in general and by no means subdued conversation, several members of the family sourly resented this definite bequest, contending that Black River Farm was the finest, most fertile, most productive piece of land in the valley—if not in the entire Blue Mountain Range. Others warmly congratulated David France.

JUDGE BRANCHLEY hesitated before beginning what he termed Article No. 7. He peered over his glasses at the incredulous David, who was leaning forward in his chair, a perplexed frown on his brow.

"And now," said he, addressing the group, "we come to the final and I am inclined to believe the most startling portion of this instrument. It is more in the nature of a request than a codicil, especially as it is in no sense binding. It rests with a single person, here present, as to whether its purport shall be carried out or dismissed. Ahem!"

He readjusted his glasses. The family sat very still. It was beginning to look as though there was something in these confounded codicils, after all.

"'I am the last of the Merivales,'" began the reader, solemnly. "'The name, so far as my own family is concerned, dies with me, for while marriage has made me a Spaine, God first made me a Merivale. I had no brothers to carry on the name, no cousins who survive me. My father was the last of our family to bear the ancient and honorable name. There were and are other Merivales, some of them no doubt distantly connected with our particular branch, but if they exist they are unknown to me and have no direct connection with the Merivales from whom I spring. The Spaine family is extensive. I have done much toward the preservation of the honored name they bear. I am loath to see the name of Merivale perish in so far as it relates to the branch to which I belong and which genealogically may be traced back to old England of the fifteenth century. My forefathers came to this new land of Virginia in 1681.'"

"'I GAVE my name to Herbert Spaine, taking his in exchange. Nevertheless, I deem it my privilege, my right, as the last of my race, to do all that is in my power to revive the name that went out of existence with the death of my father, subsequent to my own action in rendering its perpetuation impossible by marriage. I can think of no better way to revive the name of Merivale than to suggest and to request that it be legally assumed by one who, through the workings of Fate, bears

(Continued on Page 85)

"STEERO" SECRETS

They Call it Collegiate

It's another "STEERO" Secret

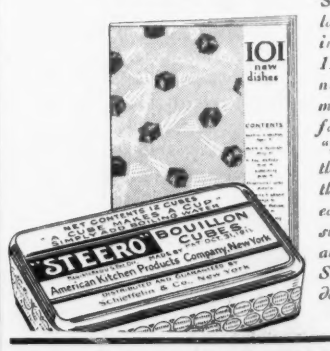
HERE'S a taste-tempter for the school lunch—a delightful surprise to pack in the picnic basket. It's a new kind of sandwich spread that owes its discovery to those magical menu-makers, "STEERO" bouillon cubes. They call it Collegiate Sandwich Spread:

1 "STEERO" bouillon cube
1 tbsp. boiling water
1 tbsp. chopped pimiento
1 cream cheese (3 oz.)

Dissolve cube in boiling water. When cold, mix with cream cheese and chopped pimiento. Spread on bread. This mixture rolled in balls is delicious with a plain salad.

Perhaps you haven't yet been introduced to the 101 new dishes, 101 new ways for serving everyday foods, that "STEERO" bouillon cubes make possible. Scarcely a dish that you cook that can't be given new zest, new flavor, by "STEERO" bouillon cubes. They're as easy to use as salt and pepper. Inexpensive, too. Won't you please let us send you samples free, together with Bertha M. Becker's bookful of "STEERO" secrets called "101 New Dishes"? The coupon brings both to you.

"101 new dishes" and samples of cubes FREE



"STEERO" bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name "STEERO" on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores

American Kitchen Products Co., 281 Water Street, New York, N. Y. *Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.*

NAME_____

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This offer not good in Canada L. H. J. 9

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen *are cared for with*

LUX Toilet Soap

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

MARY BRIAN, Paramount star, in the strikingly beautiful bathroom which is one of the finest built in Hollywood . . . .

She says: "So many stars guard the smoothness of their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. It certainly keeps 'studio skin' in perfect condition."

Mary Brian

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, uses Lux Toilet Soap in this charming Hollywood bathroom. She says, "Never have I found anything like this fragrant white soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood

LOIS MORAN, Fox star, says: "Even the finest French soap could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does. It's a delightful soap."

GRETA NISSEN says, "Lux Toilet Soap makes my skin wonderfully soft and smooth."

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50¢ or $1.00 a cake . . now

10¢

"Lovely Skin is the most appealing charm a girl can have," say 39 leading Hollywood directors

IT ATTRACTS you instantly whenever you see it—a skin that is exquisitely smooth and lovely.

In Hollywood, where loveliness and magnetism mean success, they know this. "I don't know a single case where a girl without really beautiful skin has been able to win enough popularity to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for Fox, voicing the experience of leading Hollywood directors.

"The charm of a perfect skin is a social asset to any woman, but to a star it is a business necessity," says Mary Brian. For with the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights pouring down on a star's skin, when a close-up is being taken, flawlessly beautiful skin is essential.

Mary Brian keeps her skin always lovely with Lux Toilet Soap. In fact, *9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.*

Notice the exquisite texture of Mary Brian's skin the next time you see her —or Joan Crawford's, Lois Moran's or Greta Nissen's. Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 use this soap.

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Buy several cakes of this white, fragrant soap—today. You will find that it keeps your skin wonderfully smooth.

Unless a star's skin shows flawlessly smooth under the glare of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights used for a close-up, she cannot hope to stir the hearts of her public.

The Ford Convertible Cabriolet

Features of the Ford car

Ease of control ✧ ✧ Trim, smart lines ✧ ✧ Choice of beautiful colors ✧ ✧ Sturdy steel body construction ✧ ✧ Four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers ✧ ✧ Fully enclosed, silent six-brake system ✧ ✧ Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield ✧ ✧ Quick acceleration ✧ ✧ 55 to 65 miles an hour ✧ ✧ Smoothness, balance and security at all speeds ✧ ✧ Vibration-absorbing engine support ✧ ✧ Tilting beam headlamps ✧ ✧ Reliability ✧ ✧ Economy ✧ ✧ Long life

Ford

(Continued from Page 82)

a name to which he is entitled only by virtue of the kindness, the love and the generosity of a man and a woman long since dead.

"'I refer to David France, whose antecedents must be accepted as unknown, whose father, a foundling reared by George France and his wife, was given their name but who was never lawfully entitled to it. There is no reason why David France should not take another name if he desires to do so. I herewith offer him the name of Merivale. It is his to take, with my blessing, if he is inclined to accept it in lieu of the name allotted to him by circumstance instead of birth. I humbly beseech him to take the name of Merivale that it may be graced and perpetuated, that it may come back into existence through him and continue to survive forever through his children and his children's children.

"'This may be accomplished in due and proper manner by legal process. There is no thought, no intent on my part to elevate the name of Merivale above that of Spaine. My children, who bear the latter name, will perceive and respect my motive. They are Merivales at heart. I cannot conceive of them objecting to this mode of reëstablishing a name that must always be a proud one to them, nor can I in my heart feel that they, who grew up as brothers and sisters of Reynolds France and who loved him as if he were one of their own, even as they now honor and respect his son David, can have the disposition to resent or resist the honest, sincere motive that moves me, their loving mother, to ask David France, so-called, to become David Merivale in order that the name may not vanish from the land which their forefathers settled when the country was new and wild. I do not belittle the name of France. It is an honorable one. It rests with David France himself and with him alone to take one which I, no doubt vainglorioously, submit as a better one.'"

THE group sat as if spellbound while the judge read the concluding clause of the will in which the executors were named. They scarcely heard him announce the selection of the bank over which T. R. C. Traffordson presided, Joseph Buchanan Corween and Sir Pethelwick Streepways as executors of the estate. It was not until afterward that they associated Mr. Traffordson with the bank mentioned and smiled over the cunning, or even irony, which must have been back of her choice of the institution headed by the father of David's wife. Their smiles broadened as they came more and more to realize that the only way for Mr. Traffordson to get out of the tangle was to resign his position as president of the bank!

Old Sir Pethelwick was the first to shake David's hand and to express the hope that he would think long and well before disregarding Mrs. Spaine's wishes.

"It is eminently fair," said he. "I think the Spaines understand and applaud her motive. I must say that she was a most remarkable woman. If ever there lived a person who knew precisely what to do—especially if it pleased her—Ursula Spaine was that person. I sincerely hope, for her sake, for your own, and for this very charming and beautiful young woman here, that you will consent to become David Merivale."

SLOWLY but none the less surely the Spaines, who had no ax to grind and who were devoted to David—the more so because he could be depended upon to manage a portion of the estate in which they were not vitally concerned—rose to the occasion and urged him to accede to the request made by their mother.

Down at the superintendent's cottage a little later on, Miriam came up behind David's chair, put her arms around his neck and said softly:

"It is a serious matter, dear, but don't frown so. Think it over. There is no real reason why you shouldn't take the name of Merivale as she suggests. Do not consider me in the matter, David. I am happy and contented with the name of France. You will always be David to me anyhow. I shall think of you only as David. It doesn't matter to me whether you have a surname or not."

"Would it please you if our children were given the right to be called Merivale?"

She was thoughtful, a little pucker on her brow.

"Yes, dear, I am sure it would," said she simply.

He rose. "I suppose one name is as good as another," he said rather grimly. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. "She was the grandest woman that ever lived," he said. "I shall always love her, Miriam."

"You should," said she happily.

And so, lying in her grave, Ursula Merivale spoke and was obeyed.

(THE END)

Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books

Order the following from the Service Bureau, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.:

ANNUAL GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

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WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW WHEN BUILDING A LITTLE HOUSE. Price, 10 cents.

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PRENATAL LETTERS. *By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.* A series of nine letters to expectant mothers, with timely advice as to health, clothing and necessary preparations. Letters will be mailed, monthly. State when the baby is expected. Price for series, 25 cents.

MILK FORMULÆ FOR FEEDING INFANTS AND DIETS FOR CHILDREN. Prepared by Dr. S. Josephine Baker. These leaflets contain suggestions for the feeding of children from one week to six years of age. Price, 10 cents.

THE BRIDE'S BOOKLET. Complete information for the wedding. Price, 5 cents.

Paris Patterns may be obtained from stores selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. All patterns 65 cents each.

You must order the following booklets directly from the Home Pattern Company, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City:

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Ladies' Home Journal Patterns may be obtained from stores, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City, at the following prices (refund if excess is sent):

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Dresses	35, 45
Topcoats	45
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Transfers	25, up

96 out of every 100 Brides give their hands Beauty Care right in the dishpan

Brides tell us . . . clever wives everywhere say . . . "We have found a wonderful new beauty secret *right in the dishpan!*"

As 1605 out of 1657 recent brides questioned in 11 big cities explained it—

"We have discovered such a simple way to keep our hands lovely and smooth and white in spite of housework—*using Lux for our dishes.*"

Women learned this new, inexpensive way of keeping their hands beautifully cared-for, in washing their fine things in Lux. They noticed how smooth and white their hands looked afterward . . . then tried Lux in the dishpan—to get this beauty care three times a day!

Beauty Experts Agree

From 305 famous beauty shops comes added testimony to this new kind of beauty care for the hands!

These experts say—

"With all our experience we cannot distinguish between hands that never wash dishes and hands that wash dishes with Lux . . . *Lux in the dishpan gives real beauty care.*"

Start today giving *your* hands this wise beauty care! It's so inexpensive! Lux for all your dishes costs *less than 1¢ a day!*

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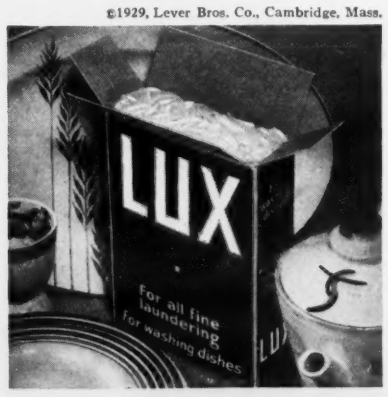
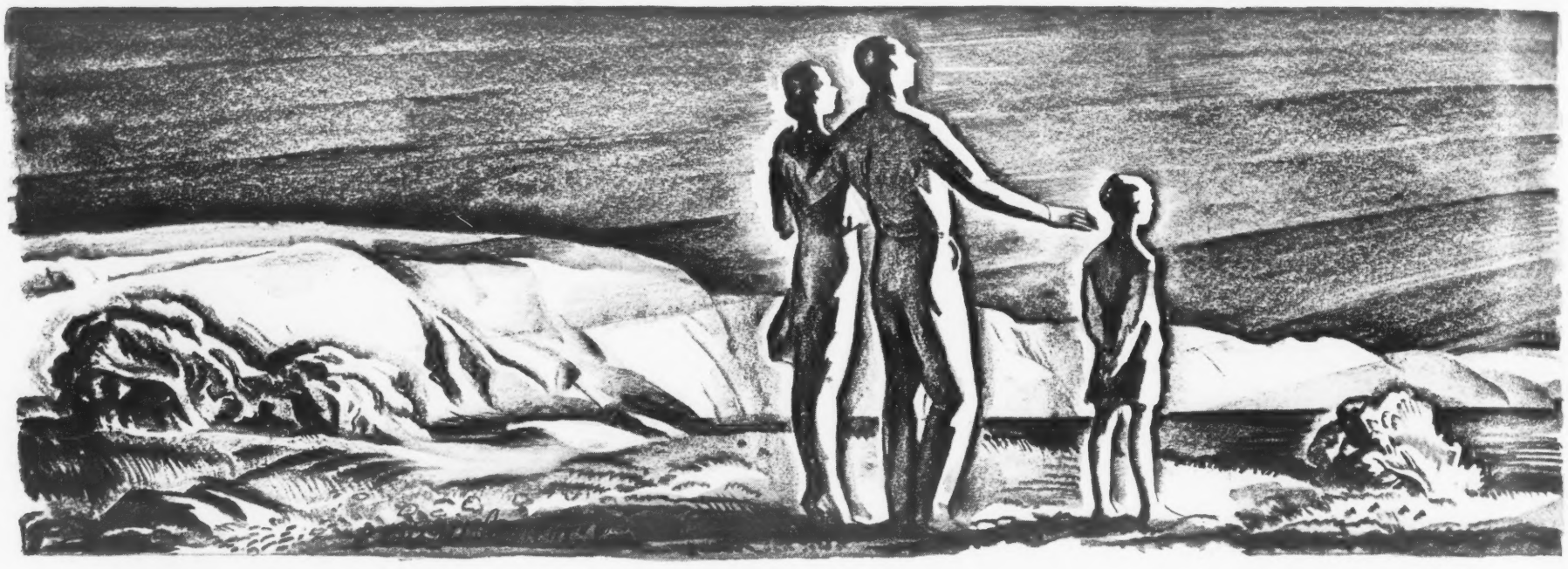
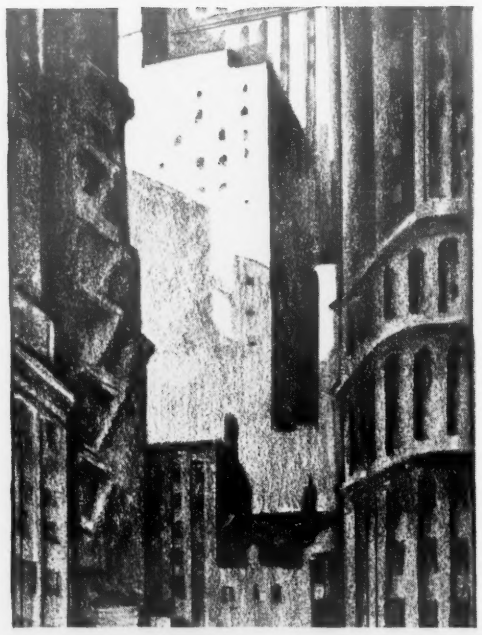


DOWN FROM THE SUN SPEEDS A MYSTERIOUS



NOW in a familiar food··



HIDING FROM the sun in office, factory, school, home, a "sun-starved" race is growing up—soft-boned, weak-muscled, teeth a prey to decay . . . Read how you can *eat* your sunshine now in a food already famous for its health qualities.

THERE is mystery, fascination in the great healing power of the sun. For centuries persons with sick bodies, who could afford to go where the sun was, have bathed themselves in its light, to be cured.

But millions today must spend the sunny hours in cave-like offices and factories, in sunless schools, shops, homes. Victims of a sunless age, they are literally "sunlight starved."

An astonishing discovery promises to end all this! —a discovery hailed as the greatest health advance in twenty years. A brilliant scientist in one of America's leading universities has made it possible to capture the health energy of the sun and place it, intact, in a simple, inexpensive food.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is this food. Already an average of one person out of every three has eaten Fleischmann's Yeast—and benefited. It has proved itself the easy, natural way to banish constipation—to renew appetite and digestion—to clear up long-standing skin complaints.

But now the health value of this famous food has been enormously increased! The *new* Fleischmann's Yeast, "irradiated" by a unique patented process, brings you the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin—the vitamin "D" of science. It is the richest food source by far of this vitamin. Our laboratories estimate that three cakes are equivalent to the ultra-violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun!

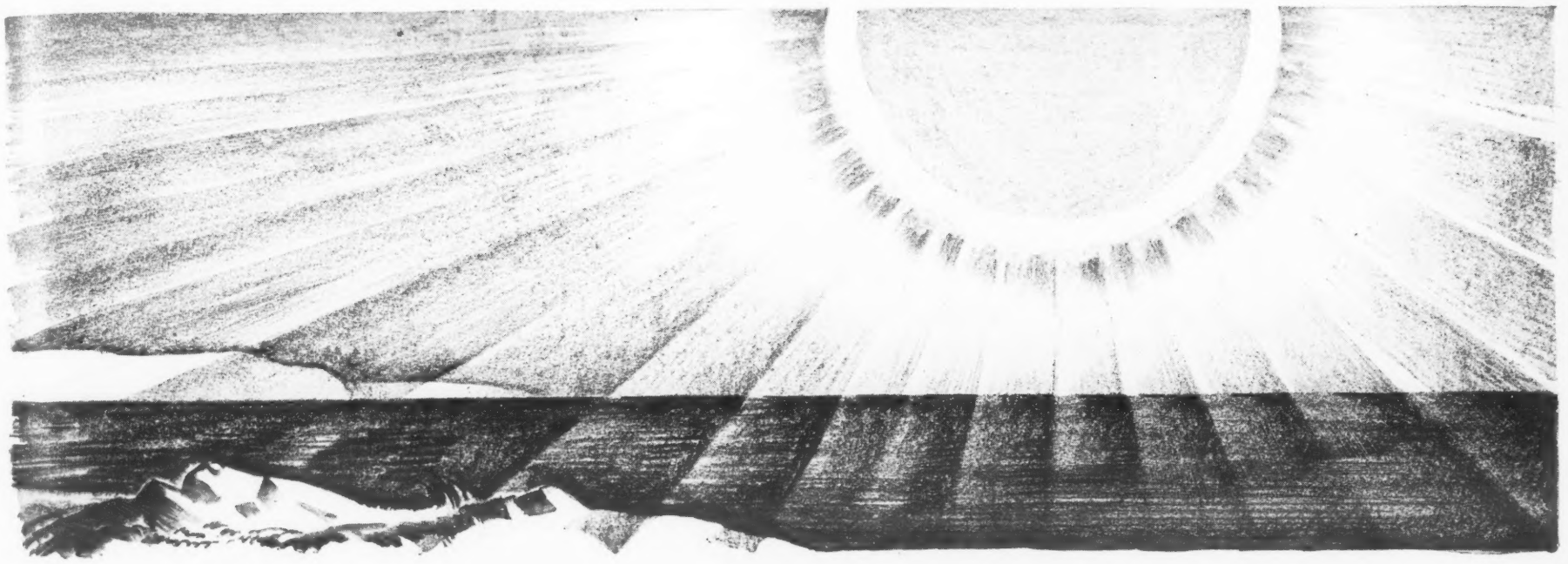
How much healthier we would be

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast. Without it, your system cannot absorb enough lime and phosphorus —elements essential to bones, teeth and muscles. With it, bones and teeth grow straight, strong. Your body is harder, tougher.

The expectant or nursing mother needs it daily. Her bones and teeth tend to soften as the infant drains her body of phosphorus and lime. The "sunshine" vitamin enables her to assimilate these bone- and tooth-hardening elements. This also fortifies the unborn or nursing child

The NEW FLEISCHMANN'S

POWER TO MAKE SICK BODIES VIGOROUS · WELL



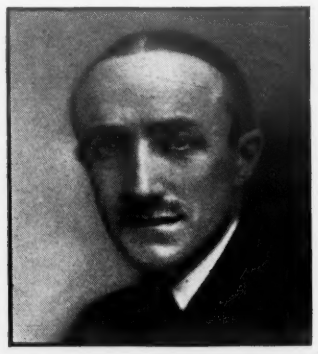
the health value of hours in the Summer Sun

if we could get plenty of sunshine

against rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth). Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, as before, to keep your whole intestinal tract active, healthy and clean—to speed up elimination and check the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin.

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now! Eat 3 cakes every day, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking. Write for booklet. The Fleischmann Company, Health Research Dept. G-114, 701 Washington St., New York.

In the front rank **of Italian physicians is Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, special lecturer to graduate doctors in the University of Rome. He has lectured frequently in hospitals in America.**



Considered by many **as Europe's greatest gastro-enterologist, Dr. Maurice Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, Paris, is the author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."**

Director of the famous **Institute for Experimental Therapy at Dahlem, near Berlin, Prof. Dr. Carl Neuberg is a leading German physician and lecturer in the great University of Berlin.**

READ WHAT WORLD-FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY . . .

Dr. Cherubini: "Few people indeed get enough sunshine. Untold health benefits are thus made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin—vitamin D—now in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones, sound teeth and tones up the muscles. It is important for expectant and nursing mothers."

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YEAST *contains the "Sunshine" Vitamin*

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Their touch is loveliness!

DO you covet the magic treasure trove of beauty...? that enchanting air of fragrant freshness... the exquisite texture of skin like velvet... the glorious coloring of apple-blossom cheeks . . . the irresistible curve of vivid red lips...?

These precious jewels of loveliness are yours—with the exquisite toiletries of Vivaudou...

1 Vivaudou Mavis Talcum—brings you loveliness of person. Delicately fragrant, pure—it *keeps* you feeling fresh.

2 Vivaudou Mavis Face Powder—gives your skin velvety smoothness. Exquisitely fine; in tints beautifully blended to harmonize with every type.

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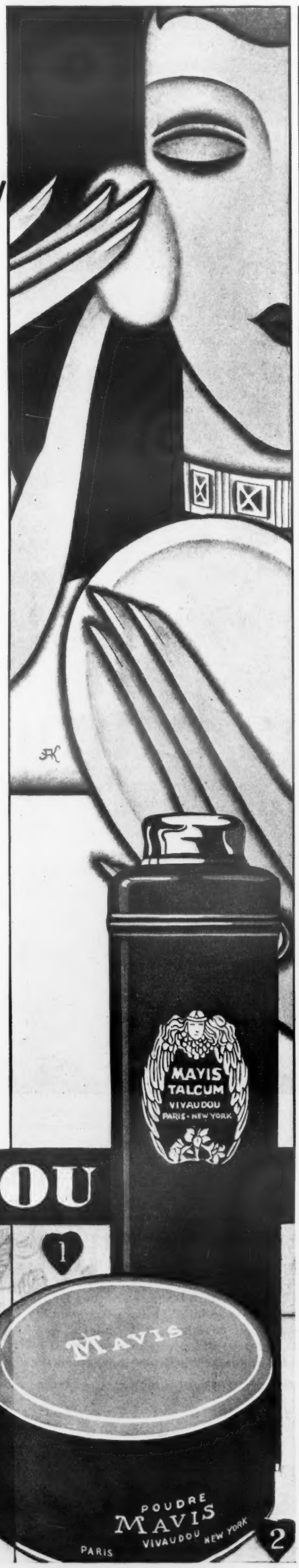


What is Your Apex?

(Continued from Page 11)

It was just at this moment that he heard a voice—a clear, low voice it was—at his elbow. "I wonder if you are looking for me," it said.

Timothy whirled about—and he looked right straight down into a perfectly enormous pair of brown eyes under tipped-up lashes. A thing like that, so unexpected, would have unnerved any man.

"Oh, dear no," said Timothy in a fluster. "I'm looking for a man named Llewellyn Merrygale." The instant he had spoken he was in a worse fluster than ever over that word dear.

"I'm Lou Ellen Merrygale," said the low voice.

"But, but, but ——" cried Timothy. "But you're not a man."

"Well, no," she admitted. "But wouldn't I do?"

"But, but, but ——" cried Timothy again. "But Llewellyn Merrygale is from the personnel department at the Perry Tyler Optical Company. I'm Prentice, of Hetheringstone's. I'm going to have lunch with him. I ——"

"Good," she said. "I'm from the personnel department there, and I'm simply starved."

IT WAS not until they were inside, past the head waiter, and the waiter George, and Charlie the bus boy, that Timothy regained consciousness.

Lou Ellen Merrygale was wearing a brown suit with a curly brown fur collar, and a brown hat that cocked up over one eye and down over the other, and an orange-and-green scarf.

"Have—have you been waiting long?" he muttered.

"About three-quarters of an hour."

"But, but—oh, I say!" he cried, more upset than ever. "Why didn't you speak to me before? You must have seen me."

"Well, yes," she said. "I saw you. But I didn't think it was you. You didn't look the way Mr.—what's his name? Hetheringstone?—described you."

"How did he say I looked?" It was Miss Merrygale's turn to be confused now.

"Well," she confessed finally, "he said you were a kind of an ordinary-looking man, without much chin. So of course I didn't recognize you."

"You—you don't agree with him?"

"Oh, my, no," said Miss Merrygale. "I think you've got—wonderful possibilities."

She was in the personnel business and she ought to know. "Honest, do you? Do you think I've got—possibilities?"

Before his eyes, midway between the floor and the chandelier, appeared a vision: On the shore of the Ganges, with a pile of dead crocodiles beside him, a young man was standing; he was only medium tall and medium broad-shouldered, but he had wonderful possibilities. Whenever the dredger brought up another crocodile, he killed it with his bare hands and tossed it onto the pile beside him; he was not a man to be trifled with.

It was one of the tenets of the Apex Institute that time should not be wasted in coming to the point. (Ch. II, p. 69.) "Say," said Timothy impulsively. "I guess I'm going to like you." He snatched up the menu to cover his confusion.

ORDINARILY Timothy lunched on raw-carrot salad without dressing, or spinach and macaroni without salt (The Apex of Health, p. 13), but neither item appeared on the Cargate list. He was at a loss.

"Let's have something gummy," she said amazingly.

Gummy! Timothy searched with frantic haste down the long sheet that wabbled in his fingers. No gum. No gum drops. Chicken gumbo soup. Would that do?

"Oo," said Lou Ellen Merrygale. "Lobster wiggle and mushrooms on waffles with guava jelly. Do you like that, Mr. Prentice?"

Timothy beckoned to a waiter. "Lobster wig-wiggle and mushrooms on waf-waffles with guava jelly," he said firmly. "Make it two."

But afterward they had to come down to business.

Ordinarily that would have been simple. But every time Timothy looked at Lou Ellen Merrygale, it took right out of his mind every word he was going to say about the Apex Institute. When he did make a start, he had to shut his eyes to do it.

"Did—did you ever think about your apex?" he blundered.

"My apex? Oh, I should say so! I thought about it six months before I let my hair grow."

SHE was laughing at him, he could see that, and her laughter filled him full of hot and cold prickles of misery and delight. Her hair was red. . . . "I—I didn't mean that," he said. "I meant—your professional apex." By shutting his eyes tight again, he managed to get it said: "Do you know that sixty per cent of mankind reach their apex before age twenty-five and never develop any farther? Will—will you be reckoned with the sixty per cent, or will you continue to grow to ——"

"I'm five feet two now."

"I mean—will you continue to develop, to expand, to ——"

"Goodness, I hope not. I weigh a hundred and one already."

"I—I guess that's just right," said Timothy. Then he realized that he was off the subject of the Apex Institute again. "It's all based on the theory of waste," he resumed firmly. "If you never waste anything, then you progress. You must not waste time nor money nor words nor thought nor ——"

"Nor mushrooms," said Lou Ellen Merrygale, smiling over a nice fat one.

It was funny how a thing like that could put you all off. Timothy had to begin again in a new place. "What I meant was this. You're in a position to place our volume, What Is Your Apex? in the hands of every employe at the Perry Tyler plant. Isn't that right?"

"I suppose so," she admitted. "Mostly, Perry O. K.'s anything I recommend.

"Perry?"

"Perry Tyler, Jr. He's taking a turn in each department before he gets to be a partner."

"Oh," said Timothy. For some reason impossible to explain he was seized with an acute dislike for Mr. Perry Tyler, Jr. He seemed like a man who would reach his apex before age twenty-five.

AFTER that day Timothy had lunch with Lou Ellen Merrygale rather often. Indeed, he had hardly left her, when it occurred to him that there were a lot of things he wanted to say that he hadn't said yet.

"I could have dinner with you tonight, if you wanted me to," he offered, hurrying after her.

Lou Ellen shook her head. "Busy."

"I could call round then, afterward, at your house."

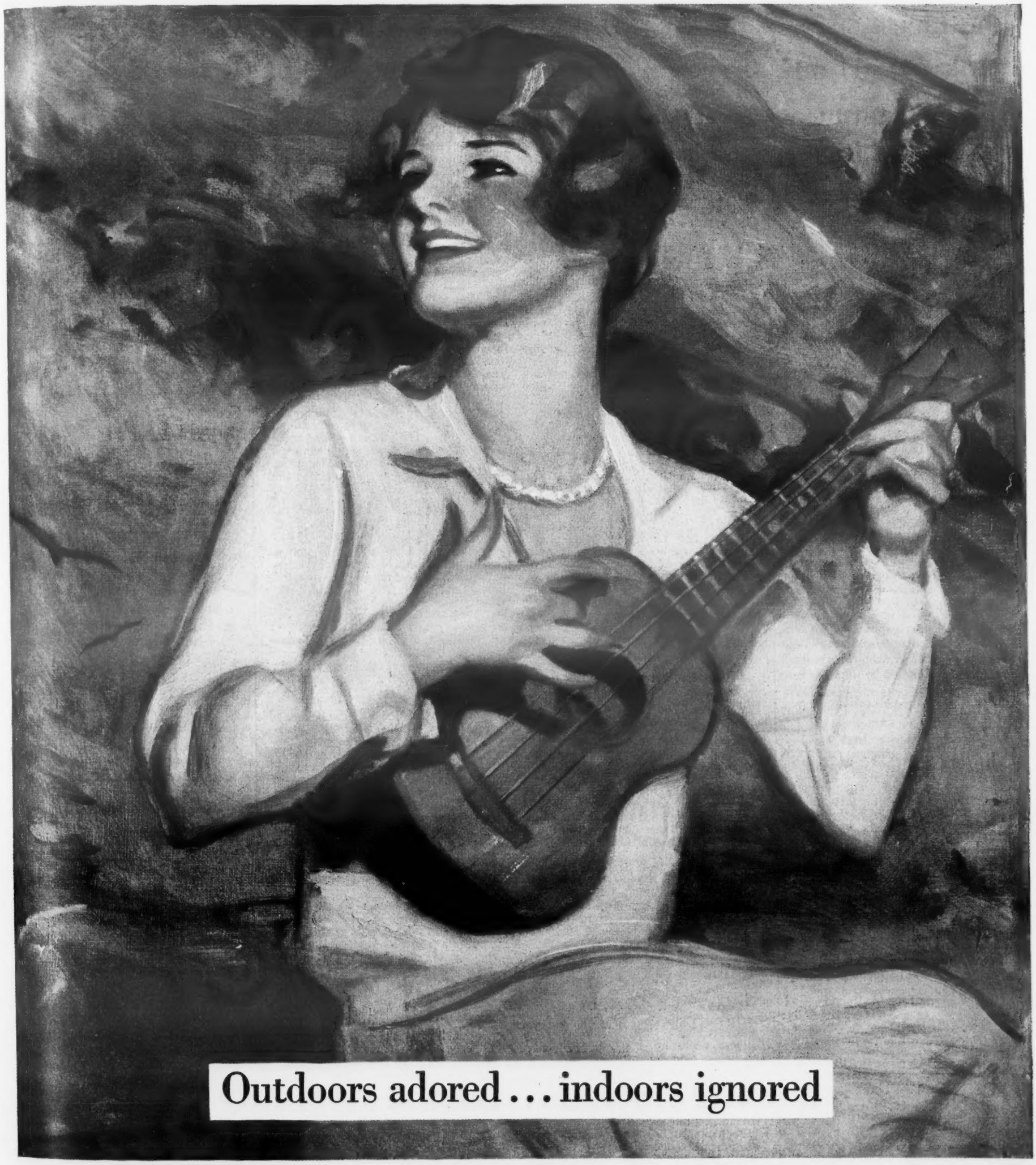
"I'll be busy all the evening."

"Mustn't work too hard," he cautioned. "Waste of energy."

She laughed a little at that. "Oh, I'm going to be working my way round a dance floor with Perry Tyler."

It appeared after that that Lou Ellen Merrygale was often busy of an evening. Indeed, it would have been difficult to arrange conference hours at all, except that both she and Perry Tyler could not be

(Continued on Page 90)



Outdoors adored . . . indoors ignored

OUTDOORS they adored this gay Philadelphia girl. She was continually surrounded with admirers. But indoors it was another story. She was hopelessly out of things.

The truth is that her trouble which went unnoticed in the open, became instantly apparent in the drawing room.

No intelligent person dares to assume complete freedom from halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Surveys show one person out of three is an occasional or habitual offender. This is due to the fact that odor-producing conditions (often caused by germs) arise constantly in even normal mouths.

The one way of keeping your breath always beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning and night and before meeting others.

Being a germicide capable of killing even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds, Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, and then, being a powerful deodorant, destroys the odors themselves.

No fastidious person should overlook this precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

The nicest looking girl on the campus · · *but always alone!*

UNCONSCIOUSLY *you may offend people unless you have the continuous protection from perspiration that Odorono gives.*

Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, gives you *continuous protection.* Its regular use frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor. Women everywhere use it with confidence.

The regular use of Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh at all times by checking perspiration in a safe way.

Odorono checks perspiration in the closed-in portions of the body and directs it to the more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly.

It is so simple and clean to use—being non-greasy there is no messiness or rubbing off on clothing and it leaves no tell tale odor to embarrass you.

Odorono Regular Strength for twice a week use, and the new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use, 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00. The delightful Creme Odorono (deodorant) 25¢.

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The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. A-9
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(Continued from Page 88)

away from their department at the same time. It came to be taken for granted, therefore, that Timothy should meet Lou Ellen at noon to discuss apexes.

Sometimes, of course, they did not talk about the apex at all, because it was necessary to establish a background of common interest. (Ch. V, The Apex of Business, p. 258.) Timothy explained this to Lou Ellen Merrygale, and she agreed at once that it was desirable. "I like journeys and adventure and romance and trees and wind and lonesome places and wonderful people," she said promptly. "Now tell me about you."

"Well," Timothy began hesitatingly, "I work for the Apex Institute ——" He stopped, unable to think of anything else.

Lou Ellen Merrygale laughed, but there was a queer look in her eyes too. "I never saw anybody like you," she said. "I believe you're not interested in one thing in the world except that old apex."

"Why, I am too," blurted Timothy. "I'm interested in you."

He was frightened when he heard himself saying it. But Lou Ellen only laughed. "Of course you are," she mocked him. "I'm a sales prospect! What else?"

"Construction engineering," gasped Timothy, too embarrassed for anything but the truth.

Lou Ellen Merrygale was surprised. "That's a funny thing for you to be interested in. What do you want to construct?"

"OH, BRIDGES and things," said Timothy. "Over roaring cataracts, you know, and roads through impenetrable forests, and canals across miasmic swamps, and things like that."

Lou Ellen laughed, a little too merrily; Timothy had not meant to be so funny as all that.

"Why don't you go and build them then?" she asked him.

"I don't know anybody who wants a road through his impenetrable forest," said Timothy, trying to play up.

And then, oddly enough, she did not think that was so funny as he had intended.

That was always the way with Lou Ellen Merrygale; things never came out the way you expected. But Timothy found this a difficult thing to explain to I. S. M. Hetheringstone.

"What's the matter with you and Mr. Merrygale, anyway?" Mr. Hetheringstone demanded one morning. Timothy had not felt it necessary to explain that Llewellyn was spelled Lou Ellen. "What you holding back for?"

"Oh, I'm not," said Timothy earnestly. "But—well, I'm afraid there's a rival interest at work."

"You ought to handle it with more force. More energy. More verve, more vigor, more vim. Understand me?"

"Yes, sir," said Timothy.

BUT somehow the most he could ever manage in the way of forceful handling was a clutch on Lou Ellen Merrygale's elbow at a traffic-crowded street crossing.

Once, venturing greatly, Timothy slid his fingers over hers across the luncheon table. But that had not gone well. He was startled at the color that flooded her cheeks as she drew her hand away.

"That isn't necessary, is it—under the circumstances?" she asked.

For a moment he was at a loss. Then he saw what she meant—Perry Tyler. "I didn't mean anything," he said quickly.

But always afterward the thought of Perry Tyler was a kind of darkness behind their bright daily meetings.

Timothy had never met Perry Tyler; it seemed sometimes as if Lou Ellen deliberately kept them apart. But you could not live in the same city with Perry and not see him. Timothy saw him flashing past of a morning in his new green Bustler roadster. He saw him swaggering out of his father's factory as if he expected to inherit the earth instead of just the Perry Tyler Optical Company—a tall, broad, dark young man, so handsome that it hurt. Increasingly often, as Timothy found it desirable to take his evening exercise in that direction, he saw him calling for Lou Ellen Merrygale. He assisted her down to the car with an elaboration which suggested that her health had failed since noon; and the way he put his arm round her shoulders and drew her against him convinced Timothy that he was handling the situation with energy and force, with verve and vigor and vim.

After he had watched them drive away, Timothy would go home and sit hunched up by his fire with his head in his hands. And presently great engineering enterprises would be under way.

"SNAKES?" said the young man with the brown hair and steady gray eyes who had been in charge of these operations. "Oh, I just popped their fangs out, and tied them together, and used them to snake the stumps out of the swamp. They saved us a lot of rope."

Beside the young man with the medium-colored—but steady—gray eyes there appeared a small person in a brown suit and a brown hat and an orange-and-green scarf. Sometimes she was frightened and clung to him for protection. That time, for instance, when he was building the dam above Samba Falls on the Angani, and all the wild tribes of the interior swept down upon them. Anyone might have been frightened then. But the young man with the steady—though medium—gray eyes spoke to the savages in their native tongue or tongues and told them that if so much as one red-gold hair of the lady's head was injured, then he would take his finger out of the hole in the dam, and there wouldn't be enough left of the whole lot to make a small cannibal stew.

"Oh," said she, snuggling—snuggling was certainly the word—against his shoulder, "aren't you wonderful?"

"Oh, that's nothing," he said modestly.

IT WAS the next day that such a lot of upsetting things happened all together. In the first place, the morning papers carried an item about Milton Founders; he was in town, making preparations for an early sailing to Argentina, where he was to construct a bridge over the Jippa River just above San Pedistrino. Timothy always found it disturbing when Milton Founders was in town. It reminded him too sharply of how different everything would have been if—everything had been different.

In the second place, I. S. M. Hetheringstone called Timothy into his office and told him that if he didn't get the Perry Tyler order in the next morning, he'd find himself on the wrong side of his apex and out of a job.

Right on top of that Lou Ellen Merrygale telephoned to say that she could not lunch with him.

"But look here," cried Timothy aghast, "I've got to see you. It's something special. How about this afternoon?"

"Conference."

"Dinner?"

"Date."

"Evening?"

"The Schuylers' dance with Perry."

"But I've got to see you. I ——"

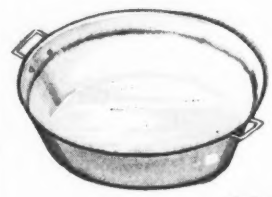
Timothy was not quite sure what Lou Ellen Merrygale replied. It couldn't have been what it sounded like: "You'd better build a road to where I am then"—because that didn't make sense.

Nevertheless, at ten o'clock that night Timothy was pacing up and down the Schuylers' small reception room. What if she didn't come? What if ——? And then suddenly Lou Ellen Merrygale came in.

Timothy had never seen Lou Ellen like this before; only in tailored things, or swallowed up in a big coat in Perry's car.

(Continued on Page 93)

This is a tragedy called



"RING-AROUND-THE-DISHPAN"

DIRTY dishes, lots of soap, then enter the villain, *hard water.* He is the cause of that dirty, dirty ring, because soap and hard water form a scum. It collects on the dishes in a greasy glaze. It collects on the dishpan too.

Water softened with Melo gives soap much more of a chance to do its work. Two tablespoonfuls of Melo in the washtubs prevent the dirty ring, make clothes whiter and easier to wash. Two tablespoonfuls in the bathtub give a soft-water bath. Use Melo to soften the water when you wash your hands.

Melo saves soap, ⅓ to ½ the amount ordinarily used. It saves time and labor too. It only costs 10 cents a can (slightly higher in far western states). Buy 3. Keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry, and one in the bathroom. Then you will always have soft water. Get it at your grocer's.

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.

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Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

your skin will feel so fresh when you wipe cold cream off with these

..and banish oiliness with this

SOFTER CLEANSING TISSUES

GENTLER SKIN FRESHENER

POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES, soft, absorbent, literally soak up cold cream and the grime loosened by cleansing. They're so convenient . . . easily packed in a small suitcase . . . a few rolled round a tube of cream and tucked into your handbag for a day's motoring . . . And be sure to keep them on hand for colds. 25¢, 50¢.

With folded Tissues gently remove cream and dirt

TRY POND'S SKIN FRESHENER for these beauty problems: for puffiness under the eyes . . . soak two large pads of cotton with the Freshener. Lay them over your closed lids and relax for ten minutes. For double chin . . . pat briskly twenty times with a pad of cotton soaked in Freshener. 50¢, $1.00.

Pat the Freshener briskly into your skin

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WOMEN waited while the famous house of Pond's perfected these important new aids for the toilet.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues are exquisitely soft, just the right size! Feel their lightness against your cheeks! Gently, safely they clean the dirt away, leaving your skin rosy-fresh and smoothly clear. They're so absorbent that they lift off clogging impurities from the pores, instead of rubbing them in as the old insanitary methods did.

And how gladly your skin will welcome Pond's Skin Freshener and Tonic! This bracing tonic removes all trace of oiliness after your cold cream cleansing, leaves your skin deliciously cool, refreshed!

And it wakes up your skin! Day by day, you see growing vitality in your complexion, see the texture refined by this mild astringent, which sets all the tiny facial muscles to work—and does it so gently.

Use these two delightful preparations this way:

After applying cold cream, take Pond's Cleansing Tissues, two at a time, fold or crumple them in your hand and gently lift the cream and dirt from your skin. Apply cold cream twice, wiping off with Tissues.

Then saturate a wad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and dab it briskly all over the face and neck. Let this remain on for a minute, then remove any moisture with a piece of dry cotton.

A touch of finishing cream—a dusting of face powder—and you are your loveliest, prepared to face the most exacting day.

CHECK OFFER YOU WISH

☐ *Please send me FREE sample of Pond's Cleansing Tissues.*

☐ *For 10¢ enclosed please send me samples of Pond's Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Cold and Vanishing Creams.*

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Quick, combined benefits you can now have each time you brush your teeth.

Quick facts about DR. WEST'S *modern tooth paste:*

1 QUICK, TWO-FOLD POLISHING (not scouring!). Two gentle polishing agents restore natural smooth brilliance of enamel.

2 ACTIVE COOLING AND REFRESHING of the whole mouth—a unique and delightful result that lasts amazingly. Children love it.

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4 ACID CONDITIONS NEUTRALIZED INSTANTLY—each time you use DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste—by milk of magnesia and other pure antacids.

5 STAINING, STICKY DEPOSITS DISSOLVED AND REMOVED by purest, costly vegetable cleansers.

6 AN ACTIVE, FOAMY CLEANSING SOLUTION—so generous it fairly floods, and washes, tiny crevices of the teeth.

7 UNUSUAL SPEED OF ACTION—these combined results are complete, each brushing!

More than ten million tubes sold in first 100 days. Have* you *tested its delightful results?

An average of 10,000 requests for a dentifrice as good as the famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrush have come to us each year.

And now this modern dentifrice—DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste—has won instant and surprising success. Quicker and larger success than that of any other product in this field, to the best of our knowledge.

How are you concerned?

If interested in giving your teeth the best care possible, you will want to test a dentifrice which so many have wanted—and which millions have quickly approved.

Note what new results it has been perfected to give:

Two distinct polishing actions *(not scouring!)* that supplement each other. An *extra thorough* cleansing that restores the natural smooth brilliance of enamel.

This *quickly* brightens teeth.

The whole mouth is cooled and actively refreshed each time you use DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Smokers, particularly, appreciate this result—which lasts amazingly. Children, too, delight in the pleasant, blended "flavor."

Quick, combined results

Because perfected for hurried, modern users, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste acts with uncommon quickness. *Results are complete, each time you use it.*

And all the other good results, desirable in caring for your teeth, are here combined. *Invigoration and protection of the gums* (no coarse, harsh particles). *Neutralizing of mouth acids. A generous, foamy wash that thoroughly reaches and cleanses every tiny crevice.*

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Today go to your favorite store. Buy the famous 50c DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. You will receive free a large 25c tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Try it. There'll be results you can see, feel, actually taste! Base your judgment on them. (This offer good in Canada, also.) The WESTERN COMPANY, *Chicago, U.S.A.*

The toothbrush dentists urge is DR. WEST'S

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FREE—20 BRUSHINGS

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402 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

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(Continued from Page 90)

Even in his dreams he had imagined her in a brown suit with curly brown fur and an orange-and-green scarf. And now suddenly here she was, a miracle in ivory velvet. But it was not the dress that took Timothy's breath all away, so that even his shirt front was silent. It was the gorgeousness of her hair—the red-gold from the sagas—twisted close in the back of her neck. It was the incredible clear pallor of her skin, under the red curl in front of her ear. It was something that he could not name—something fragile and immaculate.

"Gee, you look great," he muttered involuntarily.

Lou Ellen Merrygale came over to him and rested a small hand on his sleeve; with her nearness a dizzy fragrance poured through his veins like the warmth of wine.

"Why, Timothy," she said. "It's you. What do you want?"

"I had to come," said Timothy thickly.

"Yes?"

"It's about those books —— What is Your Apex?"

Lou Ellen Merrygale drew away. "You mean you came here, and called me from a dance, to talk about that?"

Timothy defended himself. "If I don't get your order before morning, Mr. Hetheringstone's going to fire me."

"Well, what of it?" said Lou Ellen sharply. "I don't see what you want to be his doormat for." Then she softened. "Sorry," she said. "I'm tired, or something. Of course you don't want to be fired."

SHE took the order blank that Timothy twisted in his fingers—two thousand copies. "It's a terrible lot," she said, spreading the sheet on the writing table and picking up the pen. "Well—you can't say I never did anything for you."

She laughed up at him, turning her gorgeous head over a bare shoulder. But there was a look in her eyes that Timothy could not quite fathom; there was scorn in it, he thought, and something like a challenge. Then she looked away. "I'll take it out and get Perry to O. K. it."

At that moment, however, Perry Tyler himself came in. He looked flushed and angry. Then his face cleared.

"Oh, that's it," he said. "I thought you had a date in here." His manner dismissed Timothy as of less than no importance.

He crossed over to the table and set down a flask with slightly too elaborate care. He was one of those men so superlatively perfect that you feel he ought to be killed and stuffed before anything happens to spoil him.

Perry Tyler looked at Timothy with a small, polite smile that was ruder than common rudeness. "So this is the apex bird," he said.

"Don't be silly," said Lou Ellen. "Come and sign this."

"What's it for?"

"Books."

"YOU really want them? Oh, of course, then ——" He spoke with the grand manner of one who says, The moon? Just a minute, my dear, while I send up for it. "But it is the apex bird," he insisted, inclining an ear toward Timothy's creaking shirt front. "I know him by his native wood notes wild."

Lou Ellen Merrygale saved a situation that was rapidly getting out of hand. "Mr. Prentice is a construction engineer in disguise," she said lightly. "He's just working on apexes until he gets an order for a bridge."

At first he thought she was laughing at him. But it was not laughter that lay in that unfathomable look she gave him, as she thrust the signed order into his hand.

"Well, good-by," she said gayly. "I shan't see you again now our business is over. Come on, Perry."

At first Timothy thought that the lights had all gone out—but it was only Lou Ellen Merrygale who was gone.

Timothy spent six hours trying to walk away from his own thoughts, and when he got home and sat down beside the fire, there they were right with him.

He loved Lou Ellen Merrygale.

Lou Ellen Merrygale loved Perry Tyler. Perry Tyler was the kind of man she would love. Perfect.

Even if it had not been for Perry Tyler, Lou Ellen Merrygale would never have loved him. Medium, that's what he was. Hop-toad. Doormat. Apex bird.

So that was what they called him. He had not half realized—a lot of things—until he saw them together.

Timothy knew that what he meant to do was foolish, but he meant to do it all the same. You couldn't be called an apex bird, you couldn't face a look like that in Lou Ellen Merrygale's brown eyes—and not do something.

THE next day, save for a utilitarian bath and a few odd strokes of hair and toothbrushes, the new Timothy omitted his morning schedule; and he omitted his morning exercise in favor of a taxi. The cab was held up in traffic at the corner of Ninth and B streets, where the steam shovel had already drawn more than the usual crowd, but after that Timothy went directly to the Apex Institute and up to the office of I. S. M. Hetheringstone.

I. S. M. Hetheringstone looked up without speaking; his stare was smooth and cold, unwinking, like a fish's.

Timothy stared back—and he stuck out his chin. There is a curious thing about chins: Stick one down in your coat collar, and it looks insignificant; stick it straight in front of you, and it looks like the head-on view of a snowplow. Timothy's chin, at that moment, did not look even medium. He put his hands in his pockets and teetered on his toes.

"I got the order," he said.

"Ah," the small, cool word slid out of the corner of Mr. Hetheringstone's mouth. "Then ——"

"Then I burned it up," said Timothy.

For the first time in the history of mankind Mr. Hetheringstone's mouth fell open all the way across.

"And when I reach my apex," Timothy concluded, grinning, "it won't be as your doormat either." Then he went out.

It was rumored afterward in the stenographers' dressing room that Mr. I. S. M. Hetheringstone was being treated for dislocation of the jaw.

"NAW," the elevator boy was saying, at the moment this rumor was getting under way. "Yuh can't see him. That guy kills guys."

Timothy did not stop to argue. He plucked the boy out of the elevator and set him aside; he stepped in, threw all the levers in sight, and arrived approximately at the third floor. The door to the elevator did not quite match the door into the corridor, but he did not stop for that.

"But Mr. Founders told me to keep everybody out, sir," said the clerk.

Timothy drew himself up and stuck out his chin. "Perhaps you don't know who I am," he said. "I'm Timothy Prentice. I guess Mr. Founders didn't tell you to keep me out, did he?"

"No, sir," admitted the clerk. "He didn't mention you, sir."

Inside the door which the clerk indicated, behind a desk from which he was busily whittling a corner, sat a fierce, handsome old man. He seemed to be done in the most extraordinarily bright colors—bright red face, and bright white hair, and the maddest, merriest, wickedest, bluest eyes in the world. Timothy spoke before he could.

"I'm Timothy Prentice. I've come to work for you."

"Go to hell," said Milton Founders.

"I've been there," said Timothy.

That caught his attention. "But I don't need anybody."

"I can't help that," said the new Timothy. "I need you."

Humiliating . . .
and extremely painful
these troubles that come from harsh, non-absorbent toilet tissue

AILMENTS of this kind bring mental, as well as physical, suffering. For these are troubles one must bear in secret.

Yet millions have them. In fact, doctors estimate that over 65 per cent of all middle-aged men and women suffer from some form of rectal disease.

How are these troubles caused? In many cases, inferior toilet tissue is directly responsible.

A famous intestinal specialist connected with one of New York's largest hospitals recently listed in an article 15 ano-rectal troubles caused or aggravated by the use of harsh, chemically impure toilet tissue. Among them are: Hemorrhoids; Eczema Ani; Follicular Anal Abscesses; Pruritus Ani; Infection of the Anal region; etc. . . .

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue, and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues specially processed to satisfy the three requirements doctors say toilet tissue must have to be safe: *absorbency—softness—purity*. Each sheet is made up of millions of "thirsty fibres."

These specially treated fibres are soft and cloth-like. Crumple a sheet in your hand. It feels as suave as old linen.

Roll it into a little ball and drop it in water. It sinks almost instantly—proof of unusual absorbency. Ordinary toilet tissue remains floating.

Only the finest fresh materials go into Scott tissues. They are neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

Why take chances—when it costs no more to buy these fine quality toilet tissues? Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

These prices for United States only

3 *for* 20¢

Scott Tissues

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous thirsty-fibre qualities.

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BABY FOODS COME..
BABY FOODS GO.....

But Eagle Brand
keeps right on raising children
like these!

DOZENS of special foods for babies have been originated and tested during the last half century. But the oldest food of them all—Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—is today more widely used than any other in the world. It has behind it an astonishing record of 73 years of continuous and successful use. It has agreed with more babies than any other one food ever tried—excepting Nature's own!

Hundreds of parents of Eagle Brand babies write each year to the Borden Company to tell of success with this food. On this page are a few of the many photographs that have been sent in during the past year—each accompanied by some happy history of a frail baby brought to sturdy health by Eagle Brand.

Here is the secret of Eagle Brand's success

Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, condensed by the removal of most of the water, and modified by the addition of refined sugar. The sugar supplies carbohydrates, required by all babies. The milk supplies bone and tissue building materials and growth-promoting elements—the same that are found in pasteurized Grade A Milk.

But Eagle Brand is far easier to digest than ordinary milk. The special process by which it is prepared changes it in such a way that in the baby's stomach it forms the finest and softest of curds—like the curds formed by mother's milk, and not at all like the large, tough curds formed by ordinary cow's milk. Because of this the baby can completely digest and assimilate Eagle Brand—he is properly nourished by the elements it contains and thrives as nature intended.

Send for two free booklets

Mail the coupon for "Baby's Welfare", containing practical feeding information and suggestions for the important supplementary foods that doctors advise—orange juice, cereal, cod liver oil, etc. With it we will send also "The Best Baby", a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today.

L—L.H.J.—9-29

THE BORDEN COMPANY, *Borden Building*,
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby". My baby is_____months old.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*Please print name and address plainly*)

For a minute it looked as if Milton Founders was going to throw Timothy out. He stood up. The great white brows drew down until they rested on the great red nose, and through them the blue eyes glared—and twinkled.

"Come here," said Milton Founders.

He took Timothy by the shoulder and led him over to the window; it looked down straight into the vacant lot at the corner of Ninth and B streets, where the steam shovel was cavorting through a shrieking crowd.

"See that?" said Milton Founders. "The man running that shovel has gone crazy or something, and he's shoveling up hell. They had out the fire department, but he beat them to it and shoveled up the hydrant. They had out the police and he shoveled one of them into kingdom come. You go down there and stop him and run the shovel till quitting time . . . and then if you're still alive, we'll talk."

Timothy stuck out his chin. "All right," he said. "See you later."

AT THE corner of Ninth and B streets was a scene of wild confusion. An ambulance had just come clanging up, and the city police force was busy loading in their fallen comrade and trying to think how they could save their faces and still save their necks, too, to set the faces on. The city water department was trying to repair the broken hydrant, which was spouting water twenty feet into the air, and the city fire department was explaining to the city street department how quickly they could have put him out of action with the hose if the hose had been working. Traffic was tied up solid for a dozen blocks each way.

The steam shovel meantime went plunging and snorting up and down like a ten-ton calf. It shoveled some piles of lumber into matchwood and some piles of bricks into powder; it shoveled up a tree and flung it bodily over the fence. Along this temporary wooden barrier, erected flush with the sidewalk, the crowd pressed curiously in spite of the efforts of the police to keep them back; but let that shovel so much as breathe once in their direction, and they kicked each other and knocked each other down in the exuberance of flight.

Then suddenly everyone was still.

At the corner, where a loose board had made a little opening, a man had squeezed through into the vacant lot, and he was walking straight ahead toward the shovel. At first glance he was not an impressive figure—about medium tall, say, and medium broad, with medium-colored brown hair; but at second glance you saw how straight he held himself and how steady his eyes were, and how his chin stuck out. You could see that he was not a man to be trifled with.

TO TIMOTHY himself it seemed as if he were suspended somewhere in the air, looking down on a scene from a play that had been inadequately rehearsed. That figure moving down there was supposed to be he. But nothing was real except memory of a look in a pair of brown eyes. So he kept on walking forward.

When the shoveler caught sight of him, he thrust his head out of the cab window, eyes red-rimmed and glaring with fury and bad liquor. "Hi, hop-toad," he shouted.

"Hush, up," said Timothy briefly. "I'm coming down there and run that shovel myself."

Somewhere outside the fence a woman began to sob hysterically. "He'll be killed . . ." It seemed probable to Timothy that she was right. He continued to walk forward.

"Outa the way" shouted the shoveler, "or I'll shovel yuh inta the sky."

"Let's see you," Timothy dared him.

And the next instant he did see him. The shovel gave a snort and lunged full at him; Timothy saw it poise and dip, had a glimpse of steel teeth along the edge bared ready to bite. He sprang forward and upward as it plunged, and the next minute he was standing in the shovel thirty feet above the ground.

The shovel began to swing back and forth in great sickening circles, and Timothy saw that he could not stay where he was long, even if he had meant to. The ground looked very hard and far away, but it was no part of his plan anyhow to try to get back to it.

Timothy was perhaps slightly more than medium strong and medium quick, and certainly he was a lot more than medium desperate. Even so he was never able afterward to explain clearly how he climbed up to the elbow, nor how he slid down the other side to the roof of the cab. Arrived there, he lay down on his stomach—he did not feel like standing up just then anyhow—and put his head over the edge and looked inside.

To one on the dizzy edge of delirium tremens, there is something frightfully upsetting about seeing the human countenance suspended in midair upside down. The eyes, for instance are at the bottom, where the chin ought to be, and the mouth is at the top. Suddenly this mouth opened, horribly, and sounds came out of it.

"Get out of there," the mouth said. "I'm coming down."

The next minute the shoveler was plunging screaming up the embankment, and the city police department, backed by the departments of the city fire, street, water and traffic, closed gallantly in upon him.

TIMOTHY was just leaving Milton Founders' office. His coat was gone, also his collar and his tie and the sole off a shoe; one of his sleeves was rolled up, the other was torn out at the shoulder; he was covered with earth and mud and blood and oil and sweat and coal dust; there was smut on his nose and soot on his chin and a bruise on one cheek and a bandage round his forehead; and he was whistling. He stopped abruptly.

At first Timothy thought that she was just a vision—like other visions he had had. Then he saw that she was real—a small person in brown, with a tumbled orange-and-green scarf that looked as if she might have been crying into one corner.

"Oh, Timothy," she said. "I saw you. You were wonderful."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Timothy modestly. He added: "I'm going to Argentina with Milton Founders to build a bridge over the Jippa River above San Pedistrino."

Her answer puzzled him—it came so slowly, and she did not look up. "Do you remember," she said, "my telling you that I liked journeys and trees and wind and lonesome places and wonderful people?"

There was a little silence, just a breath's space; then she flung her head back so that Timothy looked right straight down into those brown eyes. He could not quite fathom the look in them—but there was no scorn there.

SUDDENLY his hands were on her shoulders—rough hands; he shook her a little without knowing it. "You don't mean it," he said. "It—it isn't me you love instead of him?"

Lou Ellen Merrygale put up her hands, and buried her gorgeous head in the front of that terrible shirt. "Oh, Timothy," she sobbed, "if I hadn't gone out with him, he would have got me fired. He's like that. But—oh, I never could help loving you, Timothy, and I thought you didn't care about anything but just your old apex."

There was smut on her tipped-up nose and soot on her tipped-up chin. Timothy caught her up in his great big dirty arms and kissed her half to pieces. "Apex!" he cried happily. "Say, will you be my apex from now on?"

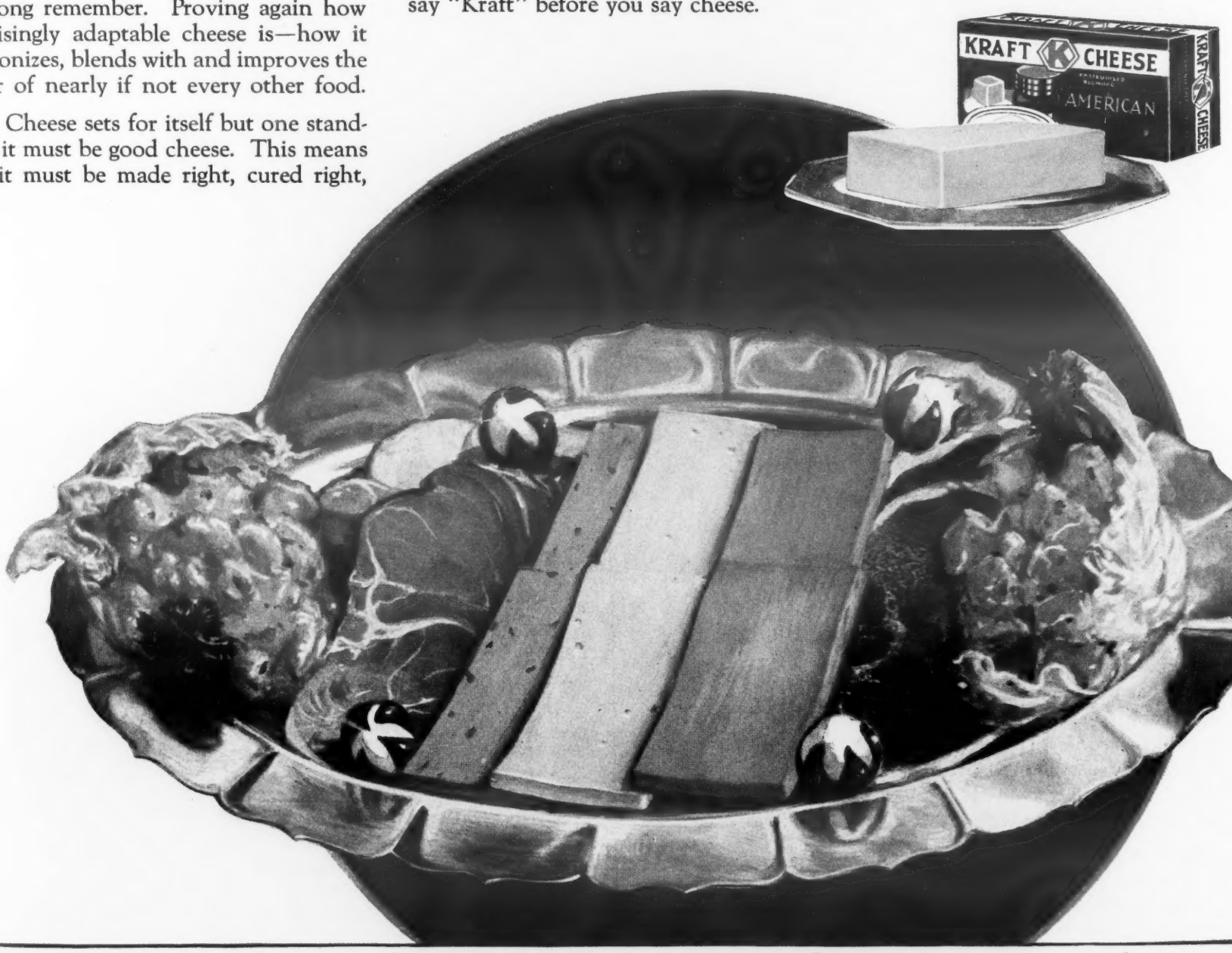
Adds new zest to the cold meat dish—

Try adding a few neatly cut slices of Kraft Cheese—two or three varieties—to the assortment of your cold meat platter, and then note how the appearance of the dish alone increases the appetite appeal.

While cheese and meat are both protein foods, the savoriness of their combined flavor is a delight to the taste you will long remember. Proving again how surprisingly adaptable cheese is—how it harmonizes, blends with and improves the flavor of nearly if not every other food.

Kraft Cheese sets for itself but one standard—it must be good cheese. This means that it must be made right, cured right, aged right, properly blended, and its purity and goodness sealed and protected all the way to your table. The reputation for quality behind the Kraft trade mark is far too valuable to put it on a product that falls short of these requirements.

You will never be disappointed in your purchase of cheese if you remember to say "Kraft" before you say cheese.



Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese, because of its abundance of Calcium and Vitamin A, insures for the child straight bones, strong teeth and sturdy growth. Furthermore, it is one of the foods recommended by Dietitians and Child Specialists—which the child really enjoys and does not have to be coaxed or forced to eat. To protect its purity and creamy richness, "Philadelphia" is sold only in individually wrapped packages.

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Send me your new Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," to the address below:

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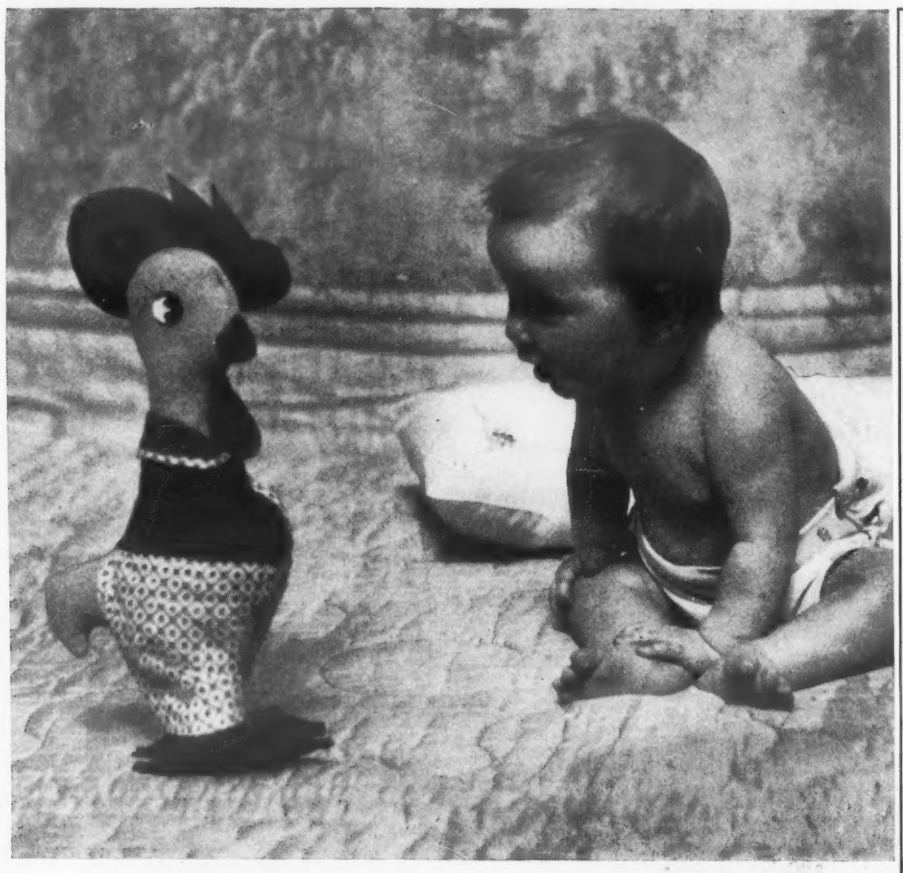

"What's that you're telling me, Mr. Rooster . . . you honestly never heard of this powder?. . my goodness. . the whole Nursery's talking about it! . . . . It's softer and finer than any we ever used before. . and it certainly has made a big change in me! Remember how chafed and cross I used to be?. well, now I'm much better, thank you! . . . . You really should try it yourself.". . . . . .

(THE CHIEF CHEMIST SAYS . . . .)

BABY powders are different—largely because of the difference in *talcs*. The costly Italian talc used in Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used for some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope, and you can feel it yourself, this way . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger—then try another powder. You'll know, soon enough, if it's made with inferior talc!

Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no* stearate of zinc.

Johnson's Baby Powder

Ask your dealer also about Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS:
"ZO" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.

FREE SAMPLES: *Let us send you a generous free sample of Johnson's Baby Powder. With it we'll include free samples of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream—two other products important to a baby's comfort. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. L. B., Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.*

Belinda Moves Up

(Continued from Page 15)

didn't care anything whatever about Bayard Pelley, and I have a very strong impression, myself, that he bored her; he went about with her for quite a little time before he began with Patsy. I had a feeling that Belinda shooed him off and that she was sorry for Patsy when he and Patsy were married."

"But that's preposterous!" Mrs. Dawson cried. "He was absolutely the catch of the world and it's been an ideally happy match, so how could ——"

"I know that Belinda thought him terribly dull," Mrs. Dale interposed. "Nothing could be more unjust or more ridiculous than for anyone to ——"

"Of course," Mrs. Dawson assented suddenly, and she rose. "Of course if you say so that settles it."

"Uh ——" Mr. Dale said uncomfortably, "Uh—you won't—you won't ——"

"Oh, never!" Mrs. Dawson assured him warmly. "Never indeed. We've been talking in the bosom of the family, of course, and naturally I'm not very likely to go about repeating ——"

"YOU will be careful, Mary?" Mrs. Dale interrupted, her expression indicating an amount of anxiety not wholly flattering. "You surely won't ——"

"I don't think," Mrs. Dawson said as her figure assumed a slight rigidity, "I don't think I've ever been accused of indiscretion in family matters."

"No, of course not, Mary," Mr. Dale said quickly. "We're perfectly sure you'd never mention ——"

"Naturally not," Mrs. Dawson returned, and reiterating this assurance, forthwith took her leave in a manner of some primness.

After her departure Mrs. Dale turned to Mr. Dale, troubled and perplexed. "Oh, dear!" she said. "Belinda's upset enough now by all the talk; I don't know what she'll do if ——"

"I wish you'd been more careful," he interrupted. "I wish to heaven you hadn't mentioned your having told Belinda what people might say about the way she looked at that wedding!"

"Oh, dear me!" Mrs. Dale moaned. "So do I. It just slipped out before I remembered that I was talking to Mary Dawson. But don't you think perhaps—isn't there just the possibility, Charles—that maybe she won't go around talking about it?"

"It'd be the first time," he said with a short laugh. "I doubt if she'd care to break her record."

III.

AT THE next Long Hills Country Club Friday Night Dance, there might have been debate upon a question as to which of the forty or more girls present was the prettiest; but there was no doubt whatever about which of them attracted the most attention. She was stared at both openly and surreptitiously; she was talked about covertly, and she was pointed out and explained to the several strangers who took part in the evening's festivities. All of this she knew, nor did she for a moment lose her irritated consciousness of the conspicuousness thus thrust upon her. It was not the kind of conspicuousness that she could bear with an even temper, and she had not grown accustomed to it, although she had been aware of it for months every time she made her appearance in such a gathering as this of tonight; indeed, her hope had been to get rid of the conspicuousness by repeated appearances in such gatherings. But the hope was growing fainter; she was beginning to understand that a reputation for being "queer" is confirmed by every commonplace thing that the "queer" person does or says, and that no other kind of reputation makes one more eagerly or more persistently watched. Naturally, she was not happy to be watched in the continual hope that she would supply further confirmation of her queerness; nevertheless, though she suffered and raged within, she contrived to maintain a pleased expression of countenance as she danced, and only at the back of her eye might an observer more acute than any who saw her that night have discerned something harried.

THAT was not the only change in Belinda Dale since the twinkling days when she and Patsy Dorker had been light-hearted little twin belles together; something of the childlike yet saucily knowing look of the debutante had gone; Belinda now seemed a more serious and, at the same time, a more humorous person. But the observer just imagined would have taken note of another quality hinted alone in her of all those present; already she had something of that look and poise most rarely seen in youth, though youth freely and fondly everywhere distributes the word for it, which is "distinction." The card players at Mrs. Bennedge's had deplored the rumor of Belinda's ponderings and puzzlings—thinking being held inappropriate to her sex, worldly condition and time of life—yet it had not injured her appearance; her fair hair was as lustrous in the colored lights of the Country Club dance room, her face as piquant and her young gracefulness as quick and lithe as ever they had been. She had no lack of partners.

Yet she felt there was a difference in these partners; she had even a suspicion that they danced with her hoping for some fresh outbreak of queerness on her part that they could tell to the other girls, or even to their sisters and mothers, and she wished impatiently that they would sometime tire of rallying her about the plush factory; but when one of them now and then failed to be facetious upon this point she became more sensitive than ever, suspecting that he thought her too queer for such badinage to be safe. "Keeping away from my 'mania,'" she thought bitterly.

SHE spoke of this to another girl while the buffet supper was being set out upon tables, and their partners had gone to obtain supplies from this collation; her reference was to the young gentleman thus engaged in procuring sustenance for her, the other girl, Miss Fanny Capoole, having asked for an estimate of his mental abilities. "Hasn't got any," Belinda replied. "Never did have any, and you know that as well as I do, Fanny."

"Not any sense at all?" Fanny returned deprecatingly; then she laughed. "Oh, I see! He's been teasing you about the plush factory."

"No; it's because he didn't. It's because he was afraid to, for fear I'd begin to scream and claim to be Cleopatra."

Fanny laughed again. "If he was afraid of that he isn't up-to-date about you then. I must say, if he isn't, he's the only one here that isn't."

"Isn't what?"

"Why, up-to-date about you."

"I haven't an idea what you're talking about," Belinda said with some sharpness. "Would you mind explaining what on earth you mean by being 'up-to-date' about me?"

"Honestly, you don't know?" Miss Capoole said, and she looked somewhat disturbed, although in fact she was not wholly reluctant to make this little interview a somewhat sensational one. Was it her good fortune to be the first to impart to Belinda Dale the new diagnosis of

(Continued on Page 99)

Let your eyes choose this rug for its *Beauty*

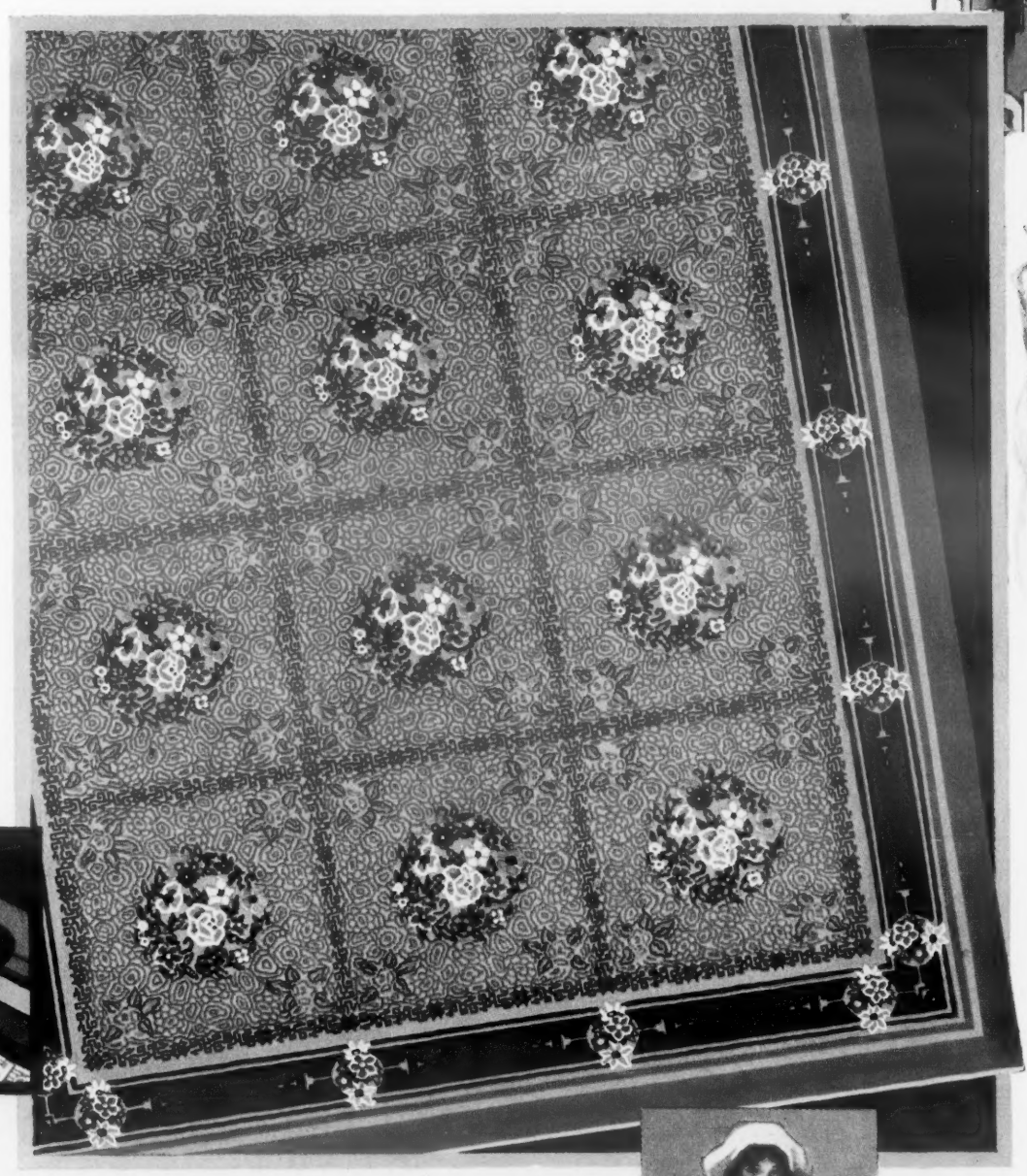
Your good sense will approve the low price

(Left) Rug No. 4662.

(Center) Rug No. 4652.

(Right) Rug No. 4642.

"Oh—what pretty rugs!" "Yes, and I just glanced at the price tags—they're very reasonable."



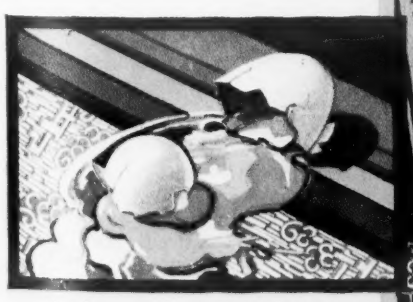
For the room that needs color-cheer—and what room doesn't? Simply ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4621.

WHAT if your eyes *do* carry you away with the beauty of an Armstrong's Quaker Rug! Let them. For once, at least, you can buy by eye without paying dearly for the pleasure.

After all, can you blame your eyes for falling in love with such a rug? The patterns are so new, so smart. The colorings so rich, so gay.

And more. These rugs bring freedom from the everlasting rubbing and scrubbing of floors. What a relief to tired back, to hands, to knees!

By the special Accolac Process, Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are lacquer-surfaced for jiffy-quick cleaning. Every-day dust and dirt wipe right off. Food stains, grease spots—all disappear just as quickly with the stroke of a mop or damp cloth. And no harm whatever to the pretty pattern that lies protected under the gloss-smooth waterproof surface. Even such caustics as lye cannot penetrate to spoil the fresh beauty of the rug.



Don't worry when accidents happen. A mop-stroke and the Accolac Process surface is fresh and clean again.

Now for the pocketbook news. Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are low priced. In fact, even the large 9 ft. x 12 ft. size costs no more than a pair of good shoes.

But you needn't think twice even before you invest that much. For a written promise of satisfaction is given with every rug. Each bears, pasted right on the face, a Quaker Girl certificate. That is our agreement to replace the rug free, if it does not delight you completely.

Free: To wives who want to stay young

And who doesn't? An interesting little folder that shows all the Armstrong's Quaker Rug patterns in actual colors. For your copy, mention the title—"To Wives Who Want to Stay Young," and address the Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 2909 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.

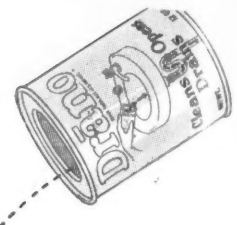
Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

To cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker floor covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths

To *Clean the stained and crusted* BROILER-PAN *to bright whiteness*

. . ANOTHER Drāno task!



NO need to scrape and scour*—Drāno *is the modern, laborless way.

You'd use the broiler oftener, wouldn't you, if the drip-pan wasn't so everlastingly hard to clean?

Scrape—rub—rub—scour.

That is, unless you have been introduced to Drāno—the modern method of cleaning the hard-to-clean. For Drāno removes burned-on grease and drippings from broiler-pans and things like that without so much as a scrape.

Why *it works wonders*

Drāno dissolves away accumulations of grease, animal and vegetable matter, wherever it finds them. It cleans and opens slowed-up drain-pipes in a jiffy. It melts baked-on food "rings" from oven-glass. It scours skillets down to the clean, gray iron. It removes burned-on grease from roasters.

It takes the "rub" out of scrub in a dozen different ways!

You'll want this booklet

It is called "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning," and we have a copy ready to send to you as soon as we get your name and address.

But don't wait for it, if you have a brown-stained broiler-pan to clean—those directions are printed here. Your dealer has Drāno. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

25¢ *a can*

Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States

35¢ *in Canada*

CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS . . .

keep them with your recipes

To remove burned-on grease from broiler-pans

1. Pour in water—either hot or cold
2. Sprinkle in three heaping tablespoonfuls of Drāno
3. Let it soak three or four hours, or overnight
4. Pour off the Drāno solution into the sink—be careful not to spill it
5. Thoroughly rinse, then wash with hot soap-suds—or, better still, with Dawn

CAUTION—Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

. . . keeps them free-flowing

DO YOU KNOW that porcelain, tile and enamel can be kept shining, always beautiful with Dawn? It dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch. Your dealer has it.

(Continued from Page 96)

her strange behavior? Miss Capoole saw herself upon the point of becoming an interesting fount of information, for everyone would want to know how Belinda acted when she heard it. "Honestly, don't you know, Belinda?"

"Don't I know what?"

"But it's been out at least two weeks!" Fanny Capoole exclaimed. "All over the place, dear—though this is the first party of any size since it got started, and of course everybody's talking about it here tonight. Patsy Pelley isn't here, but I know she's heard it because my mother heard it first from Patsy's mother. Everybody thinks it's terribly romantic!" She giggled excitedly. "If you haven't heard it, I guess it would amuse you."

Belinda's expression didn't indicate that she expected to be amused. "What is it?" she said sharply.

LAUGHING placatingly and using many deprecatory gestures throughout her little narrative, Fanny told her. "You see, the reason everybody believes it," she said, "is because it came straight from your own family. If you'll excuse me, dear, of course everybody knows that your aunt, Mrs. Dawson, is a frightful gossip; but she swears she had it straight from your own mother that you looked perfectly ghastly at Patsy's wedding to Bayard Pelley, and that the reason you looked that way and began to be kind of different afterward, and then took the step they all think is so extraordinary—I mean your sort of dashing around being a factory girl ——"

"I'm not dashing around!" Belinda interrupted angrily. "I am a factory girl, and I've been one for almost a year, getting up at six in the morning in order to be in time for work and putting in eight hours a day running a winding machine. I don't precisely consider that dashing around, Fanny."

"Oh, no, no," Fanny protested quickly. "I know you're terribly serious about it, and all that; I was only telling you why people say you do it."

"I know why they say I do it—because I'm 'queer.'"

"Oh, no," Fanny said, "the story they have now is about what they think made you so queer in the first place. Of course you know me too well to think I'd ever believe it myself."

"Believe what?"

"Why, this story that you were so terribly disappointed about Bayard Pelley."

"What!"

"Yes, that's it," Fanny said cozily. "I wouldn't mind much if I were you, because really it makes you seem terribly picturesque and everything. They all say your going into the factory was just like taking the veil, especially because you wouldn't let anyone call you by your old nickname, Pansy, any more, but insisted on Belinda—you know, the way heroines in old-fashioned novels did; when they had a secret sorrow and would take the veil they always changed their names to Sister Dolorosa or Sister Angelique or something." She broke into excited laughter and seemed to expect Belinda to join her. "Isn't it crazy what people will believe when a story like that begins to go around."

"YES," Belinda said, through teeth set tight together. "Rather crazy!" Her color had heightened during the earlier part of this little talk; but now she was pale. "Will you please tell that fool, when he comes with my supper, that I've gone home?"

Miss Capoole cried out, protesting. "Oh, but, Belinda, you mustn't! For heaven's sake, don't let what I've said upset you this way! I've told you I didn't believe it. I ——"

"Who cares what you believe? I've got to get up at six o'clock in the morning!" And with no further parley, Belinda shot at the inwardly delighted Miss Capoole one final blue spark of fury from wide eyes, and departed swiftly to the dressing room, the briefest of stopping places on her homeward flight.

IV.

AT HOME, striding through the upper hall on her way to her own room, that cheerful-appearing cell wherein she preferred to do most of her suffering and raging, she saw that her mother's door stood expectantly a little ajar, and she went in; Mrs. Dale was reading in bed. "Did you have a good time?" she inquired mechanically; but changed her tone when Belinda's face became distinct in the light of the bed-table lamp. "Oh, dear! What's the matter now, Belinda?"

Belinda told her, and Mrs. Dale cried out, lamenting her indiscretion in the presence of Mrs. Dawson, the details of which she related upon the spot, and she concluded by uttering many expressions of self-reproach; it was all her fault, she said.

"That woman!" Belinda cried. "It's not your fault, because she'd twist whatever you said into something else, and you can be sure they'd have built up this disgusting yarn about me before long anyhow; they had the materials for it, because other people besides you saw how miserable I was at Patsy's wedding."

"Oh, if you only hadn't been!" her mother groaned.

"How could I help it? Do you think it's pleasant to see your best friend marrying a dull little stick like that Bayard Pelley, tying herself to him for life ——"

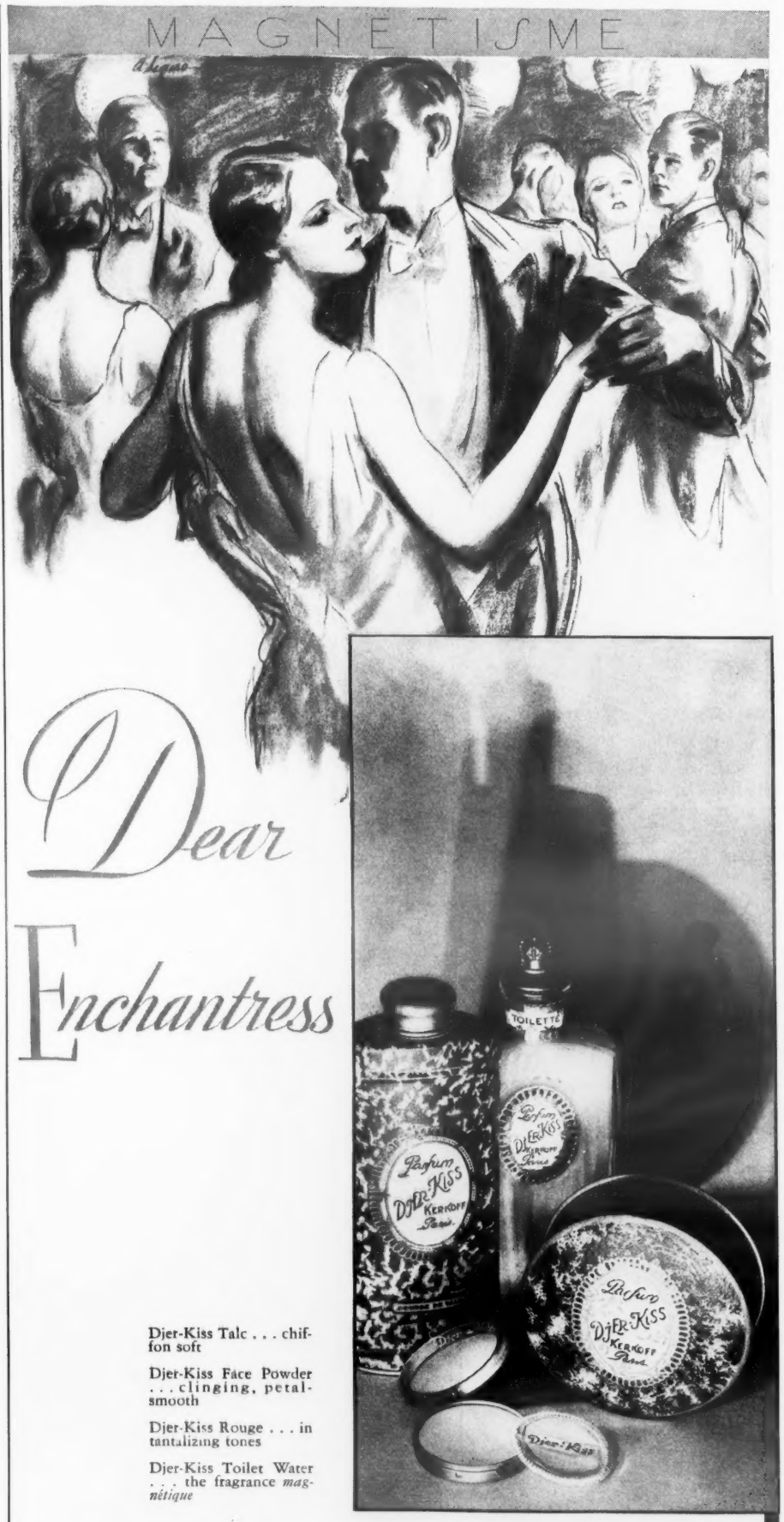
"But it's been such a splendid, happy match, Belinda."

"I didn't dream it could be; I didn't have the faintest idea she could be happy with him, and now, because I was miserable on her account, they're all saying I was miserable on my own—because I wanted him for myself. My trying to get into business is 'like taking the veil' they say. Great heavens! If I were going to 'take the veil' I wish at least they'd give me credit for taking it on account of somebody a trifle more attractive than that dumb little bonehead of a manikin, Bayard Pelley. It's simply unendurable. Can't a girl have any life of her own without being persecuted like this?"

She grew more and more vehement, and, as she spoke, strode up and down the room, addressing the walls, apparently, as much as she did her mother. "What's the matter with these people? I've never done anything to them; I don't busy myself with their affairs; I don't go about slandering them, and I've never given them any offense in the world. Why can't they stop chattering out these disgusting stories about me and my motives? Why, in heaven's name, can't they let me alone?"

SHE was in a passion, and her mother was unable to soothe her. "Oh, well, there's no use keeping you up," Belinda said finally, and betook herself to her own room, where her pacing and raging continued. "Fools!" she said frequently, and "Scandalmongers!" She used other terms as energetic, and some even more so. She fumed, made imprecatory gestures inconsistently at her mirror, and, when at last she had reminded herself that a business woman who must be up at six ought now to be getting some sleep, she removed her charming, pale-blue dancing dress with so much vigor as to tear its delicate fabric almost fatally. Recumbent then, she found slumber loath to come upon her eyelids; what did come there, of course, was what must come upon a girl's eyelids when she has raged; for, although Belinda was determined against all odds to be a business woman, she could not escape from the inward consequences of being a girl. She wept, and wept passionately, and in spite of all that she could do, could not check the tears that she, herself, thought weak.

(Continued on Page 101)



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As she dances by, a vision of captivating femininity, every masculine heart thrills to her magnetic charm. Long after she has passed, that mysterious fascination lingers—hauntingly. Dear enchantress, what is this exquisite secret of allure? Indefinable—strangely enthralling is the magnetism you possess.

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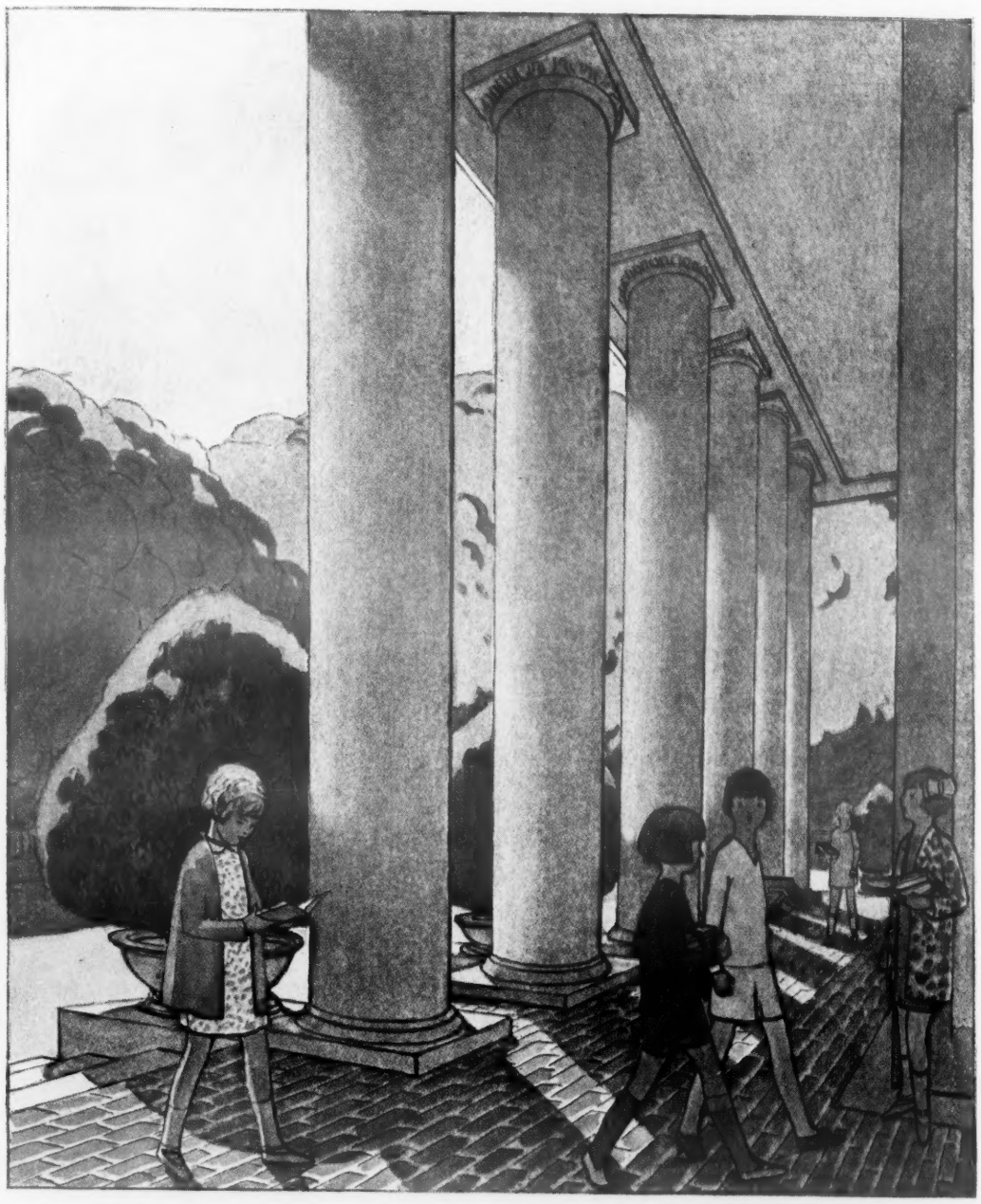
They start back to school so sturdily . . . and then what happens?



It's true with so many, many children. All summer long they've been outdoors—living in the sunshine. Maybe they've had a month at the beach—with a fine, healthy coat of tan to show.

And then they go back to school. They're indoors during the hours when the sun is strongest. And after a few months much of the good of vacation and outdoor life seems to have been dissipated . . .

You see, sunlight is so *important* to growing children. That's because the direct rays of the sun are a source of Vitamin D, the precious sunlight vitamin. Without Vitamin D, the minerals (lime and phosphorus) in their diet which go to prevent rickets (soft bones, bowed legs) and to develop strong bones and sound teeth are not fully utilized by the body.

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—the sunlight vitamin

And that's why, when they go back to school, Cocomalt should more than ever become a part of every meal and after-school lunch.

For extensive research has proved that Cocomalt makes a definite contribution to the anti-rachitic potency of the diet—and contains Vitamin D in sufficient quantities to aid in building sturdy bones and sound teeth when taken under normal everyday conditions.

But Cocomalt is even more than this. It is a delicious, completely balanced, *natural* food drink that children really love. And it brings them not only the actual sunlight vitamin but the necessary mineral salts (lime and phosphorus) as well.

Indeed, Cocomalt increases the milk minerals by over 50%, and adds 70% more *nourishment* to milk, combining, in correct proportions, nourishing elements ideally suited to children.

A delicious chocolate-flavor drink

Your youngsters will *like* Cocomalt. Outside of any question of its value in a diet, it's a delicious drink with a delightful chocolate flavor—as good for parties as it is for breakfast. And many an anxious mother has discovered that it's one sure way to make children take the daily glasses of milk they need.

A cold drink in summer. A nourishing hot drink in winter. It's good either way. Give it to them regularly—and often. It will help them grow up with the strong bones, well-developed teeth—the strength and vigor—that are every child's birthright.

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five-pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi). If your grocer cannot supply you, take advantage of the sample offer.

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A generous sample and booklet · Send 10 cents (to cover the cost of mailing) and we will forward you a generous sample can of Cocomalt—together with a fascinating book entitled "Children of the Sun." This booklet was prepared for the R. B. Davis Company by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

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Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

(Continued from Page 99)

In truth, her case was one not easy for a girl to bear. She had been stung when her world called her "queer" for deciding to be a business woman and going into the factory to "learn from the bottom up"; yet she had understood that Long Hills could not easily comprehend a girl's being serious in such a matter; and thus, although she had been resentful, she had borne "queer," and tried to counteract it and prove herself normal. Bearing "queer" was not easy for her; bearing criticism of any kind was not, indeed, easy for Belinda; it was the more difficult because there had been, in all her happy, rose-lined young life previously, almost none to bear. "Queer" had been infuriating yet endurable; but this story of her "disappointment" overwhelmed her. Bayard Pelley had proposed to her before he had proposed to Patsy, and Belinda had rejected him—she "simply couldn't have stood him," she felt—and she was miserable for Patsy when Patsy took him, especially because she knew that Patsy had secretly been in love with someone else. Belinda had never told the bride, or anyone, that the dull but affluent young Pelley, bearer of heavy family prestige, had first come courting at the Dales'.

DID Patsy believe this story of her "disappointed" friend's "taking the veil," Belinda wondered, weeping upon her pillow? Patsy had swiftly and happily recovered from the secret love; she had returned from her honeymoon in a state of obvious infatuation with her husband; the infatuation was more temperate now, after several years of family life, and her chief interest seemed to be her children and her position as the foremost prominent young matron of Long Hills. Nevertheless, Bayard was undoubtedly her most important possession, still representing her triumph in the debutantes' competition of her own great season, and might she not find a little added pleasure now in believing the story that her dearest friend and twin belle had also sought the same prize, and, embittered by failure to obtain it, had retired from the world into the conventual obscurity of a plush factory?

At the thought, Belinda Dale uttered a half-muffled outcry and actually beat her pillow with a convulsively clenched fist. "Don't you dare!" she mumbled fiercely. "Don't you dare think such a thing, Patsy Pelley, or any of you!" She perceived the fallacy of the old belief that we most furiously resent what is most true of us, for it seemed to her that she could better have borne anything that could have been said of her than this absurd untruth. Her wrath and her misery kept her awake until near dawn and interfered with her work at the factory the next day; she got a reproof from the winding-room forewoman, who was usually affable to her, and this was no soothing addition to the sense of injury already taking up too much room within her.

SHE felt that she must see Patsy as soon as possible; she must know what Patsy believed, even though to know might be "biting upon a sore tooth"; so on Sunday afternoon she betook herself to the new, big country house the young Pelleys had just finished, and she found her old friend by chance alone for the moment in the long, bright living room, which still smelled rather pleasantly of newness. The greetings of the two were fond, as of yore; then they talked for a while of usual, unimportant things, and as they sat chatting in this commonplace way together, both of them understood that each was thinking hiddenly of the other. Patsy was beginning to look matronly, Belinda thought, and that was natural and proper for a woman with three children, a big house, and a stressful sense of "position"; but wasn't she beginning to look a little stupid too? Did contentedness, combined with a sense of importance, have something to do with that look, and did "looking rich" have something to do with it, perhaps? But more, was there a special added smugness somewhere in Patsy's expression—a personal slight unction not wholly concealed? Patsy's glance did not quite fully and openly meet her friend's. Was it because she was secretly pleased to believe that story?

AFTER a little while Belinda realized that her hostess was doing all the talking; she prattled complacently of her children and complainingly of her servants; lamented Belinda's resignation from the Junior League and gave an account of her own arduous share in the preparation for the League's next public entertainment. Incidentally, as she went on, she mentioned the number of times she was to be a patroness before Lent, bewailing the fatigue engendered by some of the honors thrust upon her; and all the while the listener sat pitying what seemed to her the dullness of a life so mechanically enclosed, so endlessly repetitive. All the while, too, she perceived an irony, understanding well that Mrs. Pelley, ensconced in matronly, gentle superiority, felt even more pity for the caller who sat pitying her.

But Belinda's errand was to discover if her friend possessed a dreaded self-congratulatory special pity; already she was almost sure that it existed. She decided to make certain. "You didn't come to the Friday night dance at the Country Club," she said. "I missed you."

Patsy looked surprised. "Oh, did you go?"

"Yes, I've been going about, now and then, for quite a little while. It cuts down my hours of sleep, because I have to get up pretty early, and most of the parties bore me terribly. The only reason I go is because I thought maybe it might help to stop people's talking about me so outrageously. My being called 'queer' upsets my family a lot and I can't deny I'm rather sensitive, myself, too."

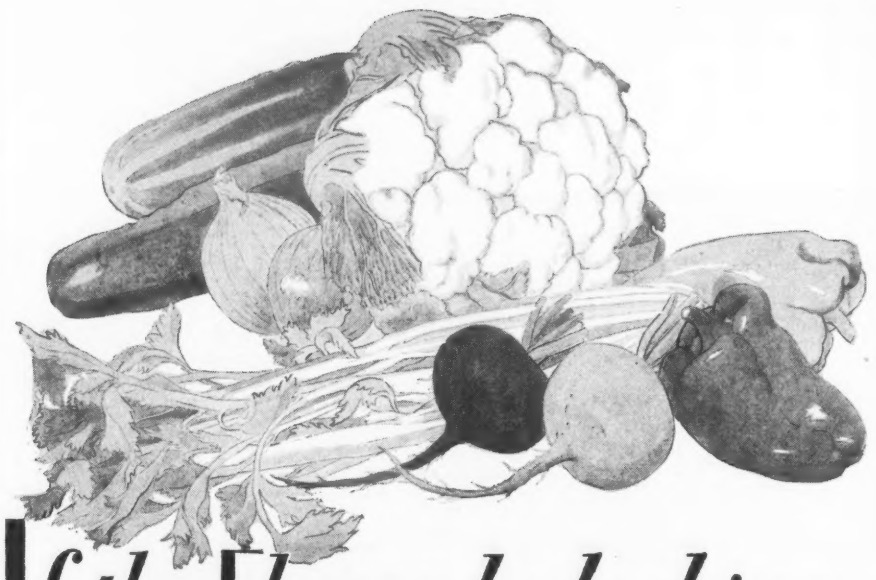
"No wonder," Patsy said sympathetically. "I've always told people that you're not a bit queer, and I've denied all these absurd stories about you over and over."

"Stories?" Belinda took her up quickly. "What stories?"

"OH, I DON'T mean any in particular," Mrs. Pelley returned hastily; but she colored a little, and in her evasive eyes the caller discovered with certainty what she sought. "Every kind of wild story goes around about everybody," the young matron went on flutteringly, and punctuated what she said with nervous laughter. "I just mean I've always told 'em it was perfectly outrageous to say you were peculiar for not getting married and settling down when you had so many opportunities—because you did, of course—you had more opportunities than almost any girl. You know you did, yourself."

She began to enumerate these opportunities, as if to reassure her unfortunate old friend that they had been genuine, and while she talked on, Belinda looked at her steadily with widening eyes. "You believe that lie about my 'disappointment,'" the girl thought. "You do actually believe it. What's more, you like to believe it." Then, remembering an emotional interview between them that had taken place a few days before Patsy's wedding, "You believe worse than that," she thought. "You believe now that I was working for myself when I tried to make you give up marrying Bayard Pelley because you cared for another man. Far back in your heart something knows that this isn't true, yet you like to believe it so much that you do believe it. It would be no more than you deserve if I broke out right now and told you that your poor little snip of a husband proposed to me before he did to you, and took you because he couldn't get me. My, but

(Continued on Page 103)



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***Colman's* Mustard, say the experts, for "flavor foods," like mustard, must be selected with the care of a connoisseur. They must be true, aromatic, positively lively or their pungent, palate-tickling quality is lost.**

Because of its unique flavor, the peppy little mustard seed of Lincolnshire, England, has been grown for Colman's ever since Jeremiah Colman discovered it there in 1805.

A dash of Colman's in all your salad dressings—whether you make them at home or buy them ready prepared—and in cooked foods, such as cheese, meat, egg and fish dishes, accents their flavor and makes them infinitely more thrilling. In pickles and relishes, of course, it is positively essential.

For the spices in your pickles, use French's if you would be sure they measure up to the quality of your Colman's Mustard. French's spices have been selected by critical cooks for sixty years for the rare high flavor which marks each one.

You will like this recipe for *Chili Sauce*—24 medium-sized ripe tomatoes; 2 green peppers; 2 red peppers; 8 onions; 1 qt. vinegar; 8 tablespoons sugar; 4 teaspoons salt; 1 tablespoon French's ground Allspice; 4 teaspoons French's Whole Allspice; 1 large stick cinnamon; 1 1-4 teaspoons Colman's Mustard: Blanch and slice the tomatoes, chop the onions and peppers, combine the ingredients and cook until thick. Seal in sterilized jars.

Mustard Bouquet
Piccalilli
Old Virginia Cabbage Pickle
Apple Chutney

Recipes for these and for some other unusually delicious pickles, as well as salads and cooked foods, are in the latest Colman recipe book. Why not send for a copy—it is free.

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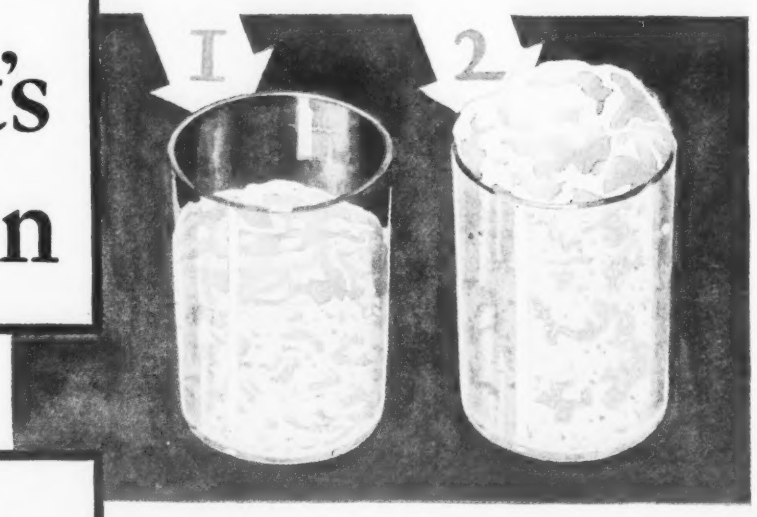

TEST CALUMET'S DOUBLE-ACTION

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's double-action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with only baking powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how baking powder acts — and how Calumet acts *twice* to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's first action—the action that takes place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients.

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of *hot* water on the stove. In a moment a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's second action—the action that takes place in the heat of your oven.

Make this test. See Calumet's double-action which protects your baking from failure.

"WHY do I get such wonderful results when I bake with Calumet?" women are always asking. "Fluffy cakes, light biscuits, all my baking just the way I want it."

It is because Calumet Baking Powder has double-action. *Two* leavening actions, not *one*. And these two leavening actions protect your baking from failure to a remarkable degree. Women who used to have "bad luck" with baking, women whose ovens were always "acting up," find it easy to bake successfully with Calumet.

They tell their friends about this modern baking powder . . . they run in and show their cakes and biscuits to their neighbors. That's why Calumet today is the most popular baking powder in the world.

The test above illustrates Calumet's two leavening actions. The *first* action takes place in the mixing bowl—a steady, even rising that gets the leavening properly started. Calumet's *second* action begins when you put the cake in the oven. It literally "props up" the batter while the oven heat does its work. As a result, a cake made with Calumet has a smooth, velvety texture that is simply beautiful . . . Calumet biscuits are light and feathery . . . muffins rise right up to perfection . . . and waffles and corn-bread turn out exactly the way you always hope they will.

Easy Success With Calumet!

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome, healthful ingredients. But not all baking powders are alike in their action. Not all give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients in exactly the right proportions to produce perfect leavening action. Its dependable double-action makes baking an easier, pleasanter task.

Here's a recipe for Calumet Coconut Cake. Notice that it calls for only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to a cup of flour. This is the usual Calumet proportion. A double economy, since Calumet's cost is moderate to begin with. Mail the coupon and Marion Jane Parker will send you the Calumet Baking Book—a collection of splendid up-to-date recipes prepared by baking experts.

CALUMET

THE DOUBLE ACTING

BAKING POWDER

Tested and Approved 4210 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

COCONUT CAKE (3 eggs)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder	3 eggs, unbeaten
½ teaspoon salt	⅓ cup milk
⅔ cup butter or other shortening	1 teaspoon vanilla
	1 can (1½ cups) Baker's Coconut Southern Style.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans, 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven (375° F.). Spread boiled frosting between layers and on top and side of cake. Sprinkle thickly with coconut while frosting is still soft. Double the recipe for three 10-inch layers. (All measurements are level.)

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(Continued from Page 101)

aren't you having fun believing that I'm a factory girl because I couldn't get what you've got."

The young matron was still reminding her caller of past triumphs when the master of the house was heard in the hall petulantly exerting a thin tenor voice to influence some little dogs not to follow him farther; he had not sufficient weight with them, for they pattered after him as he came into the room, booted and spurred, still irritably remonstrating with them. "By George!" he said, and stopped short at sight of the visitor. "Why, I haven't seen you for months, Belinda. Why don't you drop around oftener?"

THERE was a gleam in his small eyes, a twinkle of personal import unmistakably. Belinda saw it, and knew that Patsy saw it, too; recognizably, there was a trace of excited self-satisfaction in that gleam; moreover, a surreptitious liveliness became evident in it, too, a sprightly masculine interest not contradictory to rumors that of late he gayly began sometimes to look a little over his wife's shoulder. He sat down close beside Belinda immediately. "By George!" he said. "Why *don't* you drop around oftener?"

"Unbelievable!" Belinda thought hotly. "So you, too, think it's true! You've heard the story, and in your horrible little conceit you've persuaded yourself that if you'd asked me once more I'd have taken you—that I didn't realize what I'd missed until you were committed to somebody else, and that I've pined for you ever since so tragically that I've 'taken the veil.' You actually believe it, and that's why you just sat down here goggling at me and thinking there might be something in it for you—you'd ask me to lunch if Patsy went out of the room for a second, you fatuous little imbecile! Both of you believe it and you're both having fun out of it—like the rest of the population of Long Hills!"

She got up. "I'm going," she said, and noted that Patsy rose even more quickly than Pelley did.

"Oh, must you ——" Patsy murmured in the correct tone but with a perfect consent to the departure in which her husband at once manifested a much more animated interest.

"I'll run you over to your place, Belinda," he said eagerly. "I've got a car at the door and I'm going that way anyhow, so I'd really love to ——"

"I'm afraid you can't, Bayard," Mrs. Pelley intervened, making sounds of apologetic laughter as she spoke. "I'm afraid I've promised—absolutely promised—to be at some people's with you. Really we ought to be there now."

"Some people's?" he inquired pettishly. "What people's?"

But Belinda spared Patsy the necessity for any further invention. "I'm walking," she said with a little curtness, and straightway confirmed this statement by going quickly to the door. "I very much prefer to walk. Good-by."

She not only preferred, she needed to walk; but her progress homeward might more accurately be described as striding. She strode by imposing old driveway gates, glanced in at dignified houses, and muttered at them fiercely: "You mind your own business! You let me alone!" It was the worst of it, of course, that Patsy believed this newest and most infuriating of all the slanders; but the rest of it was destructive enough to a girl's pride, anguishing enough to her vanity, wounding enough to her feelings. Belinda was cruelly hurt. All these people, not so long ago, had seemed to be her friends, even her enthusiastic friends, pleased with everything she did, and the chiefest and dearest of them, her bosom companion, had been her sworn devotee for life; but now they all seemed wolfish enemies delighting to find her ever more crazily ridiculous, while the sworn devotee had just proved how much of a devotee she was!

"Outcast from the herd!" Belinda thought fierily. "All right, I'll be an outcast!" Then, unexpectedly, she gulped. "That is, I will if I can bear it." The gulp disconcerted her, and she understood that she was going to weep again; she had to run the last fifty yards of the way to her own house to save herself from shedding tears publicly.

V.

HER burden sat so heavily upon her thin young shoulders that her father and mother began to think the factory was affecting her health, and renewed their pleadings with her. "You're losing weight every day," Mrs. Dale said. "There's no color in your cheeks and sometimes you look positively haggard. You don't know how it's distressing your father and me. For heaven's sake, can't you give up that horrible old factory? Everybody says it's ruining your health."

"Everybody says!" Belinda exclaimed impatiently. "My health's perfect, and anyway the factory hasn't a thing to do with it. I'd be entirely happy if people would just quit talking about me."

"Can't you stop thinking about that?" her mother begged anxiously. "I know it's difficult, but if you could just forget what they say ——"

"How can anybody do that?"

Mrs. Dale was unable to tell her, and Belinda's sufferings under what she felt to be a continuous persecution were not alleviated. The sense of being cruelly used was upon her all the time at home and in the plush factory and throughout the long morning and evening trolley-car trips between. She suffered, but she was stubborn; she would not give in to Long Hills, and she saw that there was one thing she

"GEE, IT'S TOO NICE A DAY TO STAY IN THE OFFICE. LET'S TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF." "ALL RIGHT, WE'LL GO TO A MOVIE"

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Only one tube to a family 3252

"I guess this'll make me grow"

AND it certainly will make any youngster grow—this Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, spread thick on a fresh slice of bread. For it has real nutriment and real tissue-building properties. Children like its flavor, and it's good for them. Wholesome and easily digested.

Let them have it *at* meals, *between* meals, and for the school lunch—when they're old enough for school. And remember, too, that the grown-ups of the family are often just as fond of it as the children. For them it's every bit as tasty—every bit as healthful—every bit as nourishing.

We like to believe that Beech-Nut is the best known, best liked brand of peanut butter. Its quality never varies. All grocers carry it. And we've recently added a new convenience feature—a top that lifts off easily with an ordinary hook bottle-opener. No bother at all to open, and the top fits right back on again as a cover. *An extra convenience exclusively Beech-Nut—and worth remembering.*

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

could do; at least she could show the factory that she knew how to be persistent at her dull work there, and in this she was not balked. One morning a boy summoned her from her machine, informing her that she was wanted in the superintendent's office, and she was startled. "Fired out of my first job," she thought wretchedly, as she followed the messenger; but she was mistaken. The superintendent, a middle-aged but youthful-looking man, stout and short, with a habitually stern expression that seemed misplaced upon his rounded features, looked at her severely as she stood before his desk; then he said, "Didn't I hear you talking Italian to those wops working on that ditch outside the office when you left the factory yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Where'd you get your education?"

"Schools—and I was in Italy quite a little while when I was a child."

"You aren't American-born, then?" he asked, surprised.

"Yes, I am."

He stared at her. "Know any other language besides English and Italian?"

"Yes; French, and some German."

AT THIS, the superintendent's expression of surprise deepened, and he seemed upon the point of making inquiries more personal; but he checked the impulse and kept to the matter in hand. "I've been noticing you now and then for quite a while," he said. "You always seem to be strictly on the job and you look like a smart girl, though the work you're on now doesn't need much brains. I'm going to try you with a raise and make a little experiment. I'm going to try you on a job that up to now has always been held down by a man; but it happens to be vacant and we'll see what you can do with it. It's the labor employment clerkship. A lot of people apply who can't speak much English, and in some cases maybe your knowledge of languages'll come in handy. You'll take the applications, fill out blanks and pass the likelier applicants up to the department heads. Get rid of the incapables—don't send any of them up—and keep a file of the applications. You'll find the blanks in the desk and you'll have an office to yourself; it's near the main entrance. You'll know it; it's got the sign Employment painted on the door. You'll probably find some people lined up there right now; we advertised for some more men for the packing department. Think you can handle it?"

"Yes, I do," she said.

Something in the way she spoke made the superintendent's eyes twinkle; then he laughed. "All right, go ahead and handle it. There'll be five dollars a week more in your Saturday envelope."

A BUSINESS woman "learning from the bottom up" should have felt some elation at thus unexpectedly rising a little above the bottom; but this one had become preoccupied with her sensitiveness, and on her way to her new station she thought more bitterly than ever of what Long Hills would say of the new contacts she was about to make with the proletariat out of work. Long Hills could approve of a girl who made such contacts in the way of charity; but what wouldn't be said of a Long Hills girl who made them for twenty-five dollars a week? "More talk! More talk!" she thought, fiercely addressing the hated suburb of her nativity. "How you will bleat about my sitting all day interviewing 'wops and riffraff and terrible people' for a salary!" Then she shivered. "My! But it's going to be hard to turn down the poor old 'incapables.' That isn't so nice."

Here her prevision was accurate; she found it indeed not comfortable to reject the useless and derelict who came in numbers to stand piteously before her desk this very morning. She adopted as gentle a formula of rejection as she could devise, and although the rejections were painful, she found every one of the people who came before her interesting; then, as she began to perceive that business in reality is not the buzzing of machinery but a dealing with human lives, the new job became absorbing. It became more so during the third day of her occupation of the employment clerk's desk, for on that day her task brought her abruptly into the visible presence of drama. A tall, dark-haired, gaunt young man, who gave his name as Joseph Mears, had applied for work in the packing department; he looked strong in spite of his thinness; but he was pale, and as he stood before her answering the routine questions with which she had been provided, it seemed to her that there was something strange about him. She could not have said what it was that seemed strange, unless it was his gravity of manner—gravity in which there was naturally anxiety also, since he wanted work. She would have defined his eyes as "haunting," though it would have been nearer the fact to say that they were haunted.

SHE put her questions slowly in order to have more time to scrutinize the applicant, for she had begun to depend upon scrutiny to help her select only capables for the inspection of the departmental chiefs; but this man's replies were slower than the questions. Moreover, he hesitated frequently, and paused longest when she asked him where he had last worked. "Well," he said finally, "the last job I had wasn't here in the city exactly. I was doing carpenter work, and when I saw the factory ad I knew I could make packing boxes as well as any man, so I thought maybe I'd have a chance here. I need it pretty badly."

"You've done work making packing boxes?"

"Yes; two years at it."

"That's good," she said, and smiled encouragingly. "Where was it?" And then, as he still hesitated, she repeated the question briskly. "You say it wasn't here in the city; but where was it?"

He looked at her, and it seemed to her that the anxiety in his eyes became poignant, and when he spoke there was something like desperation in his voice. Milledgeville, he said. "I had a job at Milledgeville for a good while, so you might as well put it down."

"All right." She nodded as she wrote Milledgeville on the card; the name meant nothing to her, though she had heard it and knew that Milledgeville was one of the up-state towns. "What firm were you working for there?"

"WHAT firm?" he returned slowly. "It was a firm of contractors—Rudolph & Busch."

"All right," she said, as she wrote; then she looked up, nodded and smiled again as she gave him the card. "Take that up to the foreman of the packing department and prob'ly you'll be all right. They haven't turned down anybody yet that I've sent up. Anyhow, good luck, Mr. Mears."

He seemed startled. "You mean you're sending me up with a recommendation?"

"Yes, that's what it amounts to."

For a moment longer he looked at her incredulously while she met his haggard glance with a smiling friendliness; then he said, "Why, thank you," in a husky voice that was little more than a whisper, turned abruptly and walked out of the room. When the noon whistle blew he was waiting just outside the door.

"I don't want to take any time out of your lunch hour," he said. "I just wanted to ask if you'd mind telling me your name, because I'd like to remember it."

"Belinda Dale," she answered, and laughed, a little surprised. "You got the job, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said, and he laughed, too, but discordantly. "I held it down for an hour before I was fired."

"What!"

(Continued on Page 106)

SCHOOL STARTS NOW!

Now as never before they Need Your Help

Times have changed. This is a different world than it was when you went to school. Teachers are busier. Classes are bigger. And in an age when children need *more* help, they actually get *less*. They begin to slip in school. Then they slip out of school. Then they are gone—goodness knows where!

It isn't just by accident that over fifty thousand teachers and three hundred and fifty thousand mothers have found a new way of helping their children to help themselves toward better grades in their classes and prouder leadership amongst their friends in school. The help they have selected for this purpose is

COMPTON'S

Pictured Encyclopedia for Children

Here is something that will make them so happy and successful in their school work you will just be amazed. For here is a whole encyclopedia written and pictured from beginning to end for children alone. Just think of it. Here is the only complete set of reference works in encyclopedic form that children have ever had, written and pictured in terms of their own understanding. Children love it. Their school work thrives on it. And we have now arranged so that you can have the whole ten volumes in your home for a first payment of as little as $3.50 down.

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Mail this coupon now, and our Educational Advisor will send you a free sample Pictured Section, taken right out of the Encyclopedia itself. And then you will see for yourself what a wonderful help it is to struggling children in crowded schools in this busy age. She will also send you free a quite wonderful "Questionario Game" which measures the general knowledge of any child of any age.

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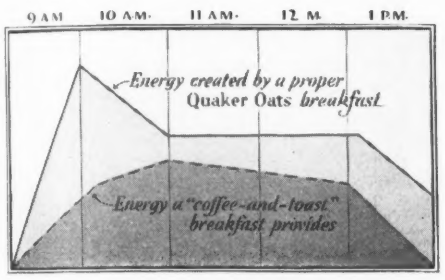
☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

The Great American Breakfast

That provides, in delicious form, the brain-and-brawn building nourishment your family needs

... Now Cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes



This chart demonstrates the energy created by your food. Thus, the top line shows why you feel better, are more alert, mentally, after a normal breakfast including Quaker Oats. The bottom line shows the utter inadequacy of a light breakfast.

THE need of balanced meals—which means starting after the long night's fast with food that equips you for the vital forenoon hours—has long been urged by dieticians.

Now families need not be deprived of *the great American breakfast* through cooking time. Quick Quaker Oats, with all the rich nourishment, the steamy delicious flavor you have always known, cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.

Thus while the coffee boils, while you make toast, Quick Quaker is prepared, to provide the nourishment of breakfast that "stands by" you through the morning.

Leila Ricard on her favorite hunter taking a creditable jump at a recent horse show. She keeps trim and in condition by careful eating—beginning with Quaker Oats for breakfast each day

What the 4 morning hours demand of you

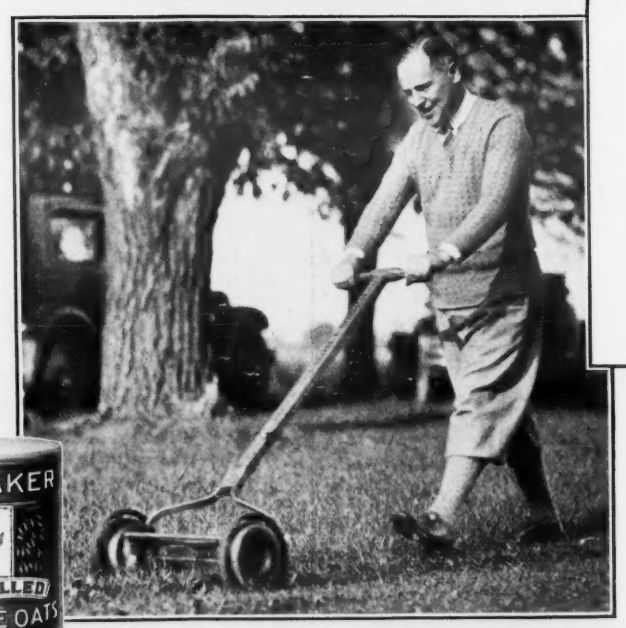
Scientists have made two interesting discoveries regarding breakfast. First, a nation-wide investigation established the fact that 70% *or more* of the world's work is done each day—in business, in homes and in schools—before noon.

And "feeding tests" showed the deficiencies of inadequate breakfasts to generate the energy required to meet these four important morning hours' work. The chart above shows, comparatively, what one gets from an *adequate* breakfast, including Quaker Oats, and from a "freak" breakfast.

Protein—and its place in your diet

Quaker Oats is 16% protein. It has more of this "stamina" element than any other cereal known. It contains half as much again as wheat, double that of cornmeal. Protein is the element that builds muscle, that rebuilds the tissues of the body.

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. The roughage, to replace laxatives, is retained.



Byron Ward alternates golf with lawn mowing, after a busy day at the office. For physical and mental alertness demanded by modern business, he recommends Quaker Oats.

Into 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in 4 short hours, according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

Served rich and savory, Quick Quaker has a creamy richness no other cereal known boasts.

The makers of Quaker Oats also make Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling, that have made the name Quaker a household word.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

ELIZABETH ARDEN
is in Personal Touch with You

Through every one of her Preparations and Treatments

WHENEVER you use one of Elizabeth Arden's Preparations for the care of the skin, you are secure in the knowledge that the Preparation was personally planned by Miss Arden and first used by her.

Every time you smooth on Cleansing Cream, pat with Ardena Skin Tonic, and brace your muscles with Special Astringent and Muscle Oil according to the Elizabeth Arden method, you are following the steps of the treatment skillfully developed by Miss Arden's inspired fingers to satisfy her own exacting requirements.

When you follow Miss Arden's instructions for the care of your skin at home, you know that each carefully planned move and rhythmic count came into being under the witchery of Miss Arden's own touch. Every cream and lotion, every treatment is the result of Elizabeth Arden's personal enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that today is as real and eager in the service of loveliness as ever, demanding and securing perfection for you.

In Miss Arden's Salons her wise counsel and her sensitive fingers have brought charm to thousands of happy women. But her skill and service are not limited to Salon clients. You, too, wherever you live, are in constant personal touch with Elizabeth Arden whenever you use her Preparations according to her famous proven method.

Ask for Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. These preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the world.

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD
Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines and hollows. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.

VENETIAN BLEACHINE CREAM
A mild bleach and a soothing emollient cream in one. Made of fresh lemons. Excellent for face, neck and hands. $1.25.

VENETIAN PORE CREAM
Greaseless astringent cream, contracts open pores, corrects their inactivity. Smooth over coarse pores at bedtime. $1, $2.50.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT
For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face, as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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SOUTHAMPTON: Job's Lane NEWPORT: Casino Block

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929.

(Continued from Page 104)

"I just wanted to remember your name, because you were decent to me. I guess you didn't realize what Milledgeville meant. The foreman didn't, himself, until two or three of the other men got to noticing me and began talking to him. Then he fired me, of course."

"But what for?"

"Milledgeville's where one of the state penitentiaries is located; they let me out six weeks ago. Finished a seven-year sentence for swindling—and forgery; you wouldn't have given me that card if you'd understood, I guess."

Belinda was astonished and troubled, but she answered quickly, "Why, of course I would—all the more reason to give it to you."

"All the more reason? Why do you say that?"

SHE was embarrassed for a moment, coloring a little, and when she spoke her tone was apologetic. "Because your wanting to come to work here shows that you—that of course you don't want to do anything that—anything that would get you into trouble—any more. If you did, naturally you wouldn't be trying to get work, especially not this kind. That would be perfectly certain, you see, and what's more, it'd be good for the factory to have you here, because you'd naturally work all the harder to try and get on in the world and make up for the time you'd lost. You're the very person we ought to be glad to have working here. Will you wait till I find that foreman and talk to him, Mr. Mears?"

Mears smiled wanly upon her. "Thank you. I just wanted to learn your name; I wasn't putting up a squeal to you, and I'll be on my way, Miss Dale."

"No, you won't!" Belinda said sharply. "Go in my office and wait till I come back. Hurry, because I want to catch him before he leaves the floor and goes for his lunch. Go in there, I say!"

He protested; the thing was settled and hopeless, he told her; but she was imperious with him. He went into the office and waited for twenty minutes; then she reappeared, her eyes bright with anger. "You come with me," she said.

He followed her; but to his surprise she took him out of the factory to the street, and across to a little restaurant, where she made him sit with her at a small table against the wall. He had grown red and she understood his embarrassment. "It won't hurt you to lunch with me this time," she said. "Some other day I'll lunch with you if you want. You were right about its being no use to argue with that foreman; of course he's dumb or he wouldn't be fifty years old and still holding down as small a job as that. People who haven't got any sense are the only kind you can't do anything with, and that's strange, too, because you'd think they'd be the easiest. I suppose it's because they haven't got brains enough to see what you show 'em. He couldn't even understand that you wouldn't have let Milledgeville be put on your card unless you were—were entirely sincere."

JOSEPH MEARS looked down at the plate of ham and eggs she had ordered for him; then he looked up at her, and a rueful, lopsided smile appeared upon his pallid face. "Sincere?" he said. "I let you put Milledgeville on the card because it wasn't any use to try to get away with anything else, and I knew it. I could have said some other town, and maybe I'd have lasted a few days instead of an hour. There was just a little more chance in getting by with it if I didn't lie—I found that out a good while ago. Some places—there are only a few in the country—they'll take on an ex-con if he doesn't misrepresent himself at the start. Personally, I don't know any place where they won't fire him when they find out he's tried to conceal what he is, and it's my experience they always find out. Something spots you every time. Even if some cop doesn't put 'em wise, they begin noticing you; then they begin wondering about you; then they begin talking about you, and once they've begun doing that, you're gone! Some smart guy'll fairly wear himself out getting the goods on you and digging up your record, just so he can have something exciting to spring on the rest of 'em and be a hero with the boss. I wouldn't have served this last term in Milledgeville if it hadn't been for talk; it got a good job away from me and drove me back to my old trade, and I guess that's about what's going to happen to me again right now. I just tried a last shot this morning, and after you let me by I thought maybe things were going to change; but I didn't hope much, Miss Dale, because I know you never can beat talk."

"What!" she cried disdainfully, not realizing the marvel of her inconsistency. "You're a man and you'd let mere talk upset you? You'd go back to the kind of life that sent you to prison for seven years just because you can't face talk? Let me tell you that you're not going to do anything of the kind. You're going to show people that their talk doesn't matter. You're going to show them that you can make good no matter what they say. You're going to show them ——"

"Show them!" he interrupted with a weary kind of bitterness. "I don't want to show them anything."

"You do! You've got to!"

"Not me! I wouldn't lift my little finger for that. What do I care what they think? What they think doesn't hurt me—I can laugh at it."

She was puzzled. "But you just said ——"

"I SAID talk has ruined me and is ruining me again now. Talk can do that because I've got a bad record, and talk won't let me change it. If I didn't have a bad record, talk couldn't touch me; it'd be just a joke. Nobody with any sense cares what other people say about him when they're only expressing their personal opinions of him. Talk's nothing at all unless the talkers have got something on you that can interfere with you; but when they can do that, they can kill you, maybe."

"They're not going to kill you!" she promised energetically; and although he protested and remained skeptical, she left him and set forth for the office of the superintendent.

She found him at his desk, and alone, just returned from lunch; apparently the meal had been soothing, and so was the cigar that seemed to engage him in pleasant reflections, for the habitual expression of severity was absent from his face. At least it was absent until he glanced toward the door; then, as if duty or policy required it, he frowned instantly.

"What now?" he inquired gruffly.

"It's a special case I've had to refer to you, Mr. Farrier," she said, and without any deliberate purpose to be winsome, she unconsciously fell back for a moment upon the debutante manner that had been so conspicuously successful in its time. "Some of these people you've got under you are pretty dumb," she murmured, almost dreamily.

"Are they? What are they being dumb about just now?"

"About what's good for the business; that's one thing they're dumb about," she answered quickly, and she looked up at him again. "I wouldn't bring an ordinary case up to you, of course; I'd not bring it to your attention if what you're doing with this factory didn't show that your ideas are modern and progressive. I've not only seen that for myself, of course, but I've heard people outside speaking of it."

Then hastily, not giving him time to ponder upon this, she went on and set before him clearly and briefly, yet in an eloquent voice, an account of the foreman's rejection of Joseph Mears.

(Continued on Page 108)

THROUGH THE YEARS

ALMOST three-quarters of a century ago Doctor Squibb founded a modest laboratory at the request and with the financial aid of leading physicians. The purpose was to provide medicinal and pharmaceutical products on which members of the medical profession could rely at all times.

Upon this foundation the House of Squibb was built. It has attained its high standing not only by developing new and important processes of manufacture, but by providing products of a new and higher standard of quality—products that were purer, more uniform, more efficacious than were ordinarily available.

Steadfast through the years has been Squibb's application to this task. As new discoveries have been made by scientists in any part of the world, the Squibb Laboratories have been promptly placed into the service of each new advance.

The extensive Squibb Laboratories now in operation at Brooklyn, N. Y., and at New Brunswick, N. J., have grown out of the modest beginning of over seventy years ago.

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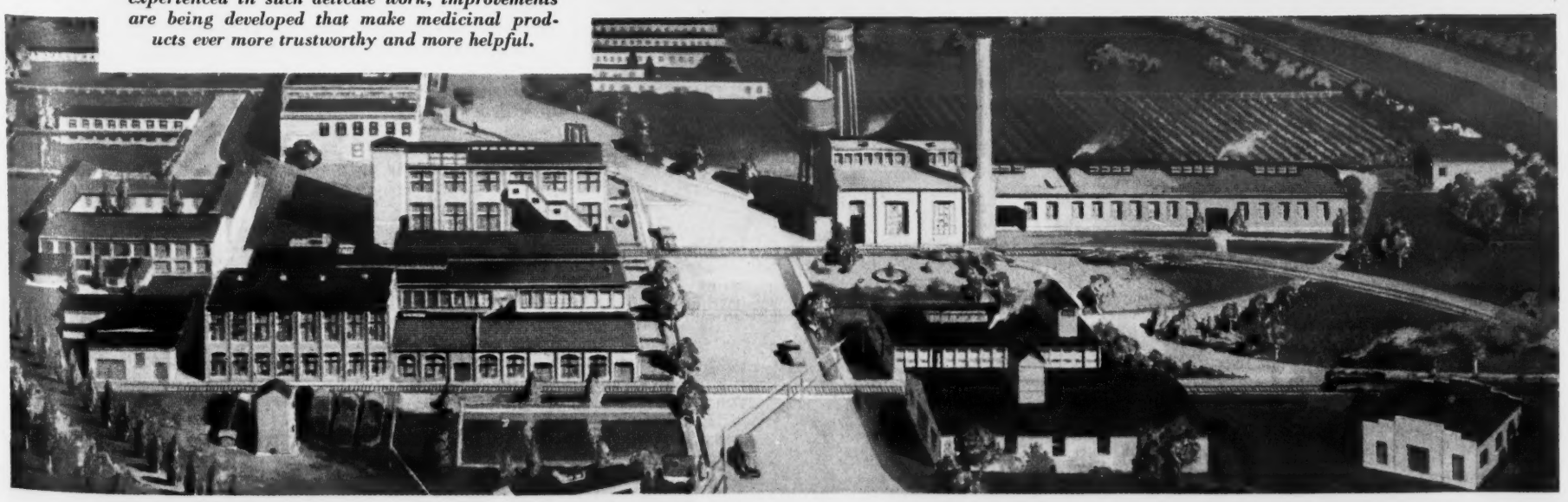
The Laboratories in Brooklyn, N. Y. (shown above), are equipped with the most elaborate and perfect manufacturing facilities and are operated with exacting care by a highly trained scientific staff.

In the Squibb Laboratories at New Brunswick, N. J. (shown below), extensive research work is constantly under way. It is here that, under the guidance of physicians and other scientists long experienced in such delicate work, improvements are being developed that make medicinal products ever more trustworthy and more helpful.



E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, New York ***Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858***

Every pound of OVERWEIGHT adds *drudgery* to your *Heart's work!*

IF you are definitely over your weight limit lose no time getting back to normal. Every excess pound means a strain upon the heart, a tax on vitality and decreased efficiency.

Overweight is associated with diabetes, "high blood pressure," and other serious conditions; in fact, authorities are suggesting it may even be the cause! Insurance companies warn people to reduce because they find direct connection between obesity and dreaded diseases.

More common results of obesity include mental and physical sluggishness, lack of endurance and an unattractive appearance. And, following obesity often comes "faddy" reducing diets causing a serious type of Acidosis due to incomplete burning of body fat as one loses weight.

If weight is to be reduced, Acidosis must also be reckoned with. The proper method of reducing, therefore, is of first importance because the heart may become weakened and Acidosis so aggravated as to expose the system to any one of many minor maladies, forerunners of graver consequences.

You have it on eminent authority that "a reducing diet must not violate the principles of a normal diet, one of the most important of which is the liberal use of sugar-containing foods, preferably fruits and vegetables, to completely burn the fats." The only change is to reduce fat in the diet to a minimum *and draw upon excess body fat to supply additional energy not obtainable from diet.*

Citrus fruits such as Oranges and Lemons —free from fat and low in caloric values—will help to supply sugar to burn fat; help supply needed minerals; help to meet vitamin requirements of the diet; help prevent constipation; help preserve the necessary acid-base balance of the diet and help supply fluids.

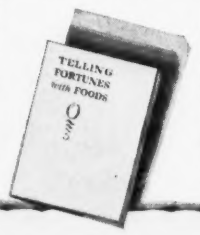
Those desiring to reduce safely should also note the helpfulness of Orange or other fresh fruit salads, fruit for dessert, *fresh* Orange Juice, *fresh* Lemon Ade and other natural fruit juice drinks between meals and *fruit* salad-dressings instead of mayonnaise.

Safe reducing diets prepared by the authority noted above—and in constant use in the successful treatment of patients—are presented in detail in the booklet "Telling Fortunes with Foods." Under these directions you may reduce in safety, free from dangers of weakening the heart and with not only ample and delightful food, but with the added assurance that the scientifically *balanced* diets will correct or prevent Acidosis conditions.

* * *

"Telling Fortunes with Foods" discusses Acidosis in its many forms and tells you that Oranges and Lemons are among the most potent correctives and preventives of the malady known to Medical Science. These fruits, though acid to the taste, *have an alkaline reaction in the body*, especially valuable in preventing the more common acid-ash type of Acidosis. Their value to every-day health cannot be over-estimated. You should know what Acidosis may mean to *your* health and what Oranges and Lemons will do to protect you through drinking two or three glasses of fresh Orange Juice or fresh Lemon Ade daily.

This booklet is sent free. Fill out and mail the coupon below as you finish reading this message. "Telling Fortunes with Foods" should be in every home. Acidosis is no respecter of age.



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Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes with Foods.*

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*City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from Page 106)

"Poor thing, he isn't even able to understand that a man determined to be honest, and with seven years gone out of his life, would be the hardest-working employe in the whole factory, partly in gratitude, no doubt, but mostly because of his determination to get on in the world by honest means—if he has the chance, Mr. Farrier."

"Ah—yes, possibly," Mr. Farrier said without much enthusiasm. "There's something in what you say. But now that the foreman's turned him down he'll be grouchy if I go over his head and put Mears back under him. The two wouldn't get on together at all, and so ——"

"They'd get on together perfectly," Belinda interrupted. "I could talk myself blind to that old man, because he can't reason; but if you spoke to him it would be gospel, and he'd be so flattered that he'd be actually pleased with Mears for being the means of such an honor coming to him."

At this, Farrier laughed. "Well, I have a twelve-year-old son who's a Boy Scout," he said. "I suppose I'd better imitate him and perform one good deed a day."

VI.

IT WAS dusk when Belinda came home to find her mother in tears before the living-room fireplace.

"Goodness gracious!" Belinda cried. "What's up?"

It was her father who explained, since her mother remained incoherent. "Some more of the same old story," he said woefully. "Mary Dawson's been here and your mother complained to her about the spreading of this painful story that you were disappointed about Bayard Pelley, and I'm afraid they both got a little too nervous and there was something like a scene."

"What do you care if you made her angry? That isn't going to do any harm, mother."

"Oh, but it is!" Mrs. Dale returned in a broken voice. "I did a terrible thing, irritating her. Now of course she'll just go out and start worse talk than ever!"

"Murder!" Belinda exclaimed. "I thought it was something serious."

"What? You don't call this serious?"

"Good heavens, no!" Belinda said. "I've had the most exciting, wonderful day. I discovered a remarkable thing: It's not a disadvantage to be a woman in business! This is the first day in my whole life I haven't been sorry to be a girl. I see for the first time that just because I am one I can get things done that a man couldn't; I'm going to know how to do a great many such things."

"But when you think of this talk ——"

"Talk!" Belinda cried, and she laughed. "What on earth has it got to do with me? Good heavens, mother, these poor old-fashioned creatures out here are entitled to have their own little personal opinions, aren't they? Who minds their having a little fun that way if they can?"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Tarkington, relating the experiences of Belinda Dale in the world of business. The third will appear in the October Journal.

A Carnation for an Old Man

(Continued from Page 21)

Luncheon at the Royal was served from half-past twelve until half-past two, and at half-past two Richard had not yet returned. Margaret was a resolute, contained, sensible woman, but her distress was nevertheless acute and it was not made easier by Elsie Felstead's little wails: "I know something has happened to him! How could we let him go out alone! He might be ill and neither of us know it for days! What about the police?"

"Oh, be quiet, Elsie!" Margaret seldom snapped at her friend, but when she did her friend knew it. "Of course he's all right. Richard's not a child and he knows Spanish far better than we do." All the same she could have flung her arms around him and kissed him when he came in.

Instead of kissing him, being English, she scolded him.

Richard was very quiet. He said he was sorry, but he had been in the cathedral. He had not noticed the time. It was a very beautiful cathedral.

Every sympathy must be felt for Margaret. Here she was in a strange country and her only brother, who was in her charge, whom she loved very dearly, was ill and refused to admit it.

That evening she attacked him about it.

"Richard, you are not well. Go to bed and I'll have some dinner sent up to you."

"I'm perfectly well." His voice was testy and his eyes absent-minded.

"Now I know you're not. You can't deceive me after all these years. Will you let me take your temperature?"

"No."

Then followed Margaret's most irritating method of persuasion—her jolly, patronizing, friendly method.

"Now, old boy," putting her hand on his shoulder, "this is childish. What harm is there in my taking your temperature? After all, if you are going to be ill you may just as well know it."

"But I am not going to be ill," he answered with much firmness. "As a matter of fact, I never felt better." Then he went on, looking at her in an odd way, rather as though he were seeing her now for the first time in his life. "The fact is, Margaret, I'm going a bit about by myself while we're here. You and Elsie might go to Malaga or Cadiz perhaps if you are bored by Seville—just for a day or two."

He looked at her sternly as though he were giving her an order. He had never looked at her like that in all their lives together before. But she simply answered:

"Very well, Richard. Perhaps we will."

She was deeply alarmed. She lay for a long while awake thinking. What had happened to her brother? Something had occurred during those hours when he was alone in the town? Love? Absurd at his age. And yet one read in the newspapers the oddest stories about old men. A Spanish siren? They were pretty, some of these Spanish women with their combs and black shawls. But no—not Richard. He was not like that. She resolved that she would not let him escape her in the morning. Where he went she would go.

And then in the morning an awful thing occurred. Richard lied to them both. Dressed and ready, Margaret knocked at his door. He poked his head out.

"All right, my dear. Go down and wait for me. I'll be with you in a moment."

They sat, the two of them, in the little hall of the Royal and waited. They waited a long time, very uncomfortable. At last they sent someone up to inquire. He came back. "The señor was not there. The *femme de chambre* had seen him, half an hour before, with his hat and cane. 'Was there another exit to the hotel?' Yes, there was another exit." Margaret and Miss Felstead stared in mutual horror.

Richard was not only unwell; he was also insane. But Richard was not insane; he was merely conscious of happiness as he had never been conscious of it before.

On making his escape he went straight to the cathedral, passed through the court with the orange trees, gave half a peseta to the blind beggar who lifted the black flap for him and stepped into his true life.

That was how he now expressed it to himself, that was how he saw it. He was seventy-five years of age, had had on the whole a full, interesting and happy existence and yet—had never been alive until

(Continued on Page 110)

Your Children ___ is their food safe?

YOU, as a conscientious mother, buy the best food for your children, prepare it with scrupulous care and cook it correctly. Yet, in spite of all, you may be giving your children food which is not wholesome—possibly dangerous!

For even the best food becomes unsafe to eat unless it is *kept* at the proper degree of cold, which medical authorities agree should be 50 degrees or less—always. Above that temperature, bacteria multiply, food is contaminated—becomes a menace to health.

There is only one way to be sure that your children's food is fresh and healthful—correct refrigeration. There is one refrigerator that assures you of scientifically perfect refrigeration at all times—the General Electric. Faithfully, quietly, day and night, it maintains a temperature safely below the danger point—50 degrees.

The General Electric is ideal for the home. Its simple mechanism, which you never need to oil, is mounted on top of the cabinet and hermetically sealed in a steel casing. It has a simple accessible temperature control, makes a generous supply of ice cubes, creates no radio interference. It has the only *all-steel*, warp-proof cabinet—easily-cleaned, sanitary.

The price of this new all-steel refrigerator—the small-family model—is now
$215 AT THE FACTORY

Your dealer will be glad to help you select the model best suited to your family needs. Ask him about the spaced payment plan, which makes it easily possible for every home to have this faithful watchman of the family health. If there is not a dealer near you, write Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for booklet J-9.

There are now more than 300,000 owners of General Electric Refrigerators—and not one has ever had to pay a single dollar for repairs or service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

These photographs show

exactly how the world's **MOST** *completely automatic toaster The Toastmaster .. works—*

THE photographs below are published to save you from confusion when buying a toaster. They show the operation of the most completely automatic toaster in the world—the Toastmaster. It is a revelation in speedy toasting. This device—rigidly protected under U. S. Patent Laws—banishes all turning and watching of toast. It eliminates all burning of toast. *It does everything automatically*, down to the point of discharging the toast when it's done. That cannot be said of any other toaster made.

No Other "Like" It

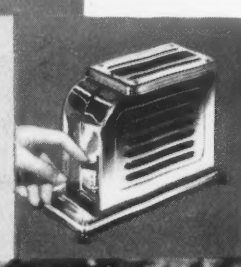
You simply put in a piece of bread, set a lever at the exact shade of toast you want—and forget it; leave the room if you like. In a few seconds, there's a POP!—and out comes the toast, just as you ordered it.

Both sides are toasted at once; thus the toast made this way is superlative—moist and tender inside, crisp, crunchy outside; the flavor sealed in. In the last two years, the fully automatic Toastmaster has supplanted all other less-modern toasters in many thousands of homes. So it must be everything people claim for it.

In fairness to yourself, see a Toastmaster work *before* you buy any other toaster, either for yourself or as a gift. On sale at all stores in the United States and Canada. Waters-Genter Company, 213 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Division of the McGraw Electric Company

NO TURNING, NO WATCHING, *NO BURNT TOAST*



1 *Just drop bread in the slot and press down 2 levers. That's all. Two-side toasting starts automatically.*

2 *Leave the room, read, do anything you like. Don't watch toast or wait to turn it. For toasting goes on, current stays on, until—*

3 *Pop! and it's done. The exact shade of toast you ordered, perfectly toasted on both sides—and current cuts off automatically.*

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

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(Continued from Page 108)

yesterday! Had been asleep, mummified, blind, deaf, dumb, and had not known it.

It was not, as he very well knew, that this church was of such marvelous beauty. He had seen cathedrals possibly of greater beauty—Chartres, St. Mark's in its own kind, even Ely on its slender scale. It was not that he was converted suddenly to any religious belief. Like most men he did not believe in very much, but rather snatched at moments of love and beauty for confirmation of his unuttered hopes. It was not that he felt better or kinder or wiser since yesterday; it was simply that he was alive, alive to his finger tips. It was like falling in love, but there was no one to fall in love with.

If it were not the most beautiful cathedral that he had ever seen, it was nevertheless the most alive. It gave him an impression of vastness as no other cathedral had done, not even St. Peter's at Rome. But it was a vastness perfectly lighted. Although far from the darkness of a cathedral like Barcelona, it was quite without the shrill brightness that takes away mystery. The light came from many sources, now in long paths of softening color, now in splashes of blue and purple that seemed almost to spring like fountains from the ground, now in dim misty gold from behind the shadowy pillars. In all this clarity there was no especial neatness or spruceness. What especially pleased him was that the building seemed always to continue its own natural life, crumbling here, breaking away a little there, stiffening in one place, failing in another. The magnificent color of the highly placed windows was enrapturing. Never in his life had he seen such true deeps of rose and opal and onyx and crimson. High in air the windows sailed like magical clouds on the points of the vast pillar and the great gates, thin like black silver or a wall of gold like the gate before the altar, or a thin mist of cloud, were everywhere.

ON THIS second day he realized that the church was like a town; here women were kneeling, there children playing, priests passed swiftly on some business, on a seat near to him a woman was suckling a child, before a neighboring chapel two dogs were playing, two old men were sweeping with brooms, some men in a group near by were discussing their affairs. Life, heightened by the beauty and majesty of the place, was going on everywhere around him, and to himself, too, something especial was about to happen.

He looked up, a smile on his lips, as though he knew what was coming, and saw the grave, happy eyes of Santa Emilia.

Santa Emilia has been waiting—for how many years I shouldn't like to say—very patiently in the right corner of a picture that hangs in a chapel that shall be nameless, nameless because it would be a piece of the worst impertinence if, in the course of this little history, I were to reveal her exact position. I will not even assert definitely that her name is Emilia.

On one of the walls of one of these chapels then, there is a large painting—by Murillo perhaps, as so many of the paintings in this city are by that artist—and it is flanked on either side by some six other paintings in the shape of panels. These panels are of a lovely gentle coloring—soft rose and silver, the palest of greens and of dove gray. It was in the largest of these panels that Emilia had for so many years been so sweetly and patiently sitting. In her pictures the heavens open and someone, God the Father Himself perhaps, is delivering judgment and several saints seated on the grass listen in a mild surprise.

IT IS impossible to suppose that Santa Emilia herself was watching for any casual comer. For one thing her chapel was dark, well defended by its high iron gates, and it was but seldom that visitors penetrated that obscurity. Then she had other things to do. Her face, young, eager, ardent, was raised to the sky in an attitude of worship, her hands with their lovely slender fingers folded on her lap, a green scarf falling lightly over the white meshes of her robe. Why, after all these years, should she notice Richard Herries? The answer to that is that obviously it must have been astonishing to her that anyone should notice her at all, choose her from among so many others. She was carrying in one hand a red flower that might have been a carnation—Richard was certain that it was—and it was the agitation of this flower against her fingers that warned her that something exceptional was occurring. So she turned and looked toward the gates and at once in that first glance exchanged they loved each another.

SHE had been waiting always for just such an experience as this. She had never known anything of earthly love. From her babyhood her life had been dedicated to Christ and she had wanted nothing else. When the pestilence had struck her convent in Seville she had been only twenty-three years of age but was even then known among the others for the purity and goodness of her life.

The pestilence was raging throughout Seville and she had gone into the town and wrought so many services there in caring for the sick and comforting the bereaved that, at her death from that same disease, she had been canonized.

She was only a very minor saint; she had not lived long enough nor caused enough public attention—for with sainthood as with everything else, advertisement is a great help—to be remembered very dearly by anyone. And then her position was obscure, seated there in one of the most obscure of paintings in one of the darkest of the chapels. She was nevertheless most happy, for to worship God continually when you are certain of His existence is the happiest of all possible lives.

Nevertheless, she was, and always had been, a completely human being as well as a saint, and now looking down into the rosy earnest face of that old man who was so very like the child that she might have had, had life been different, she loved him as she would, had it been so ordered, have loved her son.

Richard stayed there a long time. He told her many things that he had never told anyone in his life before. Then he went away.

HIS life was at once, from that moment so immensely heightened, intensified and ennobled that anyone encountering him must perceive the change. All true love must of course ennoble the possessor of it, but here was a miracle—not because Santa Emilia had turned her head and smiled at him; saints are continually engaged in these acts of mercy—but because this experience had come to him so very late in his life, when everything might have been supposed to be over for him.

Back in his hotel, he wanted very badly to give some sort of explanation to the two ladies. But what could he say? He was not so wrapped up in his own miracle but that he could realize perfectly well that to say to Margaret "You must excuse me if I seem a little absent-minded. The fact is that I have fallen in love with a saint in the cathedral" would be simply to invite her instantly to summon a doctor.

So he said nothing at all. But he was in fact so charming, so gentle and so happy that Margaret asked him no questions. One thing that pleased her greatly was to see that he had quite altered his attitude toward Miss Felstead. He was not irritated any longer by her remarks, did not snap at her romanticism, was patient with her sentiment. He was patient with everyone and everything, and his eyes shone with a happy light.

"We were quite wrong," his sister said to her friend, "to think him ill. Seville seems to be doing him a world of good.

(Continued on Page 113)

"I FEEL AS THOUGH *HALF* THIS SILVER COST ME NOTHING for I got twice as much for my money"

Dear Sue:—This news is simply too good to keep!

I have been told (in a nice husbandly way, of course!) that I *wasn't* a shrewd buyer!

But I made *him* admit (for once!) that I had done *very* well indeed! And thereby hangs a tale . . .

Henry gave me thirty-five dollars and told me to get as much good silverware as I possibly could. (It sounded like a challenge!)

Well, I window-shopped . . . thoroughly and well. I searched faithfully and long . . . trying to convert thirty-five dollars into a lot of silverware. It seemed that it couldn't possibly be done!

And patterns? . . . I looked at *dozens!* . . . but found not one that struck my fancy.

Until . . . I found the new Princess pattern in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate. Oh, Sue . . . it is simply *adorable!* Wait till you see it! And just wait till I tell you how much I got of it . . .

My dear . . . I got a 26-piece set—6 teaspoons, 6 tablespoons, 6 knives (and they have stainless steel blades), 6 forks, a butter knife and a sugar shell . . . for only $17.00! Imagine it! That left me $18.00, and with this I got 6 extra teaspoons, 6 butter spreaders (that cost only $4.40!), 6 salad forks (that were only $4.80!), 6 iced-teaspoons (for only $3.25!), a gravy ladle and a cold meat fork—everything I have always wanted! And to think—the set and all those extra pieces cost only as much as I thought I would have to pay for a 26-piece set alone!

I actually got twice as much silver as I had expected to get . . . and in a pattern I'm simply in love with! . . . why I feel as though half of it cost me nothing!

Joyously,

Nan

THE GREEN GOLD TRAY – 26 *pieces of exquisite silverware – 6 teaspoons, 6 dinner knives (stainless steel), 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 1 butter knife and 1 sugar shell – and the set complete in a beautiful and useful tray, is only* $17.00!

DEAR READER: This is a true story, (every single word of it!)—your dollars will actually do *double duty* when you buy Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate!

And to prove it . . . .

First, compare the beauty of this exquisite silverware with any you have ever seen . . .

Mind you, every piece of it is heavily plated with pure silver—all the most-used forks and spoons have an *extra* thickness of silverplate where the most wear comes—to give you years and years of *extra* service!

Then . . . just compare its prices with your own ideas of what such fine silverware should cost . . .

And you will find that you can have *twice as much* of it—twice as much as ever you thought your dollars could buy!

And the patterns. You'll adore them!

There are three of them—three patterns that are as stunning, as charmingly beautiful as any you ever dreamed about!

Triumph is one—a pattern your good taste will approve—and one your guests will admire!

Mayfair is another—delicate, conservative, dainty—charming in its motif!

And there's the new pattern—Princess! A simply gorgeous creation . . . the most successful (yes, outstandingly successful!) pattern of the year!

See them . . . at your silver dealer's. You will find them in a grand array of sets and pieces—and you'll find them in 26-piece sets for as little as $13.50. Think of it!

Why you need not go without fine silverware a single day longer! But just one wee word of caution . . . when you go to see these patterns, remember . . . .

Don't say *Rogers* – Say
Wm. Rogers *& Son!*

Won't you write for a "Portfolio of Silverware Patterns"? . . . it shows the many sets and patterns in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate. We'll gladly send you a copy, free. Just write to WM. ROGERS & SON, *Dept. L.-9, Meriden, Conn.*

Awake with *style* - - -

FLOORS that combine the immemorial beauty and dignity of marble with the luxury of lithe and soundless comfort underfoot! Floors that most effectively meet the new-day demand for color; and bring to the modern housewife many extra hours of leisure—respite from scrubbing, sweeping, beating!

There's the triumph of *Sealex Linoleums!* And the reason why, in so many homes where up-to-dateness is the dominant note, these floorings complete the decorative ensemble of *every room!*

These lovely new linoleums offer designs to express every individual preference, in colors ranging from the softly restrained to the strikingly vivid. You'll find among them the very pattern each room requires —to make your home throughout an impressive expression of aristocratic good taste.

Sealex Linoleums are stain-proof. Every infinitesimal pore of the material is sealed against dirt and spilled things. A whisk of a damp mop is all that's needed to keep the floor spotlessly clean.

Make sure you get genuine *Sealex Linoleum!* Look for the shield, shown below, on the face of the goods.

"MEDITERRANEAN"
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No. 3101

The better-class stores sell Sealex Linoleums: beautifully designed Inlaids, Embossed, two-tone Jaspé, Plain and Battleship. There are types for every flooring requirement — whether home, office, shop, or public building.

"CRUSADER"
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SEALEX LINOLEUMS

Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned

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(Continued from Page 110)

We may as well stay on for a while, although I can't say that I like either the hotel or the town."

He had now, it was plain, a passion for the cathedral, and in that, too, they allowed him to have his way. It did no harm.

In many places of worship it would soon have attracted attention that a little elderly gentleman should stay for so long, day after day in the same position, his face close to the iron gates, staring in front of him. But in this cathedral nothing human was either odd or vulgar.

He told her everything, he who had never told anyone anything before. Few people realize the tomblike silence in which most Englishmen spend their lives. Their education trains them to silence, their marriage system encourages it, their belief in physical exercise makes intellectual silence easy.

No one, standing near at hand, would have heard anything: Richard's lips indeed did not move, but Santa Emilia heard everything. So many things that she could not have believed possible! How far from her cloistered Spanish life of four hundred years before was this strange English one; a family life, made up of gardens shadowed by old trees and guarded by rose-red walls, of sports desperately important, of sisters and sisters and sisters, of many months of rain and mist and fog, of a religion that was no religion, and, finally, what drew her heart just as four hundred years ago it would have been drawn, a sense of babyhood, a perpetual nursery with rocking cradles and the good God coming laden with gifts for good children down through the chimney—as though this little old man with the white hair was the child for whom, although she did not know it, she had always longed.

Yes, he told her everything—even that he had thought that Spain would be filled with carnations, but that alas he had found only some faded ones. Was that a carnation that she held in her hand? Yes, she told him that it was. It had not been one until that moment. As she spoke it became one.

She spoke, but no one watching beside Richard would have seen her lips move. He alone saw and heard.

IN ANOTHER place and at another time he would have known that he was very unwell. His heart had been for many years weak and all the symptoms that he so greatly dreaded were now present. But he did not realize them. He was not aware of his body. He was happy as one is happy in a dream when one suddenly, after æons of disappointment, has perfect satisfaction. Santa Emilia went with him everywhere. Margaret and Miss Felstead of course did not know this. Margaret was worried a little about his appearance. Like many good women she was especially proud of detecting the approach of illness in anyone. She was certain that Richard "was sickening for something." But he denied any ailment. He had never, he told her, felt so well in his life before, and that indeed was true.

Taking Santa Emilia everywhere, he found Seville most enchanting. Even the Museo, with its too saccharine Murillo, its pathetic air of desertion, its courtyard that echoed so sadly the weary feet of the tourists, seemed to him beautiful because of Santa Emilia's pride in it. Seville in spite of its energy and jollity and measure of full healthy life is especially the city of children and old men. Nowhere in Spain—and I suspect nowhere else in the world—are there such marvelous old men with such marvelous faces, and nowhere else are the children so gay. No matter where—in the crowded Sierpes, along the banks of the brown Guadalquivir, in the quiet fountain-singing gardens of Murillo—it is the old men and the children who are everywhere.

WHEN at last Santa Emilia knew how deeply she loved her friend she asked Santa Isabella what she must do. Santa Isabella had stood, a tall and gracious figure, for four hundred years at her side, looking up toward God coming in judgment.

"I have been here," Santa Emilia said, "such a very long time. There are so many parts of heaven that I have not visited. We should be so very happy together."

"Perhaps," said Santa Isabella, "he does not want to leave the world yet. I have noticed how strongly men cling to the world."

"I will ask him," said Santa Emilia.

She asked him.

He said that he would go wherever she would take him. She promised that he should see gardens and gardens of carnations. He told her that he wanted only the one that she carried in her hand.

It was afternoon when she told him this and vespers were just over. Two choir boys were showing some tourists the carving in the choir and one of them swung on the foot of the great bronze lectern to show the tourists what a Spanish choir boy dared to do. Many women were kneeling in the vast church and their prayers rose up to the Madonna above the High Altar; she bent upon them glances of the utmost tenderness and protection.

"Yes," said Santa Isabella. "You are permitted to go. Santa Rosa will take your place here."

So they went together into Heaven.

A little crowd gathered. The Englishman had fallen suddenly in a faint. No, alas, he was dead! Of heart failure, said one of the canons who had been passing and knew something of medicine.

Behind Margaret's deep unhappiness there were two consolations: She had known for days that he was not well, although he said otherwise, and, on his face there was a look of radiant happiness.

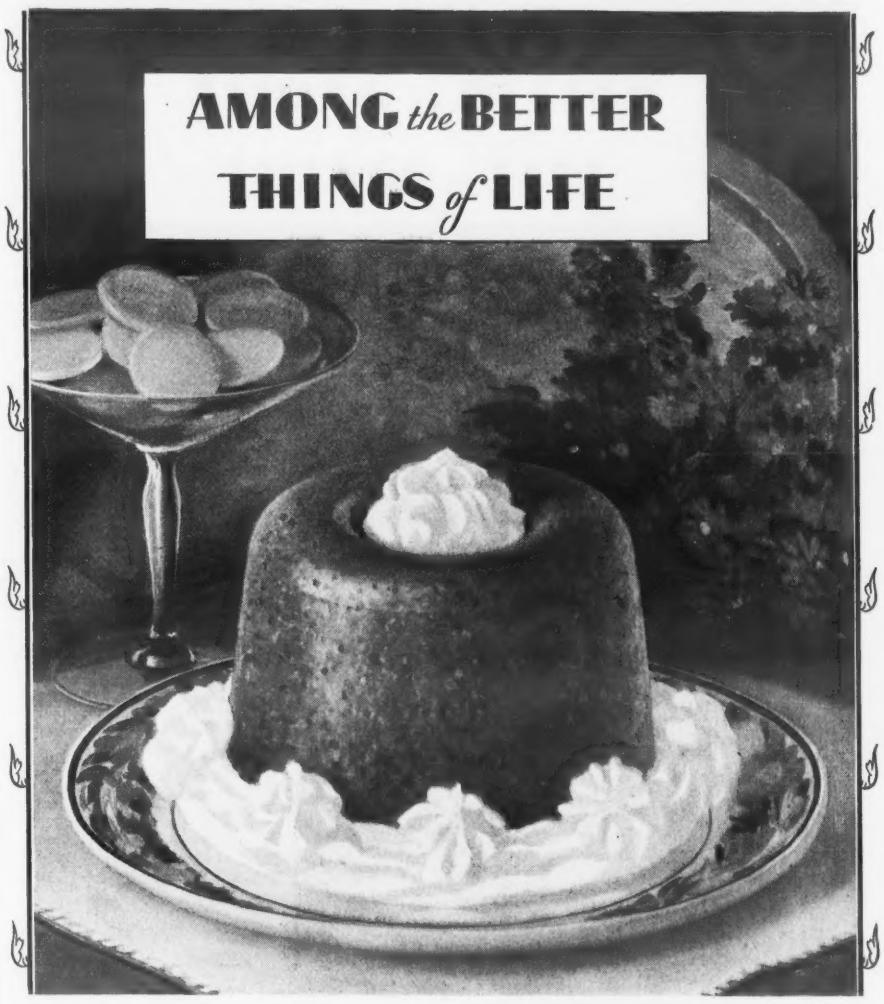
It was not until many weeks later that the dean of the cathedral, who was an authority on the pictures, taking some friends into the little chapel, was puzzled.

"I always had thought," he explained, "that Santa Emilia held a flower. I was wrong. I must have been deceived by the light."

"And who was Santa Emilia?" asked a friend.

"A minor saint. Nothing much is known about her. She died young, very young, in this city, of the plague."

"CONFERENCE OR NO CONFERENCE, HENRY, YOU SIMPLY MUST MAKE A NOISE LIKE A BOW-WOW FOR BABY, SO I CAN GET HIM TO SLEEP"



REAL PLEASURE . . . REAL HOSPITALITY . . . . REAL GELATINE

The *real* things are the better things of life! Having *real* friends. Showing them *real* hospitality. Serving good things to eat. *Delighting them with a dessert or a salad made with real gelatine.*

Have you learned how good Knox, the real gelatine *is*—do you know how many different desserts, salads, meat or fish loaves, aspics, sherbets, pies and other dainties you can make with it? Knox Gelatine is *all* gelatine—it is not a mixture of coloring and flavoring. You combine it with *real* fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, and other foods. You make dishes whose appearance and taste are *different—natural*, and they have *real* food value! And all are easily and quickly made.

Just try a package of Knox Gelatine. (There is enough gelatine in one package to make four different desserts or salads, six generous servings of each.) And—if you want a real surprise for your kitchen library—mail the coupon—today!

CHOCOLATE SPONGE
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 teaspoonful vanilla
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup boiling water
1½ squares of chocolate or 4 tablespoonfuls cocoa
Few grains of salt
½ cup sugar
3 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

NOTE. Chopped nuts or macaroons may be added and, for a more elaborate dessert, line mold with stale lady fingers or sponge cake.

TOMATO JELLY
(8 Servings)

2 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3½ cups canned tomatoes
2 tablespoonfuls onion juice
2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar or 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
½ bay leaf
Few grains salt
Stalk celery
Few grains cayenne

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into wet molds, and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing; or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats. Dressing may be forced through a pastry bag and tube.

KNOX *is the real* **GELATINE**

★ *A New Surprise for Your Kitchen Library* ★

Mrs. Knox's cook books abound in recipes featuring Knox Gelatine in each of these eight kitchen departments:
1. Soups 2. Meat and Fish 3. Vegetables
4. Salads 5. Desserts
6. Cake Fillings and Icings 7. Candies
8. Electric Refrigeration

Knox Sparkling Gelatine has important nutritive and dietetic uses in feeding children and for invalid diet. Ask your doctor or write for special booklets.

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My name is.....

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"THEY MUST BE THE FAIREST IN ALL ENGLAND"

"Many noblemen enter their thoroughbreds for the famous Ascot races, but somehow I forget them . . . the horses, I mean. What tall blond beauty the Royal Enclosure holds! What matchless complexions! They must be the fairest women in all England."—From the letters of an American abroad.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Give your skin the benefit of these famous English toiletries . . . so fragrant . . . refreshing . . . protecting

MAKE the charm of Yardley's English Lavender *your* charm. The "ensemble" by Yardley will give you faultless grooming, yet casual, sure, becoming to a gentlewoman.

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The gentle clinging smoothness of Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder will protect the new loveliness of your complexion as it protects the fair skins of English women whose clear beauty is world-famous.

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We Go to School

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

SOME day this month two million four hundred thousand children five or six years old will start out on that gay and gallant adventure into the uncharted new world of school. Up to schooltime your child has belonged to you; now another authority has come into his life. Until now your child has had the environment of family life all through his days, with all that this should mean of protection and intimate care; now the time has come when he must act for himself and deal with new surroundings which will inevitably bring an adjustment in social relations, a strange and new discipline and an entire and unfamiliar change in his daily routine.

When we face the reports from all over the country that 70 per cent of all children of school age have one or more physical defects—and these figures are not lessening in degree—and when we realize that 33 per cent of all the young men who were drafted in the United States for the World War were refused entrance into our Army because of the presence of some physical defect that had its beginning in the preschool age, then we must appreciate how lax we have been in giving our little children the right kind of health care.

Maintaining Safe Standards

AS WE have compulsory school attendance, it is the duty of the state to provide a safe and wholesome school environment for all children. Well-ventilated classrooms into which the sun shines for at least two hours every day, regular and systematic cleaning of the floors, walls and classroom furniture, desks adjusted to the size of the children who are to use them, proper lighting, individual towels with ample facilities for washing the hands, sanitary fountains or individual drinking cups, provision for separate school equipment, including books and writing materials, and at least two feet of space between individual desks are all essential for health and will do much in the prevention of the spread of any infection. The school doctor and the school nurse must have this background if their efforts to keep the children well are to be successful.

One of the dreaded features of school life for little children is the possibility of the close contact of many children, which offers ideal conditions for the spread of the more common contagious diseases. The sanitary and hygienic maintenance of the school building and the classrooms will do much to prevent this school infection. Good health supervision by the doctor and nurse is an added factor of security, but the best protection will come from intelligent parents who are ready to give their children the kind of health care that will mean resistance to these diseases. It is now possible to assure all children immunity against that dreaded scourge, diphtheria. In many states and cities campaigns are now being waged to give every child the protection which the simple treatment with the diphtheria toxin-antitoxin affords. Some communities have already made diphtheria an extinct disease, and it is possible for any community to follow this example. The prevention of scarlet fever by the use of a toxin-antitoxin has not yet become a fully accomplished fact, but there is much evidence to show that this will be assured within the very near future. The antitoxins which, when given early, will surely shorten the course of the disease and lighten the severity of the attack are ready for use in scarlet fever and whooping cough, and a serum which will have a similar happy effect in measles is already being used with marked success.

Before school opens, your family physician should find any existing physical defects and in this way the occurrence of others can be prevented. Undernourishment, nervous disorders, enlarged or diseased tonsils, adenoid growths, defective vision or defective hearing, slight deformities of the bones, the presence of any abnormality of the heart or lungs, and many other seemingly minor defects may be discovered and the proper treatment started before they have had a chance to become serious or deep-seated enough to lead to after effects that may have a disabling influence in later years.

A Health Foundation

THE great majority of little children do not need actual medical care. Plenty of fresh air and sunshine, proper food at proper times, water both inside and outside of the body, the right type and amount of clothing to give adequate protection to the body for the temperature of the day rather than the mere time of year, opportunities for long hours of sleep and rest and the health-giving exercise that comes with normal play are all available for every child and will help them withstand illness.

The United States Public Health Service has recently announced the results of some studies they have made on the relation of systematic physical exercise and growth during childhood. The report states that perhaps the most significant result was the gain in height. The group of boys who took these exercises every day gained an average of practically one inch during four months. A group of boys of the same age who did not take the exercises gained an average of two-thirds of an inch during the same period. Of course all children do, or should, grow steadily, but of sixty-eight boys in the exercise group eighteen gained as much as an inch and one-half, whereas of the boys in the nonexercise group only four gained that much. In weight, the boys who took the exercises gained on an average of three and one-third pounds each, but the boys without these systematic exercises showed an average gain of only two pounds.

The Public Health Service has also been making a study to determine the extent of poor vision among children of school age. The study in question was made of two thousand children who were not specially selected and therefore may be considered as representative of the general school population of the country. It was found that 45 per cent—nearly half—of these children had vision so impaired that glasses were needed. If a thorough examination had been made of the eyes of these children when they entered school for the first time, instead of waiting until symptoms had developed, it is probable that many of them who will now have to wear glasses might not have to do so.

If the teacher tells you that your child seems dull and unresponsive and if you have noticed that he does not seem to heed or reply when you speak to him, do not decide that he is willful or giving evidence of either stupidity or just plain naughtiness until you are sure that he can hear what is said to him. The Joint Committee on Health Problems in Education reports that 10 per cent of the school population of the United States, or about three million children, have some defect in hearing.

Our systems of school health care are far-reaching and effective enough now to discover many of these handicapped children, but this responsibility is one that belongs to parents first. All parents should see that this physical examination is made each year before the schools open.

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The Practical Homemaker

A Department of Cookery and Household Economies

Sour Cream for Flavor and Shortening

By RUTH L. PARRISH

YEARS ago sour cream was a staple commodity of the average kitchen and many delectable dishes owed their unusual "homemade taste" to its use. With the disappearance of grandmother's spring house, and crocks of milk set there each day for the cream to rise, has gone good sour cream and along with it the knowledge of how to use it.

The centrifugal separator in use today gives us very sweet cream which keeps unusually well because of the small amount of protein it contains. The butterfat content of this cream varies according to the standards set by state authorities. There are usually two kinds offered for sale, light cream for coffee and cereals and heavy cream for whipping. The light cream contains from 18 to 20 per cent of butterfat, the heavy from 36 to 40 per cent. On souring, the light cream separates into two layers. The fat rises to the top in a thick, heavy layer and the milk, being heavier, settles to the bottom. Sour heavy cream forms a smooth creamy mass from top to bottom. In the recipes given below the heavy sour cream and the sour cream *from the top of the bottle of light cream* were used interchangeably. The milk at the bottom may be used as buttermilk or sour milk.

Although cream contains a very low percentage of protein it sours rather quickly because of the high bacteria count and because of the way in which it is usually handled in the home. We pour it from the cold bottle into a warm pitcher, leave it exposed to the heat and air of the room during the meal and then pour it back into the bottle. While it is at this rather warm temperature the lactic-acid bacteria have a wonderful chance to develop and cause the cream to sour. One may take excellent care of cream and yet find that it has become sour. In this case do not feel disgusted and extravagant. You may use it for any course of the meal that suits your plans or your fancy.

Many foreign people use sour cream in their cookery. Their standards for milk and cream are often lower than ours, and they have not the facilities for transporting and keeping them cold that we have, so their milk and cream sour quickly and are used commonly in that state. It is only for the most honored guests that fresh, sweet cream is used. A Russian or Siberian soup is often garnished with sour cream, has sour cream as a constituent of the soup, or the soup is poured over the cream. This makes quite a nourishing and appetizing dish. A vegetable soup plus sour cream and bread might furnish the main course of a healthful American luncheon.

Sour cream may be used to add richness and to give an unusual flavor to fish, poultry, game, lean beef or liver. By baking any one of these in sour cream or by basting them with it, the flavor of the meat is improved and the extra fat comes from the cream. Then there are many sour cream horse-radish sauces for meats. The acid flavor of the cream and the peppery horse-radish blend well together. For the salad dressing there are many possibilities. Hot breads, too, are made with sour cream for fat.

In using sour cream as the fat in a flour mixture remember that half a teaspoonful of soda is used with one cupful of good sour cream. Do not overmeasure the soda, for excess soda causes an undesirable flavor and a poor color in the product.

Cakes, cookies, pastry and pastry fillings may also be made from sour cream and each one is delicious. Thus we have gone through the meal: Soup, fish, meat, salad and dessert, and yet we may have sandwich fillings for the afternoon tea. With all these possibilities, why worry if some of the cream does turn sour?

As you use the recipes given here, I am sure you will be impressed with the simplicity and ease with which sour cream is used. Cream is a soft fat which can be used in cookies and cake without creaming, simply add the sugar to the cream, mix them well and proceed with the cake. The busy and efficient housekeeper of today will find that the recipes chosen for use here are both labor-saving and time-saving ones, and she will be pleased to see what good results are obtained by labor-saving methods. Sour cream is really a wonderful treasure to the cook who knows how to use it.

Piquant Sour Cream Dishes for Any Course

MAIN COURSES

SOUP	1 quart vegetable soup, or meat broth ½ cupful of sour cream 2 egg yolks (if desired)	Beat the egg yolks slightly, add the cream and stir in the boiling soup just before serving.	Additional cold sour cream may be used plain or whipped as a garnish not only for this soup but for any other.
FISH	Steaks or fillets of any white-fleshed fish Salt Sour cream to cover Dry bread crumbs	Cover the bottom of a well-greased shallow baking dish with the white-fleshed fish. Add salt and bake in a very hot oven—550° F.—for five minutes. Add sour cream to cover, sprinkle with fine dry bread crumbs and bake until the crumbs brown and the cream becomes a richer color.	Sour cream adds much flavor to the fish as the acid in it takes the place of lemon; and the cream supplies the fat which is lacking in white fish.
POULTRY	1 roasting chicken 1 cupful of sour cream Salt	Roast the chicken until about two-thirds done—about forty minutes. Pour the cream over it and sprinkle with salt, continue cooking, and baste from time to time with the cream in the pan, until the bird is done. Remove the chicken to the platter and serve with the rich creamy gravy.	The same delicious flavor can be given to a broiler split into halves or to a roasting chicken cut into pieces and baked or broiled until half done, covered with the cream, and the cooking completed in the oven.
LIVER	1 calves liver cut into slices half an inch thick 1½ cupfuls of sour cream Salt	Bake or broil the liver in a hot oven—500° F.—until half done, about fifteen minutes; place in a baking dish, add the salt and cream, and bake until done. Serve in the baking dish with sour-cream sauce.	The acid of the sour cream makes the liver tender and very delicate in flavor.

SAUCES

HORSE-RADISH SAUCE FOR MEAT I	4 tablespoonfuls of horse-radish ¾ cupful of sour cream 1 tablespoonful of vinegar ¼ teaspoonful of salt	Mix the ingredients in the order given and beat up very thoroughly.	This is an excellent sauce for boiled meats, such as beef, tongue or mutton.
HORSE-RADISH SAUCE FOR MEAT II	1 tablespoonful of butter 1 tablespoonful of flour ½ teaspoonful of salt 4 tablespoonfuls of horse-radish 1 cupful of sour cream ½ tablespoonful of vinegar 2 egg yolks	Melt butter, add flour and cook to a froth, then add the salt, horse-radish and cream and boil ten minutes before stirring into the slightly beaten egg yolks. Add vinegar and cook over hot water until thick.	This sauce is better suited to braised beef or pot roast.
SAUCE FOR GAME OR VEGETABLES	2 tablespoonfuls of butter 2 tablespoonfuls of flour 1 cupful of sour cream ½ teaspoonful of salt Cayenne	Melt butter, add flour and salt and when well mixed add all of the cold cream at once. Boil until thick and creamy, five to eight minutes.	This is an unusually piquant sauce to serve with asparagus, boiled new potatoes or game.
COOKED VEGETABLE SALAD DRESSING	½ teaspoonful of mustard ½ teaspoonful of salt 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar 1 egg and 1 extra yolk or 3 egg yolks 1 cupful of sour cream ¼ cupful of vinegar	Mix the mustard, salt and sugar, add to the eggs and beat slightly. Stir in the cream and vinegar, and cook over hot water until it coats the spoon. Chill before using.	This is a particularly good salad dressing to use with vegetables or meat and will dress 2½ cupfuls.
COOKED FRUIT SALAD DRESSING	2 whole eggs or 3 yolks 3 tablespoonfuls of melted butter 3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice ½ teaspoonful of salt ½ cupful of sour cream ¼ cupful of powdered sugar ½ teaspoonful of celery salt ½ teaspoonful of vanilla ¼ teaspoonful of paprika 3 drops onion juice	Beat the eggs while adding the melted butter, lemon and salt. Cook over hot water stirring constantly until thick and add all other ingredients except cream. When chilled thoroughly, add the sour cream, stiffly beaten.	All these carefully selected seasonings, properly blended, produce a fruit-salad dressing of inimitable flavoring.

(Continued on Page 134)

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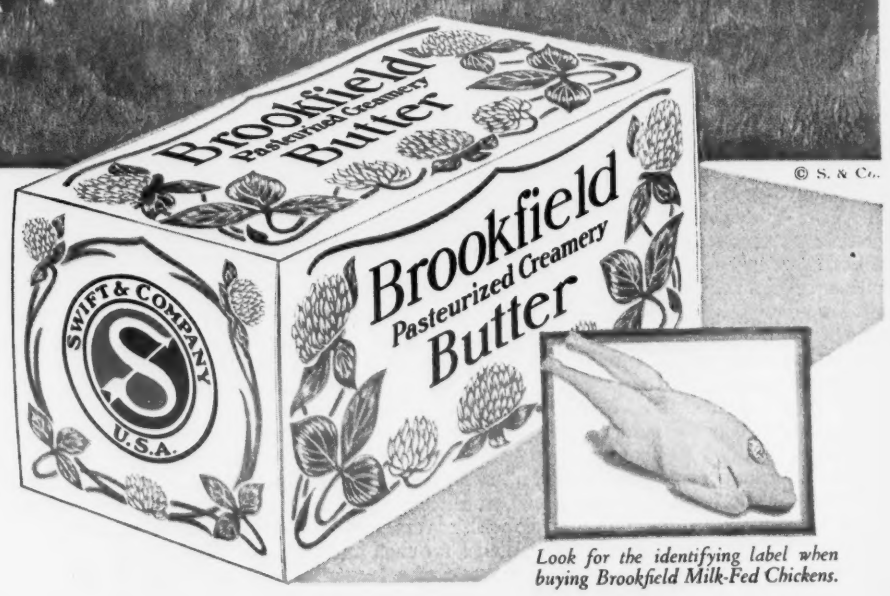

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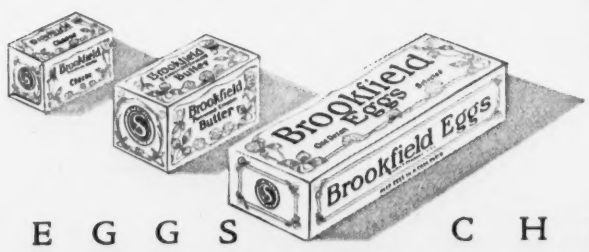

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Entertaining in Japanese Style

By **BERNICE CLAIRE BASSETT**

TO THOSE who know and have learned to be fond of Japanese food, it is a great regret that the people of other countries have had no opportunity to become acquainted with these delicious dishes. With the exception of the large cities on the Pacific Coast, it is extremely difficult to find a genuine Japanese restaurant in this country. The reason for this is, no doubt, due to the fact that the great majority of Japanese living away from the Pacific Coast are of the student class and are not segregated as in the West.

To a vast number of Americans who have not been in the Orient, the words Japanese and Chinese are synonymous, or at least so confused that the actors in a Japanese play might wear the short coat and trousers of the Chinese without causing comment, or the Chinese refreshments of chop suey, chow mein and tea might be served at a Japanese-style party with complacency. Though many of the same materials are used in both countries, the resulting dishes of the two nations are vastly different. To one who likes the exotic taste of the pungent soy sauce without the rich-in-fat taste that accompanies most Chinese food, the Japanese will be a welcome change.

The Japanese meal itself is not an occasion for mirth or jovial conversation, but is served with marked formality and little or no talking. As soon as the guests are all seated on the floor the lacquer trays are carried in, two for each guest, or a third if the occasion is more elaborate. The food is served in dainty porcelain bowls, some with covers, and no two alike, although the corresponding dishes for each guest are the same. The soup bowl alone is made of a lacquer impervious to heat. The chopsticks are placed at the front of the tray, resting upon a small porcelain holder.

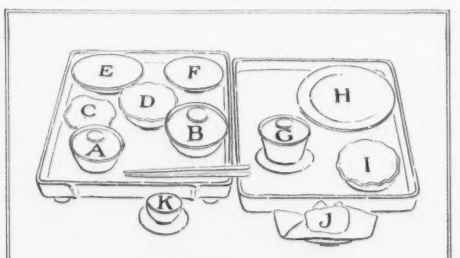
Oriental Meals are Formal

WHEN the hostess says, "Please eat," each guest answers, "I will eat," and then removes the covers from the rice and soup bowls, placing them at the side of the tray. The rice bowl is then held in the left hand and from it one lifts one mouthful of rice with the chopsticks. The bowl is then replaced and the soup bowl lifted; and from it the solid parts are eaten with the chopsticks, then the liquid sipped from the bowl, lifting it with both hands, still holding the chopsticks in one. The order of eating the other foods is optional, but after the soup is finished, the rice is held continuously in the left hand and eaten between bites of the other foods. It is customary to eat at least two and a half bowls of rice during the meal. One lays down the chopsticks when the bowl is empty, while the maid, who is seated near by, refills it from a wooden-covered bowl.

Tea is as important and necessary a part of the meal as is the rice, and there is as definite a formality in serving and drinking it. It is sipped from cups—without handles—that are held in both hands. Tea is served once before the guests are seated and again after the other food is eaten. The second time it is poured by the maid into the rice bowls, from which every grain of rice has been eaten. Before drinking it, however, each guest rinses his chopsticks in the tea, then replaces them on their stands as they originally were brought to him. When the meal is over, some one of the group says, "*Gochiso sama*," or "Thank you for the dinner," and all the other guests bow low.

As for the common food materials used, soy or *shoyu*, which is the sauce made from soy beans, forms the foundation of most dishes and is obtainable at all fancy grocers'. *Mirin* is an unfermented rice wine used in cooking, but since it is difficult to obtain in America it has been omitted from these recipes. *Tofu* is a white-bean curd similar in form and composition to cottage cheese and is frequently used. This and various forms of seaweed products, pickled ginger root and the gelatine-like *kanten* may be obtained from the large cities where there are Japanese or Chinese communities. Bamboo sprouts, however, are in common use as are mushrooms, both of which are obtainable in almost any grocery store. The *ajinomoto* (literal translation—source of taste) of the recipes is a bottled powder, a product of the past ten years in Japan, which is being exported in large amounts and is now marketed here in America. This furnishes seasoning for most Japanese dishes, as does also the dried and grated fish, bonito. Where the Japanese would use a broth made from this fish, meat or chicken broth has been substituted in the recipes as I have given them. Celery leaves have been substituted for the uncommon trefoil and a few other necessary adaptations made.

Fish of all kinds, of which the Japanese have an unlimited choice, and an abundance of vegetables, form the principal items of diet. Many vegetables which are not in common use in America are regularly used by them, such as lotus root, calladium root, burdock root, rape, celery cabbage, leeks, *udo* and some twenty varieties of beans, all of which furnish an excellent variety.



A—Rice in covered bowl.
B—Otsuyu (Clear Soup).
C—Shitashi (Spinach).
D—Sukiyaki or Umani (Meat with vegetables).
E—Teriyaki (Broiled fish).
F—O Sunomono (Sour fish and salad vegetables).
G—Chawanmushi (Steamed custard).
H—Tempura (Fried shellfish).
I—Tuna Fish (Raw or smoked).
J—Rice Cakes.
K—Tea.

Some Typical Recipes

THERE have been purposely omitted from this discussion any recipes using the delicate and choice raw tuna fish, which is sliced wafer thin and served iced with attractive garnishes. Thinking that eels and rice, octopus, and the inevitable sweet breakfast soup made of fermented beans might not sound so entirely delicious as they are in reality, no mention is made of them in the recipes.

JAPANESE RICE. Wash in a sieve under running water, shaking until the water runs clear. Then put in a heavy kettle having a heavy lid that fits tightly and cook without stirring over a low flame for twenty-five minutes, using two and a half cupfuls of cold water to two cupfuls of rice. The rice grains will stand out alone, tender, light and flaky.

OTSUYU (SOUP). To a quart of boiling water, add half a teaspoonful of *ajinomoto* and boil three minutes. Remove the pan from the fire and let it stand covered for three minutes. Then strain through a cheesecloth, reheat, and add salt to taste and half a tablespoonful of *shoyu* sauce. This is the foundation of the soup and many different things may be added shortly before serving, such as one tablespoonful of celery leaves which have been wilted in hot water, half a cupful of finely chopped mushrooms, half a cupful of green string beans boiled till tender and cut lengthwise into fine strips and one or two slices of hard-cooked egg. Instead of the egg, small pieces of some fine-grained white fish, slightly steamed, is often used, as

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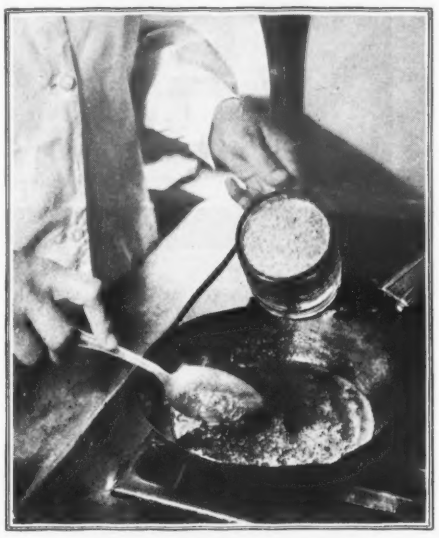
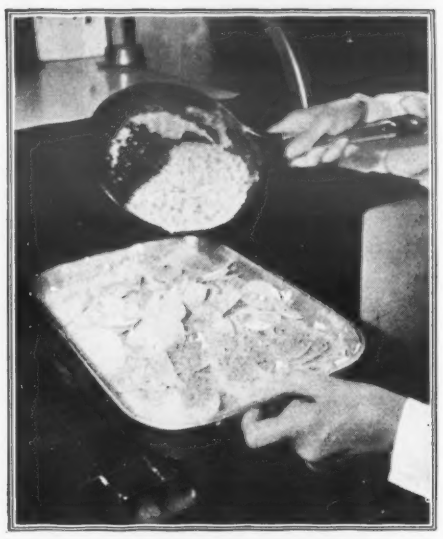


For the sake of flavor, buttered bread crumbs are the best covering for a baked dish that needs an attractive finish to hold the moisture in. Melt the butter, then add the crumbs—one cupful to a tablespoonful of butter—and stir over slow heat until evenly distributed.



The Professional Practices of Fine Cookery

For Students Who Demand the Reason Why

THERE are many short cuts for the students of fine cookery and as a result the cookery is no less fine and no less of an art than it has always been. On the contrary, finer cookery is becoming more universal, because the modern sciences explain the reasons why of some of the old cookery practices. When once some of these professional practices are pointed out and logically accounted for to the inexperienced but ambitious young homemaker, they are accepted and followed with no aimless guesswork nor any unnecessary waste. With such modern methods as these, not only is the finished product of finer artistry and higher standards but it is accomplished with less anxiety and with much greater physical and mental satisfaction. This is the real spirit of an artist in any field of work, and with the helps on this page may we have a more universal ambition as artists of cookery.

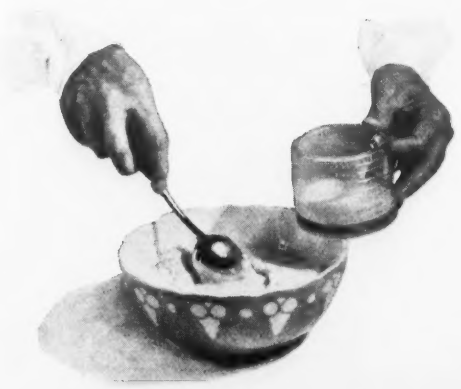
A butter cake should always cool thoroughly before turning from the pan. To keep it fresh longer than usual let it stand in the pan covered with a cloth. Better still, turn out on the tray that fits under a cake cover. Then you need only lift the lid to cut the cake.

To keep the original round shape of any fruit or vegetable, remove the skin in narrow strips with a small thin-bladed knife. Besides giving a better appearance, less of the fruit is lost in paring.

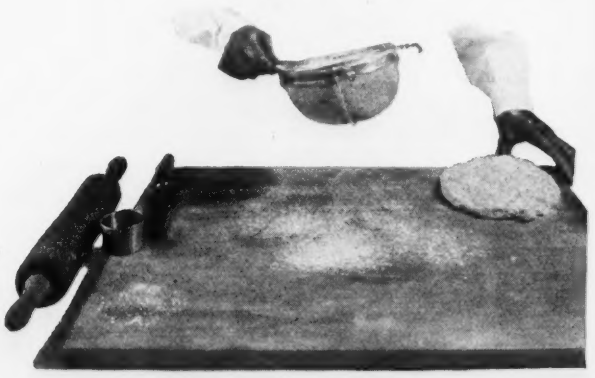
To keep the cut surface of left-over citrus fruits fresh and moist, invert on a plate and press out the air beneath so the moisture on the surface will hold the fruit fast. Such practice is not only an economy but an advantage in preparing fruits ahead of time.

To blend chocolate evenly in a liquid mixture, melt it first, then stir to a smooth paste with a little of the liquid called for in the recipe, having it boiling hot. Add the remainder and proceed according to the recipe for hot chocolate, chocolate custard, and the like.

When a recipe calls for baking soufflés, custards, and the like, in a pan of water, the water line must come well above the food line. This is absolutely necessary to assure an even baking temperature throughout and consequently an even texture.



The processes of beating and stirring are distinctly different and serve very different purposes in combining flour mixtures. When beating, tilt the bowl and work with full, rounded strokes so you incorporate air in the mixture. When stirring, you need only mix the ingredients by moving the spoon around in a circular motion until all are thoroughly blended.



Use as little flour as possible when rolling out biscuits or cookies—a mere dusting is enough. Too much will put on a coating that hides the true flavor of the mixture and ruins the appearance by scorching very quickly before the food is baked.

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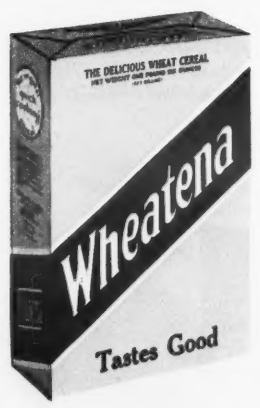

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Foreign Menus for College Entertaining

Hawaiian Luncheon

SALMON LOMI HORS D'ŒUVRE
Shredded Kippered Salmon Mixed With
Chopped Onions and Green Pepper and Served Between Slices of Tomato

HAWAIIAN CHICKEN
Chicken Cooked With Spinach in Coconut Milk

AVOCADO SALAD

PINEAPPLE WATER ICE

COFFEE

Chinese Supper

CHINESE MUSHROOM *or* NOODLE SOUP
(Omit if the Supper is a Late One)

CHOP SUEY
or
CHICKEN CHOW MEIN
or
SHRIMP, LOBSTER *or* ALMOND OMELET
SOY SAUCE RICE

BAMBOO-SPROUT SALAD

CANNED PINEAPPLE WEDGES *or* PRESERVED KUMQUATS
With
CHINESE RICE CAKES *or* CHINESE ALMOND COOKIES

CHINESE PEANUT CANDY

CHINESE TEA

Spanish Between-Meal Refreshments

I

SPANISH CAKE
Plain Butter Cake Flavored With Cinnamon

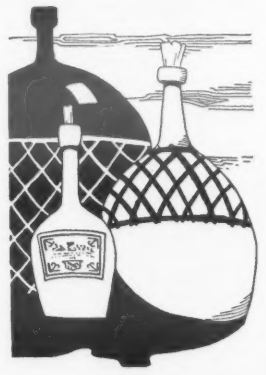
LEMONADE

II

CHURROS
Choux Paste Put Through a Pastry Bag and Fried in Ridged Strips

HOT CHOCOLATE FLAVORED WITH CINNAMON

SUGARED FRUITS



Japanese Dinner

(For Recipes and Description of Serving See Page 118)

BOILED RICE *With* OTSUYU

UMANI *or* TERIYAKI *or* TEMPURA

SHITASHI TSUKEMONO

SUNOMONO

CHAWANMUSHI

RICE CAKES

TEA

Italian Dinner

ANTIPASTO
An Hors d'Œuvre Platter Offering Choices of Halves of Pimiento, Halves of Deviled Eggs, Slices of Cervelat Sausage and Sardines

ITALIAN BEAN SOUP *or* MINESTRONE
With
BREAD STICKS

ITALIAN FISH STEW

RAVIOLI *or* MACARONI *With* TOMATO SAUCE

ASSORTED FRITTERS OF CAULIFLOWER, CHEESE AND RICE

SPUMONI ICE CREAM *or* MOSAIC CAKE

COFFEE

RECIPES REQUIRED BY THESE MENUS AND NOT GIVEN IN THIS ISSUE MAY BE HAD BY WRITING THE PRACTICAL HOMEMAKER FOR "FOREIGN MENU RECIPE BOOKLET"

After Bridge or Theatre

Serve Extra Fine Chop Suey

AT very little cost and in just a few minutes, you can prepare genuine Chop Suey or Chow Mein and serve piping hot from your own kitchen. No other one-dish serving combines such a variety of wholesome ingredients. To surprise your guests or family and win their praise, order an assortment of La Choy products, then follow these simple instructions:

Chop Suey Recipe
(four persons)

1 Pound of fresh lean meat, veal or pork, cut into small pieces. 1 Can of La Choy Bean Sprouts. 2 Cups of sliced onions (about ½ lb.). 4 Cups of fine cut celery. 2 Cups of soup stock or juice from can of La Choy Sprouts. 4 Tablespoonfuls of La Choy Soy Sauce. 1 Tablespoonful (level) of La Choy Brown Sauce. 2 Tablespoonfuls of cooking oil or lard. 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour for thickening. Fry one pound of diced meat alone in a deep kettle with 2 tablespoonfuls of cooking oil or lard until well done. Mix 2 cups of sliced onions with meat and sauté for two minutes. Next add 4 cups of celery, 4 tablespoonfuls of La Choy Soy Sauce and 1 level tablespoonful of La Choy Brown Sauce, and 2 cups of soup stock or juice from La Choy Sprouts. Cover and cook over brisk fire until the vegetables are done (about 10 minutes). Add La Choy Sprouts (if soup stock is used, drain the juice from Sprouts). Stir and heat for two minutes. Thicken at edges with a thin paste of flour and water. Stir thoroughly and remove from fire at once. Serve hot with steamed rice.

You can use La Choy products for many tasty and colorful dishes. They add an inimitable flavor—making good foods better. There are simple directions on the package labels; or, coupon below will bring you a booklet of recipes.

La Choy FOOD PRODUCTS

Soy Sauce
Bamboo Shoots - Sprouts
Chow Mein Noodles

Brown Sauce
Water Chestnuts
Kumquats - Sub Kum

La Choy Food Products, Inc.
Detroit, Michigan

☐ Send free La Choy Booklet of Recipes.

☐ I enclose $1 ($1.25 in Canada) for an assortment package containing the four essential ingredients for making Chop Suey, Chow Mein and other tasty dishes.

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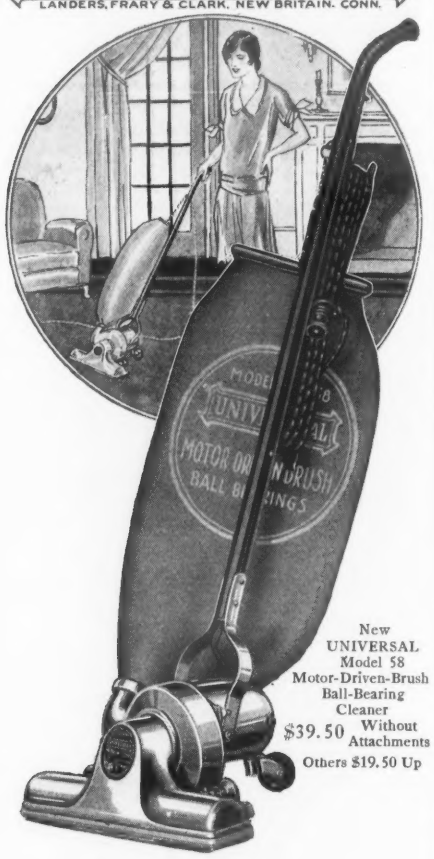
THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



New UNIVERSAL Model 58 Motor-Driven-Brush Ball-Bearing Cleaner $39.50 Without Attachments

Others $19.50 Up

Save your rugs from needless wear

USUALLY premature holes and quickly worn nap in relatively new rugs are not reflections on the rug maker's craftsmanship but rather upon the cleaning method being practiced. You must have cleaning speed, of course, in this, our fast-moving age, but it is wisely economical to assure yourself of *cleaning safety* with your cleaning speed —a precaution simply taken by using a UNIVERSAL Cleaner.

THE New UNIVERSAL Model 58 Cleaner, illustrated above, is the very latest development in vacuum cleaning. Its triple vibrating-whisking-sucking action, resulting from a scientifically designed rotary brush working in unison with an extra powerful suction, cleans thoroughly, speedily and safely—magically restoring the sheen of the nap. Because this beautiful machine cleans in so superior a manner with so little sound and effort, it is rapidly becoming the most popular cleaner on the market.

UNIVERSAL Cleaners, which are a part of the famous line of UNIVERSAL Household Helps and the highest quality cleaning machines you can buy, are made in a complete variety of styles, priced attractively, and fully guaranteed to clean your home as you believe it should be cleaned. Ask your nearest UNIVERSAL Dealer to demonstrate their worth to you.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK

Master Metalsmiths for over three-quarters of a century

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

When My Boy Goes to College, Who Will Feed Him?

By **MARY SWARTZ ROSE**

"THE Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat"—Mrs. Bradley returning in an exalted frame of mind from her afternoon club meeting heard the uncertain and raucous bass of her eldest son issuing forth from an open window. "That means mischief, I'm sure," she thought as she ran up the steps and opened the front door. "And on his guitar played a tune, dear"—only this time it was no knight in doublet and hose standing there on the stair landing but a lanky youth of fifteen, six feet in his stockings, strumming a tennis racket and grinning impishly.

"Whatever are you doing, my son?" demanded his mother. "You can be heard halfway down the block."

"I'm just giving Helen a little college spirit while she packs her trunk."

"Do make him stop, mother," and Helen's bobbed curls leaned over the railing at the top. "He makes me so nervous I'll never get done."

"Come down, Jack; there's another catalogue for you," and his mother held out what was at this time tempting bait to the young high-school senior.

Jack made a seat of the banister and landed in an instant at his mother's feet. "No use, mother, I'm all set. You know I'll never be anything unless I can go to the best engineering school in the country."

"But you're so young, Jack, to go away from home next year. I'd like you to go to a smaller college nearer home for a while."

"You didn't object to Helen's going where she wanted to."

"No, because Helen could go right into a homelike dormitory, with its own dining room, and not only a house mother to look after social matters but a trained woman in charge of the food. I knew that Helen would have very good care there, and besides, the college authorities insist on the girls living up to high standards of health. You know Helen had to gain ten pounds before she could be on the honor roll even though she had A grades. I never thought she'd make it before the end of the semester, but with the help of the dietitian she did."

"Well, I'm no girl, mother. Thank fortune, they don't make such a fuss about health in men's colleges."

"More's the pity if they don't. There ought to be regular health examinations for every boy."

"Oh, pshaw, I'm strong, mother."

Milk for Growth

"YES, you are, son, because I've been taking lots of pains to see that you had the best possible chance to grow."

"Maybe you think that's why I'm six feet tall now?"

"Well, isn't it?"

"Not much! I take after dad."

"Well, so you do, but you might have been stunted, all the same. Look at your chum, Jim Esseman. His father is tall, too, and you and he had an even start."

"Poor Jim doesn't seem to make out so well. He has too many colds, I guess."

"The biggest difference is the food you two boys have had. Here you've grown up side by side, on this same street, but Jim's mother stopped giving him milk regularly when he was about two years old, and he has eaten mostly meat and potatoes, cake and pie ever since."

"You've certainly kept me going on the milk, mother. Did you ever skip a day?"

"Not if I could help it. A quart a day for every child has been my rule, you know."

"I suppose you'd like to charter a cow to go to college with me."

"Not exactly, but I do want to know how you are going to be fed when you leave home. At sixteen you will still have much growing to do."

"Gee! I'll be a giant then!"

"I do not mean growing taller, but building muscle; taking on weight and gaining staying power. You ought to add about thirteen pounds in your freshman year, and at least six or seven as a sophomore. After that you will gain more slowly, but I shall not call you a finished product until you are twenty-five. A great deal of your power to do hard work in your profession year after year is going to depend on how you build your body during those four college years."

"If it's so important, why don't all good colleges pay attention to it?"

"Most of them are thinking about it, but nobody has realized until comparatively recently how much food has to do with physical vigor, and how much that has to do with mental power. When your grandfather went to college, there were many boys who actually boarded themselves with the help of boxes from home now and then, and I've often heard your grandfather tell how he came out of college a confirmed dyspeptic."

"It will be jolly if you'll send me a box now and then, mother."

"Not as a substitute for three square meals every day in the week. I want you to have the kind of food that will not leave any real need for a box from home—plenty of milk and fruit and vegetables."

"Well, mother, I don't see what you can do about it; when a fellow goes to college, he has to take what he can get."

"In some colleges you find a dining hall for each dormitory or group of dormitories, and I'd much prefer your sitting down to well-balanced meals in a regular dining room where you can eat in a leisurely and orderly fashion. You must remember that manners are a help to a man as well as knowledge."

"I guess I've learned how to eat soup by now and I don't often swallow my knife, mother."

"Yes, but you'll forget in a crowd. I know of one college that feeds its boys and girls in a cafeteria without one touch of beauty—no curtains, no flowers, no conversation; just gobble. Even dinner is generally dispatched in ten minutes."

Building Power

"I DON'T believe I could possibly stow away enough to keep me going in such a short time," sighed Jack, whose daily food needs were now almost exactly twice as great as his father's.

"No, I don't think you could—and if you did, you'd run the risk of chronic indigestion."

"Oh, oh," and Jack doubled up in a mock agony of stomach ache which made his mother laugh in spite of herself.

"Not like that; you mightn't even know you had it until you were forty or so. It's those important grown-up years I'm thinking of most."

"They're a long way off yet, mum."

"Not so far that we should forget to prepare for them. A college education is an expensive thing, but it must not cost health as well as money."

"This catalogue says there is a big commons in which the boys eat."

"After you are away from home a year or two and are not growing quite so fast, I should feel safer about the cafeteria style of service which is quite customary in such dining halls. Even now, you would get along better than some boys because you have had a good deal of education in regard to the meaning of food for health."

"Oh, yes, I know 'a quart of milk a day, fresh fruit for breakfast, two vegetables besides potatoes'—I could say that in my sleep."

"But would you do it if you were short of funds and wanted to take a girl to a party? Wouldn't you be very much tempted to skimp for a week or two?"

(Continued on Page 124)

My Son Stands Alone

By **JOHN V. A. WEAVER**

SUDDENLY, as you are clinging to my hands
With the accustomed clutch, I see a light
Blaze in your eyes. Your brows draw taut.
Your feet
Patter for purchase. And your tongue
thrusts earward.
Then valiantly you sway away from me. . . .

There is a weight pressing upon my heart.
One moment more, and you will cease to be
The funny, creeping, horizontal Something
Which never has won the perpendicular
Save as some small attachment, propped and
guarded. . . .

Now . . . you will be a unit—and erect!

I thrust aside the fat solemnities
That crowd my thoughts; the pity and the
longing
To spare you from the fight that you must
make,
Ever and always, merely not to lose
The rudiments of the upright position—
The stumblings, and the fallings, and the
bruises
That will be yours, until the ultimate hour
That crowns the victory of the
Horizontal. . . .

But see! Your fingers lift, your body tilts
Backward—your arms are tiny, quivering
wings—
The air rings with the gurgling, triumphant
Lilt of your laughter—
And you stand—alone!

The dentifrice with the *wonderful* after-effect

ARE you willing to make a trifling experiment that will delight you and save you considerable money?

Then switch to Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price. You will quickly make these important discoveries:—

—That it whitens teeth remarkably—sometimes within a few days.

—That it removes blemishes and discolorations that ordinary dentifrices fail to affect.

—That, because of its fine texture, it penetrates tiny crevices between the teeth and routs out matter causing decay.

—That it leaves your mouth with that exhilarating after-effect you associate with Listerine itself.

—*That it cuts your tooth paste bill approximately in half.*

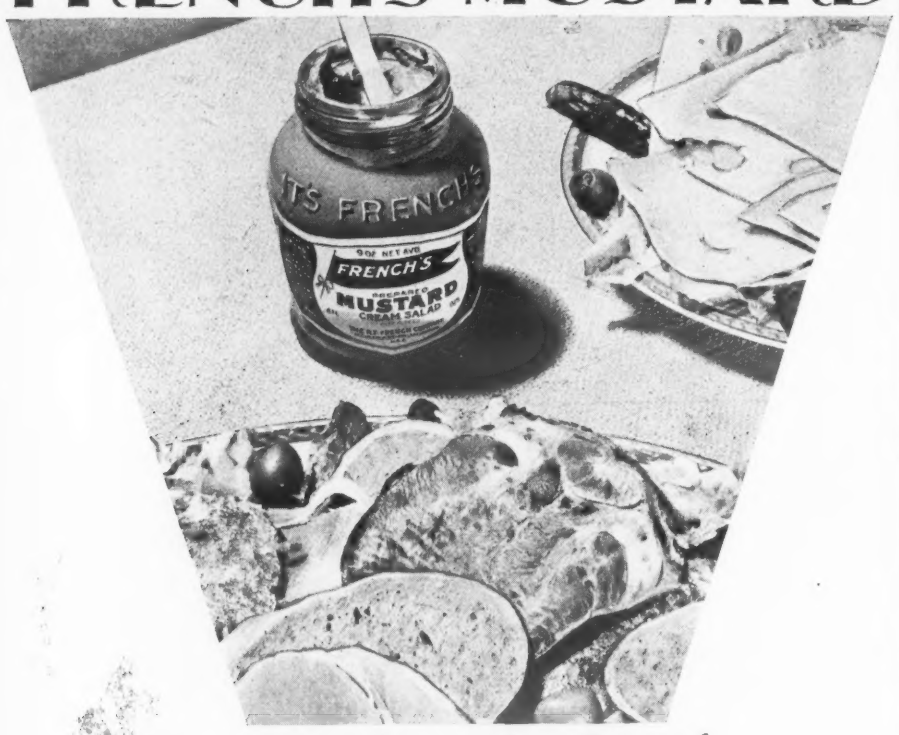
There can be no greater testimony of outstanding merit of Listerine Tooth Paste than its rise from obscurity four years ago to a commanding position among the leaders today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

"Kodak as you go" and let your tooth paste pay for it.

There are a great many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, rather than dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A Kodak is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hosiery, haberdashery are other possibilities.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

FRENCH'S MUSTARD



keep it handy for the

ice box Raiders

Sunday night when appetites are lazy—midnight when there's a call for a bedtime snack—whenever there's a raid on the ice-box—bring out the French's Mustard.

Try this easy French's 2-Minute Salad Dressing on tomato, shrimp or fruit salad—

Mix 2 tablespoons of French's Prepared Mustard, 2 tablespoons of evaporated milk or sweet cream, 1 teaspoon of granulated sugar—stir until smooth—it's delicious.

Or try making sandwiches this way—
Run a cupful of cold meat through the grinder—add ½ teaspoon of salt, ½ teaspoon of melted butter and 1 teaspoon of French's Prepared Mustard. Mix well and spread between well-buttered bread.

Send the coupon below for a set of FRENCH'S recipes and you, too, will soon say: "I never knew mustard could be so helpful in giving a new twist of flavor to every-day foods."

The reason being that only French's Prepared Mustard is made according to the jealously-guarded formula that so effectively blends the flavors of finest mustard seed and certain other savory spices, for only French's gives you the zest of "that flavor called French."

Your grocer should have French's Prepared Mustard, and it is worth while to insist upon getting it.

FREE

Printed on cards, handy to use—12 or more new recipes offered each month.

Sent FREE—just print your name and address on the coupon and mail to us.

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, *Housewives' Service Dept.*, 1-14 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

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STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Continued from Page 122)

"Well, I'd like to see the girl I'd starve myself for," cried Jack in disgust. "But if I wanted new hockey skates—well, I dunno!"

"Another reason why I should like you to have your meals chosen by an expert and paid for by the month or term," his mother continued, "is that whims of the moment cannot greatly influence your choice of food. If your meals are planned by someone who knows the needs of a growing boy with an alternating program of study and physical activity, and sees to it that the food is of good quality, well cooked, and adapted to what you have to do, you can eat without having to think too much about it."

"Maybe I'll have good luck and get into a fraternity; then I can live in the house. That would have the regular dining-room service you like, mother," and Jack's eyes gleamed at the thought of himself in such glory.

"You wouldn't be likely to have that happen in your freshman year. You know many schools don't allow pledging of freshmen."

"That's so. I expect I'd have to wait a while. And I have to begin to eat the very day I arrive, don't I?" cried Jack, turning a handspring by way of loosening up his muscles a bit. His face glowed with a new idea as he came right side up again. "Maybe I'll make the football team and then I can eat at the training table. That would be the very ticket, wouldn't it, mater?"

"I think instead of training tables for star athletes there should be training tables for all freshmen," smiled his mother, "but I don't know where they are to be found. A committee of the American Home Economics Association made an investigation a little while ago to find out what colleges and universities were doing to improve the eating habits of their students and out of seventy-six studied, more than half appeared to be doing nothing; so I suppose we'll have to take matters into our own hands and make the best arrangements we can. At least we are not going to start off with the idea that food will take care of itself. I shall never forget how Peter Black, great strong fellow that he seemed, came home a wreck at the end of his sophomore year, so undernourished that it took him months to recover.

Choosing Wisely

HE HADN'T had any experience in choosing his own food before he went away and in the cafeteria didn't make his money go as far as he might, but the point is there was nobody responsible for guiding him to better food selection. Think of a meal of griddlecakes, coffee and pie to study on! Or one of bouillon, corn on the cob and watermelon to support a couple of hours of football practice! If you cannot get the kind of professional training you most need except in a big engineering school, we'll have to study that situation carefully and see what arrangements will safeguard your nutrition best."

As this seemed to offer a little encouragement that his own choice of school might be approved, Jack's spirits again overflowed in song:

"Say, darling, say,
When I am far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear."

His mother shook her head at the young troubadour: "I don't want to have to wake up and worry about you in the middle of the night, Jackie-boy! So I'm going to do a little 'thinking of thee' in advance, dear. Bring me the catalogues of the schools you want most to try for. We'll have to arrange for the entrance examinations before long, and meanwhile, we will write to the college authorities and find out just what kind of health supervision they maintain and how much attention they pay to the way the boys eat. I will find out what sort of person is in charge of the commons, and what opportunities there are to have regular table-d'hôte meals, with plenty of the right kinds of food for growth."

"Don't tell the boys, mother; they'd think I was an awful baby."

"I won't; but I would like to talk to some of their mothers. A boy whose brains are his capital must learn to live so that his meals do not make him dull or listless or irritable."

"I'm a nice, amiable boy, aren't I, mother? Shall I get the car out to take Helen to the station?"

"Why, yes, it is nearly time for her to leave. I must see if I can help her finish packing. Thank goodness, I can let her go without worrying about who is to feed her."

"Don't worry about me, mother.

"I'm off to the war,
To the war, I must go
To fight for my country and you, dear."

And warbling happily if not melodiously, the product of fifteen years of unremitting care departed for the garage with a detour to the kitchen, where crackers and milk offered comfort for the long stretch between dinner and supper.

Whose Responsibility

MRS. BRADLEY smiled, but shook her head. There was much real work to be done in shifting to other hands the problem of the health of her growing boy, at a critical stage of his development. Would they be equally responsible for his welfare? Equally aware of the importance of the right sort of food for health and vigor? Equally skilled in its selection and preparation? It would certainly be best, during the coming school year, to go and see for herself just how the freshmen lived in the school upon which Jack's heart was set. Some lines she had read kept running through her mind. "Food is the only source of human power to work or to think." "In the interest of the race, of its mental as well as physical development, there is no subject which should occupy the attention of educators comparable with food and its influence in human progress." "The right kind of diet is the most important single factor in promoting health. It is the material with which to build the foundation for success." "The taking of a properly constituted diet every day is one of the most effective ways of preserving the nervous system."

An insistent "Honk, honk!" interrupted her musing. But as she went to join Jack and Helen in the car, she set her lips resolutely. "College years are growing years, and food is the foundation of physical and mental power. Sons as well as daughters have a right to the best we know about living. Knowledge of nutrition has advanced by leaps and bounds in the past decade. I shall insist that his diet be at least as up-to-date and as carefully adapted to his individual needs as his course of study. Since it has been demonstrated by animal experiments that the span of life can be made short or long, depending upon the character of the food, if other conditions of life are favorable to health, my children must have the kind of food which will give them vigor for many years. They must have far more liberal supplies of milk, fruits, and green vegetables than are customary among adults today. They must have regular meals, planned with due regard to their kind of life, and they must have, all through the college years, more liberal quantities of food than are needed by older men and women, to allow for full growth and youthful activity."

"Honk, honk! We're off to the war ——" Mrs. Bradley hurried on to take her seat. "Anything to divert his attention will be welcome, anything to stop that singing! But I'm glad he feels that way. Good food makes fine boys!"

THIS MONTH WE OFFER VIRGINIA'S MOST FAMOUS CAKE

All Ready Baked for You

It's a Hostess Devil's Food Bar Always Fresh at Your Grocer's

By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

LET me tell you just a bit about this wonderful Hostess Devil's Food Bar. I've found it so popular in my own home that I know your family will like it too.

Old Virginia plantation cooks first made this type of cake. Now I have combined the best features of their recipes in Hostess Devil's Food Bar.

First two tender layers of delicious devil's food cake—the melt-in-your-mouth kind, too. Between them a delicate filler of delicious butter cream. And then, over all, the cake—a distinctive, homelike chocolate frosting.

Doesn't that sound like *your* kind of cake? It tastes like your own, too!

Baked Near Your Home

And let me tell you even better news. The luscious Devil's Food Bars are baked in a model Hostess Cake Kitchen right near your home.

Baked as they are each day, your grocer has them fresh and perfect.

Thus the extra-fine ingredients we use lose none of their natural flavor. Our tested eggs, our twice-pasteurized milk, and our own special blend of cake flour—all the good things that go into this cake are exactly the kind you'd prefer to buy for your own kitchen.

50 Free Dessert Recipes with Cake

Now, I believe I've saved the very best news until last! During September you'll find packed with each Hostess Devil's Food Bar a little folder.

It contains simple rules for making the ten desserts I've found most popular. All made with this Devil's Food Bar. All quick and inexpensive to prepare.

Here's a "Devil's Food Alaska"—cool — appetizing — just the thing for one of these warm September evenings. Or look at that "Chocolate Peppermint Cream Cake." Why, it's a creation that will enhance the reputation of even the best of cooks.

This delicious pineapple layer is another of the homelike Hostess Cakes.

OUR INGREDIENTS

FLOUR. A blend of selected wheats. Specially milled. MILK. Every drop pasteurized. BUTTER. Pure creamery testing "90 score." EGGS. All inspected five times. *SUGAR. Must be 99.7 pure. FLAVORINGS. We make all our own.*

DEVIL'S FOOD RECIPE

½ cup Brown Sugar. ½ cup Confectioner's Sugar. 4 tablespoons Butter. 2½ tablespoons Cocoa or 2 squares of Chocolate. ½ cup Milk. 2 Eggs. 1¾ cups sifted Cake Flour. ⅛ tablespoon Salt. ⅛ tablespoon of Soda, in the Milk. ½ teaspoon of Vanilla.

I'm sure you'll find Hostess Devil's Food Bars at your favorite grocer's. Ask him for one today.

Once you've tried it, I know you'll want to try other Hostess Cakes too. Pineapple Layer, for instance. Or those delicious Cup Cakes, or that refreshing Lemon Loaf.

Booklet Yours Free

To assist you in preparing new and unusual desserts, I have recently written a new booklet, "Fifty Quick Desserts."

In it are described the cream of my dessert creations. The kind that wins immediate praise whenever served.

The coupon is for your convenience.

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MAIL FOR FREE BOOKLET

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co.
285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts." (L10)

Name_____

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Hostess Cake

BAKERS ALSO OF WONDER BREAD AND WONDER PAN ROLLS

Importance of little things such as Hickory under things

Hickory with its no-weight rubber paneled lingerie, stylishly correct, makes all the difference in the world in the perfection and beauty of appearance. Frocks fall smoothly, slimly and smart, are kept new and unwrinkled because of the protective rubber panel. Above is shown new crepe de Chine Shadow Skirt by Hickory—$2, black or flesh; other styles, 50c and more. At your favorite notion or corset department.

Complete your wardrobe from the Hickory line of Personal Necessities, including Shadow Skirts, Step-ins, Bloomers, Aprons, Belts and Dress Shields.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago New York Los Angeles Toronto

HICKORY
Shadow Skirts
37

What's New?

Or What the Up-to-Date Homemaker Wants to Know

THE old-fashioned stemmed cake stand is now the thing of the day in its modern interpretation. Instead of the stem being so tall that one has to reach up to cut the cake, it has been reduced to about four inches. This is very conducive to the cake-cutting ceremony that bespeaks an atmosphere of bounteous hospitality which one feels only in seeing a perfectly molded whole cake with all the decorations of frosting intact, whether for a birthday occasion or merely simple swirls for a family dessert. These stands are appearing in porcelain, quaintly flowered to form a charming contrast that harmonizes attractively with any dinner set or tea service with which it may be used. As for a gift to a friend whose cakes you particularly enjoy, you could give her nothing she would appreciate more.

Small-sized oranges have prevailed in abundance this year. Since this size is always recommended on general principles of economy as the best when orange juice is required, summer beverages should take full advantage of this flavor along with other seasonal fresh fruits. It is, of course, common knowledge that small oranges differ from large only in size and not at all in flavor, and with one of the many practical mechanical squeezers now on the market for home use the extracting of juice is a simple matter.

With the great number of refrigerator storage jars that are on the market, it is difficult to know just which ones you would prefer. They are all so pleasing in color and so practically designed in shape that other factors must determine your decision. One of the newest is made of beautiful softly shaded pottery with pleasingly slanted sides and a well-fitted cover that gives the appearance of a one-piece object. In size they vary according to the quantity of material which may be accommodated—anywhere from about one cup to a quart, there being three in the set. The originality of shape gives them a decidedly ornamental charm, and the narrowed base allows plenty of room for a free circulation of the cold air in the refrigerator.
—American Bisque Company.

Recent studies made by the Department of Agriculture on the keeping qualities of milk in the home show that it is not safe to store milk at a temperature above 50° F. if you want to guard the health of your family in the surest possible way. These investigations have proved that with a temperature only slightly higher than 45° F. the growth of harmful bacteria is very rapid. In a mechanical refrigerator or a well-insulated ice box care must be taken at all times to keep the milk where the temperature is lowest, which is usually the shelf directly beneath the refrigerating unit.

Do you know that sweet potatoes, even though rugged-looking and solid, are very sensitive to rough handling? They will keep for a long time if properly treated, but will rot very quickly if the skins are broken in handling or if subjected to severe chilling or sudden changes in temperature. Sweet potatoes must be kept warm to keep them at all. At a room temperature of 70° F. they will remain in excellent condition, at one of 50° they will keep satisfactorily, but anything below 45° will cause rapid spoilage.

The temperature chosen should be kept uniform and it is usually more convenient to use the cooler temperature and bring the potatoes into the kitchen only just before you get ready to use them.

When there is much pressing to do of fabrics that vary greatly in texture, from the most perishable of chiffons to the firmest cottons and linens, it is a great help to have a regulator attachment for your iron that will automatically control the heat. Then the best sheen for each fabric is assured without weakening the fiber with too much heat. This attachment comes with or without a cord and is made to be used on any electric iron with alternating current. It consists of a regular plug, with which the cord of any iron is connected, except that in addition it has a red dial on which the temperature may be set to medium or hot. *—"Safeguard."*

If one owns a kitchen wall cabinet and places it over the sink, scouring materials, soaps, brushes, and the like, can be kept in orderly array and out of sight. One of these cabinets that we saw recently has the added feature of a two-armed towel rack underneath on both sides. These cabinets may be had with the wood surface finished in white or any other desirable color suitable to your kitchen color scheme. *—Dillingham.*

There's a new trend in the use of color in the kitchen which is more appealing than color itself, because it guarantees the soul-satisfying result of artistic effects which, after all, is the only thing that color in the kitchen can do. The idea of this trend is to give a neutral background of color to the kitchen by having the most frequently used utensils in a warm pink-bisque color, which is just off of a pink old-ivory. These utensils are bordered with a very narrow rim of a deep but soft shade of blue, rose or green. These same border shades are used in entirety for some of the more irregularly shaped pieces of equipment, such as a teapot, and so forth. Furthermore, a label on each piece of equipment carries a color chart that will guide you in a satisfying color selection for additional pieces of kitchen equipment according to those you already have on hand. *—Vollrath.*

Have you never wished for a soup ladle that was perfectly flat on the front so that it would slip along against the bottom of the kettle and evenly distribute the vegetables in each serving without the precaution of stirring the soup after each ladleful is removed? Such ladles can now be secured and another longing for efficiency in kitchen equipment is satisfied. *—Cream City.*

In September, the gayest of our summer silks are sometimes viewed with sadness in thinking that these favorite frocks have lost their original freshness. Despair not, for all you need is courage and the right directions for the use of soap and water to renew them perfectly. Take any high-grade soap, dissolve it thoroughly in a very small quantity of boiling water and then add cold water enough to cover the garment with three or four inches, but be sure to have a very heavy suds that is not even lukewarm to the touch. It is just as well to prepare two bowls or pans of suds at the same time; then the colors will not have a chance to run together while the second quantity of suds is being made. Plunge the gayly colored dress, regardless of whether it is spotted, striped or plain, into the suds, forcing the water through the fabric with a squeezing or kneading motion, carrying out all the soil. Be sure to have a large quantity of suds and wash only one dress at a time. Continue the squeezing or kneading, not allowing the garment to be at rest and the loose dye to flow out unevenly. Should there be even a free bleeding of color in the water, have no qualms, for this is extra dye that was not needed in the garment and its loss will not affect the colors. When the first suds appear to have carried out the soil and what loose color there is, squeeze out the water and wash the same way in the second suds, then agitate the garment freely through plenty of clear water of the same temperature, last of all putting into plenty of ice-cold water. Be sure this water is cold, so that it sets the color and prevents running. Wring dry and shake thoroughly to remove all loose moisture and then slip a large piece of any absorbent white material into the dress, pulling corners of it through the sleeves. Have a second piece to place over the dress, then roll it up just as tightly as you possibly can, pressing it firmly, and put your iron to heat. By the time the iron is ready to use, the dress will be dry enough. Iron it on the wrong side, doing the part first that is driest. Should there be any piping, allow that to remain until last, as the extra moisture in the folded thickness of the cloth may draw the color out. If you carry out these directions in detail you will be surprised at the excellence of the result and be inspired to wash all the summer silks in your wardrobe.

"DON'T FUSS, MOTHER, THIS ISN'T SO FAST"

SPEED! Life is all a-tingle at twenty. This girl of today travels without an anchor. There's too much fun ahead for thought of fear—too many prizes to be won to be satisfied with common things. Do older people really object—are they not just as eager in spirit to escape drabness and drudgery and feel again the thrill of being young?

Youth knows but one standard—the best. That is why Modess has succeeded. The country over, it has been accepted as convincingly better. More comfortable, non-irritating, safer. It is softer, conforming and without clumsiness because of a remarkable new filler invented by Johnson & Johnson, world's leading makers of surgical dressings. It is a fluffy, gentle mass like cotton, so yielding irritation is impossible. Amazingly absorbent and truly disposable.

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MODERNIZING MOTHER... *Episode Number Seven*

Modess

(Pronounced Mō-dess')

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In this Martex towel—Mrs. Swift found just the modern note desired for her bathroom

Chosen by MRS. WILLIAM E. SWIFT *for the bathroom of her charming Lake Forest home*

THIS SMART TOWEL DESIGNED
BY EDWARD A. WILSON

A LOVER of country life—Mrs. William E. Swift of the well-known Chicago family is a prominent member of Lake Forest's smart hunting set. Spacious grounds and flower gardens make a delightful setting for her Lake Forest home . . . one of those charming country houses in which every smallest detail contributes to beauty and gracious living.

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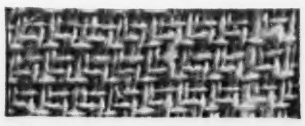
Martex towels are keyed to meet the modern decree for color and decoration in the bathroom. Designed by leading artists and decorators . . . they offer one of the most effective ways of introducing a smart contemporary note into your bathroom.

These luxurious towels are feminine in their downy softness; masculine in their sturdy strength. The photographs below show plainly why their firm, close underweave makes them so wonderfully durable.

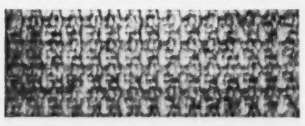
From the distinctive designs by famous contemporary artists . . . choose the ones you like best. Among the patterns are—Edward Wilson's ship design, Heitland's "Coral Seas," Leonard's "Ducklings," Luza's "Paris."

Martex towels may also be had in all-over patterns and solid colors—in pastel shades. Every color guaranteed fast. You will find them on sale in linen shops, and department stores all over the country.

Write us for a Free Booklet, "Famous Artists Designed these Martex towels." Wellington, Sears & Co., Dept. 350, 77 Franklin St., New York, N. Y.



The underweave of ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open and weak



The underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is close, strong and very durable

MARTEX

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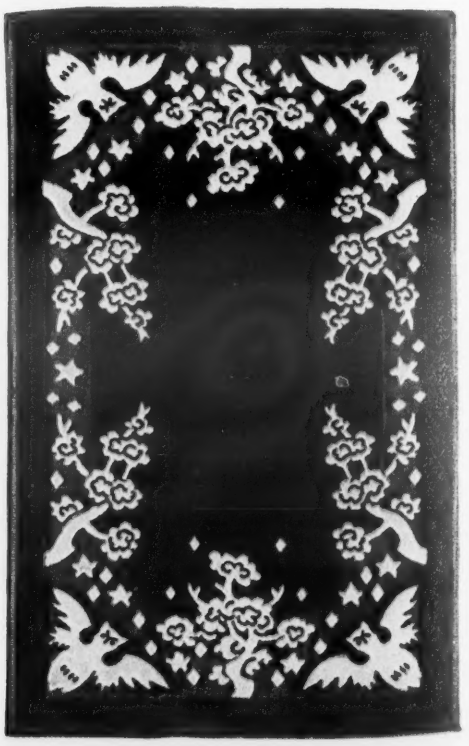
BATH SHEETS . . . . BATH MATS



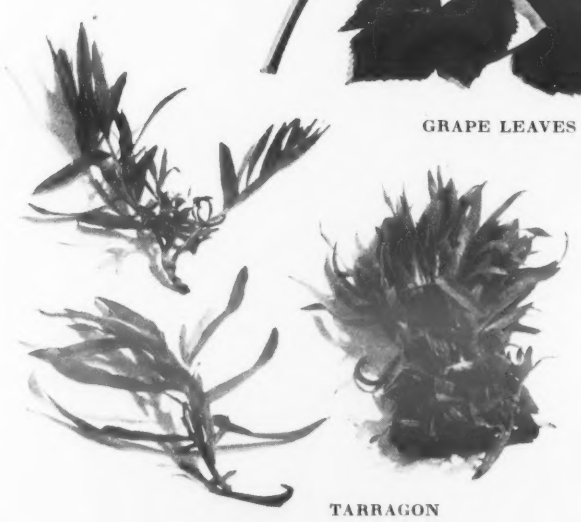
BATH MAT, *also in Edward Wilson's "Good Night" design on which a solemn owl broods between two trees, his wings outspread against a star-strewn sky*

Where Pickles Get Their Flavor

CHERRY LEAVES

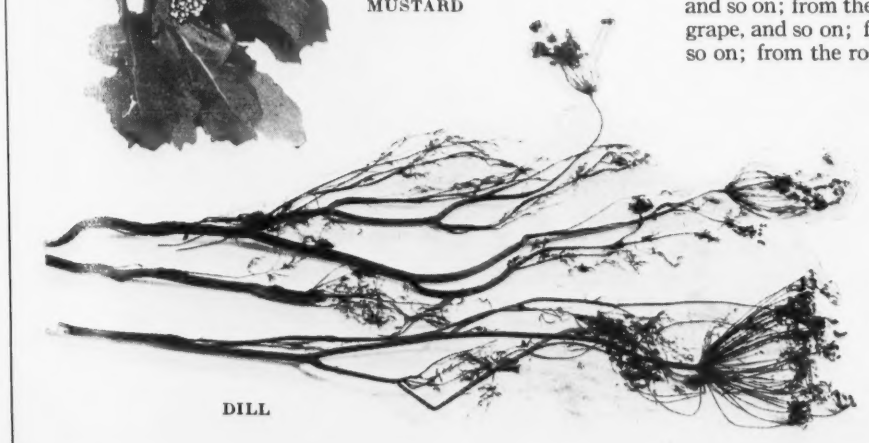
BAY LEAVES

GRAPE LEAVES



TARRAGON

MUSTARD



DILL

FLAVOR is the most important thing about pickles, and they must have a lot of it. It is for their flavor that pickles are eaten and for their crisp spiciness that stimulates our appetites for other wholesome but less flavorful foods, and causes us to eat them with relish. For a food to add this subtle quality of enjoyment to a meal is indeed an enhancement of its nutritive worthiness.

The flavor of pickles may be predominantly sweet or predominantly sour. Those made from fruits are likely to be of the first type, because of their very sweetness by nature, but those made from vegetables may be flavored either way.

Most vegetables offer an excellent medium for pickling because of the large quantity of water they contain. This is easily drawn out by brine or vinegar and replaced by a highly spiced sauce that not only flavors but also preserves the food.

This is only a start in understanding where pickles get their flavor, for the true flavor really comes from spices and herbs, carefully selected and perfectly blended to suit a given food. We travel far and spend time and money freely to secure these spices and herbs, as many of the best-known ones thrive only in foreign countries. Among these are thyme, turmeric, mace, cloves, cinnamon, allspice (which is a berry of a single plant having the flavor of a combination of several others).

There are others, though, used both in homemade and commercially made pickles that thrive equally well in this country, and in many cases are found in our own yards. Mustard seed is the most popular of these, and we are all familiar with dill. Though tarragon is seldom requested in our city markets, it may be found there and is in demand by connoisseurs; bay leaves are a regular household staple found in any grocery store. The leaves of the cherry tree and the grapevine are often used in old family recipes, some of which we have published in this department, and give a distinctly pleasing and unusual flavor to them. Thus we see that the flavor of pickles may come from many different parts of the plant: from the fruit or seed as in allspice, mustard, celery, and so on; from the leaf or blade as in tarragon, bay, cherry, grape, and so on; from the flower bud as in cloves, dill, and so on; from the root as in ginger, turmeric, and so on. And that spices may be used either dried or fresh.

The question of flavor, in the selection and enjoyment of foods, has always been one of the utmost importance and greatest consideration to people with an appreciation of fine foods.

With the growing interest in such foods, the use of pickles for their flavor has aroused renewed attention to them in planning menus of artistically blended combinations of foods. In such cases pickles and pickle flavorings are essential.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY · BUY IN GLASS

No wonder they dash home . . .

Three o'clock. School's out. Bicycles whizzing down the street. . . . Sturdy little legs hurrying home to Mother . . . and bread-and-jam.

There's a rush for the kitchen. Then eager groans as Mother opens glistening jars and spreads thick slices of bread with creamy peanut butter and jam.

How *safe* . . . how necessary . . . this "fourth" meal for your children. What energy for growing bodies! What impulse to growing minds! And no trouble at all—the glass-packed way. For these tempting foods, preserved in shining glass, are ready to serve on the instant.

Mother keeps just shelves of glass-packed foods for every other meal as well. Fruits and tender vegetables . . . meats and fish . . . spicy relishes, too. They all have Anchor C Caps . . . those golden seals that keep the contents pure and fresh until Mother is ready to serve them.

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Always in step with the vogue of the day, Nazareth offers, through retailers, the most modernly designed underwear for boys and girls.

Health, comfort and service are given the utmost consideration, so that you buy any Nazareth undergarment with assurance that it is scientifically made to give lasting satisfaction.

Look for the Nazareth label—it has guided millions of mothers for more than forty years in the selection of children's underwear.

If your retailer cannot supply you, write us, mention his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

Style BUDN for Boys and Girls illustrated above; heavy-weight, Dutch neck, waist union suit. Bleached, fleeced, knitted fabric. Taped front, back and sides. Non-rusting metal pin-tubes. Taped buttons where needed. All flat seams. Collarette neck.

Style BU
same as above with long sleeves, ankle length.

Style BUDN/A
same as BUDN with short sleeves, ankle length.

All above made in sizes 2/3 to 12/13. All have ribbed cuffs on arms and legs. Price $1.00 a garment.

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Some Southern Sweet-Potato Dishes

By **CAROLINE B. KING**

IT WAS in an old-time Virginia household where once I was a frequent and a very happy guest that I acquired a sincere appreciation of the sweet potato, or "yam," as it was termed familiarly by Martha, the efficient, kindly old cook who had reigned in that kitchen for some thirty years.

Everything that bore any resemblance to a sweet potato was a yam to Martha, who recognized no difference between roots and tubers, who had never heard that the yam and sweet potato were not even related in a remote way, except by their similarity of taste, and who knew or cared nothing for the fact that yams, real yams, flourished in Africa and Asia, whereas the sweet potato is first cousin to our summer climbing plant, the morning glory. There is, however, a Chinese yam that is grown to some extent in the Southern parts of the United States, and which is more moist than the sweet potato. Modern housewives find the sweet potato the better for baking *au naturel*, but for most other dishes either vegetable may be used satisfactorily.

In the household whose culinary quarters Martha ruled, no dinner was ever considered quite complete without a sweet-potato dish of some kind; in fact, the word potato itself always meant the "sweet" variety, or the yam, and the ordinary white potato was invariably termed "Irish potato" and not considered at all necessary to the comfort or well-being of any member of the family. Indeed, I had my suspicions that white potatoes were served only from courtesy to me, the Yankee guest.

Martha was very particular about the yams she prepared for us. I have watched her going through the basket with the eye of a connoisseur, selecting only the plumpest and smoothest. If they were to be baked, or roasted—as she preferred to call this method of cookery—she scrubbed them well, rubbed them over with a very little fat, and popped them into a moderately hot oven, about 380° F. When they were tender, which took about an hour, she pinched them gently here and there, made an incision in the skin and dropped in a generous piece of butter, a little salt and a sprinkle of paprika. The potatoes always made their appearance on the table "cozied," as she termed it—that is, wrapped in a napkin.

This was the simplest of Martha's sweet-potato dishes. Sometimes she varied it by serving Sweet Potatoes on the Half Shell. Then the largest, plumpest of them were scrubbed, halved lengthwise, and rubbed all over the cut side and skin with fat and baked till tender. The pulp was scooped from the skins, mashed well and beaten up with butter, paprika, salt, and a little sugar and cream, and several pecans for each shell chopped and stirred in. Then the mixture was piled lightly into the skin shells, melted butter brushed over the top, and they were browned in a hot oven. I find that a topping of halved or quartered marshmallows just before the last browning improves even this luscious dish. Sometimes, however, I omit the nut meats, and add a tablespoonful or two of chili sauce, and after the potatoes are browned I sprinkle chopped chives and paprika over the top of each, or I top the potato halves with crisp dry strips of bacon.

MASHED SWEET POTATOES as Martha made them were fit for the gods themselves. The yams were boiled or steamed in their jackets first, six being a goodly number, then peeled and mashed and, while hot, each quart of pulp moistened with three-quarters of a cupful of milk, enriched with four tablespoonfuls of butter and seasoned with three-quarters of a teaspoonful of salt, a sprinkling of pepper and a quarter of a cupful of brown sugar. Then, as a final touch, Martha added enough cooking sherry to flavor them delicately, about two tablespoonfuls, and turned them into a buttered baking dish about two inches deep. Over the top she spread a dressing made by boiling together for three or four minutes two tablespoonfuls of molasses and one tablespoonful of butter. Then the potatoes were placed in a hot oven of 425° F. for twenty-five minutes to brown delicately. This dish was also varied as the occasion demanded; sometimes a dash of cinnamon was added and sometimes the top was sprinkled with chopped peanuts or blanched almonds. With either of these embellishments it made a very good dessert.

O'BRIEN SWEET POTATOES is a more modern dish from another part of the South. Either yams or sweet potatoes can be used, and they are steamed or boiled and when cold peeled and cut into cubes. To each pint allow half a green pepper and half a pimiento, both finely chopped. The potatoes and green peppers are sautéd slowly in a frying pan in hot fat till a light brown, then the pimientos are added and the whole gently cooked over the fire for five minutes.

One of the most delicious things made south of Mason and Dixon's line is a sweet-potato pone. It varies, like most of the Southern good things, with its state, but all pones are good pones, let me say, if they are made from a genuine old Southern recipe.

KENTUCKY SWEET-POTATO PONE is most luscious. Grate enough pared raw sweet potatoes or yams to make two cupfuls; add half a cupful of melted butter, half a cupful of brown sugar, half a cupful of seeded raisins, three well-beaten eggs, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, and one-quarter of a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Mix all thoroughly and bake in a buttered pan one and a half inches deep in a slow oven—325° F.—for forty-five minutes.

SWEET-POTATO FRITTERS hail from Louisiana and make a delicious luncheon dish. Dip six cold boiled thickly sliced potatoes in lemon juice, then drain and sprinkle them with powdered sugar. Let stand while a thin batter is being prepared. For this sift together one cupful of flour, one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of baking powder and one teaspoonful of sugar. Add half a cupful of milk, one well-beaten egg and a tablespoonful of cooking oil or melted butter. Dip the potatoes into it, then drop into deep fat of 390° F., fry to a golden brown, then drain on paper. Serve piping hot with cold thin sliced chicken or ham as a main dish.

SHERRIED SWEET POTATOES take one still further into the intricacies of the cookery of this delectable vegetable. Prepare by boiling, cooling and cutting into thick slices three large sweet potatoes or yams. Arrange in layers in an earthen baking dish, scattering each layer generously with brown sugar, about a third of a cupful in all, and bits of butter, using one and a half tablespoonfuls, and sprinkle lightly with paprika. When the dish is full, pour in three-quarters of a cupful of cooking sherry and bake in a slow oven—350° F.—forty minutes; then top the dish with a meringue, if you wish, and brown delicately. If you prefer, you may use half a cupful of orange juice in place of the sherry.

SWEET-POTATO-AND-APPLE SCALLOP, which is also a temptingly appetizing dish, is prepared by arranging in alternate layers in a baking dish three boiled sweet potatoes or yams cut into half-inch slices with thin crosswise slices of two unpeeled red apples, sprinkling each layer thickly with brown sugar and dotting with butter; one cupful of sugar and one-third of a cupful of butter will be enough. When the dish is full, bake at 350° F. for one hour in a moderate oven, keeping well covered for thirty minutes, then basting occasionally.

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We Test Our Readers' Recipes

New Jersey's Seaside Stimulates Wholesome Tastes

Clam Bisque

1 Dozen Hard Clams
1 Tablespoonful of Butter
1 Tablespoonful of Flour
1 Quart of Milk

CLAM BISQUE, an appetizingly rich, nutritious soup, is made with fresh clams. To open the thoroughly scrubbed shells, put the clams in a hot oven in a dripping pan, to catch the pint of juice that will drain out. Then remove the flesh, chop into pieces and add to the boiling liquor after it has been strained. Simmer fifteen minutes before adding to a white sauce, made of the butter, flour and milk. The only precaution is that you do not overcook the clams and prevent their having tender, delicate texture.

—MISS A. H. R., *Madison.*

Oyster Cutlets

25 Oysters
1 Cupful of Oyster Liquor
1 Cupful of Cream
¼ Cupful of Butter
½ Cupful of Flour
¼ Teaspoonful of Nutmeg
¾ Teaspoonful of Salt
A Few Grams of Cayenne
1 Tablespoonful of Minced Parsley
1 Egg

TENDER creamy oysters with a spicy flavor offer a new combination. Simmer the fresh oysters in the liquor only until the edges start to curl, then drain and chop very fine. Use the liquor with the cream in a white sauce, adding to the butter and flour cooked to a froth; then stir in the seasonings and parsley and pour over the beaten egg mixed with the oysters. Chill until cold and thick, and just before using dip out by the tablespoonful, crumb and egg, and fry in deep fat at 390° F. until well browned.

—MRS. W. T. K., *Plainfield.*

Dainty Kidney Friandise

2 Pairs of Pork Kidneys
2 Pairs of Pork Brains
3 Slices of Bacon
1 Onion, Sliced
Salt and Pepper

PORK KIDNEYS with brains offer a light and savory dish for a luncheon or a late breakfast. Cut the kidneys into half-inch strips, removing the muscular tissue, veins and fat from the center. Soak in cold water for one hour, then drain, dry, and dredge with a little flour and the seasonings. Drop into a pan in which the bacon and onion have been slowly cooking together, pushing the onions aside so they will not brown. Sear the kidneys on both sides, then cover and simmer gently for about fifteen minutes, or until tender. Meanwhile, have the brains soaking in cold salt water until the membrane pulls freely from them. Cut into inch pieces and drop into the pan with the kidneys and so forth. Cook only about five minutes longer, then serve on crisp rounds of toast.

—MRS. C. K., *Clifton.*

Toronja Salad

2 Tablespoonfuls of Gelatine
½ Cupful of Cold Water
½ Cupful of Boiling Water
1 Cupful of Sugar
½ Teaspoonful of Onion Juice
⅓ Cupful of Grapefruit Juice
1 Cupful of Shredded Grapefruit Pulp

IN THIS dish the onion flavoring is not pronounced, but merely complements and strengthens the lusciousness of grapefruit. Make the gelatine base by soaking it in cold water for five minutes, then stirring in the boiling water and sugar and allowing to stand until cool. Then add the onion juice, the grapefruit juice and the pulp, and chill in individual molds. Serve with mayonnaise dressing, to which a small quantity of sweet cream has been added. —MRS. W. G. B., *Ridgefield.*

Coffee Marshmallow Cream

½ Pound of Marshmallows
½ Cupful of Strong Coffee
½ Pint of Whipped Cream

THIS dainty, flavorful dessert is quickly prepared. Cut the marshmallows into eighths, using the kitchen scissors. Over them pour the hot coffee and allow to cool, and then chill and fold in the stiffly whipped cream. Pile lightly into tall parfait glasses for serving.

—MRS. R. G. B., *Ridgefield Park.*

Foamy Sauce

1 Cupful of Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
1 Egg
½ Cupful of Cooking Sherry or ½ Cupful of Orange Juice
2 Tablespoonfuls of Water

A VERY good hot pudding sauce is easily made by heating the sugar, butter and water together, stirring continuously until it boils. Then whip a little at a time into the egg, beaten light, add the flavoring and reheat over hot water, beating constantly.

—MRS. C. B. K., *Camden.*

Coffee Nut Fudge

¾ Cupful of Milk
3 Tablespoonfuls of Ground Coffee
2 Cupfuls of Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla
½ Cupful of Nut Meats

THE richness of coffee flavor predominates over the sweetness of this confection. Bring the milk just to the boiling point, turn off the heat, stir in the coffee, and let stand over the hot burner several minutes. Then strain off the grounds through a fine sieve. Add the sugar stirring until it dissolves, and cook to 240° F.—a firm ball in cold water. Then add the butter and cool to 110° F. Beat until creamy, stir in the nut meats and vanilla, and pour into a well-oiled pan to cool.

—MISS S. S. G., *Trenton.*

Modern Electric Cookery

"The Electric Maid for Modern Mothers"
(This Hotpoint automatic electric range is Model RA-77)

frees the modern Mother

The Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range does better cooking with less time in the kitchen.

FEWER hours in the kitchen! Time to live and enjoy life with your family and friends! This is one of the conveniences your Hotpoint automatic electric range will bring.

For delightful meals will *cook themselves,* though you may be gone all day. You don't even need to come home early to put in your roast, vegetables and pudding. The Hotpoint Electric Maid starts cooking the meal at the time you would if you were home. She watches carefully to see that the exactly right temperature is maintained all during the cooking. There's no chance for burning or under-cooking. Then, when the meal is done she turns off the oven—just as you would if you were there—and keeps the food hot until you are ready to serve it.

But this is only one modern convenience. There are many others. You save all the time now spent in scouring cooking utensils, for electric heat is clean. The range itself keeps spick and span with the mere wipe of a tea towel. And what a refreshing change the absence of soot or fumes makes in curtains, ceilings and walls in all that part of the house!

Hotpoint electric cookery is FAST. Only Hotpoint ranges have the practically indestructible HI-SPEED CALROD elements, the saving Thrift Cooker, patented smokeless broiler and many other exclusive superiorities.

We suggest you ask your electric company for full information. Or if you mail the coupon we will be glad to send literature. Certainly, before you buy a new range of any type you will want to know all about this fastest, most economical automatic electric range.

TUNE IN on the General Electric radio hour over WEAF and 41 associated stations of The National Broadcasting Company every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, Eastern standard time.

Hotpoint

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A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

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4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap 10¢

L. H. J. 9-29

Sour Cream for Flavor and Shortening

(Continued from Page 116)

QUICK BREADS			
BRAN MUFFINS	1 cupful of flour 1 teaspoonful of soda 1 teaspoonful of salt 2 cupfuls of bran 1 cupful of sour cream ⅓ cupful of molasses 2 tablespoonfuls of water 1 egg	Measure, mix and sift the flour, soda and salt. Mix well the cream, molasses, water and egg and stir into the dry ingredients, and then add the bran. Bake in a well-greased muffin tin in a moderate oven—360° F.—about twenty-five minutes or until shrunken and they rebound to the touch when pressed lightly in the center.	Bran muffins made this way remain moist longer than usual and, later, are very good split open and toasted.
REAL BISCUITS	1 cupful of flour ¼ teaspoonful of salt ⅛ teaspoonful of soda 1 teaspoonful of baking powder ¼ to ⅓ cupful of sour cream 1 tablespoonful of water (or more for drop biscuits)	Measure the dry ingredients and sift them together. Add the cream and enough water to make the dough soft enough to drop or roll, handling lightly and as little as possible. Roll and cut, or drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven—450° F.—for eight to ten minutes.	For afternoon tea, make scones of this mixture by adding ⅓ cupful of cream, then divide the dough in half. Pat each piece out and cut it into four pie-shaped wedges. Brush over with egg yolk and sprinkle with sugar. Bake as biscuits until a delicate brown. These scones are ideally tender and perfectly delicious.
FEATHERY GINGER-BREAD	½ cupful of sugar 1 egg ½ cupful of molasses ⅔ cupful of sour cream 1½ cupfuls of flour ½ teaspoonful of soda 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon 1 teaspoonful of ginger ¼ teaspoonful of nutmeg ¼ teaspoonful of cloves ⅓ teaspoonful of salt	Measure, mix and sift flour, soda and spices together then beat the eggs, stir in the sugar, molasses, sour cream and, last of all, the dry ingredients. Pour into a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven—360° F.—for thirty-five minutes or until it shrinks from the sides of the pan and rebounds to the touch.	In spite of being called bread, this is really a dessert dish or afternoon-tea accompaniment.
COOKIES			
BRAN OR OATMEAL COOKIES	½ cupful of sour cream ½ cupful of sugar ½ egg ¾ cupful of bran or oatmeal ½ cupful of raisins ¼ cupful chopped nuts ⅞ cupful of flour ¼ teaspoonful of salt ¼ teaspoonful of soda 1 teaspoonful of baking powder ½ teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg	Add beaten eggs to the cream and mix with sugar, bran, raisins and nuts. Then add the dry ingredients which have been sifted together, beat well and drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately quick oven—425° F.—until they rebound to the touch, about eight minutes.	A good hearty cookie for the children's lunch box.
LEMON DROP COOKIES	2 tablespoonfuls of butter ¼ cupful of cream ½ cupful of sugar Grated rind of 1 lemon 3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice 1 egg 1½ cupfuls of flour 1½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder ⅛ teaspoonful of soda ⅛ teaspoonful of salt	Melt butter, add cream, sugar, lemon juice and rind and egg. Beat well and then add the dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven—425° F.—until delicately browned and they rebound to the touch, about five minutes.	
CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES	2 tablespoonfuls of fat ¼ cupful of sour cream 2 oz. chocolate 1 cupful of sugar 1 egg ½ teaspoonful of vanilla ½ cupful of nuts, chopped ⅛ teaspoonful of salt 1¼ cupfuls of flour ⅛ teaspoonful of soda 1 teaspoonful of baking powder	Melt the fat with the chocolate and stir in the cream, sugar, the well-beaten egg, vanilla, salt, chopped nuts and the dry ingredients. Beat thoroughly and drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven—425° F.—until they rebound to the touch, about five minutes.	An acceptable accompaniment for a fruit dessert..

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Her tearful "I Won't!" becomes a smiling "I Want!" with the coming of "DOUBLE MALTED"

IF your child won't drink milk—or leaves her glass only half empty, neither coaxing nor force will change her. Start mixing her milk with Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. It makes a smooth, creamy, delicious Chocolate Malted Milk. Children love it as much as a soda fountain drink. They mix it for themselves and drink it eagerly at meals and in between.

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It isn't a question of humoring a stubborn child who won't drink milk. Far more serious than that—it's a health problem. A problem affecting the growth of little bodies, the development of teeth and bones and the building of normal, healthful weight.

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Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker, and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

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And this silk-thin finish lasts a whole week. Glazo never peels or dims, or turns brown. It spreads on evenly, instantly, with none of that gummy "varnishy" look. And for seven days its glimmering beauty remains. At all toilet goods counters. Plain Glazo and Remover, 50¢: Perfumed Glazo and Remover, 60¢. Or send six cents for generous sample—use the coupon below.

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GLAZO

COOKIES *(Continued)*

SPICE COOKIES	½ cupful of sour cream ½ cupful of sugar 1 egg 2½ tablespoonfuls of molasses 1½ cupfuls of flour ½ teaspoonful of soda 1 teaspoonful of baking powder ⅓ teaspoonful of salt ½ teaspoonful each, cloves, cinnamon and allspice ¾ cupful of raisins	Mix cream, sugar, well-beaten egg and molasses. Add the dry ingredients which have been mixed and sifted together and then the raisins. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven—425° F.—until they rebound to the touch, about eight minutes.	

PASTRY AND CAKE FILLINGS

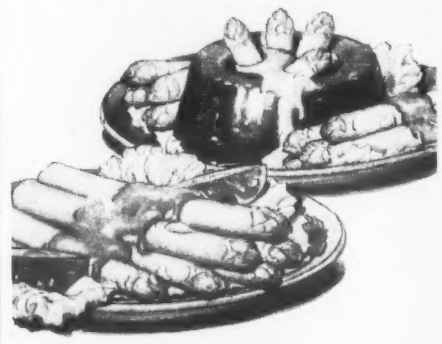
PASTRY	1 cupful of sour cream 4 cupfuls of flour 2 tablespoonfuls of butter 2 egg yolks ½ teaspoonful of salt 4 tablespoonfuls of water	Sift the salt and flour together. Rub or chop in the butter. Add the cream, egg yolks and water and make into a stiff dough, handling as little as possible. Roll to a thin sheet on a lightly floured board. Cut and use as desired.	When using this sour-cream pastry always grease the tart or pie tins.
GOLDEN SURPRISE TART FILLING	6 egg yolks 1½ cupfuls of sugar 1 cupful of sour cream 1 teaspoonful of grated lemon rind 3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice ⅛ teaspoonful of salt	Mix sugar and egg yolks, add cream and other ingredients. Fill baked tart shells a quarter inch full of the mixture and bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—until set, about twenty minutes. Cool and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.	This is a most unusual confection to serve with after dinner coffee.
CHEESE CUSTARD FILLING	1 cake cream cheese (3 oz.) 4 tablespoonfuls of sour cream 1 egg yolk ⅛ teaspoonful of salt 1 cupful of powdered sugar 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and grated nutmeg or grated rind ½ lemon, 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice	Mix the cream cheese well with the sour cream and stir in the other ingredients in the order given. Fill baked tart shells two-thirds full of this mixture. Sprinkle the top of each with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—until the custard is set, about thirty minutes.	
FRUIT CREAM FILLING	¾ cupful of sour cream, whipped ½ cupful of powdered sugar White 1 egg beaten stiff	Make and bake tart shells of the sour-cream pastry. With a mixture made by lightly folding together the ingredients to the left fill each shell half full, and on the top place sliced peaches, strawberries or other fresh, canned or preserved fruit.	This filling, or either of the two following, is splendid in cream puffs or between layers of cake.
GINGER CREAM FILLING	1 recipe of fruit cream filling ¼ cupful of finely shredded crystallized ginger	Mix the ginger with the cream filling, pile lightly into the tart shells and garnish each with a thin slice of ginger.	
NUT CREAM FILLING	1 recipe fruit cream filling ¼ cupful of chopped black walnuts or other nuts	Add nuts to cream mixture, fill into tart shells and sprinkle with powdered nuts.	

SANDWICH FILLINGS

WATER CRESS PASTE	½ cupful of sour cream ¼ cupful of very finely chopped water cress Salt	Mix ingredients and spread generously between thinly sliced white bread.	This is an unusually "snappy" sandwich filling.
HORSE-RADISH PASTE	½ cupful of sour cream 2 tablespoonfuls of horse-radish Salt	Mix ingredients and spread on thinly sliced bread.	This one has a determined-enough flavor for whole-wheat bread.
ANCHOVY SPREAD	½ cupful of sour cream 1 teaspoonful or more of anchovy paste Shredded lettuce	Blend the cream with the anchovy paste and use with lettuce.	This is flavorful enough to use with any bread.
FRUIT AND NUT PASTE	½ cupful of sour cream ¼ cupful of prunes, dates, figs ¼ cupful of chopped nuts	Cut fruit into small pieces. Add cream and nuts and spread on thinly sliced bread.	This one used in raisin bread makes a real fruit sandwich.
JELLY SPREAD	½ cupful of sour cream ¼ cupful of chopped nuts ¼ cupful of any tart jelly or marmalade	Mix the sour cream with the nuts and spread on half of the sandwich, and on the other half use jelly or marmalade.	A two-purpose sandwich, both satisfying and sweet.

Party salads for everyday meals

~easy with asparagus



YOU'RE at a party—a delightful new salad is served—how enthusiastic everyone is! Delicacy, freshness, unusual flavor—that's the secret.

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Just try an asparagus salad at your next meal. It will give the family all the appetite thrills of party dishes.

Asparagus Tips in Tomato Aspic Ring.—Dissolve 1 package prepared lemon gelatine in boiling water. Add 1 can tomato soup and pour into individual ring molds to set. When firm, unmold on lettuce leaves. Drain 1 can California Canned Asparagus Tips, place tips in centers and around rings. Serve with mayonnaise.

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45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

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Entertaining in Japanese Style

(Continued from Page 118)

well as chicken. These ingredients are never boiled in the stock but cooked separately and added before serving, and at the last minute one or two pieces of thinly sliced lemon peel are added for garnish.

SHITASHI (SPINACH). Wash one pound of fresh spinach without separating the leaves from the stalk, and boil until just tender in half a cupful of water without disturbing. When done, lift each bunch by the stem, plunge into cold water for a few seconds, and put into a colander to drain, pressing out all the water with the bowl of a spoon. Pile on a board and cut several bunches at a time into pieces two inches long, without disturbing the shape of the bunch. Lay two or three of these cut sections in individual dishes, sprinkle with one tablespconful of finely ground peanuts, and just before serving pour on a little *shoyu* sauce with one-eighth of a teaspoonful of *ajinomoto* added.

UMANI (VEGETABLES WITH MEAT). Cut off strips of raw chicken from the bones, using one cupful. Put through the food grinder and mix with a paste of one tablespoonful of cornstarch and half a tablespoonful of cold water. Form into small balls the size of a small walnut, and drop into a boiling brown sauce made of one-third of a cupful of water and two-thirds of a cupful of *shoyu* sauce, adding half a tablespoonful of sugar. Cook until the color is well changed and the meat tender. In the meantime wash, scrape and slice four young carrots crosswise about half an inch thick, and parboil ten minutes. Drain and add a quarter of a cupful of *shoyu*, one tablespoonful of sugar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of *ajinomoto*. Cover and cook slowly until the sauce has been taken up by the carrots and they are well glazed. In a separate saucepan boil three cupfuls of shredded string beans in salted, slightly sweetened water, uncovered so that the color will not change. Serve together chicken balls, carrots and beans. Beef or pork may be substituted for chicken.

SUKIYAKI OR GYUNABE (BEEF PAN OR BEEF-AND-VEGETABLE DISH). Prepare a sauce of one cupful of *shoyu*, one-quarter of a cupful of sugar, one cupful of water and one teaspoonful of *ajinomoto* by boiling together for fifteen minutes. Have beef of any tender cut with some fat, sliced as thin as bacon, and prepare any or all of the following vegetables by cutting in small pieces or slicing: Old onions, leeks, mushrooms, bamboo sprouts, celery with leaves, cabbage and, if obtainable, Japanese or Chinese bean curd, and shredded seaweed. Try out in a heavy frying pan a good-sized piece of suet and fry the leeks and onions in it until well browned. Then pour on most of the boiled brown sauce at first prepared, and add the other vegetables, laying strips of meat on top to cover all. Allow to cook slowly, turning the meat but not stirring the mixture more than necessary, adding the remaining sauce gradually as it cooks up. Cook about thirty to forty minutes, until all is well browned and the sauce thick. Eat this on freshly cooked rice.

TERIYAKI (SHINY BROILED FISH). Select any large fish such as fresh salmon or halibut, and have it cut into slices about one-half or three-quarters of an inch thick, one piece for each person. For six slices, lay the fish in a shallow pan and pour over it a sauce made of enough *shoyu* to cover the fish, two teaspoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of cornstarch, all mixed well together but not cooked. Let the fish soak in this sauce for three hours, then remove and broil until thoroughly tender. Brush the fish on both sides with the same sauce, and serve piping hot, garnished with grated radish or horseradish or ginger root.

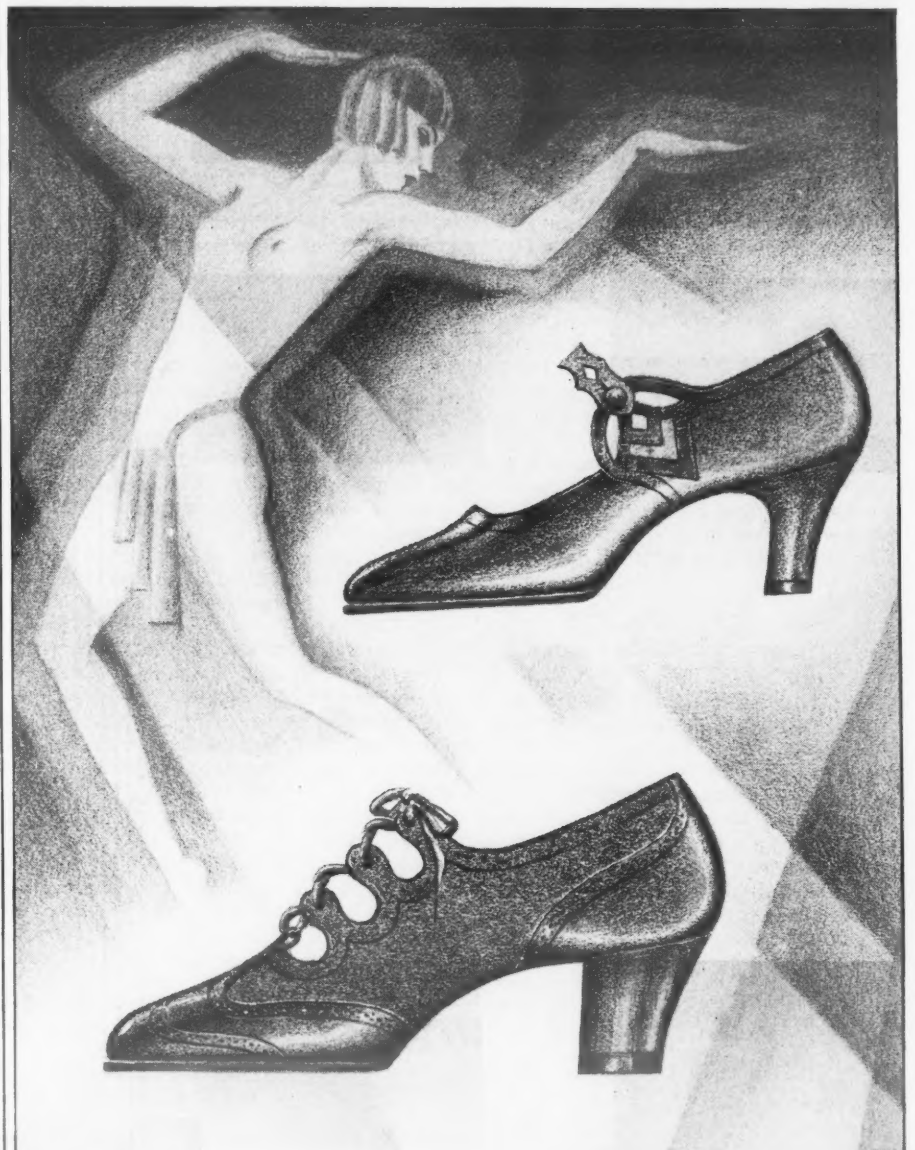
O SUNOMONO (VINEGAR THINGS). Select young cucumbers, peel strips a quarter of an inch lengthwise from them here and there to leave a green-striped effect. Slice very thin, add considerable salt and let stand one hour. Put into colander, wash with cold water and press it lightly out. Mix vinegar and sugar to taste, add a small amount of *shoyu*, and pour enough over the mixture to season well. *Udo* may be added, and also shrimps, small bits of fish or chicken, in any quantity desired.

CHAWANMUSHI (STEAMED BOWL OF CUSTARD SOUP). Lay a quarter of a pound of thinly sliced white meat of chicken, five button mushrooms thinly sliced, a few celery leaves, a few green peas and thinly sliced pieces of bamboo sprouts, if desired, in the bottoms of five covered china bowls—ordinary teacups may be used if well covered with wax paper. Then pour a sauce over the ingredients in the bowls, made of five beaten eggs, two and a half cupfuls of chicken broth, half a tablespoonful of *shoyu* and half a teaspoonful of salt. Steam over boiling water fifteen to twenty minutes, or in a covered steamer, until the whole is the consistency of thick custard. Serve hot in the bowls. This recipe will serve five persons.

TEMPURA (FRIED FOODS, PRAWNS OR LOBSTER OR SCALLOPS). Allow about five small prawns or one small lobster for each person, boiled and shelled without injuring the shape, if possible. Sprinkle salt on them well and let stand thirty minutes. For that amount make a batter by adding half a cupful of water and one teaspoonful of *shoyu* to one beaten egg, and stir in two-thirds of a cupful of flour and beat well. Dip the fish into the batter, using two or three prawns together. Fry in deep fat at 390° F. until well browned, and serve with them a *shoyu* sauce or a sauce made of equal amounts of *mirin*, *shoyu* and *odashi*, if in a community where they can be obtained. The Japanese also fry many kinds of vegetables, such as lotus root (*hasu*), carrots, green beans, in the same way, always using sesame-seed oil for the frying.

O TSUKEMONO (SOAKED THINGS OR PICKLES). Pare small white turnips and cut from top to within half an inch of the bottom in both directions in very thin strips without separating the pieces. Let stand in salt overnight, then drain and cover with a mixture of one cupful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of *shoyu*, one teaspoonful of mustard, which has been boiled and cooled. Let stand three or four days before using. To serve, press each cut turnip flat to simulate a chrysanthemum and insert in the center a bit of lemon peel.

KINTON (CHESTNUTS AND SWEET POTATOES). Boil one pound of chestnuts, in water to cover, twenty minutes or until they can be peeled. Peel and boil until very tender and mealy, changing the water two or three times. In another pan make a sirup of two and a half cupfuls of water and three cupfuls of sugar, cooking for five minutes. The Japanese add also half a cupful of unfermented rice wine. Then add the chestnuts and cook until sirup is all taken up. Peel two pounds of sweet potatoes, cut them into small pieces and boil until very tender. Then mash them thoroughly and add one teaspoonful of salt. Mix with the prepared whole chestnuts and serve cold. This is used as a dessert. A less-elaborate method of preparation and less-expensive dish called by the same name is made from large white beans not much unlike lima beans. Part of the beans are kept whole and cooked in the sirup, and the rest are mashed.



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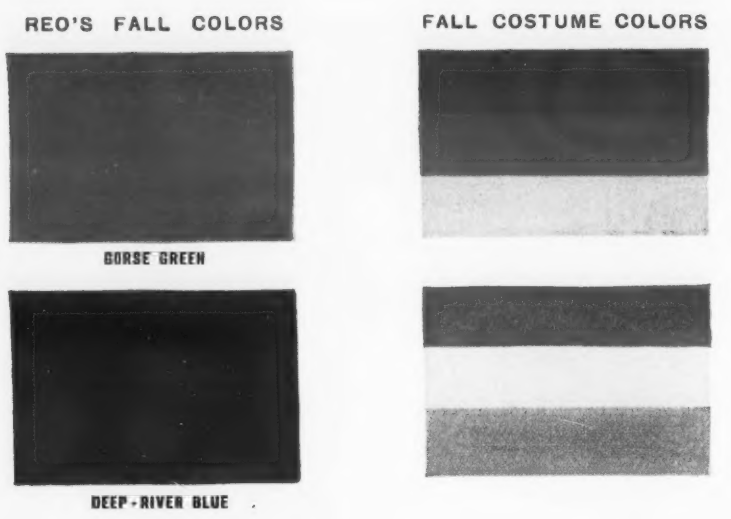

Reo's fall fashion qroup

AND THE COSTUME COLORS THAT COMPLEMENT EACH OF THE CARS

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with the DEEP-RIVER BLUE car—gray or beige. Brilliant sports attire of reds and yellows. Town clothes of blue or black.

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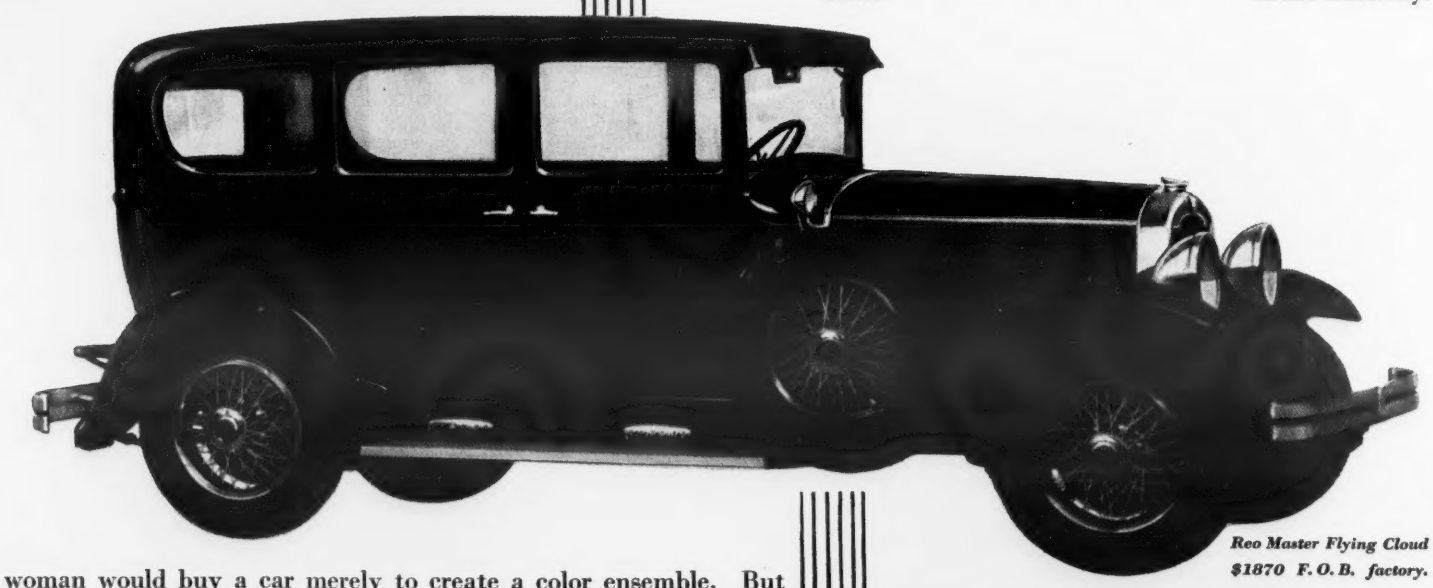
with the RUSTIC-BROWN car—a pinky-orange—a vivid autumn foliage effect. Dark brown . . . for matching and a light new shade of brown that blends effectively.



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A New Food Vision

By GOVE HAMBIDGE

A CERTAIN Yankee with a big bald forehead was stuck some years ago in a snowdrift up in Labrador. He was mushing with a dog team across country when an Arctic blizzard swept over him, blinding man and dogs, blotting out the landscape. It was cold, bitterly cold, so cold it burned his lungs as he breathed, cold enough to freeze the tails of those huskies.

To stagger on would have meant death. There was nothing to do but hole up for forty-eight hours and get buried. The snow made a snug enough blanket. After the blizzard was over, the bald-headed Yankee dug himself and his dogs out and went on, to complete a record for cross-country mushing in Labrador for that year.

This Yankee got to be on intimate terms with cold; in fact, he knew it pretty well before he came to Labrador. A scientist by training, he had trekked over the Northwest for the United States Biological Survey, studying the ways of fox, wolf, elk and tiny mouse.

Once on the shores of Gitche Gumee, the Big Sea Water, he had suddenly been stricken with smallpox. The case was diagnosed by a village doctor, who shuddered, washed his hands thoroughly and bundled the Yank off to the pesthouse, a hut on the shore of the lake. In this hut, swept by winds, with an old Indian for sole companion and nurse, the smitten Yankee spent a Northern winter fighting germs and colds. Sometimes a passer-by on snowshoes threw food in through the window. Other times the Indian—and the Yank, when he got well enough to crawl outside the door—cut holes in the ice and got some fish. Foxes, owls, even mice, they learned, would stave off hunger at a pinch.

But up in Labrador this Yank and his wife and his baby lived in a house that was storm-bitten but cozy, set on rocks above a wintry sea. During most of the year they were in no need of an ice box. They hung carcasses of deer and what not in the back yard to freeze, and chopped them up with an ax to feed themselves and their huskies and the yapping foxes this Yankee was raising for fur. They fished Eskimo fashion through the ice, and the fish froze so fast that they congealed in the middle of a flip. The Yankee got on more and more intimate terms with cold. He came to look on it as the great preserver as well as the destroyer of life.

On such a conception of cold hangs a revolution that may sweep the whole food field. We are beginning to realize that up under the aurora borealis nature long ago worked out a perfect method of food preservation. By applying this method, it looks as though we shall be able to wipe out seasons.

Frozen!

TREAT foods properly with polar temperatures, carefully controlled, and you can keep fruits, vegetables, fish, flesh, fowl, milk, butter eggs, beautifully fresh. Some foods can be kept fresh for some months, some perhaps even for years.

So startling and so revolutionary is this new conception of food handling that food men themselves do not yet know where it will lead.

You and I as consumers have in the past been more or less prejudiced against frozen foods. Somehow they didn't taste right, they didn't look right. This prejudice worked in some cases unjustly; we even carried it so far that we were prejudiced against cold storage in general, though heaven knows how we would get along without it.

Well, to some extent our prejudices against frozen foods were right. A piece of frozen meat, for example, was likely to be a pretty dry, tasteless affair. It was something like a bottle of ginger ale that has been allowed to stand overnight uncorked. And food men realized this and it worried them, and they wished there was some way round the difficulty.

Now the way appears. The trouble seems to be not that food men used cold as a method of keeping foods fresh, but that they didn't use enough of it.

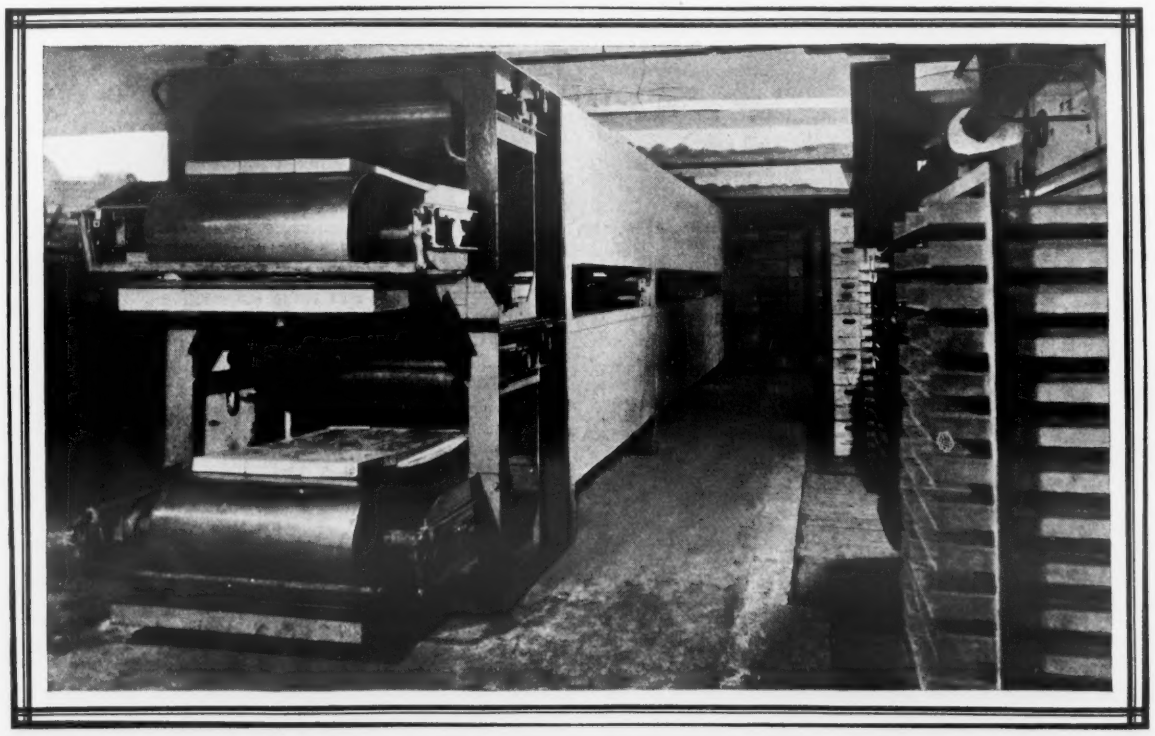
To take meats as an example again: It would appear that meats are likely to be dry and tasteless, for good understandable reasons, when they are frozen slowly at comparatively high temperatures. By the older methods it is a matter of days before a carcass is frozen. But if that carcass is cut into smaller pieces so the cold acts more quickly, and if the temperature is carried down below zero, even well below zero, then the freezing is a matter of hours or minutes, and the meat is not dry and tasteless. It remains—again for good understandable reasons—juicy, firm, rich with its original color and flavor. When it is thawed out ready for cooking, it is a piece of normal fresh meat, and may be a little better-looking than you usually get.

Aviation would have gotten nowhere if we all had insisted on keeping one foot on the ground. You have to get off the earth to fly. Similarly it would seem that you have to go the whole hog to get the real benefits of freezing.

A man who has carried this idea to the limit is that Yankee with the big bald forehead. This man went so far that he installed the North Pole in a modern food plant. And a few days before I sat down to do this piece, his North Pole process was bought by what is perhaps the largest package-food corporation in the world. This company is planning to apply the process to many kinds of foods. New uses for it are bobbing up every day in a way that keeps the imagination jumping.

Let me give you a picture of a food store of the future as it will look when this new conception of cold gets into large-scale operations. It is not a grocery store, or a meat market, or a fish market, or a delicatessen, or a dairy, or a fruit-and-vegetable market. It is all these rolled into one. It is a Food Store, in the broadest sense of the words.

Nor is it necessarily a store of the far-distant future. To some extent, at least, it may be in operation this fall or winter. If plans now on the books work out, certain stores in selected cities throughout the United States will be equipped and operating in the new way. You will visit them and buy from them. After that, their spread will be as rapid as circumstances permit.



THE BIRDSEYE QUICK-FREEZING MACHINE. PACKAGED FOOD PRODUCTS TRAVEL THROUGH AN INSULATED TUNNEL, WHERE IT IS 45 DEGREES BELOW ZERO, AND EMERGE FROZEN SOLID

This new kind of food store, then, is quite immaculate, not to say scientifically sterile. There are no open boxes or bins around to serve as catchalls for dust, flies and bacteria. Practically everything in the store is put up in sealed packages of convenient size, ready to be handed to the consumer.

You walk along one side of the store. There, on shelves and counters, is the usual array of canned and packaged foods, jams, preserves, vegetables, soup, cereals, coffee, tea, bread, rolls, cake, and the rest, neatly stacked and price-marked.

You walk along the other side of the store. Here the revolutionary new things meet your eyes. This is the side devoted to fresh foods. This side of the store is one great refrigerated display case, probably colder than anything of the sort now used. Right now, as I write, gas and electric refrigerator manufacturers are working on the problem of making such store refrigerators. It is their next big job.

One part of the display case, perhaps, is devoted to fish. Here are filets of haddock and sole and mackerel. Here are cod, salmon, pollock and redfish steaks. Here are the pan-fish, flounder, haddock and whiting. Here are the soft clams, oysters, soft crabs, the shrimp that blushes, the meat of the exquisite lobster. Here is the fish loaf and yonder is fish sausage. Everything has been done that is necessary to make them ready to pop into pan or oven. Tails, heads, bones, scales or skin, shells and internals have been politely removed at the seashore. You get meat only, all edible, some even cut in individual portions, and packed in neat waxed cartons hermetically sealed.

Meats, Vegetables, Fruits

THE next section, as you walk along, is perhaps devoted to meats. Here, again packed in neat cartons, or maybe wrapped in transparent cellulose so you can see exactly what you are getting, are chops of lamb, pork or veal. Here are legs, shoulders or saddles of lamb for roasting, and roasting cuts of beef and pork. Here are sweetbreads, lamb kidneys, calves' liver, bacon and rabbit meat. Here are plump chickens for broiling, roasting, fricasseeing, and there the toothsome capon. Here is the adolescent squab and yonder the juicy duck. All of these, too, are ready for immediate cooking. Superfluous fat and bone are already trimmed off steaks, chops and roasts, and the fowl is daintily dressed.

Maybe the next section has been contributed by the market gardener. Here you find—also packed in neat sanitary cartons, mind you—green peas, string beans, spinach, rhubarb, asparagus, tomatoes, cauliflower, and the innocent carrot. And these again are ready for the pot. The peas are shelled. The beans are stringless and cut into decorous pieces. The spinach is washed free of all grit and dirt and the stems are cut off. The carrots are washed, scraped and neatly sliced. The asparagus has lost its tough end. The cauliflower is cut into pieces of proper size. The tomatoes look as polished as a Virginia gentleman of the old school.

Next to the vegetables, perhaps, come the fruits. Here are buxom strawberries; and by lifting a flap in the bottom of the waxed carton, you can see through the inner wrapping of moisture-proof transparent cellulose, that the berries on the bottom are as choice as those on the top. Here are red raspberries, blackberries, loganberries, blueberries, cranberries. Here are plump red, yellow and black cherries. Yonder are aristocratic grapes. Here is fresh diced or sliced pineapple, and next avocados and all manner of fruits from the tropics. Possibly there will be fresh, unsugared orange juice, grapefruit juice, lemon juice, and maybe oranges and grapefruit ready peeled and divided into sections.

Somewhere along the line, probably, there are the products of the dairy. Milk cream, butter. And eggs.

Now, if a retail butcher happens to read this article, he will probably be after my scalp for suggesting that meats will be handled ready prepared, put up in trade-marked packages, in a retail store. Where, he will say, do I get off? I sympathize with him; confidentially, I had a grandfather who was a butcher and cattle judge. But I would say this: Hold on, brother. This idea is merely based on the fact that many grocery stores today already carry meats, just as some drug stores handle everything and a few drugs. But there is room for all of us.

But I firmly believe that meats are going to be handled in consumer packages, ready for cooking. The wide-awake

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dealer will be ready for it if it comes. Maybe he will handle other things too. He will cut out some unprofitable work, devote more time to real selling, find the people that use more meat in the new way, and increase instead of lessen his business—if he is willing to understand and serve modern demands. But please, brother, let me keep my scalp.

But this is an aside.

This whole idea of handling foods with cold goes hand in glove with other modern trends. You will buy even fresh vegetables as you now buy coffee and crackers, trade-marked, uniform in quality, with the packer's guaranty behind them. The thing is neat, it is sanitary, it lessens the work of the housewife. It saves the consumer's time and the dealer's time.

And it is economical in that it cuts down waste and lowers shipping costs.

Back of the retail store is the wholesale market. To take an example: In the wholesale produce market of the present, with its fruits and vegetables packed in barrels, boxes, crates, hampers, there is bound to be a certain amount of waste; less than there was in the past, but still considerable. A trainload of delicate vegetables may spoil before they reach the consumer. The new process eliminates this spoilage. Vegetables, fruits, meats can be caught in the prime of life and held there beyond doubt or peradventure until someone eats them. This is economy Number One.

Economy Number Two: Most meats and vegetables must be shipped along with a considerable amount of waste. A carload of spinach is one-third dead weight; also, the shipper pays for a good deal of space occupied by air, necessary to keep the spinach alive. With the new process, the spinach can be packed closely—no air space; it is prepared for the pot at the packing plant—no useless weight. Moreover, pea pods can be made into rayon stockings or wallboard or something. Some meat trimmings make good food that should not be wasted, and some make valuable by-products. Spinach grit might, from the way it feels, cover miles and miles of sandpaper, and the energy wasted on dark thoughts about gritty spinach might send an airplane to the moon.

Economy Number Three: Many or most perishable products are seasonal. In times of glut, thousands of tons of good food are thrown away or sold below cost of production. Both canning and cold storage help tremendously in lessening this waste. The new process should help to give it the death blow. If milk and cream and butter can be held over from months of peak production to months of scarcity, the price curve should be flattened out; the consumer should pay less, the farmer should get more. If a bumper crop of strawberries can be held for a couple of years, the producer will not be hit below the belt, and you and I will pay less for shortcake in two poor strawberry years.

Eliminating Seasons

A VICE PRESIDENT of the aforementioned food corporation remarked when he was telling me about the process his company controls, "Seasons will mean nothing—absolutely nothing." And the inventor told me that he and others put up enough fancy broilers, ducklings and squabs each spring to last them throughout the year.

Obviously, it costs more to shell peas and pack them in classy little cartons than to sell them loose, unshelled. But because of these economies and others, it is likely that the shelled peas, out of season at least, will be the cheaper, edible pound for pound—besides saving housewives from getting pea-sheller's thumb, which, sufferers tell me, is much worse than writer's cramp.

For the present article, aside from the new conception of handling foods with low temperatures and packaging hitherto unpackaged products, I am particularly concerned with the process of our Yankee biologist. This is partly because I happen to know the human story behind it. There is a human story behind a jar of mustard or a bottle of root beer, if you can get at it.

The story began with fish.

Some years ago, this Yankee biologist, Clarence B. Birdseye, known more intimately as Bob, was a neighbor of mine. We were fellow sufferers on a long daily commuting trip. We swapped gardening experiences, we got scratched by the same wild blackberry bushes. I learned about rabbits from Bob. There never was such a fellow to keep around a weird assortment of pets. His barn swarmed with rabbits, white rats, weasels, snakes, tortoises, polliwogs, and goldfish. How the youngsters loved that barn!

But fish was Bob Birdseye's particular interest. He could hold you with a glittering eye like the Ancient Mariner and talk fish till you reached a state of paralysis. He said the finest fish he ever ate was up in Labrador.

Emulating Eskimos

HE SET about doing what the Eskimos did. With no assets but confidence, an idea, considerable knowledge and one of those minds that wants to know the reason for everything, he had the nerve to form a company. I watched the idea grow from a tiny seed to a husky young plant. Birdseye slaved over it day and night. And after the children were put to bed, Eleanor Birdseye, his wife, typed reams of fish data.

In a small way, the company was soon doing a revolutionary job in the handling of fresh fish. Then it quietly flopped over on its side and expired. Financial anæmia; there were not enough gold corpuscles in its blood. This was a solar-plexus blow to Bob Birdseye.

But he doggedly set about getting more gold corpuscles into the body of his idea. By now he knew what the thing would do. He had visions as well as dreams—visions of applying the process to other foods besides fish.

One day he had luncheon with a well-known executive and financier connected with a large manufacturing corporation. Perhaps they ate filet of sole; at any rate, they discussed it. This man, too, caught the vision. He agreed to head a new and revolutionary fish company.

A plant was built in Gloucester, traditional home of doughty fisher folk.

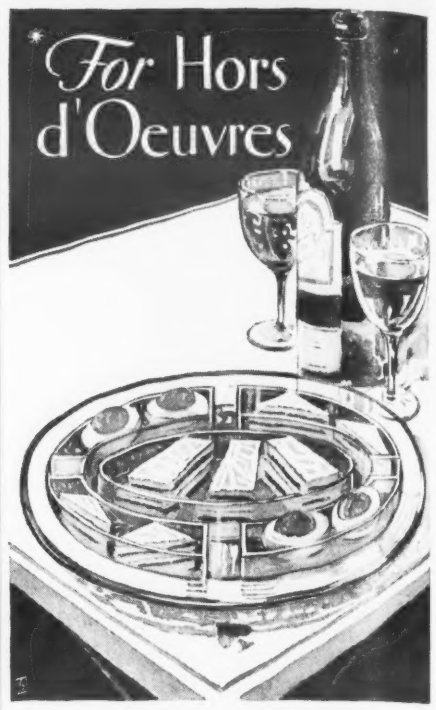
This company took fish fresh from the sea, cleaned it, boned it, skinned or scaled and fileted it almost entirely by machinery—of their own invention—packed the filets into waxed-cardboard cartons, sealed them up, and then ran them through a freezing machine which was the coldest thing in the world devoted to the handling of food.

This is how cold the freezing machine is: On one side of a valve the refrigerant is a liquid with a temperature of 60° F. above zero. As it passes through the valve and expands, it drops 140° instantaneously, becoming a gas at 80° below zero. This 80°-below-zero gas cools the brine in the refrigerator to 50° below zero.

Thus, those men had the North Pole at their service at the turn of a switch. They could teach an Eskimo or a polar bear to shiver.

This extreme cold is the first essential in the Birdseye process. The second is the method of applying it. The cartons of fish, meat or what not are automatically fed onto the lower of two endless Monel metal belts, and are carried into a frigid tunnel, where another metal belt covers the tops of the cartons. Then 50°-below-zero brine is sprayed against the outsides of the two belts, and its terrific chilling action freezes the cartons from top and bottom simultaneously. In thirty minutes or so they pass out at the other end of the belt as hard as blocks of marble.

These congealed cartons are packed in thickly insulated corrugated-board boxes. They have been shipped from Gloucester to California by ordinary express, uniced, without completely thawing out.



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The secret of the results obtained by this process, and in fact the whole recent conception of the use of low temperatures, probably lies in one word—speed.

When fresh products are frozen by the older comparatively slow methods, large ice crystals are formed that cut and tear delicate cell walls. On thawing, there is a tendency for the contents of the cells to leak out, taking along certain elements of flavor and food value.

Quick congealing, on the other hand, prevents these large ice crystals from forming. Cells retain their original structure. Juices are kept in. The thawed product has the same firmness and healthy appearance as it had before it was congealed. There is practically no shrinkage or loss of weight. And in addition, of course, bacterial activity and other causes of spoilage are effectively stopped.

The Gloucester company had a big and well-equipped laboratory and a testing kitchen. The inquisitive Birdseye called on expert biologists, bacteriologists, chemists and dietitians for help. He and his associates slaved to perfect the technic, work out new inventions, make improvements.

And bit by bit, one by one, following the old vision, he put many different foods through the process. He found that quick congealing worked beautifully with meats. Vegetables and fruits, he thought, might be quite different. These do not have the elastic cell walls of meat. Large crystals or no large crystals, the expansion caused by intense cold would bring about some breakage of the cells just as a milk bottle breaks on the back porch on a zero morning. Would the thing work?

It did. For indefinite months, congealed, the pea and the bean and other vegetables retained their pristine beauty of form and flavor. The very fact that, in vegetables, the internal cell structure was somewhat broken down proved to be an advantage. One of the chief reasons for cooking vegetables is to break down cell structure. A third or a half of the cooking time, it was found, could be lopped off when vegetables are first congealed.

The New Sleeping Beauty

FROZEN strawberries, raspberries and other fruits are not so new. With slow freezing, which takes from twelve to fifteen hours, the use of sugar is practically essential. By quick congealing, the work of twelve hours is done in one hour. And sugar is unnecessary. The fruit is held just as it was when picked.

Everyone knows the unpleasantness of frozen milk. Birdseye congealed milk and cream by the new process, and kept it congealed. Thawed, it seemed as good as ever. No floating oil on the coffee; no blue taste to the milk. This opens up interesting possibilities for the milk industry, but as yet it is too new to make predictions. The milk end of it will be studied with meticulous caution and thoroughness.

Ice cream goes through a process of hardening at low temperatures. Birdseye found that his mechanical North Pole would accomplish this in forty-five minutes as against the usual eight to thirty-six hours, and at the same time give a product with superior richness and smoothness.

Citrus-fruit growers have worked for a long time trying to find some way to put up orange juice without sugar, preservatives or processing. Birdseye congealed orange juice in ordinary cardboard fish cartons and shipped it to Florida without ice, where it arrived, unthawed, fresh and delicious. This opens up rather heavenly vistas to orange men. Down in Florida they have been getting gray hairs over some of their problems, particularly the devastations of a little fruit fly. The new process might enable them to market the juice of millions of oranges too small to sell at a profit.

This thing began to make a stir. Hard-boiled committees of food experts visited the Gloucester plant. Distinguished visitors dropped in from Japan or Australia. They beheld; they admired. The Gloucester men got a kick out of fixing up a fancy refrigerated showcase like nothing else in the world. In a small way, it was that side of a future food store I have described.

World-Wide Interest

AMONG the visitors were members of the aforesaid big food corporation. These men were used to dreams and to visions; otherwise their corporation would not be in existence. Also, they keep a stethoscope glued over the public's heart. They know how it beats. They know public needs and demands.

They studied the process and its results. They saw the gorgeous showcase, with its products tinged with a delicate bloom like the first frost of autumn that mellows the pumpkin. They got the vision.

It is the modern vision. Seasons and distances wiped out; housewives freed of a little more drudgery; delicate and perishable foods perfectly controlled and handled without waste; of a superdaintiness and superattractiveness available for everyone. It all fits in with the airplane and the up-to-date car, and the ultraconvenient house.

They sat down to a luncheon in the Gloucester plant. The menu pointed out that every single item served was a product of quick congealing. There was fruit cocktail, Cape Cod oysters, New England clam chowder, filet of sole, jumbo squab, green peas, cranberry sauce, tenderloin steak, mushrooms, carrots, spinach, string beans, strawberry jam, hot biscuits, strawberry shortcake, vanilla ice cream, brownies, ice-box cookies, coffee. Even the biscuits and cookies had been congealed just so they would not feel slighted.

A glance of the eye has made history, as when Cæsar witnessed the attractions of Cleopatra; and many a dinner has influenced the fate of nations. The proof of this new process is in the eating. I hesitate to lay stress on that luncheon. But shortly the guests bought the company that served them.

There is plenty of hard work still to be done. No one yet knows the full possibilities of quick congealing. We only know that by patiently studying the old ways of Dame Nature, we can do strange new things.

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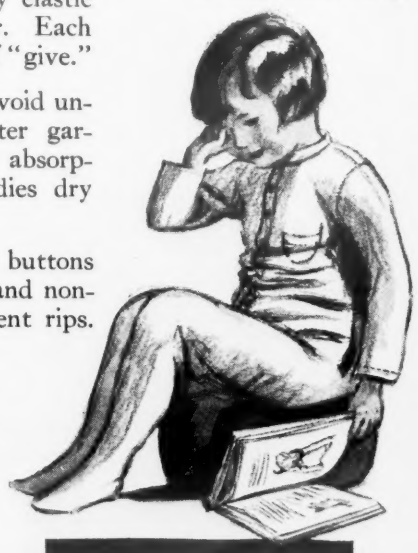

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September in Your Garden

THE best time to cut dahlias for bouquets is in the cool of the morning when the dew is still on them, and if possible before the sun's rays have touched the flowers. Never cut the stems less than eighteen inches long, and it is much better to cut even longer stems for larger blooms.

They should be put immediately in a bucket of fresh water. It is best to set the bucket in a cool, dark cellar for a few hours before arranging the dahlias in vases and other containers.

It is well to remember that dahlias last much longer as a rule when cut than any other flower. The stems, however, have a tendency to decay in water. This causes an acid condition which injures the quality of the bloom. One may overcome this by mixing a solution of one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of refined bicarbonate of soda and one tablespoonful of household ammonia to a quart of water. Shake the solution until thoroughly dissolved and use one tablespoonful to each pint of water in your vase or container.

If You Want the Joy

By CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

THE poorest gardener in the world is the one who merely walks around a garden and looks at it. Indeed, such a person is no true lover of flowers, it matters not how contrary his protestations are.

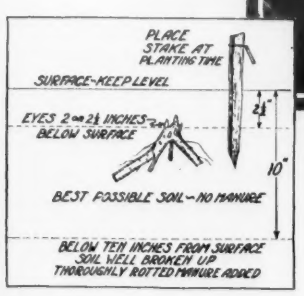
There is a divine urge within all of us, the urge to want to create something ourselves, and poor indeed is the person who has lost it, who takes no heed of it. The old fable put it correctly: If you want the power (the joy) *do the thing yourself!* You must work in your garden a bit to get the most out of it. You must put something of *yourself* into it, or it will never truly be yours! That law is absolute. And the joy you take in a garden is usually in proportion to the amount of yourself you have invested in it!

RENEWING WATER LILIES. In September your water lilies are very apt to be spent, due to strenuous blooming throughout the summer. In spite of the fact that one usually provides plenty of plant food early in the season, water lilies are such gross feeders and such profuse bloomers that there is seldom sufficient plant food available to carry them completely through the season satisfactorily.

At this season they will be greatly aided by adding a generous handful of bone meal to each water-lily plant in your pool.

Some gardeners distribute the bone meal by sprinkling it on the surface of the water. This method will give satisfactory results, but it discolors the water for two or three days.

September is the best month in which to plant peonies. The drawing shows how to do it.



A much better method is to take a handful of bone meal tightly clasped in the hand and submerge it under the surface of the water directly over the roots of the plant. Within a few seconds it will soak up into a reasonably tight pellet which, when released, will sink directly to the soil in which the lily is growing without discoloring or disturbing the water.

One good handful of bone meal to each plant will produce quick results and within a few days your water lilies will be blooming again with renewed vigor.

MOW LAWNS IN FALL. Many people discontinue mowing their lawns in late summer and fall under the impression that it is much better to allow the grass to grow in order to winter successfully.

This practice has its advantages in some localities, but as a general rule it is much better to continue mowing the lawn as long as growth persists. Actual tests have shown that unmowed lawns are as likely to winterkill in spots as those mown throughout the season. Unmown lawns suffer most when the spring clean-up takes place, because the long grass is hardest to clean up and often is severely injured by spring raking at a time when the roots are least able to withstand it. There is no valid reason why the lawn should be allowed to become unkempt in fall.

BREAKING UP TOUGH SOILS. Where basement excavations have deposited tough clay soils upon your lawn or garden, you can take advantage of Nature's aid in breaking up the consistency of these soils by plowing or spading in fall.

Small plots should be spaded. Turn the ground over in large chunks, standing the chunks on edge as much as possible. The point is, you must encourage the frosts to act on these tough soils. Strawy manure, leaves or other coarse material of similar nature can be spread lightly over the soil during the winter. Next spring it should all be turned under. You will be surprised at the magic which the action of the frosts, rains and snows has worked upon your soil.

Usually, the heavy clods will shatter at the touch of spade or turning fork. The strawy manure and coarse leaves which you have added will continue to keep the soil in this condition in future seasons.

EVERGREENS IN DRY WEATHER. One of the most important rules for the successful cultivation of evergreens is to water them thoroughly in dry weather, more especially in the fall of the year. Most losses of evergreens in winter come from the fact that the roots "freeze dry." This means that the ground surrounding the roots is dry at the time the ground freezes. Evergreens are never entirely dormant, even though the ground may be frozen, for their leaves are constantly giving off some amount of moisture. Winter winds have a tendency to dry out the evergreens, because they aid in this evaporation, and if the roots are dry when cold weather sets in the evergreen will continue to evaporate moisture until it exhausts itself.

A good rule is to water thoroughly, especially late in the season, and preferably just before hard freezes set in. By watering thoroughly we mean soaking the roots with an open hose for an hour or two for small evergreens; longer for larger ones. If the ground freezes with plenty of moisture around the roots, you need not worry about winterkilling in the average case.

PLANT PEONIES IN SEPTEMBER. Plant peonies three to four feet apart, where they will get full sun at least half the day and away from the roots of trees and shrubs. It pays to see that the soil is good. Prepare at least eighteen inches deep and two feet in diameter, although three feet deep and as large in diameter would be better as peony roots grow deeply in good soil. Below ten inches from the surface the soil should be thoroughly broken up and well-decayed manure and compost added. Never use fresh manure. If you have no compost ready, chop up some sod and mix it thoroughly with the soil. In lieu of rotted manure use raw bone meal. Be sure the location is well drained as peonies will not bloom right where there is an excess of moisture.

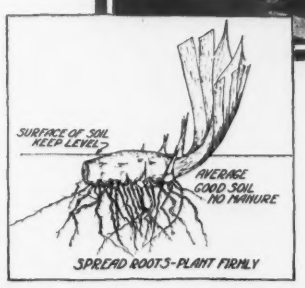
The upper ten inches where the root is to be planted should be the best topsoil you have, pulverized fine and containing no manure. One liberal handful of raw bone meal may be mixed in at planting time.

The root or division, preferably one with three to five eyes and the old root well pruned back, should be planted with the eyes or buds two or two and a half inches below the surface. Plant firmly and cover carefully without injuring the eyes. Be sure that the soil is firmly settled before planting. Roots planted too deep seldom if ever bloom satisfactorily. After the ground is frozen, mulch lightly with coarse litter to prevent heaving by frost. Never mulch with manure. Place a marking stake with name of variety at planting time.

YOU CAN PLANT IRIS NOW. The tall bearded iris should be planted nine to twelve inches apart; the dwarf bearded and intermediates a little less. They thrive in most any soil, no matter if it is hot and dry. Full sun a large part of the day together with good soil and regular cultivation will result in choice flowers. Damp wet locations are disease breeders as iris demand good drainage. They resent manures, either fresh or rotted, but will benefit from the addition of bone meal.

Preparation of the soil is simple as they are shallow-rooted. Spade in a handful of raw bone meal and a similar amount of air-slaked lime or ground limestone to each square foot of planting. It is most important that the plants be set at the right depth. The rhyzome or thick fleshy part of the root should be barely covered. It should rest in the soil much as a duck rests upon the water, part in and part out. Deep planting results in poor flowers, retarded growth and is frequently the cause of disease. Spread the fibrous roots well and plant firmly to aid in anchoring the plant. You can plant iris with good results in September or October.

It is not too late to plant iris. Old clumps should be divided every three years for best results.



Iris require no protection from the cold but should have a light mulch the first year to prevent heaving by the frost. In sections where the winters are severe with sometimes little snow, a mulching with coarse litter—no manure—will be a wise precaution. Plant in irregular groups and masses avoiding straight lines. All plantings should be dug, divided and reset every three years to keep up the quality of bloom.

BUY ROSES IN FALL. In recent years rose authorities have advocated fall planting of roses. In the milder sections of the country those who have tried the plan are very enthusiastic about it, and even in the North there is some advantage in fall buying.

Buy your roses then, and if your winters are too severe to hazard fall planting, dig a trench and bury the bush, roots, tops and all, some eighteen inches under the surface, slanting them slightly to provide good drainage. In the spring, as soon as the frost goes out of the ground and reasonably steady weather can be expected, dig up your roses and plant them out, just as you would when received direct from the grower. You will be surprised at the vitality of rose bushes handled in this manner. The buds are full and plump, and you will obtain much better results from these roses than from those carried through the winter in any other manner.

vermeil *chloe* *casino* *apricot* *promenade*

overtones!..new in autumn hosiery

(A message from the Realsilk Fashion Committee)

They're newer than sunburn. They're newer than skin-tints. Yet they borrow from both. Overtones—the new hosiery shades—are a subtle blend of skin and costume colors. Autumn skins deepen from the faintest cream touched with pink, to a coppery gold. Autumn costume colors embrace all the lovely blues, browns, greens and reds of Fashion's color card. Mix a tint from one with a tone from the other, and you have the new Realsilk hosiery overtones—shades which blend with the color of the costume without losing the *chic* of their atmospheric or suntan hues. *Vermeil . . Chloe . . Casino . . Apricot . . Promenade . .* twenty-two of the most flattering hosiery colors ever launched. They will be worn by the smartest women everywhere—these new Realsilk overtones for Autumn, 1929!

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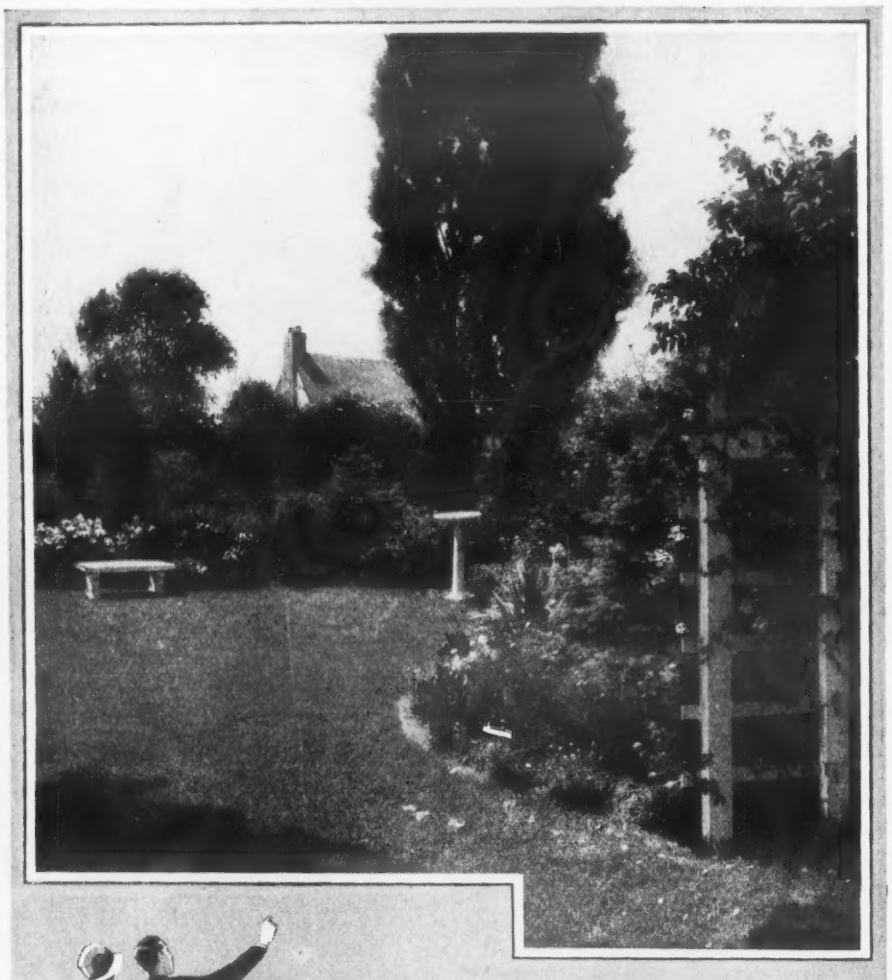

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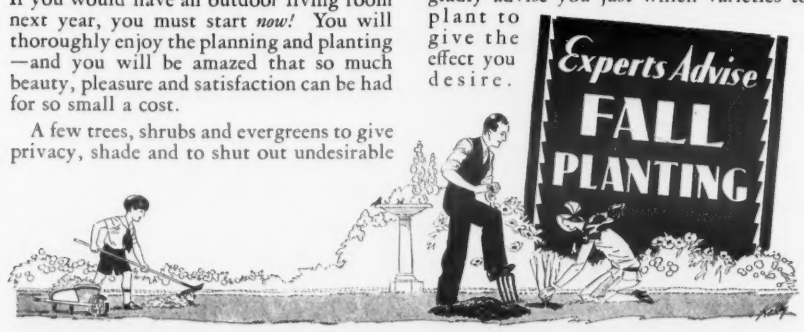
If you would have an outdoor living room next year, you must start *now!* You will thoroughly enjoy the planning and planting—and you will be amazed that so much beauty, pleasure and satisfaction can be had for so small a cost.

A few trees, shrubs and evergreens to give privacy, shade and to shut out undesirable views—a soft, rich carpet of velvety grass—and some hardy flowers to give color and fragrance—that's all you need for the modern outdoor living room which is everywhere replacing unsightly rear yards.

Experts Advise Fall Planting

Your nurseryman will tell you that fall is the ideal time to plant most varieties of trees, shrubs and flowers. Then plants are dormant, the soil workable and the ample rainfall of the fall season assures healthy, vigorous growth next spring.

Write or consult your nurseryman or his representative. Any nurseryman displaying the insignia at the bottom of this page will gladly advise you just which varieties to plant to give the effect you desire.



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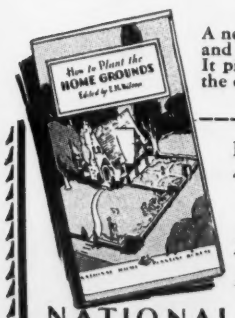

A new booklet, edited by "Chinese" (E. H.) Wilson, famous plant explorer and horticulturist of the Arnold Arboretum, is now ready for distribution. It pictures and describes the modern trend in home planting, makes clear the concepts of good taste and is a guide to well-planted grounds.

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The Fragrant Gladiolus

By DR. N. D. MARBAKER

Two new fragrant gladiolus varieties. One on left from crossing Mrs. Frank Pendleton with tristis species in center; one on right, from crossing with Prince of Wales.

NEVER since the literary discovery of the black tulip has this flower-loving world been so thrilled as it was when the announcement was made that the fragrant gladiolus had been hybridized.

The gladiolus had everything a flower could have in the opinion of garden enthusiasts except the one boon of delightful odor. It had a color range greater than any other flower. It had growing habit that made it suitable for any type of soil in any climate. It had a long blooming period. It had excellent keeping quality. Only fragrance was missing.

More than a century ago, the first of the great gladiolus enthusiasts, Dean William Herbert, of Manchester, England, made a prophecy in a paper he read before the Royal Horticultural Society in which he foretold the coming of universal gladiolus enthusiasm and of the development of a fragrant gladiolus.

After the great exhibition in Paris in honor of Her Majesty, Queen Caroline, the gladiolus sprang into favor with flower lovers, a favor which has never waned, and definite plans were made to make the flower the most highly specialized of all the garden beauties. Dean Herbert's prediction concerning an odoriferous gladiolus was not forgotten and the development of it has been the goal of most hybridists.

It was a difficult task to accomplish, this putting odor into a bloom. It required patience and great care. At the very beginning, the development seemed to be a hopeless desire. The gladiolus species were indigenous to the high tablelands of South Africa and they were found to be exceedingly tender in the American and English climates.

But hybridists continued to try to acclimate the species to our own growing conditions. Of all the rarer species, tristis seemed to be the most amenable to change.

About ten years ago, Richard Diener, of California, received his first tristis seed from its own habitat. He worked very hard to produce the species in California and he succeeded. Practically all the *Gladiolus tristis* in this country came originally from Diener. And the tristis is a fragrant species.

The First Crosses

AFTER Diener had succeeded in his first step, he crossed the species with some of the large-flowering hybrids and awaited developments. In these experiments he used the well-known varieties, Prince of Wales and Mrs. Frank Pendleton.

One day Diener was walking in his seedling garden in the cool of the evening. He noted a faint odor of cinnamon. This was unusual. He traced the scent to its source and found that his lifelong ambition had been realized. The fragrant gladiolus had been developed.

Diener kept this awe-inspiring secret very carefully. Only his most trusted friends and associates were permitted to see and smell the new flower. And he kept working with greater industry in order to develop a stock of the new strain.

These new strains were gradually checked and rechecked, imperfect bloom-bearing spikes were discarded, general crossings were established until he was able to show many different colors. He developed strains of the fragrant gladiolus that are hardy, that are strong growers, that are bountiful multipliers, that have really gorgeous florets on sturdy spikes with good foliage.

Success at Last

DIENER has succeeded in making the new strains everything he could possibly hope for with the exception of their cormel formation. At present, the cormels, the so-called bulblets, are very tiny and, although they have a high degree of germination, are far too small to warrant commercial handling. Just as soon as Diener has developed a strain of the fragrant gladiolus that will produce larger cormels, then the new fragrant gladiolus will be available to flower lovers everywhere.

After waiting generation after generation for this new boon to our gardens, we can sit back and wait patiently for the great floricultural genius to make his new gladiolus what he really wants it to be.

The fragrant gladiolus has every reason to be popular. It throws spikes varying from four feet to four and a half feet in height. The color range is from pure white and cream to the deepest reds. The odor, which is very difficult to describe, seems to be a combination of cinnamon, freesias and daffodils.

The fragrance is more potent at night and seems to be more pronounced in the flowers of the lighter shades. It is a winter-growing species and will be successfully grown in hothouses. The florist has been crying for a typical winter-growing gladiolus and now, it seems, his hopes have been realized.

So another era of floral betterment has begun. It has been a labor of love, the result of a constant striving toward a very definite goal.

This Karpen Group of More Charm than Cost

will be featured by Karpen dealers in September

APTLY this interior illustrates the truth of the Karpen maxim that taste, rather than costliness, is the mother of beauty. Though moderately priced, there is a wealth of charm in every particular of the furniture. It is evident in the correct styling of the mahogany and walnut frames and in the fineness of the fabrics—the Velmo mohair of sofa and matching chair; the tapestry and damask of the arm and smaller chair. It will be appreciated in the grateful ease which comes only from inner quality—hair and cotton filling and ingenious springing. And there is charm of color pleasingly blended and accented in the interior, created by a noted decorator especially for this Karpen ensemble. A little study will show how easily and inexpensively you can reproduce this room, so completely satisfying to those who will have nothing but good furniture.

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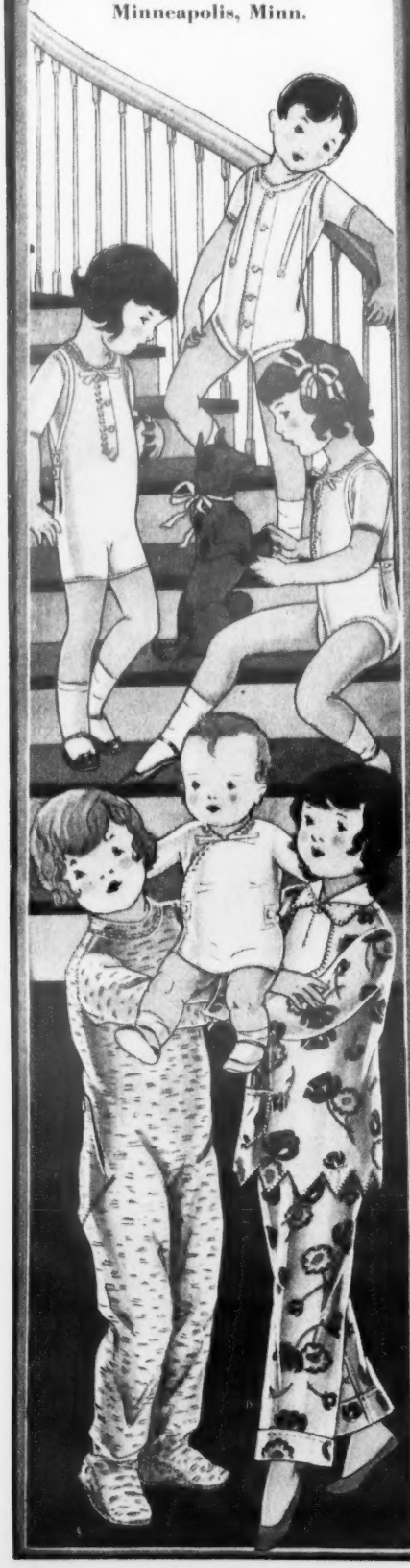

Plant Siberian Iris Now

(Continued from Page 28)

Three of the most popular and inexpensive varieties of Siberian iris are Snow Queen, Perry's Blue and Emperor. Snow Queen is the largest and finest white, the waxy petals being snow white with a very lovely bright lemon-yellow throat. It is so large that it is sometimes mistaken for a Japanese iris.

Emperor is just as large, but is a flower of somewhat different form, and the color is a uniform rich violet-blue, even the back of the falls and the throat being the same color as the balance of the flower. This is unusual in Siberian iris, as the front of the lower petals usually has an area of white in the center and the back of the petals is usually white. The result in Emperor is a beautiful rich self-color, with a bronze veining at the throat. This variety grows to a height of forty inches and is splendid for the center of the border.

Perry's Blue is a handsome soft sky-blue, with lighter styles. It is a flower of perfect form and is the most popular of the light-blue Siberians. Like Emperor and Snow Queen, it is a prolific bloomer and makes a most striking clump. These three together are most attractive.

Periwinkle is one of the newer introductions that is as yet rather expensive, but after another year or two it will be sold at a moderate price. These fine new introductions are always high-priced when they are first introduced, because of the fact that there are so few of them in existence, but after the supply has been increased by propagation, the price comes down. Periwinkle is therefore something to look forward to owning a little later on. It is without doubt one of the finest dark Siberian iris we have, being a large flower of fine form and heavy substance. All Siberian irises make excellent cut flowers, because they last so long after they are cut; but a variety with heavy petals like Periwinkle or Snow Queen is above the average in that respect, owing to the heavy substance of the petals.

Perry's Blue, Emperor and Periwinkle are all tall-growing varieties, the flower stalks in all three standing well above the foliage. There is nothing better for mass effect in the garden. Nothing makes a finer mass of color than the Siberian iris.

Contrast in Styles

ANOTHER fine, dainty, white variety that grows about thirty-eight inches high is Lactea. It has a soft bronze veining at the throat. It is a smaller flower than Snow Queen, but is of different form and texture and should be in every collection of Siberian iris. It is also an inexpensive variety.

Lady Northcliffe is a rich, deep bright violet flower with a white throat that is beautifully veined violet. It is a stylish-looking flower, with the falls hanging straight down. The central half of the back of the lower petals is white. George Wallace is one of the older varieties that grows about forty inches high. It is a fine, rich, blue-purple variety that is especially attractive because of a network of beautiful golden-brown veins in the throat.

Florrie Ridler is a comparatively little-known variety, but one of the most handsome. It is a fine large flower in a rich, deep true blue. Another attraction of this very fine variety is the fact that the terminal buds usually open double—that is, two tip buds open side by side at the same time, giving a most charming "double" effect. It grows about forty-two inches tall.

The tallest of all Siberian iris is Dragonfly, which grows fifty-six to sixty inches high. The entire flower is a uniform bluish-violet with a bronze throat, veined purple. There is a small white zone near the throat on the lower petals. It is unquestionably the largest and finest of its type and one of the finest, if not the finest, of all Siberian iris.

Another very tall variety is Papillon, which grows four feet high. This is the same lovely blue as Perry's Blue, but the flowers are of different form. One of the most striking of all the Siberian irises is Blue Flame. It is a very soft uniform sky blue and is the lightest blue of all the Siberian irises. It makes a magnificent garden clump. The flower is of perfect form and heavy texture. It grows about forty inches high. Kingfisher Blue is a seedling of Perry's Blue and is the same lovely sky-blue color and the same striking form as Perry's Blue, but it is almost twice as large and grows nearly five feet high. White Dove is a lovely snow-white seedling of Emperor, with a deep-lemon-yellow throat. Blue Heron is especially handsome because, besides being a large flower of perfect form, the styles are almost white, just tinged the faintest pale blue. These clear-cut styles stand out in the strongest fashion against the flaring medium-violet falls and erect violet standards. The contrast of the styles is the distinctive charm of this variety.

Charming Selections

ANOTHER charming variety is Nurse Cavell. Its principal attraction lies in the beautifully veined falls, or lower petals, the groundwork of which is white, covered with a network of violet veins. The standards are clear soft violet and the styles are rosy violet to old rose. It is a distinct and attractive variety, besides being very early flowering, being one of the first of the Siberian iris to bloom.

Butterfly is well named, because it has the airiness of a butterfly. The standards and styles are a lovely uniform soft sky blue and the lower petals flushed soft blue over a white ground. Peggy Perry is a handsome flower and is somewhat similar in form, color and size to Emperor, except that the falls have a very beautifully veined white throat and there is a white spot in the center of the back of the lower petals, covering about half of the petal, whereas Emperor is of solid color.

Skylark is going to be a great favorite when it is well known, as it is one of our most charming soft-blue varieties and grows quite tall. One of the most charming varieties for the front of the border is Sunnybrook. It is a soft Alice-blue color and grows only about two feet high, but, like all the others, is very free-flowering.

Others that are suitable for the same purpose are Bob White, a fine white variety; Blue Star, a rich bluish violet; and Turquois Cup, a fine turquoise-blue. There are other fine ones, but this will comprise a fine collection of Siberian iris.

In planting all beardless irises the crowns should be set just an inch or two below the surface of the ground, the roots spread out and the earth packed firmly around them. Then it is well to give them a good watering. Avoid lime, bone meal and other things that have a lime content. The directions given for planting Siberian iris will also apply to all beardless irises.

Among other beardless irises, Pseudacorus is a rich-yellow iris and is especially attractive with Siberian iris because there is no yellow among the Siberians. In a general way the flower and foliage look like a Siberian iris and it is often taken for one. It is a tall-growing variety, and though it is a waterside iris and will grow in marshy or swampy land, or even in two or three inches of water, it will also do well in the ordinary garden in a fairly dry position; in fact, it will take care of itself almost anywhere and is particularly fine for naturalizing in rough places, where it will self-sow and multiply by means of seed, which are produced profusely. It is a tall variety, three to four feet high.

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(*Basic Recipe*)

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Melt chocolate in double boiler, having lower part ⅔ full of boiling water. Add Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water 3 minutes until mixture thickens—that is, until spoon marks remain.

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Narcissus for Spring Beauty

(Continued from Page 29)

than the scientific or botanical name. Daffodil is usually applied to varieties with long coronas, or trumpets, such as Van Waveren's Giant, Emperor and Empress; and narcissus to the smaller-flowered kinds. However, for ordinary purposes the term daffodil applies to all types of this lovely and numerous family, and therefore is in general use by all who cultivate these beautiful and interesting garden flowers.

Daffodils are very diversified in character and form. There is the trumpet type, with long and large funnel-shaped coronas, or trumpets. This is again divided into sections—selfs, with yellow trumpet and perianths, like Emperor; bicolors, having yellow trumpets and white perianths similar to Empress. Then comes the incomparabilis, or chalice-cupped, with short cuplike yellow coronas, such as Sir Watkin, though this type is also termed medium trumpet.

Barri is another type raised by crossing *N. incomparabilis* and *N. poeticus*. The flowers have small yellow or red coronas and white or yellow perianths.

The Leedsii type is popularly known as the Eucharis, or star-flowered, narcissus, the many varieties having starry white or silvery perianths, and white, buff, cream, apricot or citron-colored coronas. The flowers have a delicious odor and are highly prized for their decorative value in a cut state.

Narcissus jonquilla is of special interest, the variety Campernelle being the most popular of this type. The flowers are a rich yellow, sweetly scented, borne two to four on a stem and only twelve inches high. They are specially suited for rockery or pot culture, but planted in masses in the open border they retain their color and beauty much longer than many of the larger-flowered kinds.

The poets narcissus—*N. poeticus*—is an old favorite, having a pure-white perianth and a small flattish yellow corona edged with scarlet. The flowers are very fragrant and last well when cut. All the poeticus varieties are excellent for naturalizing in grass.

The polyanthus, or bunch-flowered, type—*N. tazetta*—bear four to eight flowers on a truss, and its varieties are extensively grown and forced under glass for early winter bloom. The variety Soleil d'Or, rich yellow, is one of the hardiest and well adapted for outdoor culture, but the paper-white narcissus is rather tender for cold localities, though grown in immense numbers in heat by commercial florists, and it is easily grown in pots by the amateur.

Some Beautiful Varieties

THE poetaz is a type of comparatively recent introduction and was the result of crossing the poets daffodil—*N. poeticus*—and the polyanthus daffodil—*N. tazetta*. The individual flowers are almost as large as the poets daffodil and have white or creamy-yellow perianths and yellow or orange coronas, bearing four to six on each stem. Quite hardy and deliciously fragrant, they thoroughly deserve recognition in every garden.

The old hardy double daffodils, which include Von Sion, golden-yellow, Primrose Phœnix and Sulphur Phœnix, have a beauty all their own, though heavier in formation than the others I have mentioned. They usually succeed well in grass.

In addition to the types mentioned there are quite a number which have small, dainty flowers, the majority of which are more adapted for planting in sheltered places or in localities where the winter and spring are comparatively mild.

Plant early, before the bulbs begin to shrivel, setting them four to six inches deep, according to their size, the larger bulbs at the latter depth. The best time for planting all kinds of hardy bulbs is from the middle of September until the end of October, though they may be planted any time before the ground freezes.

Of trumpet daffodils, King Alfred, Van Waveren's Giant and Olympia, are the real giants of this type, though some may prefer the slightly smaller-flowered forms such as Victoria, Emperor and Empress.

Sir Watkin and Lucifer, medium trumpet of the incomparabilis type, are most dependable; and of the Barrii type, Conspicuus, with its bright yellow perianth and scarlet-edged cup, has a beauty all its own.

In the Leedsii type, White Lady and Mrs. Langtry are real beauties and excellent for pots. For exquisite fragrance, the old pheasant's eye, original of the poets daffodil, is unequaled, though in some positions a rather shy bloomer. Other varieties of this type with the same colors, but more accommodating in prolific-blooming qualities, are Horace and Ornatus.

How to Plant

THE poetaz narcissus possesses all the charm of the old poets daffodil, together with its fragrance. The flowers are of great substance, purity of color, and with a great number of blooms borne on one stem. No section of the genus is better adapted for cultivation in pots, or for planting in fiber in drainless bowls in the house. Unique effects in the garden borders are assured by using the poetaz varieties in quantity. Elvira and Laurens Koster have white petals, or perianths. with yellow cup, but Helios is a pure golden-yellow with darker yellow cup.

If the bulbs must be lifted annually, this planting is best deferred until the middle of June. Should this not be convenient, great care should be taken when the leaves are still green, retaining all possible roots and foliage, laying them in soil on a vacant piece of ground. This may be safely done after the flowers are dead. When the foliage has died down, the bulbs are again lifted, cleaned, and placed in an airy, cool shed until it is time to plant again.

Although it is usual to lift many daffodil bulbs annually, better results are obtained when the plants are left in the borders undisturbed for four or five years. If in this time the clumps have become large and crowded, lift and divide them.

There are several methods of planting daffodils in grass: A large piece of turf may be lifted, the bulbs planted, and the turf replaced; holes sufficiently deep may be made with a small iron bar, the bulbs being dropped in and covered with fine soil. The simplest method is to use the special bulb planter which lifts out a circular piece of turf and soil and as easily replaces it without spoiling the surface. Care should be taken to avoid arranging the bulbs in any formal design; the best plan is to scatter them on the ground, planting where they fall.

Although most of the daffodils thrive in partial shade, they do well in full sunshine; some retain their color longer when the position is shady, however.

When cutting the flowers for home decoration they are best taken just as the perianth begins to unfold. By so doing, their full beauty and coloring are preserved.

Daffodils are essentially the flower of spring. Brilliant as are the varied colors of the tulips, and showy as are the massive spires of the hyacinths standing in serried array, their blooms are suggestive of exotic extraction, which, though rendering them worthy occupants of all gardens. lack the simple grace and early spring flavor of the dancing, willowy daffodil.

"Thank God! At last I'll be able to read and write."

HOW would you feel if you could not read the news of the world? No newspapers, magazines, books, letters, not even a danger sign or a warning notice?

Somewhere near you is a grown person groping in the dark, in many ways helpless as a child, because he cannot read or write. You can bring sunlight into his darkened life. More than that, you may be the means of bringing him better health—even of saving his life.

Today he cannot read messages on disease prevention. He does not know, unless someone tells him, the important rules of health or how to keep his family from having diphtheria, smallpox, or typhoid fever. These and other preventable diseases often make illiterate localities their breeding places and thus endanger the health of the educated, despite all their precautions.

Perhaps you share the mistaken belief that it is impossible to teach grown-up illiterates how to read and write and that they are content to be illiterate.

Get the confidence of an illiterate and ask him if he would like to be able to read and write. Tell him he can learn to write his name in 30 minutes and learn to read in a few months. In all probability his eager response will amaze you.

It may surprise you to learn that the majority of illiterate persons in the United States are native born—more than three million illiterate Americans. Many of them have never had a chance to learn and do not know where to look for instruction.

Illiterates are not hard to find—a servant, a farmhand, an employee in your own or your neighbor's shop, a laundress, a deliveryman, a laborer in your neighborhood.

There are more than 5,000,000 men and women in the United States who cannot read health messages concerning sanitation and prevention of disease—more than 400,000 of them are in the State of New York, more than 300,000 in Pennsylvania, about 150,000 in Massachusetts. You can find them in every State of the Union—in cities, in towns and in country districts.

Will you give someone a present that he would not exchange for hundreds of dollars—the ability to read and write—a present which costs you nothing?

Find *your* illiterate. If you will help him to learn to read and write, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send you, free of cost, grooved writing pads and illustrated lessons for beginners.

Ask for Booklet 99-J.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

When you know you are meticulously groomed

THE woman who understands how to give care to the phases of her toilette so often neglected has about her the quality of immaculateness, which others cannot have.

Her awareness that she is meticulously groomed gives her the graciousness that is so large a part of charm. For that quality does not depend alone on beauty of face and figure. It arises from a well-cared-for body—from the physical well-being fostered by immaculate cleanliness.

To achieve that cleanliness one must know exactly what feminine hygiene is, and how to practice it *correctly*. No woman need misunderstand the facts. The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you free a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." Written by an eminent woman physician, it answers the delicate questions you would like to ask her in person. Send the coupon now.

But don't wait for the booklet to arrive. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. It has been the standard for this critical purpose for 40 years. Complete directions come with every bottle.

Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J.

Lysol Disinfectant

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 243, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

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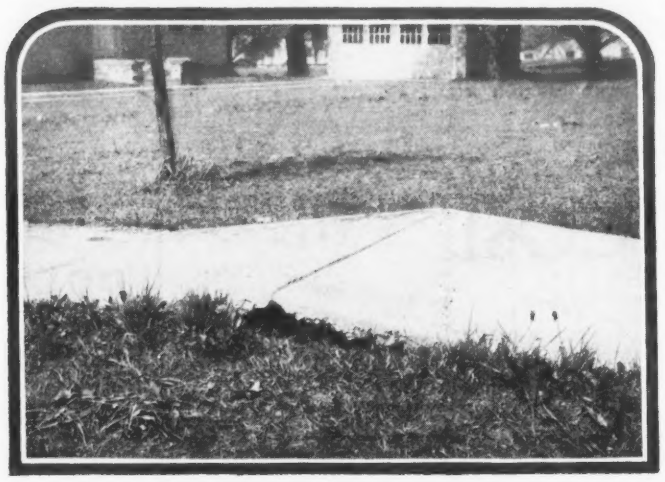
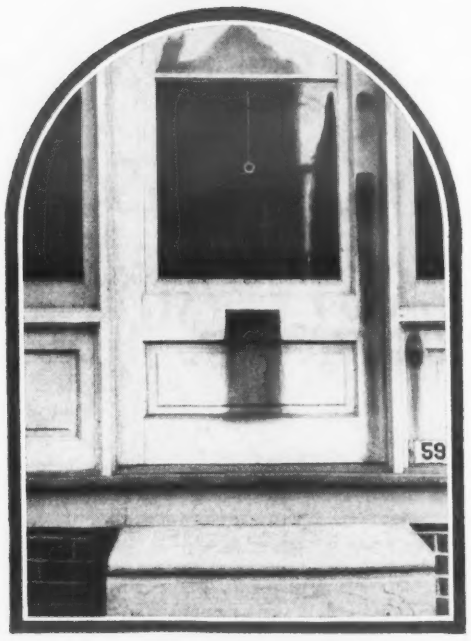
Copyright 1929, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Bricks for exposed work should be straight, hard brick, laid in cement-lime mortar. No soft, "salmon" or under-burned brick should be used in such work.



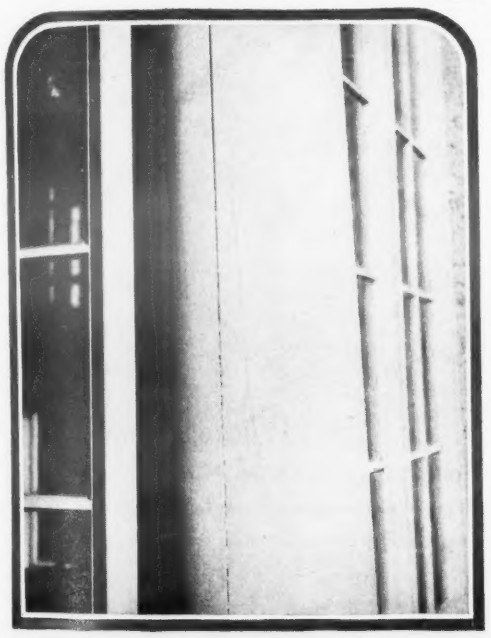
Under all cement walks and drives provide eight inches of cinder fill, well tamped. Provide mastic expansion joints every thirty feet, extending through the entire thickness of the slab.



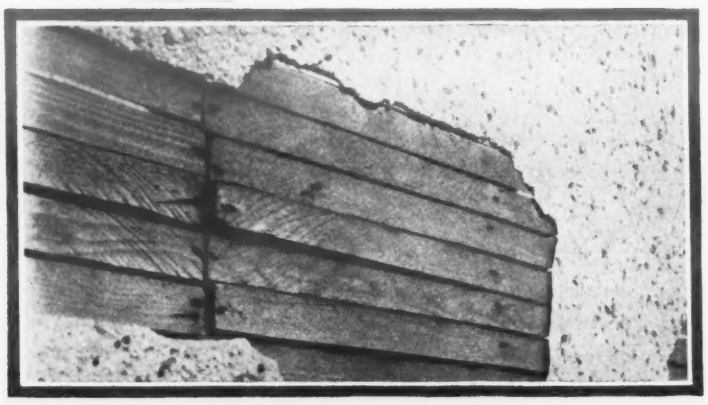
All exterior hardware, push buttons, and the like, should be of non-rustable metal, to insure longer life and to prevent rust stains marring painted surfaces.

Good Specifications Prevent These Building Errors

By MILTON TUCKER, *Architect*

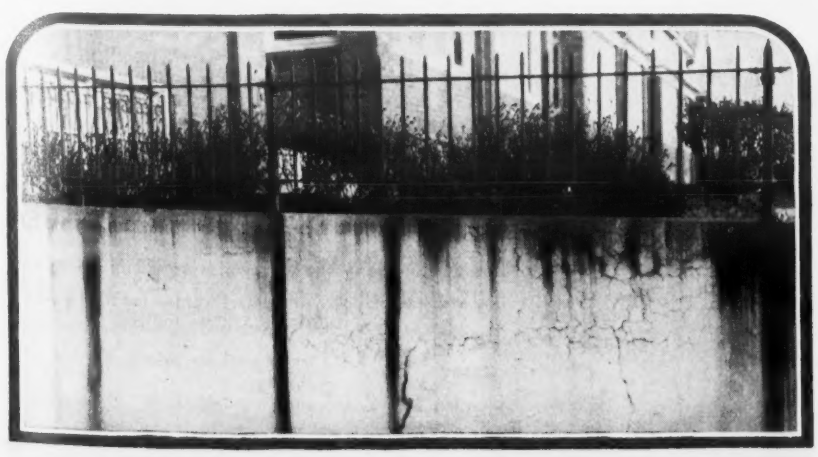


All wood porch columns should be built up of white-pine or cypress staves, one and three-quarter inches thick, with an approved type of interlocking joint, glued together with waterproof glue. Tops of columns should be flashed with copper or zinc. Kept well painted, such a column lasts indefinitely.

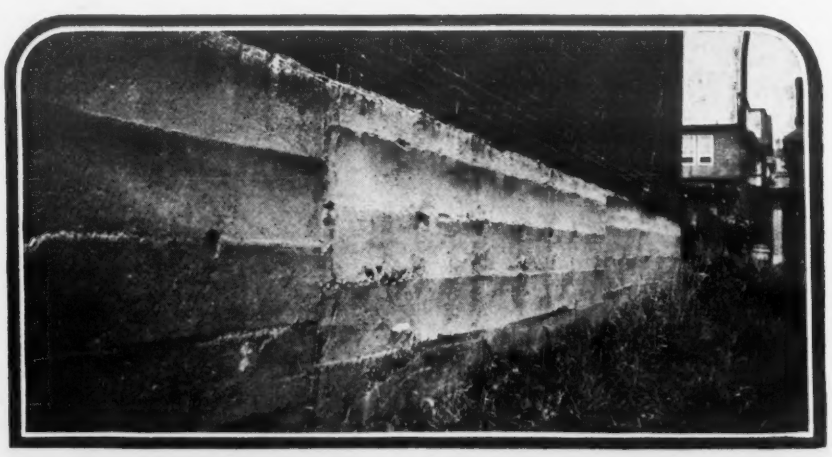


Wood lath when used for exterior stucco should not be spaced nearer together than three-eighths of an inch and should be nailed once at each stud, with two nails at each end. Nails should be galvanized. Joints should be broken every seventh lath. Ends of laths should be kept a quarter of an inch apart. Metal lath is preferred in some localities for exterior stucco work, especially in moist climates. The first coat of plaster should be reënforced with cattle hair or fiber, and should be applied with sufficient pressure to force the plaster between the lath and form a good key on the back of the lath. To insure an enduring job the final thickness of the plaster should be not less than three-quarters of an inch.

All terraces and other filled ground should be thoroughly compacted by soaking with water and tamping in twelve-inch layers. Where possible, all masonry steps and porches should rest on undisturbed or virgin soil to prevent settling. Foundations should extend below the frost line to insure proper footing for permanence.



Remove all grease, oil, rust, scale, and the like, from all exterior ironwork and apply one coat of pure red lead and linseed oil and two coats of an approved brand of rust-resisting paint, to prevent such stains as are shown here. Discolored or rusted iron work is evidence of indifferent installation or care.



All exposed portions of concrete should be pointed and patched immediately upon removal of the forms. Rub all concrete surfaces smooth with a carborundum block and paint the walls with a thin mixture of cement and water. Such walls as this evidence very careless workmanship.

"THE SPECIAL IMPORTANCE OF RAYON LIES IN ITS ACHIEVING BEAUTY AT LOW COST"

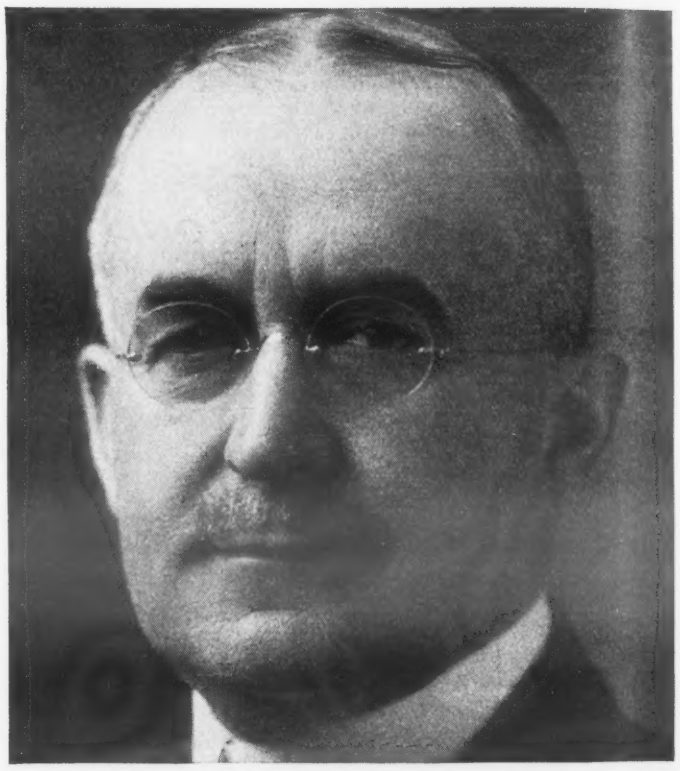
SAYS MR. G. W. MITTON, PRESIDENT OF JORDAN MARSH CO., OF BOSTON

"THE special importance of rayon to American shoppers lies in the fact that it achieves beauty and luxury at a low cost. Manufacturers are producing rayon at a cost level that permits America's best merchants to sell it at a price in keeping with every woman's budget.

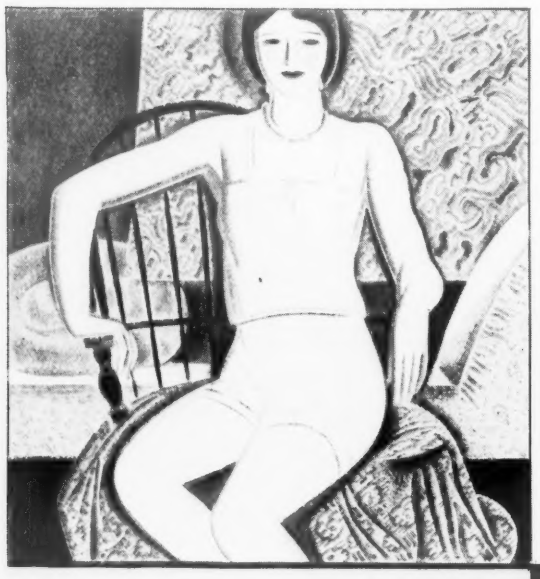
"Rayon—a basic textile, just as silk, cotton, wool or linen are basic textiles—has had a brilliant and rapid success among French and American creators of fashion. It is used in exquisite and different fabrics—from velvet to georgette; in garments—from underthings and sportsthings to evening clothes; from curtains to corsets.

"Rayon is beautiful, practical, economical."

G. W. MITTON, President, Jordan Marsh Company



George W. Mitton, since 1916 president of the great Jordan Marsh Store, is one of the country's most progressive retail merchants. He is a recognized outstanding authority on merchandise and fashion trends.



"WOMEN ACCLAIM RAYON FOUNDATION GARMENTS"

— says M. G. Van Arsdale, President Van Raalte Company.

"Our underthings of rayon have met with enthusiastic acclaim on the part of smart women with whom the fashionable silhouette is most important. Rayon makes such ideal foundation garments for this season's moulded figure that the demand for it is rapidly soaring above the increase anticipated at the start of the year."

M. G. VAN ARSDALE
President, Van Raalte Company

"RAYON HAS CREATED A NEW FABRIC ERA"

"By itself or in combination with silk, rayon is woven into delightful fabrics. They are welcomed by the smart woman for their beauty of texture, weave, and color."

PAUL C. DEBRY
President, Duplan Silk Corporation

"80 PER CENT OF LACE USED IN DRESSES TODAY CONTAINS RAYON"

—says President of the North American Lace Co.

"Certainly lace occupies a front line position in fashion today. And almost all of this lace owes its beautiful sparkling lustre to rayon.

"Many famous French designers have used great quantities of rayon lace. And over here almost every smart woman has a rayon lace gown in her wardrobe."

HENRY S. BROMLEY
President, North American Lace Co.

RAYON

"ALL EXCLUSIVE DECORATORS DEPEND ON RAYON FOR THE MOST LUXURIOUS EFFECTS"

AGNES FOSTER WRIGHT SUCCESSFUL NEW YORK DECORATOR · SAYS

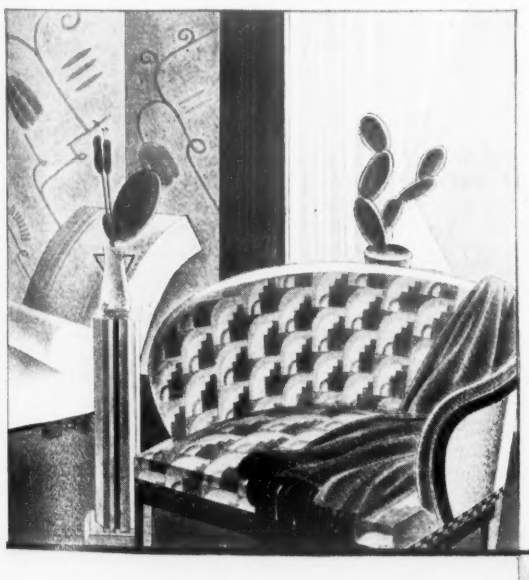
"WE find it gives us three things we must have . . . a certain dramatic beauty of design, supple drapeability, and long life. It is a dependable fabric and gives excellent wear. With rayons we are able to obtain novel and beautiful effects that we cannot get with any other textile. It is the one new fabric of modernism. That is why we use so much of it on new commissions.

"Hand-woven rayon fabrics and casement cloths by the great Rodier and similar American houses . . . rayon upholstery fabrics strikingly modern . . . wall hangings of colors that have delightful smoothness because they are rayon.

"The inherent beauty of this fabric is apparent to every decorator as well as to women everywhere who plan their own rooms."

AGNES FOSTER WRIGHT

Mrs. Agnes Foster Wright is one of the leading decorators of exclusive houses in this country, and author of many articles on home decoration. She is the creator of the smart "Chintz Shops" whose branches are located in seven cities between New York and the Pacific Coast.

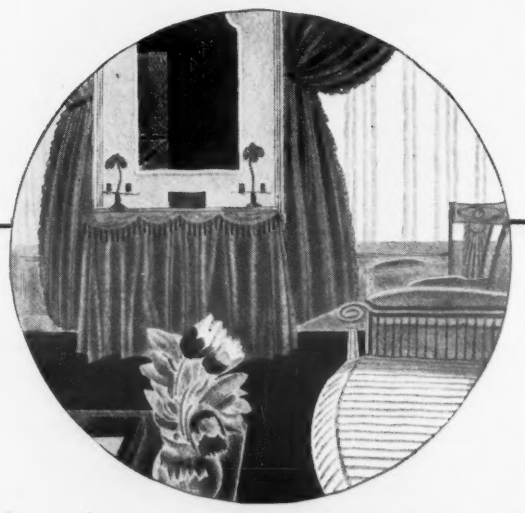


"SOME OF OUR LOVELIEST FABRICS OWE THEIR BEAUTY TO RAYON"

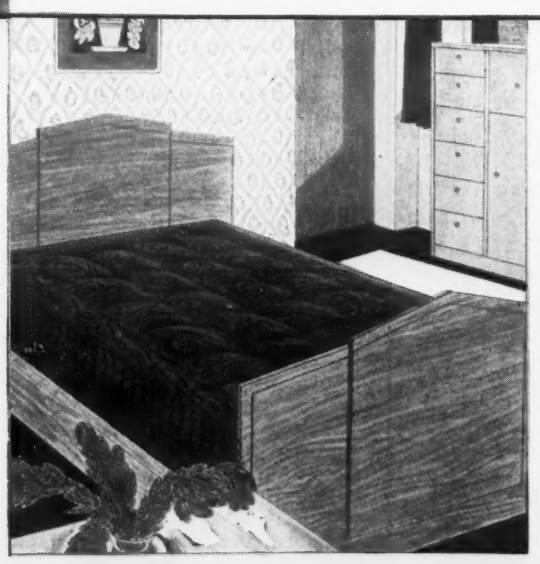
—said Mr. Paul Gadebusch, President of F. Schumacher & Co.

"Some of the most distinguished foreign and American artists are constantly creating for us fabrics of rare decorative value in which rayon plays the distinctive part. Few people realize the variety of novel effects in decorative fabrics the use of rayon achieves. And because of rayon, there are today countless fabrics of satisfying beauty in every price range."

PAUL GADEBUSCH
President, F. Schumacher & Co.



The beautiful dressing table and window draperies in Mrs. Wright's bedroom in her New York apartment offer a charming suggestion for the use of rayon taffeta. The gleaming surface of this rich fabric brings a note of unusual beauty to modern interiors.
The Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Ave., New York.



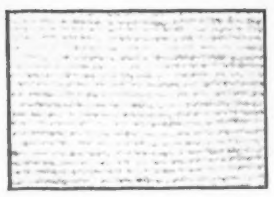
"STRENGTH AND LUXURY IN RAYON MATTRESS COVERINGS"

—states Zalmon G. Simmons, President of The Simmons Company.

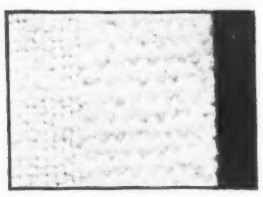
"We have chosen rayon brocade as the covering for our luxurious Rosemary mattresses. Rayon's soft lustre, durability and attractive color tones make it a beautiful fabric for this purpose. Women are enthusiastic over the delightful sheen and the strength of these modern bedding materials."

ZALMON G. SIMMONS
President, The Simmons Company

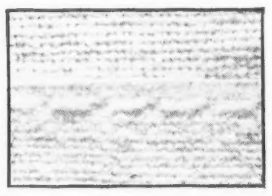
RAYON



Center fold strong . . . *This photograph, taken under a microscope, shows Dwight Anchor center fold still firm as new after severe laundry tests.*



Selvage unbroken . . . *And here is the selvage, one of the three points where ordinary sheets go first, still perfectly sound after hard washing tests.*



Hem perfect. . . *After repeated washings and ironings described below, Dwight Anchor hem was still perfect, as this magnified photograph shows.*

OUTWORE all other sheets in *rigid tests!*

HERE'S a sheet *soft* enough for the most luxurious bed in the world . . . yet this downy, caressing fabric has such *strength* that in the most rigid tests we could devise these sheets outwore all others!

We bought six sheets of well-known brands and, together with Dwight Anchor, sent them to a modern steam laundry. There they were washed and ironed, until in six months they stood *years* of Monday washdays . . . and most of them looked it! Some in rags and tatters, others with pin holes and cracks. *Dwight Anchor alone* still serviceable.

The little photographs above, taken under a microscope, tell the whole story.

We would like you to try this test yourself. On every Dwight Anchor sheet is a neat little label. Date it . . . and wait. Years from now, when your other sheets are worn out, these Dwight Anchors will still be firm and sound.

Sturdy Sheets in Gay Tints, too

Many women tell us their trousseau sheets are still like new after years of constant use . . . and this year's brides are counting on equal wear from the Dwight Anchors they are buying now in white, in colors, and in white with colored hems.

They choose from pink, blue, nile, maize, rose, peach and orchid . . . and each delicate tint is guaranteed fast color.

•

Buy your Dwight Anchor sheets in the 108-inch length . . . to turn far down over the blanket for extra protection and comfort. And get Dwight Anchor with equal hems at both ends. Reverse them, equalize their wear, and prolong the life of even a sturdy Dwight Anchor.

Ask your shop for Dwight Anchors, guaranteed and laundered. Dwight Manufacturing Co., Minot, Hooper & Co., Selling Agents, 11 Thomas St., New York.

Dwight Anchor SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES DATE MARK

Prove to your own satisfaction that Dwight Anchor sheets do wear longer. Date the label . . . and wait!

Dwight Anchor

SHEETS · PILLOW CASES · SHEETING · TUBING

***Manufactured since* 1840**

The Personality of a House

(Continued from Page 27)

if our present enthusiasm for vivid hues continues, these more colorful façades will be flourishing in our northern neighborhoods before long. At all events, whatever the color of your house may be, planting that enhances its own personality must be "pictured" against it.

There was a time when people who built houses of wood or stone simply planted "the wood" or "the stone" collection of vines against them. On the wooden house a purple wistaria was inevitably started on one corner of the porch, and honeysuckle planted against each of its supports. Bay windows and doors were alternately garnished with crimson ramblers and Virginia creeper. If the house was of stone, it had Boston ivy planted a foot apart round every side of it, and its front entrance was flanked by a banking of rhododendrons. And that was that!

Planting today almost as typically consists of varicolored light-green, dark-green, yellow-green, blue-green and olive green conifers standing out from the foundations in alternating flambeaux, spires, pyramids, balls, mushroom and headless-terrier effects—any selections of which are beautiful in a moderate assortment, but all collected together suggest a group of strangers waiting for the parade to go by.

A List of Fundamentals

WHEREVER the need for a strong decorative accent may be, slender dark-green pyramids of cypress or arborvitae (Douglasi) or cedar, or less formal planting of white pines, is always successful for a house that is lived in in winter as well as summer. English ivy is beautifying as ever to nearly all houses of brick, stone or cement, but its decorative quality is greatly enhanced if it is thickly concentrated at definite points, and alternating varieties chosen, rather than allowed to cover the entire surface evenly, as though it were rough green material of which the house might be built.

But rather than continue with generalities such as these, it might perhaps be better to give a concisely outlined list of the fundamental items to be considered—whether accepted or rejected—by every house builder:

1. Color of house of neutral or pastel tint. This includes all natural stone, the pale pinkish shades of brick; cream or warm gray or sand-color cement; wood that has weathered gray or fawn, or that is painted in accordance with its style.

2. Color of planting chosen to harmonize with color of house. Look at the chart of color families in last month's LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and avoid putting barricaded first cousins together.

3. Floral decoration should be skillfully applied.

4. A beguiling approach to an inviting front door.

5. A loggia or terrace—or both.

6. A door-yard garden, or a patio or other intimate out-of-doors living room.

7. If suitable and practicable, an inset of water.

In addition to this list of ingredients there are two simple rules for procedure:

A. Pick out whatever flaws there may be and hide them.

B. Pick out the especial features of beauty and accentuate them.

For instance, an ugly roof angle can be, eventually, hidden by a tall group of poplar trees, or the quickest vine that grows—if you can find one. Or if there is a sheltered corner with a pleasant exposure, pave it and plant it and make a close-to-the-house garden of it.

But returning to our list of seven essentials: The first three having been already discussed, the following paragraphs 1, 2 and 3 are merely postscripts, and detail continues with 4:

1. The consideration of color is entirely a question of your own preference, which may have been fixed by your choice of house or may not. Perhaps you like your color schemes softened, and therefore choose browns, fawns, pinkish brick, sand, oyster, or whatever you like best. Gray, if light in value, has much the intensifying effect of white.

A yellow house with a bright-blue roof with patches of geraniums to supply the primary triad is the most vivid exterior decoration possible, unless the yellow house has a red roof and the brightest possible blue flowers. These last are not recommended as beautiful, but merely remarked upon for vividness.

2. Color of bed borders which are easily changed can transform your entire garden as often as you please, but remember when you set them out that neutral-colored shrubs and vines are safest, since they are too slowly grown to pull up recklessly.

3. It is necessary to keep the decorative intention clear; neither let the planting thin out, nor grow into a meaningless jungle.

4. Shall the approach to your front door appeal to the intellect or to the heart?

Shall it have fat-treed lawns and a serpentine "park" driveway, or shall it have a still more formal approach between sentinel trees as orderly and smartly groomed as king's guards on parade? Or shall its entrance be a road through the woods, or a lane through the fields?

It is true that with big places and long approaches this article is not really concerned, but these same questions of choice between impressive cultivation and an apparently natural rock or field or woodland fragment of land may equally well be asked of the house set very near to road—or street.

If you choose an entrance inclosure, shall it be a forecourt, or do you prefer the less pretentious but even more heart-appealing front yard?

An entrance inclosure that is ideally suitable to almost every type of house, whether large or small, has either a carpet of grass with a straight path from the center of the front steps to the gate or archway in the center of the opposite fence or wall; or else a flooring of flagstones or bricks, into openings between which are set a few small trees or balanced flower beds edged with box.

Or if a path is to lead directly from the front door to the road or street, remember that any walk set low and flower-edged has inevitable charm, whereas a paving that is high and hard and bare has none.

The Decorative Background

WHERE a decorative background is needed, nothing so quickly gives an old cypress-grove effect as unclipped California privet.

In our southern latitudes the immediate decoration of a brand-new house is easily accomplished, but in our northern states the hurry-up gardener's best—least costly—aids in time of bareness are poplar trees and privet bushes—the latter, as already suggested, bought in the tallest individual plants possible, and treated as specimen shrubs. Poplars from eight to twelve feet high bought of nurserymen are not expensive or difficult to transplant, and contribute an immediate effect.

The florists recommend a number of quick-growing vines, but my own best luck has ever been *Clematis paniculata* and Dorothy Perkins or Silver Moon rose.

For the doorway of a town house that is flat on the street and has a cellar extending under the sidewalk—as it does in most

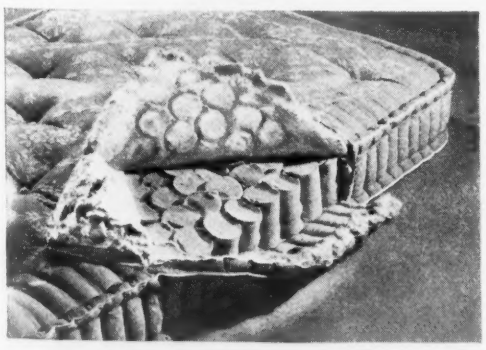
(Continued on Page 157)

"COMFORT? *I never knew* real *comfort until I got this* MATTRESS *and* SPRING," *says*

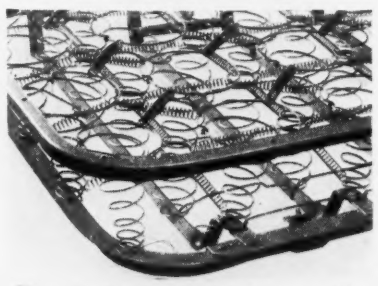
MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III

A BED ENSEMBLE *in Mrs. Wanamaker's home as attractive as it is comfortable! The marvelous Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—already in over 700,000 American homes—is amazingly resilient with strong, upstanding sides. Damask covers, choice of two patterns, six colors. Simmons Ace Box Spring matches Beautyrest in damask covering, integrity of construction, comfort, fine finish. Mahogany-finished Windsor Bed from Simmons, No. 1590, with delicately turned spindles.*

MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III *has all the qualities that make the woman of today so charming, so able; an informal cordiality of manner which endears her to her friends, keen judgment and the flair for affairs which characterize the famous family into which she married.*



Inside the Beautyrest—the superior inner coil structure makes this mattress supreme! Hundreds of finely tempered coils closely packed in separate pockets extend to edges and are stitched firmly in place. Luxurious layers of upholstery cover coils. Damask covers in a choice of six colors and two designs.



The Ace Open Coil Spring—sturdily constructed, low in price. Hundreds of closely placed coils insure marvelous resiliency; special banded border protects sheets.

THE HOME of Mrs. John Wanamaker III in Ardmore, an exclusive residential suburb of Philadelphia, has the gracious air of mingled beauty and comfort typical of America's finest homes.

For this lovely bedroom, to match the sturdy dignity of her old Colonial pieces, Mrs. Wanamaker chose a quaint, mahogany-finished Windsor Bed, No. 1590, from Simmons.

And to insure perfect rest she wisely fitted it with the mattress and spring which women everywhere are finding so much more comfortable.

Of her Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring Mrs. Wanamaker says, "They're simply matchless—such soft upholstery! And so attractive looking with their trim, upstanding sides. Their damask covers are the final touch of perfection. I chose a lovely rose all-over pattern in charming contrast to my mahogany."

After years of research the Simmons Company has perfected this marvelous Beautyrest Mattress with an inner coil construction that is extraordinarily resilient, and permits perfect distribution of body weight. Their Ace Box Spring, equally buoyant, boasts the same integrity of construction.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Beds, $10.00 to $60.00; Windsor Beds, $12.00 to $25.00 Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons."

SEND **10¢** to the Simmons Company, Dept. A1, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with bedroom photographs and ideas for home decoration.

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An old Maine woods recipe gives the finest baked-bean flavor known

They have a unique way of baking beans in the logging camps of the Maine woods.

They bake them *in the ground!*

The big round-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim with flavor-rich ingredients. Plump selected beans, sugar-cured prime pork, molasses and brown sugar—layer upon layer.

Then it is put to bake all night long in the "bean hole"—an oven in the ground heated by embers of glowing pine wood.

This gives the finest baked-bean flavor known . . . a blend of forest fragrance, pungent wood smoke, sweet earthen oven.

And now, wherever you are, you can enjoy it—that very same woods taste! In Bean Hole Beans, the first real reproduction of the famous Maine woods flavor.

You'll know that Bean Hole Beans are different, at the very first taste. They bring to you that rarest of all things—the experience of a new delightful flavor!

Why not try them for dinner tonight? Your grocer has them in two sizes, medium, 15c, and large, 25c. (Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada.)

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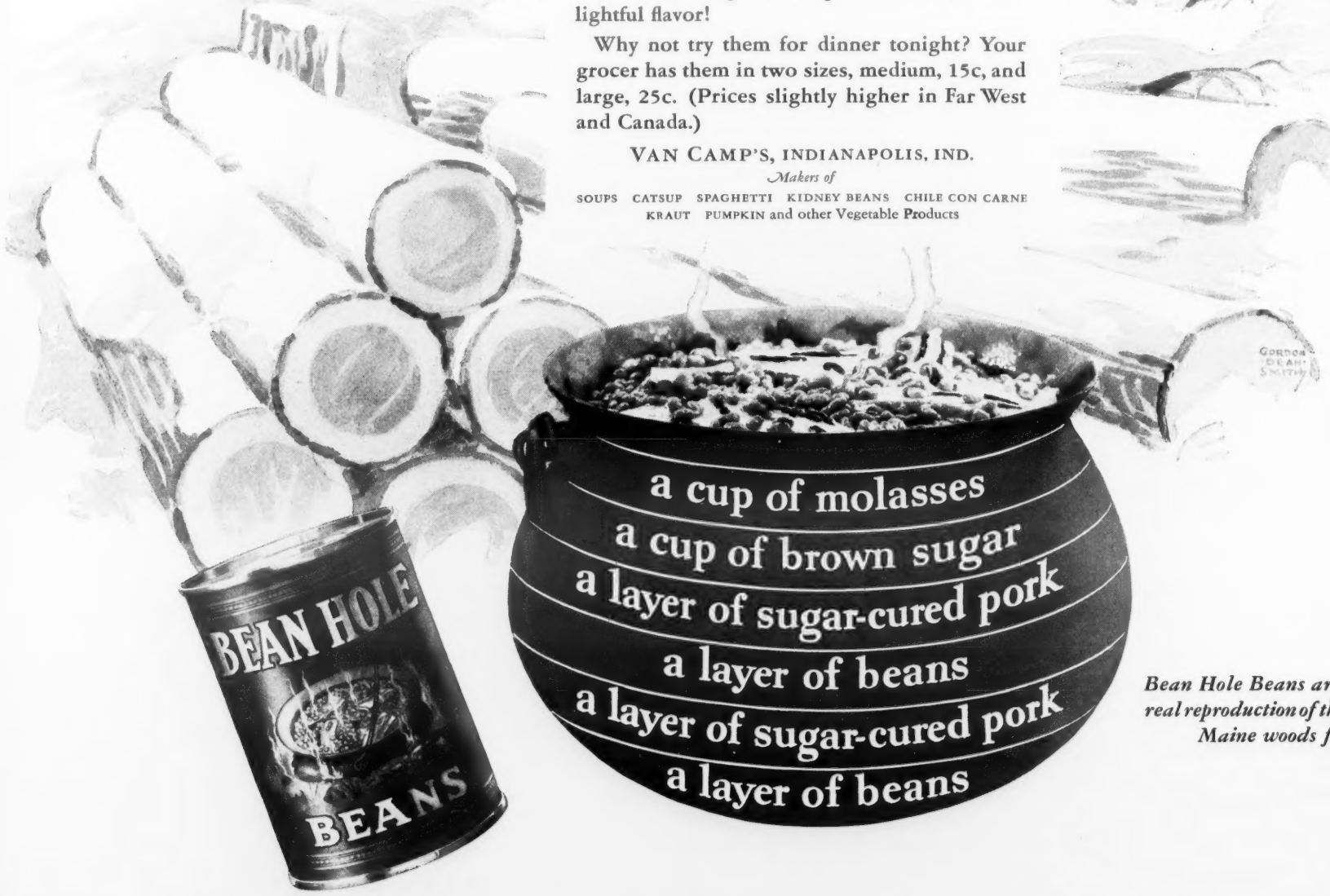


Bean Hole Beans are the first real reproduction of that famous Maine woods flavor

BEAN HOLE BEANS

(Continued from Page 154)

cities—little embellishment is possible except the ubiquitous clipped plants in tubs on either side of the front steps, or two matching trees—or a row of them—set into the curb edge of the sidewalk. But if earth comes close to the foundation, any variety of vine is suitable. Grape vines and fruit trees are unusually hospitable, too much so for a public street; but in a sheltered front yard or in a walled-in garden at the back or side of the house, it is hard to imagine a more beautifying decoration than espaliered fruit trees of dwarf varieties.

An awning-shaped arbor of grapes against a side wall, or a trellis over the whole or at one end of a garden inclosure, is too well known to suggest. But as a last word of advice on the subject of wall embellishment, it will do no harm to repeat: The house of ugly outline, or with faults of detail that cannot be helped, should be covered to the utmost. But much worse than leaving the faults of a bad house glaringly in view is smothering and thereby obliterating an outstanding example of architectural perfection.

Beauty in Little Gardens

DOOR-YARD GARDENS. Front door, side door or best of all rear door. The door-yard garden depends for its type on the lay of the land—whether it is flat, or whether it overlooks a view, whether it is built on sandy soil, rich leaf-mold loam, or almost solid rock. It also depends on whether it is completely open, or walled in on all sides; and whether the walls are high or low. But the special advantage of such a garden is that it is near by, and neither a subject for its owner's display, nor the objective of an enforced walk or excursion.

The most marvelous garden—to see which one must go wandering about, or stand in the sun or the wind, the heat or the cold; or endure the annoyance of mosquitoes or the perils of snakes to one who minds them—is scarcely to be compared with one's delight in the garden that is brought so close to the house as to become a part of it. Its real enchantment is that one may be continuously in the midst of it, whether one is sitting on the veranda or the terrace, or merely at a window.

With the possibilities of garden beauty size has nothing to do. A little town inclosure twenty feet square or even less can be made beautiful in any number of ways, both simple and otherwise. An "otherwise" but most effective way—especially if you are yourself an artist, or able to commission one—is to paint outdoor scenes of distant views, or architectural perspectives on one or all surrounding walls and building surfaces. Against this decoration, planting of diminishing size adjusted in height to the requirements of the panorama glimpsed through the foliage, adds astonishingly to the illusion of space.

THE PATIO. Not merely inclosed by walls of single thickness, the true patio, descendant of the atrium and peristyle of ancient Greece, is an inner court completely surrounded by the rooms or galleries of the house. In Florida, California and other localities where adaptations of Spanish architecture predominate, the modern patio is often inclosed on three sides only.

But whichever its form, the possibilities of its enrichment have been realized by a surprisingly small percentage of those whose houses include them.

Too many of them look like sunbaked tile factories, marble works, or hospitals for weakling potted plants. Very few are sheltered garden-rooms, pilastered and flower hung with greens.

Another and typically American house decoration in brightest of colors is the plain, old-fashioned flower garden. Relegated sometimes to rows in the vegetable garden, it is still the especial pride and delight of those who, like myself, live in old-fashioned Colonial houses.

My own most adorable hundred-year-old, white-painted, green-shuttered New England farmhouse on the sea coast of Massachusetts has been described as "set in the midst of one huge flower bed," because it is surrounded by perennial flower borders on all sides—rows and rows of them.

The house is in much the same position as a prompter's box in the center of a stage scene set solidly with flowers. But the decorative restriction to a rather definite color scheme keeps the somewhat exuberant bloom from looking like a spilled-over paint box.

A method of my own, by which I solved one problem of this seaside garden after a fashion, might be useful to others who struggle to display spring flowers against the zebra striping of a white picket fence.

Each spring my windows looked out on a green dado with dazzling perpendicular stripes above it—nothing else! If I went outdoors close enough to the fence there were lupines, columbines, anemones, iris, day lilies in actual profusion, but a hundred feet away the stripes camouflaged all color of bloom completely. Finally, in desperation, I took a pail of dark-green paint and a pail of very light-green paint, two old sponges wired to the ends of flower stakes, and a pointed brush. Dipping the sponges alternately into the light and the dark I made big splashes of greens behind each clump of bloom. Back of the iris and lilies I painted very roughly a thicket of long-pointed leaves. Returning to the house, I rejoicingly looked out upon a garden border that had suddenly burst into glorious masses of bloom.

AN INSET OF WATER. Whether it be a building as perfect as the Taj Mahal in India or the latest little picture cottage, nothing is ever quite so becoming to a building—or a garden—as its reflection mirrored in water.

In composing an imaginary picture of an enchanting garden one instinctively includes beautiful trees overhead, stone paving underfoot with flower-pot-garnished steps going down to a little flower-bordered pool. For those who have no fear of a wet cellar, or of babies tumbling into the water, or of mosquitoes being born by the million, the pool that is brought level with, and next to, the house, so that its border of flowers is literally at one's feet, lends itself to unending possibilities.

Monochromes of Color

A FULL-SIZED swimming pool close to the house is irresistibly alluring, especially if it is treated as a garden feature, instead of a concrete rectangle containing a reservoir big as a hockey rink and bare as a ten-years-ago bathtub. Very big, straightforward tanks are best put off—like tennis courts and drying yards—by themselves.

In considering the subject of gardens as exterior decoration, one cannot very well omit the garden of succeeding monochromes of color. Throughout the month of May, for instance, it is entirely white. In June it changes overnight into a monochrome of pink. In July it is entirely blue, in August red and in September yellow—or other sequences as preferred.

To have such suddenly transformed display in perpetually perfect bloom is scarcely to be considered without a staff of gardeners, unlimited footage of nursery beds, glassed over and otherwise.

But normal sequences of color against a background of ever luxuriant green, in a little brought-close-to-the-house garden as an exterior decoration as well as an unceasing delight to its daily occupants, are within the reach of everyone who will acquire a little knowledge and expend a little thought, and faithfully devote the little but never failing amount of time necessary to its individual requirements.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mrs. Post on The Personality of a House. The sixth, to discuss whether you build, remodel, or buy ready-made, will appear in the October Journal.

Send for FREE BABY CHART

The Mennen Nursery Wall Chart on Baby Care tells you how to care for Baby's body daily—what to do, when to do it—how to check chafing, scald and "ammonia diaper".

MENNEN
Borated Baby Powder
quickly checks "ammonia diaper"

When red blotches of irritation appear on baby in the "diaper region" it is probably caused by "ammonia diaper" (easily recognized by the odor).

You should use Mennen Borated Baby Powder at once—to quench the "fire" in baby's skin.

Most tearful, irritable babies, even though they are in the best of health, are probably suffering from the scalding irritation of "ammonia diaper."

It reddens and inflames the buttocks, thighs and back; makes baby uncomfortable and results in frequent night awakenings.

If your own skin were red and inflamed how quickly you would apply the remedy!

Think of baby and give him the benefit of the soothing coolness of Mennen Borated Talcum at once.

Only Mennen Baby Powder will do because it is scientifically Borated and Zincated in combination with a blend of purest talc.

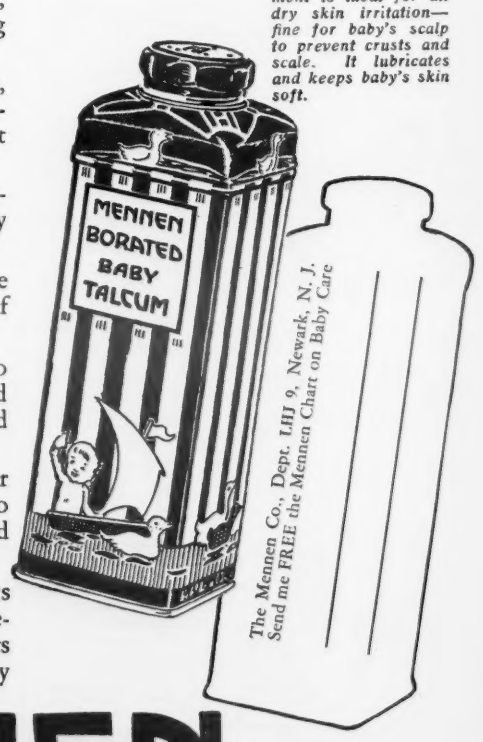
Because it is an extra-quality powder it may cost you a little more—but who counts the cost when the health and happiness of the child are at stake?

Note how Mennen Borated protects the tender folds of baby's skin—preventing chafing. Note its softness—its purity! But especially watch its efficacy in "ammonia diaper" cases! Get Mennen Borated from your druggist today!

Send coupon for the Mennen Wall Chart on Baby Care. A safe guide for the modern young mother. May be hung on the wall of the nursery for daily guidance.

The MENNEN Co., Newark, N. J.
The MENNEN Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

Mennen Baby Ointment is ideal for all dry skin irritation—fine for baby's scalp to prevent crusts and scale. It lubricates and keeps baby's skin soft.



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Original No Pins No Buttons

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Vanta Baby Garments dress your baby FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS without a pin or button. Fasten with dainty bows of twistless tape, without turning baby once; adjustable as baby grows, and always fit.

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They are of the finest quality. You, mother, cannot bear to think that any save the softest, downiest fabrics that can be made, shall touch the tender skin of your baby. Every Vanta garment is guaranteed non-shrinkable. Stores will make adjustment if any is unsatisfactory.

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ABDOMINAL BINDER

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FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.,
Dept. 208, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Buried Silver

(Continued from Page 7)

nothing about." She had used to talk that way to King, King being the most religious man, black or white, upon the plantation. Now it seemed that she thought she could speak so to Dauphin as well. But Dauphin could not answer out like King. He did not know how. So he only made a murmur in his strong young throat.

Hawke's Raid befell Minden, befell Auburn and all that countryside; the hamlets, the crossroads, the plantations, the little farms, the cabins, the fences and the fields, the mills, the barns, the bridges, and if anything else was in the world then it befell it, too. It befell horses that were corralled and swept away, it befell cattle, sheep, swine and poultry that went into Hawke's commissariat, it befell dogs that were killed defending this place, this thing or this person.

Hawke fifty miles away. Hawke thirty miles away. Hawke fifteen miles. . . . Should they flee, and where should they flee? Better stay by Minden, said Old Miss, better stay by Minden, and Old Miss' word was law.

HAWKE ten miles away, Hawke at Auburn. . . . Old Miss called the household together. She and Gay stood side by side in the big parlor. "We shall meet them," said Old Miss in the deep voice, "as gentlefolk and those devoted to the Confederacy should."

From the windows, silent enough, even the children silent, they watched a company of Hawke's ride through Minden gates. . . .

Minden was burned, burned to the ground. They saved nothing material, the women and children who were let to shelter themselves in the overseer's house that was spared. From it they watched home vanish; the barns went, the outbuildings, the stables. Hawke's men were camping, camping, there was singing in the night and shouting. The quarters were not burned, the negroes were told they were as free as the wind, had better indeed go while the traveling was good. A dozen went with the wave when it retired; the rest stayed. But what were they to do now that they stayed? Minden—Minden was no more. . . .

But Cassius and the rest of the house servants and two-thirds of the others said that they were going to do what Old Miss told them to do.

Hawke moved rapidly. Strike and weaken a region. Depart. Hawke and his troops departed, leaving a blackened countryside, which yet would recover, as a whole, that is. Some things were hurt beyond recovery in this world.

Three nights after the burning, in the overseer's house, the grandson of Old Miss and Old Marster, the son of Jermyn and Gay, was born in April who should not have been born till June. He lived, but his mother died—Gay died. They buried her in Minden graveyard that Hawke had not touched.

THE refugeeing cousins refugeed still farther, and the very day that Old Miss was left in the overseer's house with Miss Mag and the thirteen-year-old Manny and Araminta and the babe came the tidings of Old Marster's death. Killed in a skirmish, shot through the heart.

Old Miss and Miss Mag and Manny and the baby, with Araminta and Cassius, stayed on in the overseer's house. Hawke's Raid to a little world at war became but a backward flying incident of a war of many incidents. The countryside and Auburn were doing what they could. Kinsfolk and country neighbors whose houses stood begged Old Miss to come to them. But Old Miss would not; she would stay with her own, however little of her own was left. When Jermyn returned he should find his mother there, and the little Jermyn . . . Jermyn the fifth or sixth, was it? Old Miss oversaw the plantation, now at the quarters, now in the fields, now at the acre of ashes and débris that had been the home place. Many of the negroes were gone. What else could they do, she asked, and was not bitter.

CASSIUS took to his bed, Araminta was a power, David and Anthony became right and left hands, but the one was a little palsied, and the other had rheumatism. King was dead. As for Dauphin, no one knew where he was. No one had seen him since that black, gigantic day and night. He must be dead, too.

Dauphin was not dead but badly hurt and that in the head. He saw the torch set to Minden.

Dauphin left with the others the big house that was now set in red light. He walked behind the company of women and children. He was walking with the thirteen-year-old Manny. Old Miss had said, "Take care of him, Dauphin!" A soldier who had been in the dining room and found there the decanter with the peach brandy, lurching up said something to Manny offensive and taunting. The boy, who was beside himself, struck out at the man, a huge man, brutally strong. The soldier seized him. "You're just the age for—for—for a beating!" In the moments that all this occupied, in the shadow with red dancing light, for it was now night, there occurred a break between the little forward company and the boy and his captor and Dauphin. Manny would not cry out, he only fought like a young tiger cat. But Dauphin came between. "Don't you tech him, soldier! He's a child!"

But the drunken man had arrived at fury. He lifted his rifle, Dauphin being bent over Manny, who had been flung to the ground, and brought the butt down upon the negro's pate. It was the blow of a giant and Dauphin dropped. By now had arisen a racket and a sergeant was on the ground.

"Drunk again! You'll get what's coming to you, Sawney! Let that boy alone! Run, boy, to your ma!"

"He's killed Dauphin!" cried Manny, stamping.

"No, he hasn't," answered the sergeant. "We'll look after Dauphin. See, he's sitting up! He's all right. It takes a lot to hurt his hard head. You run along, bud! Yes, you got to go."

DAUPHIN was indeed lifting himself from the ground in the red light of Minden. But there lay a huge gash across his head and he was bleeding and seemed entirely confused. "Here you, Jenks!" called the sergeant to a soldier. "You look after this darky!"

Hawke's company departed. Swift come, swift go. The plantation horses, the cattle, went with them. Star and Needle went along. A young negro with a bandaged head, with his senses quite astray, fevered and babbling, went with them.

"Carry him along," said Hawke's captain. "He'll get over his head and I'll take him on as a boy. I need one."

Hawke left that region. The army that he rejoined also swung aside. Presently it was far enough from all these parts.

The summer went by. Autumn appeared, then late autumn with rain and wind and falling leaves, falling leaves and mist and shortened days. The fall of the Confederacy was not six months off. Old Miss walked too far and too long in the cold and the wet; when she came home to the overseer's house, fire and dry clothing and the hot drink that Araminta brought her could not warm her. In the

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night she waked Miss Mag. "I've got a chill." She shook and shook.

They sent David to Auburn for the doctor. "Pneumonia," he said to Miss Mag. "Well, it'll be happier for her, I fancy——"

In a week the heart failed and Old Miss died.

They buried her beside Old Marster, with Gay lying close at hand. Jermyn, master now of ruined Minden, fought in the trenches at Petersburg. Back in the overseer's house, when all the folk were gone, sat Miss Mag and Manny and Cassius and Araminta, with Gay and Jermyn's babe asleep in the cradle. The fire burned and they sat there and mourned.

The next day Cassius came to Miss Mag. "Miss Mag, did Old Miss eber tell you jes' where dey buried my silver?"

"No! I thought of asking that last night, but I couldn't. Mr. Backus knows. We couldn't use it if we had it up, Cassius. There might be another raid. When Mr. Backus gets free . . . or we could surely find it if we looked hard enough! Cousin Henrietta knew and Gay and Mr. Backus and Dauphin. Manny, she never told you?"

No, Manny had not been told. And Mr. Backus never came back, and they saw and heard no more of Dauphin. Miss Mag and Araminta thought he had run away, going off with Hawke. But Cassius shook his old head and said, "No. He daid." And Manny believed that he was dead. "They took him away and killed him!" That was Manny's passionate conviction. Old Miss, too, had believed that he was dead. Manny kept a monument to Dauphin in his heart. "They'd have killed me if he hadn't been there!"

SOMEHOW or other they got through the winter. In April, the Confederacy fell. In June, Jermyn came home. Father, mother and wife lay in the Minden graveyard. Weeds were springing up where had stood his house. Miss Mag sobbed in his arms. Manny clung to him, then Araminta brought his son Jermyn, laughing, crowing and springing.

The year went by. A second and a third went by, and so on and on. Jermyn took up his task and did his part well, Manny growing up, too, to help him. The negroes were free and mostly gone. Minden was not rebuilt. That was not among the things possible in this particular marble of space-time. And the plantation itself did not, could not, recover. There was no money with which to medicine ills. The skies lowered and the wind blew cold for ten years and more. Then Jermyn sold Minden, reserving only the field in which was set the graveyard, took what it brought him, which was not much, paid his debts and with the little enough that was left, went West—he and Miss Mag and Manny and the eleven-year-old Jermyn and Araminta. Cassius had died at eighty.

And all this time no one knew where the Minden silver had been buried.

Jermyn and Manny went away without knowing. At different times they had searched. As a boy it was a favorite occupation of Manny's and he had taught young Jermyn to look on it much in the light of Captain Kidd's treasure. It was very exciting, thought young Jermyn, his treasure hunts with Uncle Manny. But they never thought, and no one ever thought, of lifting the immemorial thick carpet of honeysuckle and myrtle from the earth beneath the graveyard wall.

IN THE meantime where was Dauphin? Well, for several years he quite forgot his own past. Something had happened to the brain under the rifle butt swung by a drunken giant. The skull recovered, but not the brain. During the remainder of the war Dauphin rested, a healthy and strong and capable enough dispatcher of physical tasks. He was sunny, he was obedient. The captain who had assumed his ownership became fond of him.

The captain lived in a Northern town, far Northern. After two years Dauphin came nearer to himself. He was Dauphin all right, only with a dream and a confusion about all things beyond this pleasant elm-shaded white town and the captain's big old frame house and five or six acres of ground. Star and Needle were long dead, but the captain had two horses and a carriage and Dauphin drove the captain and his wife. After four years he began to romance to a boy of twelve, the captain's son, "Yaas, chile, I cert'ny was alive before!"

THEN, when five years had gone by, one night in April, he came fully to himself and ran away. "Fully" means that he clearly saw Minden burning and a giant of a soldier making for Manny with drunken fury. He found that he knew perfectly the way about this town and the goings-on of the railroad. The right train to take was the nine P.M. He boarded it without a ticket but paid his fare to the conductor and sat bolt upright in the day coach through the darkness staring at Minden. With the dawn he was deposited in a big city, this train going no farther. He asked intelligent questions, found another station and another train and went still farther south to another city, but a city still in the North. Here he must change again. [All this was long ago.] And somewhere in that transition from station to station the door closed in his tired head. He lost Minden, lost old Miss and Young Miss and Manny and Mr. Backus, he lost Star and Needle, he lost King. . . . He was only Dauphin, Dauphin who must find some place to sleep and eat and must get work.

For ten years a negro named Dauphin lived and worked in this city. He found and kept a job as porter in a hotel. He handled baggage, he met trains, going with the omnibus twice a day. He wore a coat and a cap with a bit of gold braid. He had a big frame and an honest, dark, shining face. Patrons of the hotel grew to look for him as they came out of the station upon the line of shouting hackmen. At first they called him "Dolphin," thinking that must be his name. At last to every one he became "Dolph." He forgot all lives before this life, but thought this a very good life. He married a chambermaid in the hotel. It turned out to be a mistake. After three years she left him for a light-weight yellow waiter in the dining room. When he was thirty-seven, though he did not know his birthday, he and another man were carrying one day a heavy Saratoga trunk. His foot slipped at the top of the marble stair and he had an ugly fall. His hip was broken. The hotel sent him to a hospital.

DAUPHIN lay there a long while and the hip never thoroughly mended. When at last he left his bed, he was lame and had a crutch; he would always be lame, they said, and walk with a crutch. He began to sell papers at a certain street corner, seated in a recess made by two buildings, his crutch beside him. Time passing, he became a known figure, a darky, rather a picturesque darky, hale and strong but very lame, selling papers and pencils and matches. Years went by.

One of the two buildings was a large store where silverware was sold and jewelry was sold. A window displayed silver service, silver baskets, silver candlesticks and candelabra; another showed gems set in rings and earrings and necklaces and brooches. Often enough on sunshiny days, Dolph paused before these windows and supported by his crutch surveyed the wealth of the Indies spread there behind glass. He saw purchasers go in and out, he saw clerks take this or that away and put another beauty in its place. Sometimes he saw prices in the window. . . . On the farther side of his basement, down a dark little side street, stood a very small and retiring shop where old silver and such things were bought.

DORIS KENYON, *loveliest of Stars, favors Allen-A Hosiery, found in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St., and other New York Stores—and at Allen-A dealers the country over*

THIS
ULTRA MODERN HOSIERY
ENHANCES SHAPELINESS
UNBELIEVABLY

FOREMOST Screen Stars now favor a bewitching Allen-A Hosiery that enhances shapeliness of leg to a marked degree. . . . It is a gorgeous creation in either an extra-fine gauge Chiffon or a glorious Service Sheer. With a "Tipt Picot Top," and either the exclusive Panelcurve or smart Pointed Heel. The shades are decidedly new. . . . Ask for the "4000" style series. $1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles $1.50, $1.65 and upward. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Allen-A Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

"Please tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

Two simple rules for oily hair

Dear Miss Carroll: I listened in on part of your radio talk Friday, and you were talking about just my trouble! My hair is coal black and in the last few years has become very oily, and is falling out terribly.

I am at a loss to know what to do. I have always been told I had beautiful hair, but at the rate it is leaving me, I wonder what it will soon become. Friends tell me washing it will aggravate the oily trouble. Please send me some instructions about its care, and I promise to carry them out.—Mrs. C. L. P., Omaha, Neb.

Maybe I'll sound rude, but I *do* want to say—don't believe "Washing is bad for your hair." When hair is very oily, it is very necessary to shampoo frequently. If the oil is not removed it clogs the gland openings *and leads to undue falling of the hair.*

But you should have a shampoo suited to your hair. And I'd suggest *Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*—especially made for oily hair by the makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap. This is really a wonderful shampoo—made of pure vegetable oils and healthful pine tar. It is very slightly astringent—enough to start tightening up the relaxed oil glands and coaxing them back to normal. Use this shampoo every four or five days at first.

Then massage your scalp a little every day to bring the blood up to nourish the hair roots. (If the massage at first seems to increase the oil, massage with a little bay rum.) Your hair and scalp will improve, I know. Do let me hear from you again, after you've tried these two simple rules for about a month.

An outdoor remedy for dandruff

Dear Miss Carroll: What shall I do for dandruff? Until a month ago, I never noticed it. But you should see it now—and my hair is falling out. And I do want to keep my hair nice—it is dark brown, thick, and naturally wavy. I have used Packer's Tar Soap several times but I probably don't use it often enough.—Mrs. C. K. M., Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Mrs. C. K. M.: You've made a good start. Physicians have prescribed *Packer's Tar Soap* for years in cases of dandruff. But you can't expect one or two shampoos to work miracles. If your dandruff is rather serious—and it sounds like it—you should shampoo every few days at first.

Massage the rich, thick, piney lather well into your scalp. Let the good pine tar and the gentle antiseptic properties of the soap get after those little dandruff germs. Think of your shampoos as a treatment—not as just something to clean your hair when it needs it. And keep your brush and comb clean so you don't put germs back on your nice clean scalp.

Then, after you've checked the dandruff, shampoo once a week or every ten days.

A shampoo for dry hair

Dear Jean Carroll: My hair is a very dead color (as you can see from the wisp I have enclosed) and very brittle. I have dark brown sparkling eyes—my only attractive feature. And I *should* like to have nice-looking hair.—E. G., Westmont, N. J.

Nonsense, my dear, there's nothing unattractive about that hair of yours. The color is really a nice brown and if it were shining with life, it would be very pretty.

I'm going to advise you to use a special shampoo—made just for dry hair like yours. This is *Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*—made of pure vegetable oils. It leaves dry hair softer and shinier than usual because it contains softening, soothing glycerine. It brings out the color and natural lights that all hair has when it's healthy.

Then will you massage your scalp a little every day to bring the blood rushing up to feed the hair roots? And use your hair brush. You'll see new life in your hair, I'm sure, to match your eyes. And haven't you noticed how sparkling eyes and lovely hair do create an impression of beauty?

JEAN CARROLL

Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty, every Friday 11:45 a. m. (Eastern Daylight Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School.

* * *

If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the PACKER products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll personally. The coupon below is for your convenience.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dept. 7-I), 101 W. 31st Street, New York, N. Y. Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked. I enclose _____ cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

- ☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)
- ☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Summer and winter, summer and winter, summer and winter, he sold newspapers, matches and pencils. He was forty-six, though he did not know it. The war was a quarter of a century past. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, spring. . . . He stood one morning, leaning on his crutch, before the window with its silver show. It was early. The air moved fresh and far. The small wagon of a flower seller passed, bearing pots of hyacinths.

Minden silver. . . . The chamber at Minden, and Old Miss standing by the table and Young Miss seated in the window. . . . Gems on the table. Pearls, amethyst, topaz, ruby, emerald. Somebody said the names—maybe it was Miss Mag . . . Minden silver, and the jewelry of Minden women. Buried under the graveyard wall, beneath all the honeysuckle . . . Mr. Backus. Hawke's Raid. Minden.

With the ease of an oiled hinge the shut door opened, noiselessly and fully, and this time not to close again. Dolph vanished. Here was Dauphin.

THIS was April. In June a lame negro got off the train at Auburn, for now the railroad ran by Auburn. The conductor helped him and his crutch and his large, old-fashioned carpetbag to the platform. Dauphin looked around bewildered. He seemed so at sea that a good-natured young darky accosted him: "Who you looking for, uncle?"

"I don' know," said Dauphin. "I don' know who I'm looking for. I ain't been here for twenty-five years."

"That's just about the time I's been here," said his helper. "What's your name?"

"Dauphin. Dauphin Royall."

"My name Jack—Jack Field. You used to belong to the Royalls?"

"Yaas."

"They's all gone. There ain't none of them in these parts any longer."

"Is Minden gone?"

"The house was burned in the war and mos' of the land is sold and it's running down. Ain't nobody much to care for it."

"Is the quarters there?"

"The quarters is all broke up, as they is everywhere. Mos' of the cabins is ruined down. But Cæsar, he lives in one, and old Aunt Sarinda and her daughter has one."

"Who's the overseer?"

"There ain't any overseer now. Mr. Jeremiah Martin owns a third of the land, and he lives down by the burned mill."

Sarinda's daughter would never see fifty again, so Sarinda herself was quite an old woman. From their cabin door Sarinda and Sarinda's daughter watched a lame man with his crutch come up the locust-shaded lane from Minden road. Behind him a little ragged darky tugged a big carpetbag all over roses. "Howdy, Sarinda!" he said. "Ise Dauphin."

"Dauphin! Gawd-amighty, Dauphin, you's daid!"

"No, I ain't. . . . Is there anybody in King's cabin?"

"King's cabin mos' ruin down."

"Then I gwine build it up. I gwine ask if I kin live there."

THE women stared and stared. "Where you been all this time, Dauphin? Where you been?"

"I been asleep and dreaming," said Dauphin. "Ef you'll let me sit down I'll tell you about it."

Mr. Jeremiah Martin said that he could live in King's cabin. Dauphin paid a man to restore the roof and rebuild the chimney and rehang the door and mend the fence and plow and harrow the garden patch. In the meantime he lived with Sarinda, and every day she told him what she knew about Minden.

Old Miss and Old Marster and Young Miss dead and buried in Minden graveyard. Where now was Young Marster, where was Manny, where was Miss Mag? And Young Miss had a baby. Sarinda could tell him nothing of them after they had all left the old overseer's house that now itself was grown ruinous. Dauphin got a lift into Auburn and went to Major Worthington's law office. Major Worthington had an empty sleeve, got at Cold Harbor. Dauphin explained who he was and Major Worthington stared at him. "Well, well, come back to life!"

YES, the lawyer could tell him. Jermyn Royall was dead; died of fever in the West, a dozen years ago. He had an idea that Mr. Manny Royall also was dead; at any rate nothing had been heard of him for a long time. He remembered Miss Mag; she must surely have passed away; she was an old woman when they went West. But young Jermyn Royall was living, unless he had died since last year, when Major Worthington had seen his name in the papers. He was an artist, across the ocean, in Paris. He had gotten some kind of a prize. Maybe he meant to live and die abroad. Or maybe he'd come back some day to see where he was born and his mother's grave. That was all the Royalls had kept of Minden—the graveyard and an acre or two around it.

The money from the sale of his stand was dwindling. Dauphin cast about for some means of making a little. At last, by process of exclusion, Dauphin arrived at cobbling. Long ago Daddy Jack, the Minden cobbler, had taught him. Again he went into Auburn and bought with almost his last wealth tools for his new work, and the next day he nailed his sign up on a locust:

COBBLER UP THE LANE.
GOOD WORK DONE RIZZONABLY.

While he awaited custom he went one day to Minden graveyard. It was a slow progress, but he and his crutch managed it. The brick wall yet stood, though with here and there a breach. The tall trees waved, the birds were singing, but the waving and the singing did not disturb the unearthly quiet. Dauphin took off his hat and went in. All was overgrown. "I'll clean this place," thought Dauphin. The gravestones were half buried. He came to Old Miss and Old Marster and Young Miss, and they were plain and simple stones that Jermyn and Manny had been able to put up, and honeysuckle ran over them all.

DAUPHIN hired one of Cæsar's sons, a gangling youth of fifteen, and together they rid the graveyard of the weeds and rid the stones of their veil of vines so that the inscriptions might be read. Then one autumn day he came alone and sat beside Old Miss's grave, sat there a long time, and his mind that was clear before seemed to grow clearer. He was back to the time when he was a pickaninny at Minden, and then a boy and then a young man.

When it was time for him to go and he was out of the mended gate, he stood a moment, still looking at pictures. Then he turned and went around the corner of the wall to the south side of the graveyard. The poplar and the locust, and near the top of the wall a brick that some reason of clay or of drying had vaguely whitened. Not conspicuous, only if you happened to be attending to the evenness of color in an old brick vine-draped wall. Dauphin leaned upon his crutch and gazed, then slowly he drew nearer. In a twisted cataract the honeysuckle overgrew the wall and descending flowed out far over the earth into the thick grass. Dauphin, lowering himself to his knees, with hands and arms and crutch parted and pushed aside the mat of leaves and stems.

"Lawd!" he whispered. "I don't believe they ever dug that chist up!"

That night he returned with the spade that Sarinda and he shared, and made certain. The moon shone round and brilliant through the night. The chest, the old, mahogany chest that had been

standing forever in the chamber at Minden. It was corded; he and Mr. Backus had tied it thrice around with rope. Dauphin felt it with his fingers. "That knot old sea Jack taught me—it ain't never been untied."

He restored the earth and the matted stems of honeysuckle. The moon shone like silver, the stars in their loopings glittered like jewels. "Dauphin, you's the only person living that knows where that chist is. They's all dead. All but the last Jermyn, and he's across the ocean."

Out upon the doorstep the next morning Dauphin spoke to the sun. "You knows about it and I knows about it. . . . If he didn't go away twel he was ten he'll be coming back to Minden one of these here days sho's you's rising and Ise standing here! Then I'll take him and show him, and we'll dig it up together, and Young Miss's son will have the jewels and the silver."

Later in the day, as he sat mending a shoe, something occurred to him. "Dauphin, you ol' fool, you might die any time and then not a living soul would know. He'd never get the silver and the necklaces and the ruby and the emerild."

That night he printed out upon a bit of paper, directions for finding the Minden silver, then copied this upon another piece.

One he folded and put in the Bible the preacher at the crossroads had given him. The other he placed in an envelope procured through Sarinda's daughter, sealed it and printed upon it,

If Dauphin Royall die before he see him, this is to be got to the hand of Mr. Jermyn Royall.

A passing wagon took him into Auburn and he watched the lawyer put, without question, the envelope in his safe.

"How are you getting on, Dauphin?" Major Worthington asked. "Can you live by cobbling?"

"I don't live much, Major, and that's a fac'. But I reckon I kin manage."

He got back to his cabin, and the apples in the old apple tree were ripe and falling in a high autumn wind. "No, I ain't gwine tell no one twel he comes. Then I gwine tek him and show him and watch him open the chist."

THE years began to drop by like the apples from the tree. Sometimes, not often, but sometimes, someone came up the lane with work for him to do. He cobbled shoes for the folk at the crossroads, but altogether it was little. Major Worthington gave him an old suit and now and then sent him a dollar. He and Sarinda's daughter together worked the garden patch and he kept a few chickens. Sometimes he fished in the river that ran by Minden. At Christmas, Mrs. Jeremiah Martin sent him a bag of meal and a side of bacon. He didn't starve, and he had wood to burn, but altogether he was far poorer than he had ever been, poorer than when he sold papers and pencils and matches.

Sarinda died. Sarinda's daughter didn't know what to do. Dauphin thought for her and for himself too, and then he went over to her cabin and told her about Marilla. So they couldn't marry and live in one cabin, and after a while Sarinda's daughter got a situation as cook in Auburn, and that cabin stood empty. He did not care for the one other inhabited cabin, Cæsar's cabin around the bend of the hill. "That stock's wuthless," thought Dauphin, and "that stock," though it was good-natured enough, saw nothing that it would gain from Dauphin and let him and his cabin be. The spur of the hill came between. Cæsar's family had visitors, but these did not always come on to see Dauphin. Sometimes the preacher came, but the preacher was not greatly to his liking either. He sorely missed Sarinda and Sarinda's daughter.

DAUPHIN arrived at being nearer sixty than fifty. Yet his body except for that heavy lameness was strong. His face was not wrinkled, he was not gray. He missed activity and he saw days when he was savagely lonely. And he got poorer and poorer. Another cobbler set himself up, nearer Auburn and right upon the main road. Moreover a wave of hard times came upon the heels of old hard times. People moved away from, rather than into, this region. Crops failed, purse strings tightened, folk postponed generosity. At last it was only infrequently that Dauphin had work. Often enough he went hungry.

One night—it was wintertime and cold and he had no work—he saw all, suddenly, as he lay in his bed that was getting to be more like a lair than a bed, he saw that shabby, downward plunging side street near his old basement, where a withered merchant, black-eyed and low-voiced, bought old silver and old jewelry. Likewise there spoke a voice in Dauphin. "Somebody told you once that he didn't care where he got the silver and the jewelry. He'd buy from crooks if things were rizzonably safe."

It snowed that day. He sat bent over his fire, without work and with little to eat. The next day, drawing himself painfully through the still falling snow, he had to go borrow from Cæsar. It seemed bursting with life, that cabin, and sleek and jolly. Cæsar had a good job driving a team, and his sister and his daughters seemed to pick up things. They were kind enough to lame Dauphin, come at last to begging. They gave him meal and a bit of bacon and invited him to sit and warm himself and talk. But he would get back to his own cabin after thanking them quite humbly. Going home, Minden land rolled before him quiet and frozen. "Daid. It's daid. Ise just staying here watching by a corpse." The trees of the graveyard stood over there unnaturally tall. "Young

"SORRY, LADY; CANTCHA DO BETTER? WE'RE TAKIN' A PITCHER WITH SOUND EFFECTS"

Even her coat told the need of **Mum**

Most women have read about Mum, but some have not applied the message to themselves. Yet no one is entirely exempt from perspiration and all perspiration has an odor. Thus many who are most fastidious in every other detail of the toilette may still offend in this one respect. Proof of this offense hangs in many a woman's own closet. Even an outer garment may at times hold such proof.

A taint that can linger in a gown or wrap which has not been worn for days is certain to have offended the sensibilities of others at the time—be sure of that!

Why run even a remote chance of embarrassment when protection is so simple a matter? A dab of the snowy cream called Mum will neutralize every bit of unpleasant odor—at the under-arm—or elsewhere—and then you are safe in closest contact. You have definitely removed all chance of possible embarrassment for several hours.

And there is nothing harmful in Mum, or in its habitual use. Its daily use is growing with women everywhere. The need of Mum is not just for some "special" occasion, nor is it only seasonal.

Mum has been a great boon to womankind and many have been grateful beyond words for the service it performs. Its use is not restricted just to your protection against the odor of perspiration, for Mum neutralizes all body odor whenever and wherever it may occur. Investigate the other uses of this harmless and effective deodorant which are explained in direction circular enclosed with every package.

Mum is delightfully easy to use and quite inexpensive, particularly in the large 60c jar which contains nearly three times the quantity in the 35c jar. You will always find both sizes in any drug store, but if you wish a free demonstration of all that Mum can do, just clip and mail the complimentary coupon below.

MUM MFG. CO., INC. 3-H
80 Varick St., New York.
Send Mum complimentary for me to try.
Name .....
St. .....
P. O. .....

If your child's report card had a place for a mark in "Appearance", what kind of a grade would the teacher give Sonny—or Daughter? 100%—if you dress the kiddies in refreshingly original Jack Tar styles.

See the Jack Tar Feature Styles for Fall in your town! They have just that dash of difference that sets them apart from the rest, and you can "rub 'em, tub 'em, scrub 'em—they come up smiling!"

Jack Tar dealers have folders of Jack Tar Feature Styles.

THE STROUSE-BAER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Jack Tar Togs

Miss's son ain't never coming . . . and he's rich anyway, maybe."

When he got home the fire was almost dead. Raking the embers together he sat bowed above them. He had a good headpiece and he had to work it out correctly. "Just the jewelry. I couldn't carry the other. Maybe two-three the smaller pieces. Who gwine open old negro's carpetbag? No one gwine open it. The night train. I get on the night train at the flag station. This time tomorrow Ise up Norf. I gets back to my city. It's my city mos' as much as this is. I was happy there. I knows the ways of it lak my hand. They take me in at my old basement. The next day I goes feel my way with that old man. . . . Sell one piece and then another and then another. Gawd knows how much I'd get! Dauphin wouldn't have to sell papers. Though he couldn't be idle neither! He'd sell them for fun, with a bang-up stand! And everybody saying, 'Good morning, Dolph. Glad to see you back!' and the traffic going by."

He threw a pine knot upon the coals. "I have to have money to leave these parts with. Well, I borrow that money from Major Worthington. He give me that much. I send it back to him, somehow. I tell him I hear from Marilla and I got to go see about her. I ask him, and he give me back that paper I give him to put in the safe. I burn it and I burn that piece in the book yonder."

The glow from the pine knot filled the cabin. He was excited and he got to his feet and with his crutch limped about the place. Out-of-doors the snow had ceased. The moon shone; it was warmer. Dauphin knew weather. "Gwine turn into a thaw. All this white stuff'll be off presently. Night after tomorrow night I kin do it and cover it up all right."

He turned from the door, the pine knot still lighting the cabin. "Old Miss, you knows how it is . . . Young Miss——"

SHE was standing there by the tall white pillar, with a cloak wrapped about her. Young Miss. She had a rosewood-and-mother-of-pearl box and she took from it necklaces of amethyst and necklaces of topaz and of pearl, and a ring set with a ruby and a ring set with an emerald, and brooches and earrings and bracelets. They ran through her fingers and flowed upon the cabin floor. She had dark eyes, had Young Miss, beautiful, compelling dark eyes. Dauphin's eyes met her eyes. "No, I ain't, Young Miss," he whispered. "No, I ain't. Dauphin gwine keep them right there for you and your baby."

The vision was gone. He turned again to the door and set it open. Beyond the white ground and the naked apple tree and the winter moon in the winter sky he saw Minden, he saw Minden in bloom. "And for Minden and for Old Miss and Old Marster and for King and for Dauphin—for Dauphin and for Sally—for them all. . . . I keep them. Ise Minden."

"No," said the lawyer. "There are very few of the old lot living around here now. But Minden Quarter keeps its name and two or three cabins are standing. Cæsar and his family have one and Dauphin has one."

"Dauphin!"

"A lame negro, almost a pauper," said the lawyer. "He has a story, too——"

Mr. Manny Royall left his chair and walked to the window, then turned. "Do you mean to say"—and his voice was vibrating—"do you mean to say that Dauphin has come back?"

THE much younger man, his companion, Mr. Jermyn Royall the artist, also displayed excitement. "Then he wasn't killed by Hawke's men after he saved you from Goliath, Uncle Manny! And, by George, maybe he knows where they buried the silver!"

The apple boughs above King's cabin sent down a rosy drift of petals. The bees kept a-humming like a turning wheel. Dauphin had that day a shoe to mend. He sat in the sunshine, on the gray bench, mending it. In at the gate, by the thousand-leaved rose, came two men—gentlemen, like Minden men. Dauphin sat turned to stone. One of them paused; the other—that was Manny—came on. He was crying. He had his hands out. "Dauphin, you old sinner!"

A thrush was singing, oh, a thrush was singing so sweetly. On the hillside, brush was burning and the scented smoke came across in curls. "Of course I'm not dead!" said Manny. "But I've been in Mexico. And Jermyn here has been years and years learning how to paint a house! But he and I made a pact to come back to Minden just as soon as we had money enough. . . . Yes, Major Worthington told us all about you. . . . And we've got money now, you old savior of my life or pretty near my life! And Jermyn's marrying some lady who knows, too, how to paint a house, and we're going to buy this land back and rebuild Minden."

The honeysuckle and the myrtle overran the brick wall of the graveyard and the graves too, and the gravestones. Manny and Jermyn had been here. First they had stood where Minden house had stood, and then they had gone to the graveyard, and then to the quarters. But now they went there again with Dauphin. The birds sang, the birds sang in the trees that grew so tall. The poplar had young shining leaves, the locust was swinging clusters of fragrance. "The white brick!" cried Manny. "Underneath the white brick! Why, I have looked at it a thousand times——"

Before You Drink a Glass of Milk--

(Continued from Page 9)

soon to become mothers of babies. She got them, eight of them, squealing and curiously barrel-shaped, and stood by, with an ill-concealed anxiety, while the able Doctor Buck—qualified to perform this serious task—injected into four of these expectant guinea-pig mothers the Maltese microbes that had come, twenty-one years before, from the blood of a human sufferer from that dire affliction. Into four more of those chittering guinea-pig ladies went the calf-destroying cow bacilli of Dr. B. Bang. The result? It came in less than one week. The result? It was astounding. But let it be expressed scientifically, in Evans' own, cool, colorless words:

"Within a few days three of the animals of each group aborted. Five days after the inoculations were made, one animal of each group was killed, and agar slope cultures were made from the organs. In three or four days the characteristic 'dewdrop' colonies made their appearance on both sets of slopes. . . . No distinction could be found between the growths of the two organisms until the slopes had been incubated for several weeks. . . ."

And then the microbe from Malta had turned their jelly food just a bit more brown; that was all. . . .

Oh, there was never a doubt of it. They were the same, these two bugs that the whole microbe-hunting world had never dreamed were identical, had for twenty years proclaimed to be different!

Night and day Evans pondered this momentous fact, was haunted by the portentousness of it. But was it a fact? But were they the same? They couldn't be! But were they?

In the very depths of her, the still obscure Alice Evans was hesitant, tentative,

(Continued on Page 165)

To Young Women

who have "no love for housework"

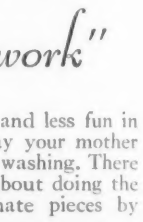
THERE is little glory and less fun in doing things the way your mother did! Take the matter of washing. There is a fine old tradition about doing the more delicate or intimate pieces by hand. All right yesterday, but not today. Not with a reputable manufacturer making a washer like the Portable Whirldry to do it for you.

For your personal dainties, it is well-nigh ideal—as thorough as your own hands and every bit as gentle.

Unlike other small washers you may read about, Portable Whirldry whirls the clothes dry at the touch of a switch.

This is the Spinner Basket of the Whirldry. Its oscillating action swishes clothes CLEAN.

So, you see, the Whirldry needs no wringer, and it's efficient—anything it can hold it will wash, rinse, and then dry-for-the-line in a jiffy. That's also why, in homes where there are small children or babies, it is well-nigh indispensable.



When the Basket is raised, a touch of the switch whirls clothes DRY.

Your department store or leading electrical shop has the Portable Whirldry.

THE WHIRLDRY CORPORATION
New Haven, Conn.

The Portable WHIRLDRY WASHER

LHJ 9-29

THE WHIRLDRY CORPORATION
New Haven, Conn.

I'd like to know more about Baby Whirldry. Please send your new illustrated booklet and the name of your nearest dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

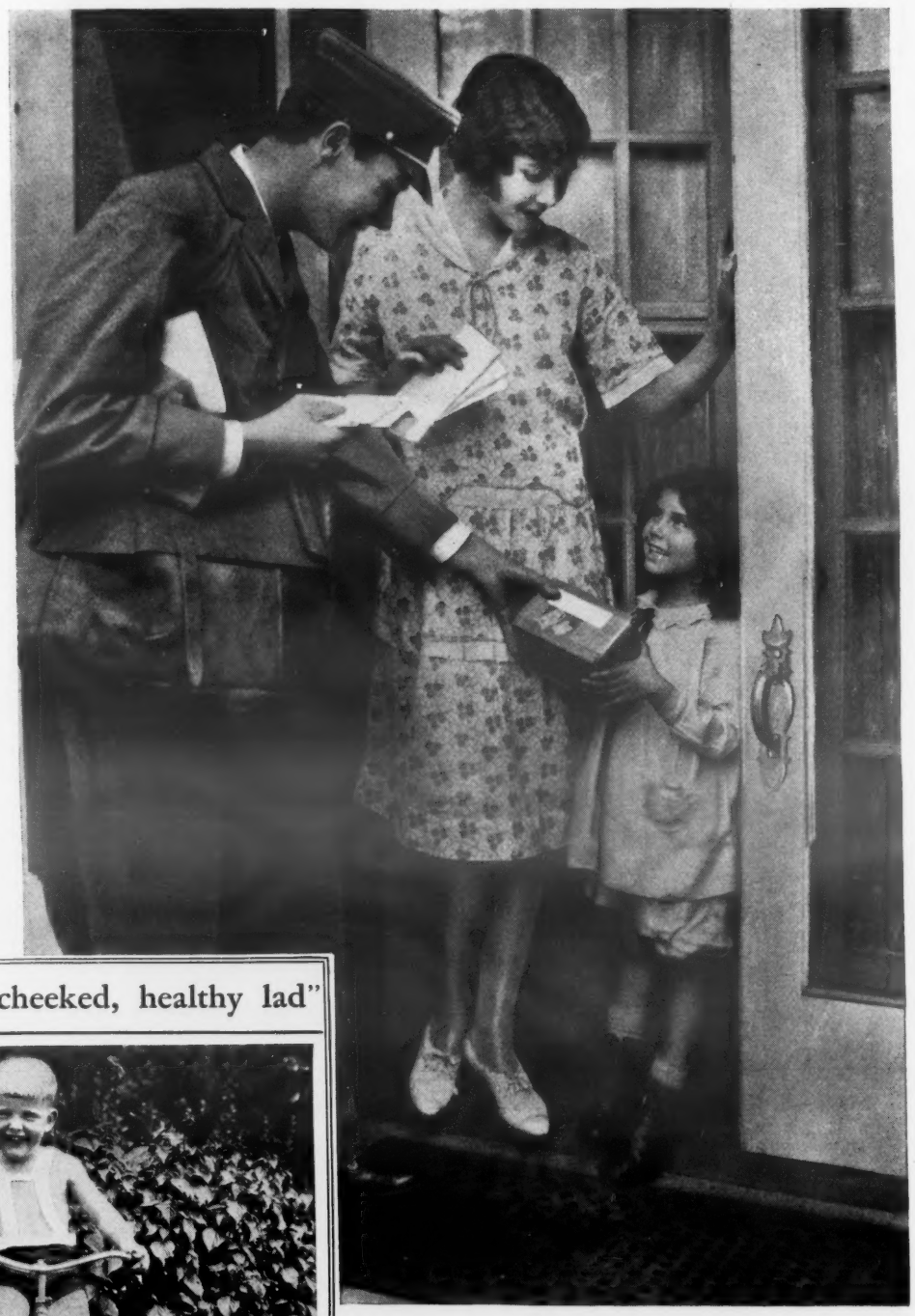
City.....*State*.....

Let Us Send Your Child

A 3-Day Supply of This Delicious Swiss Creation

An Utterly NEW-TYPE Food-Drink That's Both an Adventure in Deliciousness and an Education in Child-Building

Watch the Eyes Brighten; New Energy Come; Weight Increase a Pound a Week, and Nervousness Disappear!



THIS new way comes from Switzerland, the nation whose scientists have done so many remarkable things in child development.

From one end of the world to the other, mothers are adopting it. Results have been so remarkable that its use has spread over some 54 different nations.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically *every single vital food element necessary to life.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine such as iron, lime and phosphorus, build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight—as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases. Others foster richer blood and thus combat conditions of anemia. Important vitamins are supplied also to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the *power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.*

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

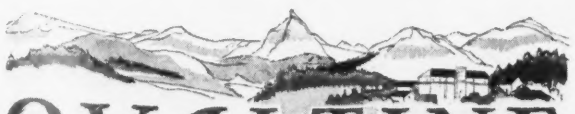
Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store, or send coupon for three-day test. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you. Delicious as a cold shake-up drink.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

"Now a rosy cheeked, healthy lad"

My little boy, three years old, had rickets. I tried to build him up with vegetables, fruit juices and medicine, but he got no better. A year ago I started to give him Ovaltine. From the first he started to pick up and is now a rosy cheeked, healthy lad. He takes Ovaltine twice a day and shall continue to do so.

MRS. R. H. WESSEL, *Grand City, Staten Island, N. Y.*



OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY
180 No. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Ill. Dept. H-23

Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

SPECIAL OFFER

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... *State*.....
(One package to a person)

C 526

the celebrated IRENE CASTLE McLAUGHLIN finds this new polish flatters her lovely hands–

"Today more feminine fashions really demand the flattering brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish," she says . . .

Tomorrow's fashion is what Irene Castle McLaughlin is doing today!

That was true even when she was a mere girl. The world caught its breath when she bobbed her hair . . . and scissors clicked from coast to coast. She improvised new steps and the whole world danced them.

Today she is called "the best dressed woman in America."

She has that gift of achieving chic in each detail of her appearance. Whenever you see her—riding, dancing, caring for her many dogs—her hands are noticeably lovely with their glimmering almond-shaped nails, their clear half moons.

"Women don't realize what a lovely asset their hands can be made," she says. "And it is so simple—in less than two minutes the new Cutex Liquid Polish gives my nails the accent I like them to have.

"Before putting it on I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to soften and shape the cuticle and bring out the half moons. Today more feminine fashions really demand the flattering brilliance of the new Cutex Liquid Polish. I like my hands to look as dainty and feminine as the finest toilet accessories can make them."

* * *

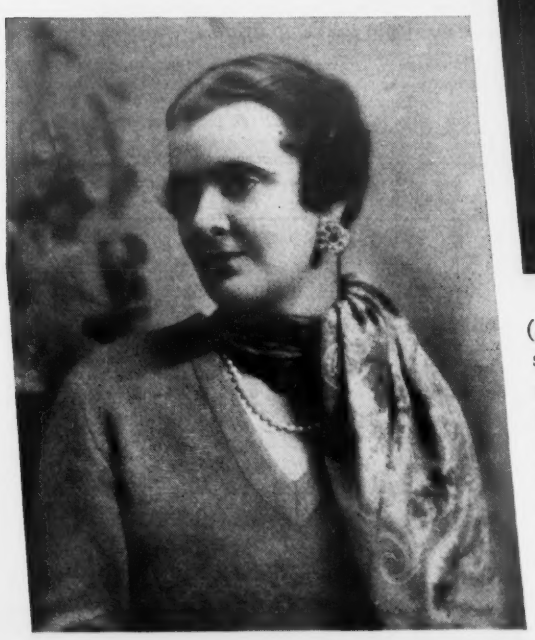
Just these 3 simple things give your hands a charming femininity—

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle, bringing out the half moons.

Second—the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed.

Third—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around the cuticle and under the tip of the nail and then a touch of Nail White . . . Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

"Your manicure stamps you as one who knows—or does not *know," Mrs. McLaughlin insists. "The way you care for your nails can change the whole expression of your hands. Like all people interested in the arts, I use my hands a lot—that is why I am so particular to keep my cuticle smooth and my nails polished—my little Cutex Set is invaluable to me." Cutex preparations are so easy to procure—at toilet goods counters everywhere!*



(*left*) MISS NANCY DYER'S sketches appear in smart magazines. "Until I discovered the new Cutex Liquid Polish I was in despair over my nails. Its delightful brilliance is not dimmed by constantly washing my hands. With the Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil and Nail White, it has certainly solved my difficulties."

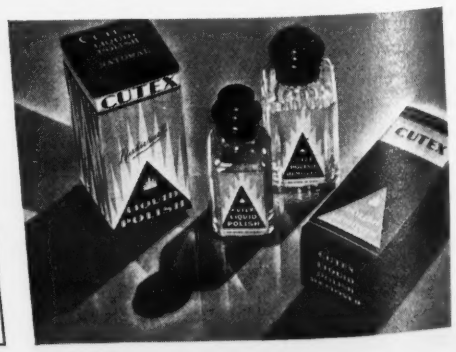
A generous size bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish costs just 35¢. So does the Polish Remover!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Sample Manicure Set, enough for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address P.O. Box 2054, Montreal.)
NORTHAM WARREN,
Dept. 9J9, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

_____

_____



(Continued from Page 162)

groping in her thoughts just as she was a little unsure, shy, bashful in her speech; and this unsureness helped her to be the honest, truth-hunting, outlandishly thorough searcher that she now began to show herself to be.

Back and back her thoughts came: Could those two microbes be the same? Did medical science, did cow authorities, did public-health departments realize what it meant if these two microbes were actually identical?

Back and back went this lone woman to her laboratory. Now for the final test. Now for the blood test. Now for the real, the decisive, the ultimate way to say yes or no to a blood relationship between bugs. Into a row of tiny glass tubes, in a rack, on her lab bench, the more-and-more-experienced microbe hunter Alice Evans pours exact, equal amounts of a fluid; salt water it is, no more, but it has a curious, grayish turbidity, whirling, silk-like, that's caused by the suspension in that salt water of millions of the microbes of Malta fever—no less. Here's a rack close by, similarly garnished with clean gleaming tubes. Part-filled these are, too, with a turbid fluid—cloudy with millions of the abortion bacilli of Dr. B. Bang. Now for the blood test, now for the final comparison ——

Into all of the little tubes she now pours, from a long pipette, exact amounts of the blood serum of a cow—diluted with water to be less and less strong in serum. This cow has been inoculated many times with the abortion bug of Doctor Bang; she's immune; her serum has gained the strange power of clumping, of throwing down out of the salt water in which they're suspended, in little clumps like flakes of snow—Bang bugs, but no others. It is specific, this blood test; it's the final way to determine a microbe's pedigree. It is critical ——

LATE that afternoon, when the huge building has poured forth its last Government hireling, its last except one, Alice Evans walks to the incubator, takes out her racks of little tubes, sits before them, not quite believing her eyes, yet knowing that what she sees must be so, must be true. . . .

"I am sure," said Evans years later, gray-haired and with face lined by sickness, by suffering, but with a triumphant little smile that made you forget all that—"I'm sure that sight was the greatest thrill of all my life. I was all alone there. . . . Everybody else had gone home. . . . Alone with those racks of tubes."

In both racks of tubes, those that held the microbes of Bang and those that contained the microbes of Bruce, a strange transformation had taken place. Turbid they were no longer; the salt water in them was crystal clear now; in the bottom of both sets, in each tube, even to those tubes that contained less than one part in a thousand of the serum of the immune cow, reposed a little whitish sediment. Gravely, deliberately, the dark-eyed woman searcher tapped the tubes. Beautifully upward into the clear water whirled thousand of tiny snowlike flakes. It was the end of the trail ——

It was final.

THE blood of the cow immune to abortion, that should clump the bugs of Doctor Bang—and only those bugs—had clumped as well, in exactly the same strength, the microbes of Doctor Bruce. They were brothers—twin brothers.

It was settled.

"Vaguely, at that very moment," said the veteran microbe hunter Evans, a little while ago, "I saw what it all meant. I knew there was abortion in herds all over America. Cows all over America were excreting in their milk the *Bacillus abortus* of Bang. Most of the milk in America, I knew, wasn't pasteurized. . . . And I had just proved there was no practical difference between the abortion germ and the microbe causing Malta fever, so I realized ——"

But in those remote days of 1917, Evans, besides being hesitant, was unknown, had a name that carried no weight at all, and in spite of her astounding discovery she only wrote, guardedly:

"Considering the close relationship between the two organisms, and the reported frequency of virulent strains of *Bacterium abortus* in cow's milk, it would seem remarkable that we do not have a disease closely resembling Malta fever prevalent in this country."

It is part of the illogicality of life, and an example of the not-always-complete alertness of the noble profession of human healing, that for six years Miss Evans' discovery, remarkable as it was, terribly significant as it seemed bound to be—went without notice in America, except for the eager, surprised interest of a few searchers that you could count on fewer than the fingers of one hand.

V.

OF COURSE the wise, penetrating Dr. Ludvig Hektoen, tolerant and extremely hospitable to new ideas, published her reports most fully, adequately, in his Journal of Infectious Diseases. And, in little more than a year after her discovery, came marvelous news from the Pacific Coast, from the laboratory of the able K. F. Meyer, ex-Swiss, stubbly mustached giant of a mountain-climbing man. Evans' facts were unquestionably exact, reported Meyer and his colleague, Fleischner. And, what was most ominous, these Westerners had tested the high-toned herds from around San Francisco:

"*Bacterium abortus* is, for all practical purposes, always present in the certified milk produced in the San Francisco Bay region," wrote Meyer.

"But aside from that, almost nobody would believe me," said Evans with a smile, long after. And there's no doubt that certain of the greatest nabobs of American medical science, more human than logical, pooh-poohed her, opposed her. "That wasn't surprising," laughed Evans, "because the whole business of those supposedly different microbes being identical, or twins, was—too simple! If that were true, somebody else would have run onto it long before." She harbored no rancor. Her rare, low chuckle broke out again; her smile gave her face its sudden, peculiarly characteristic, completely feminine attractiveness. Evans a microbe hunter?

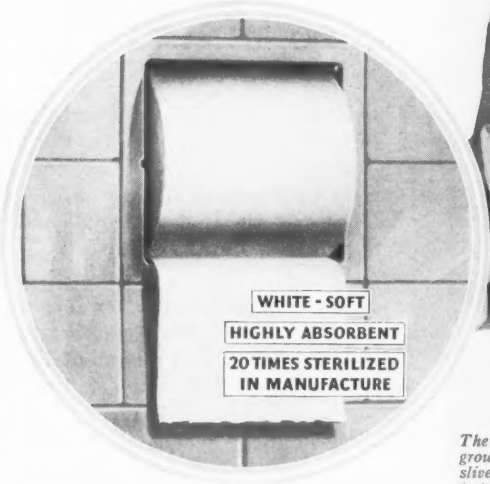
OF COURSE there was a seeming tremendous logic of events against her; who can deny it? Here was surely a brute fact that was overwhelmingly against this poor upstart of a woman dairy bacteriologist: If the Bang bug and the Bruce germ were twins, then why wasn't Malta fever rampant all over America? Millions of Americans were drinking the raw milk of cows. Our medical profession is the most alert in the world, trained in the finest laboratories. Why hadn't a single one of these up-to-date doctors found one single human being who was unquestionably sick with the cow microbe of Doctor Bang? There'd been a couple of chaps, Larson and Sedgwick, who'd claimed to have gotten a positive blood test for the Bang bug in the blood of women who'd prematurely lost their babies, and even in the blood of babies who had drunk raw milk contaminated with that nefarious germ. But, contrary to a certain recent newspaper erroneous statement by a medical writer, they hadn't found the microbe itself in these women or babies at all, so they had no final, no genuine proof ——

In short, why bother? Doctor Bang's bacillus was only a *cow* bacillus!

This might as well be recorded at once, to confound the pretensions of the lowly Alice Evans, not an M.D., not even a Ph.D.—that none of the great institutions for medical research in our land, loaded to the guards as they were with expert doctors; none of our expensive foundations

"Cooked" At 302° Then 20 Times Sterilized—

this new-type Bathroom Paper gives health protection advised by 254 Health Commissioners in 45 States



***How Science Tests For Ground-wood In Paper**

The chemical phloroglucinol is an infallible test for ground-wood in bathroom paper. Even though wood slivers are not visible, a drop of phloroglucinol turns paper a reddish-purple if it contains any ground-wood. "Northern Tissue"—cellulose—shows no change under this searching scientific test. It simply absorbs the light orange color of the chemical.

"Especially where children must be protected," say 254 Health Commissioners in 45 States, "use a paper like snow-white 'Northern Tissue', instead of cheap, raw ground-wood toilet paper."

FOR modern science has found many menacing disorders are traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. To irritating particles of raw wood found in low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood or newsprint white "toilet papers"—papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

Snow-white "Northern Tissue" is a fine, linen-like *cellulose* paper—utterly unlike the ground-wood sheets made by *grinding wood* into a mass of tiny slivers. That is why, largely on medical advice, hospitals and homes everywhere are adopting "Northern Tissue"—especially where children must be protected.*

Cooked at 302°

This new-type paper contains only pulp cooked at 302°. That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been cooked away. And the paper made white as whitest linen.

20 Times Sterilized

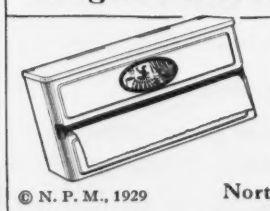
Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized in the making—emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed, producing an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

10c a Roll

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue".

ASK FOR
NORTHERN TISSUE

Bright-Colored Towel Cabinets for the Kitchen



Decorators now advise colorful, convenient towel cabinets for the modern kitchen. Jade Green, Prussian Blue, English Red, Canary Yellow and White are favored colors. Contain heavy, absorbent, clothlike paper towels, made from soft white Northern cellulose. For drying hands, scouring sinks and drain boards, polishing glassware and general cleaning.

Ask your dealer for Northern Hometowls or send us $1.00 for a cabinet. We will include a package of 125 towels as an introductory offer.

© N. P. M., 1929 **Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wisconsin** 238

• The Greater Evenness of Baking in Glass

makes these new menus possible

Whole dinners that bake in

20 MINUTES

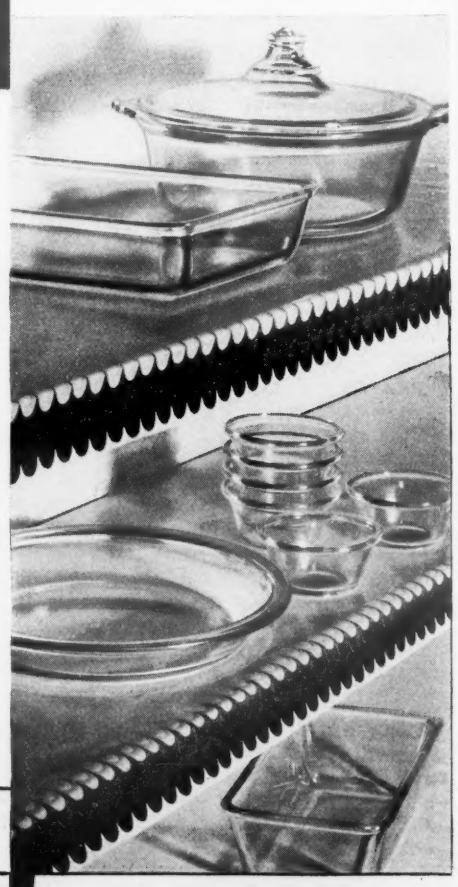
BAKING DISHES of sparkling glass bake more evenly than any metal utensil can. Scientists say they store up a remarkable amount of heat, and then give the heat out equally to every part of the food within.

This greater evenness of baking has brought about an entirely new menu idea—whole meals that cook with amazing quickness! . . . and all at the same time! Some in 20 minutes; others 30; the longest, 45 minutes.

Thirty of these unbelievably quick luncheons and dinners have just been published in a wonderful new menu bulletin. It costs only $5.15 to buy the equipment to cook these quick new menus . . . as well as to do all your every-day baking.

Your friends will doubtless ask you how you achieve the perfectly cooked foods that the even Pyrex baking insures.

This entire meal cooked in 20 minutes . . . baked chicken cones (utility dish), potato rosettes (pie plate), tomato and corn scallop (casserole), orange shortcake (custard cups). Pierced metal frames in many designs may be had for casserole, pie plate and utility dish.



These glistening Pyrex dishes never discolor foods or affect the taste. They never wear out, crack or craze. And because they enable you to cook and serve in the same dish, they save you dishwashing, work and money.

Hardware stores and the housewares or china sections of department stores have this $5.15 Pyrex baking set and many other Pyrex dishes as well.

Guarantee: Every piece of Pyrex ovenware is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from oven heat.

Take this $5.15 list to your dealer

Covered Casserole No. 623 round, or No. 653 square, or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow, medium size	$1.75
Utility dish, No. 231, medium size	1.00
Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size	.60
Pie plate, No. 209, medium size	.90
Loaf pan, No. 212, medium size	.90
This economical Pyrex Baking Set	$5.15

(All prices slightly higher in West and Canada)

ONLY $5.15 FOR THESE TEN PIECES

Corning Glass Works, Dept. O-65, Corning, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time.

Name.....
(Please print name)

Address.....

.....

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

• FREE •

All-cooked-at-the-same-time-menus

Send today for wonderful new Menu Bulletin

manned by super-microbe hunters and crammed with every kind of typically American expensive apparatus from the electrocardiograph to delicate forceps for removing beans from little girls' noses and splinters from little boys' toes; none of these, with their paraphernalia, their deans, directors and assorted scientific dignitaries, ever had detected so much as a single case of Malta fever due to the cow bacillus of Doctor Bang! That should have stopped Evans.

Characteristically, she merely hesitated, for four years.

SHE did doubt her own work, we must confess it, even those of us who are biased by sympathy for the under dog. She actually conducted researches in the milk of supposedly abortion-infected cows, and tried to prove how really few of the nefarious bugs ever got out through their milk. That might account for there being no ill with the painful shins, the bright eyes, the fever when you didn't realize you had it, the drenching sweats that weakened you in the night—no sickness like Malta fever, in America.

And yet, in that very same scientific report, you find her insisting, with that halting but terrific stubbornness that is one of her surprising qualities: "On the other hand, are we sure that cases of glandular disease, or cases of abortion, or possibly diseases of the respiratory tract, may not sometimes occur in human subjects as a result of drinking raw cow's milk?" Her back was to the wall. Her work, overwhelmed by neglect, petered out.

Obscure, you find her, presently, anonymous along with many another technician—what more was she?—learning tricks of war bacteriology in that notorious red-brick building on the hill over the Potomac in Washington. It's the Hygienic Laboratory of the United States Public Health Service, not yet very well known, but already housing the obscure searchers that have made it the most famous den of don't-give-a-damn microbe hunters, death fighters, in the world today.

And, by a stroke of good fortune for herself—but still more for the Public Health Service—Evans came under the eye of Director George McCoy, pompadour-haired, shrewdest kind of judge of men—I mean microbe hunters, male or female. . . .

"Stay here and work with us, Miss Evans," urged McCoy, who was tall, was lean, was Abe Lincolnish in his appearance, seemed a cross between a searcher and backwoods schoolmaster. "You can do as much good here, working at meningitis, as you could do in any Army camp. . . ."

SO HERE was Evans, in 1918, in what was certainly the big league of bug chasing. She was permitted, without question, to bleed, to inject, to cut up animals dead of assorted diseases. She became excited about the meningitis that was killing our boys in the cantonments; her pets, the famous twin-brother microbes of Bang and Bruce, grew dusty in her memory; except that she suddenly found that she was becoming internationally famous!

In a babel of tongues, from the laboratories of a polyglot assortment of foreign microbe hunters with jaw-cracker names, from Holland, Austria, Germany, Italy, Tunisia, came unanimous reports: Evans is right! But from America—silence. So, a mere associate bacteriologist, excluded by her sex, her lack of the learned medical degree, from becoming an officer in the Public Health Service, she plodded away at meningitis.

All at once, in 1922, many things began to happen together, confusingly, irritatingly, because, in the midst of her fevered activity, she'd begun to feel extremely seedy—nobody knew with what. Nobody—except Evans herself—was terribly concerned, and Evans least of all wanted to squawk, in this gang of hard-boiled death fighters of the Hygienic, who were always catching the plagues that they were studying, or even inoculating themselves with them! It was disgusting that she was sick—with so much work to do. Fool folks had been drinking goat's milk out in Arizona; her colleague, Gleason Lake, the pinch-hitting searcher, had been sent out there, and here she was, with a reputation for knowing how to blood-test for the Malta-fever microbe—buried by blood samples that came from the industrious Lake. And evenings, after days spent centrifuging great bottles of Bruce microbes, dangerous, living, virulent, she'd drag herself home, feeling a bit chilly, and horribly tired. She kept thinking: "I must take my temperature," but next morning felt better, and forgot to take it. She'd feel fit, and go back at her rack of tubes again, but by noon she'd blow up again, but she kept dragging back at her work. . . . So much to do, so confusingly much she was responsible for ——

To her cluttered room came, from the famous Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, a pair of innocent-looking little tubes, sent by the enormously industrious microbe hunter, Harold Amoss, and his helper, the interne, Keefer. Doctor Amoss, it seems, was, alone among American doctors, aware that there was such a person as Alice Evans. Doctor Amoss had read her stuff; Doctor Amoss wanted to know, from the distinguished Malta-fever expert, Alice C. Evans, whether these microbes he was sending her *were bugs of Bang or bugs of Bruce!*

THE man whose blood they'd come from had been sick for weeks in the Baltimore hospital.

The blood of this same man gave a positive test for both the nefarious bug of Bang and the furtive microbe of Bruce.

The illness of this man had been queer, mysterious, impossible to diagnose—but in Malta every doctor would surely have called it Malta fever!

But—here's what was puzzling Amoss and Keefer—this fellow swore he'd never drunk goat's milk. He'd wanted no part of goats, had been near no goats, had hardly so much as ever seen any sort of goat—Billy or Nanny.

The patient freely admitted he'd been a great drinker of fresh cow's milk—raw. And, under separate cover, Miss Evans would find the culture they'd got out of his blood, and a sample of his blood serum to test ——

Her exhaustion vanished; her confused tiredness evaporated. Clear-brained she set up complicated rows of little tubes, and after taut, nervous, breath-taking days, she proved, by her own highly technical, abstruse "agglutinin-absorption" reaction, that the culprit in the blood of the Baltimore man was surely the nefarious cowbug of Doctor Bang. Here, hurrah, was the first proved human case in all history, caused by that other twin brother.

Proved. . . .

VI.

BUT when you're unknown, as Alice Evans was, when you've no resounding medical name, it takes more than one case; it takes, as the saying goes, more than one swallow to make a summer. Was it perfectly certain that her delicate test could separate those twin-brother microbes? But her blood was up again, the hunt was on once more, and, though that infernal back-hurting tiredness kept coming back to her, she picked up the old chase dropped four years before. She was sick, but still she was, as the doctor's jargon has it, ambulatory. Which meant she could still drag herself back to the laboratory, sticking to her microscope in the best tradition of the bold crew of whom it was her honor now to be one; ingeniously she tested blood serums, that came to the red-brick building on the hill from various hospitals, for the Wassermann test——

Not being a doctor and certainly not qualified in any way to visit bedsides, but

(Continued on Page 168)

All "les petits poils*" have been removed" in making Wamsutta *All-Combed* Percale

MANY years ago, a certain Mrs. S—— brought home from Paris a piece of beautifully fine cotton cloth, unlike anything that had ever been woven in America.

It was called *"la percale"* and was then at the height of the vogue among the Parisian couturiers as a dainty fabric for summer dresses.

This piece of cloth was sent to New Bedford, and we were asked if we could possibly weave anything like it "for some *sheets* for Mrs. S——."

After a great deal of study and many experiments, the cloth was finished and Mrs. S—— bought the entire weaving, about a hundred yards, for her own use.

Thus Wamsutta brought Percale to the United States—not as a fashionable dress fabric but as an exquisitely smooth sheeting, which soon came to be known as "the finest of cottons."

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

WAMSUTTA MILLS, *Founded 1846*
New Bedford, Massachusetts
RIDLEY WATTS & CO., *Selling Agents*
44 Leonard Street, New York

In a French dictionary of the same period, *"la percale"* is defined as "a very fine, white cotton cloth, smooth and closely woven, from which 'les petits poils' have been removed."

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(Continued from Page 166)

knowing there was more than one way to skin a cat, Evans took those serums, and out of five hundred found five that tested YES for undulant fever! And two at least, from their histories, which she tracked down, indefatigably, and from their blood which she dabbled with delicately—had been assaulted, without question, by the cow bacillus of Doctor Bang. Though their doctors had diagnosed them everything else under the sun. . . .

Emboldened now, sure now in her heart as well as her brain that her pet bugs were twins, she went to her old colleagues of the Department of Agriculture, gave them a culture of Bruce microbes that had come from the blood of a man in Phoenix, Arizona, who'd caught his illness from drinking the milk of goats. Into a heifer, soon to have her calf, went those human germs; the beast lost her baby, just exactly as she would have had she been injected with the cow bug of Bang. Oh—no doubt of it, they were twins; for all practical purposes, the same!

Done up, with a high fever, with darting pains all over her body, Evans gave up, and at last went to the hospital.

AND, before the world's Dairy Congress held at Syracuse in October, 1923—it is not reported whether any doctors were present—her first really bold, challenging, scientific paper was read, by somebody else, Evans being no longer ambulatory. To the distinguished international cowmen in congress assembled her words rang out:

"The question arises with increasing emphasis why no disease resembling Malta fever results from drinking raw cow's milk. . . ." The intelligent dairymen present pricked up their ears.

"It would appear to be a problem worthy of investigation to determine whether *abortus* infection might not be responsible for mild disabilities in our own localities—for the cause is never determined, of many cases of low fever . . . or rheumatism, or neuritis . . . such as are common in Malta fever. . . ." But the dairymen, not being doctors, had no way of determining that.

Bolder still rang the words of this sick, enormously ignored woman: "If there were no other reason for milk pasteurization, it would appear to be folly to drink raw milk containing *abortus* organisms."

Shortly afterward, well enough to drag herself back to the red-brick building on the hill overlooking the Potomac, Miss Evans found her lab helper, Pooler, feeling seedy. Maybe *he* had this undulant fever. She tested the boy's blood—no, no evidence of it; he was all right. But, in testing him, she had used her own blood—supposedly normal—for comparison with his; in laboratory jargon her blood had been the "control." Her own blood was strongly positive for undulant fever. So Evans showed what was the matter with her.

VII.

BUT now matters are coming to a head. It's no longer necessary for Evans herself to take the trail; from a surprising, a totally unexpected quarter comes news, sinister, unlooked for, proving how completely justified, indeed how restrained and mild her worst prophecies have been. This ugly news comes into Evans' laboratory carried by a plain-faced, gray-eyed young man from Ithaca, New York. He's bespectacled, extremely intelligent-looking, yet you'd not consider him out of place driving into town on a wagonload of turnips. He is twice a doctor, first of horses, and then, having increased in wisdom and risen in life, of philosophy—in bacteriology—but alas, he is not an M.D. His name is Charles M. Carpenter. He comes from the school of horse doctoring at Cornell University, to Alice C. Evans to find out about two cultures of microbes and two samples of human blood that he's got from two Cornell boys who have been extremely sick ——

Evans has said: "It must be conceded, that, in general, the bovine *abortus* does not cause in man such an acute disease as the Malta fever of subtropical regions. . . ."

But here comes the brown-haired Carpenter, telling of these two boys who've had fevers whose wavy ups and downs have made saw teeth on their temperature charts, who have been on the edge of dying, who've had bed-shaking chills and drenching sweats; who have, severally and at one time and another, been gravely diagnosed by the faculty in consultation assembled, to be suffering from typhoid, from galloping consumption, from malaria, to say nothing of blood poisoning due to the streptococcus!

BUT Carpenter—in line of his duty as pathologist—has poked needles into the arms of these boys, persistently, and with a thoroughness peculiarly Carpenterian. Their blood he's planted on a seductive and succulent variety of microbe foods; these cultures he has nursed with the skill of an expert cook and with the tenderness of a brooding mother. Feebly at first, with ifs, with ands, with buts, certain tiny rodlike microbes have grown. Then luxuriantly—and, to his experienced cow-doctor's eye, Carpenter has got, from the blood of both of these boys, none other than the bug of Bang!

Outside the line of his duty, and because he's infernally curious, Carpenter has read this prophet Evans who was without honor—alas—in her own country. He feels the honesty of her experiments. Now here he is at Washington—with a fine humility—to learn from Evans—even though she's a woman—to do that final delicate test that will tell which of the twin-brother microbes his bugs may be—are they Bruce, are they Bang? The tests are made; the results are clear.

With a clatter and a bang, for he's a demon for energy, Carpenter hies himself back to Ithaca. Where have these two boys got their nearly fatal illness? To Carpenter it's perfectly clear where they've got it, and he's not going to spare anybody's feeling about it. In a devastating series of thorough, of gorgeous experiments he now goes after the milk of the herd of the high-toned, pure-bred cows, whose milk, *raw milk*, these boys have been drinking heavily as growing boys should. Every day, for thirty days, Carpenter shoots the milk—mixed milk—from this herd, into guinea pigs—and proves that on every one of these days, that milk has been infectious, has been teeming with the bugs of Doctor Bang.

ALICE EVANS had said: "The fact that there is no recognized acute disease in man caused by the ingestion of cow's milk infected with this species of microörganism, suggests that passage through generation after generation of cattle may have reduced the virulence of these organisms. . . ." But, from two cows of that high-toned, yet aborting herd, that had furnished milk for the first boy who had fallen sick, Carpenter fished terribly savage and undoubted Bang bacilli, fierce enough to send guinea pigs to their doom in fourteen to forty days, a thing the Bang bug can rarely accomplish.

There is a kind of ferocity in Carpenter's way of proving things up to the hilt. More cases—five, ten, finally seventeen of this supposedly extremely rare disease he unearthed around Ithaca—a city whose milk was almost entirely raw, unpasteurized. Doctors now stopped giving this dangerous young man the ha-ha. They actually began finding cases for him, in housewives, in other university students.

And every man Jack and woman Jill who'd had this wavy fever, those fugitive, savage pains, those shaking chills, those drenching sweats—all except one—had been drinkers of raw cow's milk. And that one had been a bacteriologist, who'd messed with millions of Bang bugs in the laboratory!

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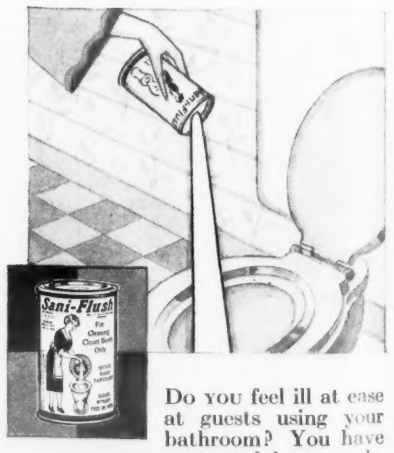

Do you feel ill at ease at guests using your bathroom? You have put out dainty towels. The bath, the lavatory are spotless. Is the toilet noticeably stained? Sani-Flush will make that immaculate too.

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Seeing that he's only a doctor of horses, cows and philosophy, it's amazing the array of facts Carpenter now proceeded to dig up, to prove how absolutely mild, how conservative the prophecies of Alice Evans really were! He answered every objection; he plugged every loophole; into pregnant heifers—never exposed naturally to abortion—he shot bugs of Bang he'd got from five human cases. One and all, with a terrible promptness, they lost their calves before their term; all except one of their calves were born dead.

CARPENTER discovered the first fatal human case of this wavy fevered ill—surely due to the cow bacillus—in America, and, from the still-born child of a poor human mother he has isolated the germ of Doctor Bang, and this opens up a terrible question: How many mothers, human mothers, are losing their babies by abortion caused by this microbe, coming through raw cow's milk, that has until lately been supposed to be so harmless, so absolutely beneficial, for human beings?

With patience, with marvelous ingenuity, the bespectacled, farmerish follower of Alice C. Evans has proved that people showing no positive blood test for these twin-brother microbes may still be sick with them; for he's cultured the bugs from such people's blood! With Doctor King he has ferreted out eight folks suffering with this disease, that in them masqueraded as tuberculosis, at the Metropolitan Life Sanitorium at Mount McGregor; all had been drinking unpasteurized milk, from a herd of prize cows which were infected with abortion. Pasteurization was started; no new cases of infection appeared.

Charles Carpenter—though Alice Evans had made experiments that hinted at it before—brought great hope for the complete extermination of this disease from America. With Ruth Boak, a tawny-haired Diana of a girl, who, as a student at Cornell, had got undulant fever, and so become interested in working with it, this tireless searcher has proved how easy it is to kill even the most ferocious Bang bugs in milk, even those that come from pigs, *by pasteurization of milk at 145° F.*

VIII. TODAY, as this is written, the for-so-long-forlorn prophet, Alice Evans, is no longer without honor in her country; she is even not without homage, for the learned Society of American Bacteriologists last year made her their president. She still toils—when she feels well enough, for those cursed microbes of Bruce still lurk in her body—in the red-brick building on the hill over the Potomac. Though it's true she no longer works at undulant fever, caused by the Bang bug, whose presence she so fantastically, so brilliantly, predicted, and discovered in America. She has been assigned other problems. She toils at the still utterly mysterious *encephalitis*, the dread sleeping sickness, and surely the authorities of the Public Health Service are justified in putting the now enormous problem of undulant fever—rampant in America—into the stronger hands of men, of M.D.'s, of qualified officers of the service.

Undulant fever is becoming a man's work now, becoming a job for the whole medical profession, for hundreds of serious cases of it are now being discovered everywhere.

In Michigan the cases of it are beginning to run toward a hundred; in Iowa the busy searcher, A. V. Hardy, has dredged up, in a year, one hundred and twenty-five cases—by the blood test. They were poor people who'd been diagnosed, by their honest doctors, to have typhoid, tuberculosis, malaria, rheumatism, infected teeth, pneumonia, appendicitis, heart disease, gall-bladder inflammation, liver abscess, Bright's disease, nervous breakdown, low blood pressure, eye trouble and run-down condition!

In South Bend, Indiana, the able Doctor Giordano has proved thirty-five cases of it, and, by a stroke of great luck for the folks of South Bend, two of these cases were nasty ones, occurring in eminent doctors of the town—so now they've a compulsory milk pasteurization ordinance there, that might not have come for years if plain, ordinary, lay people alone had suffered from it. . . .

All over it's being tracked down, linked up—to raw milk. Edward Francis, the conqueror of tularemia, uncovered a case of undulant fever in the little Quaker college of Earlham, at Richmond, Indiana. To Francis the extremely intelligent woman doctor, Marian Farbar, had sent the blood of a boy mysteriously sick, thinking he'd got rabbit fever. But Francis found it was really one of the twin-brothers microbes. And the courageous Marian Farbar dredged up twenty-seven cases among the students, and a laundress, there. Hers was a most beautiful natural experiment, incriminating raw milk; for one and all of these boys and girls had been drinking the milk of the college herd, fine registered cattle, the best the college could buy—cows that were, none the less, infected with the sneaking abortion bug of Dr. B. Bang. A fighter, Farbar insisted on a clean-up; after vast objections got the authorities to pasteurize the milk. In a twinkling this epidemic snuffed out.

MOST hopeful of all for the early scotching of this malevolent bug of Doctor Bang, which, alas, it may be impossible to root out of the dairy herds of our land, is the wide-awake attitude of the doctors today.

At Dayton, Ohio, there toils what seems to me to be an entirely new kind of physician—the tall, energetic, intolerant Walter Malcolm Simpson, late of the University of Michigan, late of the United States Navy, where he was a watch officer on the battleship Arkansas in the North Sea Fleet during the recent unpleasantness. He is now pathologist at the Miami Valley Hospital at Dayton; he chums with, he harangues, he teaches, he rolls up his sleeves and works with the entire alert Dayton medical profession; with Simpson—who is almost as much of an undulant fever Sherlock Holmes as is Carpenter—at their head, the Dayton doctors have uncovered in the past few months better than seventy cases of this sneaking malady in Dayton and its environs alone. And one-third of these cases they've ferreted out right off without help from the laboratory. There's a gleam in this New England Scotch-American's eye; the sleeves of his lab coat are rolled up; Simpson is proving how the Dayton folks are suffering simply because they've innocently drunk raw milk, raw milk; nobody will be able to stop this tall ex-sea dog, who's out with the help of the Dayton doctors to show how Ohio is shot with this infection, who's out to make Ohio compulsorily pasteurize its milk.

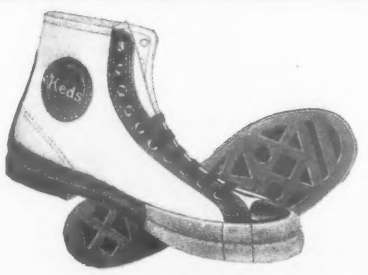
WALT SIMPSON, so much a man, thanks Alice Evans for giving him a chance at the tough fight he's got himself into; and of course doctors all over America should join him in his gratitude. For, over this whole tragic, yet so hopeful-to-be-got-rid-of business, there hovers the spirit, the profound, humorous originality of our gray-haired searcher who toils in the red brick building on the hill in Washington. That's the way her originality impresses this writer, at least—principally as humorous. For hasn't she written, in a most serious scientific treatise, the following skit on those brother bugs that she chased for so long:

"In the two separate baptisms the similarities of these two organisms were concealed for decades. It is as if twin brothers had been adopted by different families and given different surnames, and for twenty years no one recognized the similarities between the boys because they were seen at different times and in different places."

That's the sly spirit at the bottom of the toil of Alice C. Evans, whom you'll always have to remember with thanks, when you ask, before you drink a glass of milk—

IS IT PASTEURIZED?

They're out of the nursery now!



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"Goodbye, Billy" or "Goodbye, Jane" . . . with a suddenly tightening heart, you realize that your baby has grown up. Little feet, which only yesterday scampered across the nursery floor, now step bravely off to school. Now new lives are rapidly unfolding—new interests—new games—*action, action, and plenty of it!* And the clothes and shoes you buy must meet new tests.

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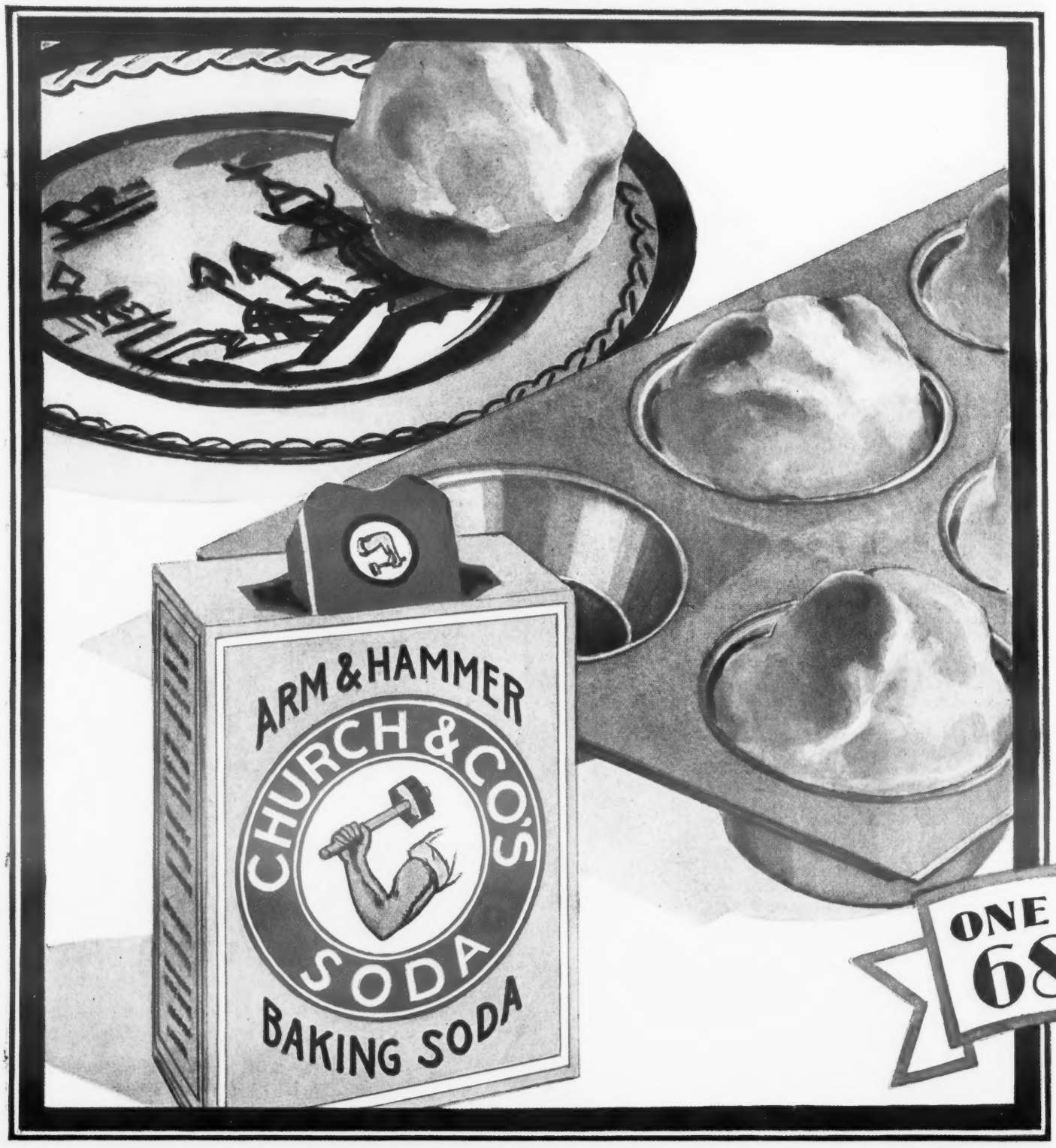

Breakfast Muffins

Sift into the mixing bowl
3 cups flour and
1½ teaspoons salt. Add
4 egg-yolks beaten with
¼ cup sugar, and
2 tablespoons melted shortening. Then add
1 teaspoon Arm & Hammer Baking Soda dissolved in
2 teaspoons lukewarm water and mixed with
2 cups thick sour milk. Beat all together and fold in
4 egg-whites beaten stiff.
Half fill greased muffin-tins. If iron muffin-pans are used, they should be hot. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven or at 450 degrees F.

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Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) is far more than just a kitchen stand-by. It is a constant aid to successful cooking results. For biscuits and muffins, pancakes and waffles, cakes, cookies, fritters and a host of other good things it is the perfect leavening. It is easy to use and gives excellent results. Have you tried Baking Soda in cooking green vegetables? You've noticed how fresh and colorful they look when they are served in the best hotels and restaurants. Well, it's easy to obtain the same results yourself . . . Simply add a pinch of Baking Soda to the water when you cook them.

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Nettie Spoor Hanauer

Knitted Designs by
Isabelle B. Coleman

Handmade Gifts for the New Baby's Layette

No. 6223

Pale pink embroidered crêpe de chine bonnet and sacque edged with satin ribbon and ruching in the same delicate shade.

WHEN preparing for the arrival of a new baby, visions of wee, soft things pop in and out of one's mind in the first excitement of deciding what will be best to start making. A charming little wrapper or sacque is one necessity—or several of each, for that matter—and advice is proffered by all one's friends and family as to whether round necks or square are the more becoming to tiny, fat chins or whether they should be trimmed with the merest detail of lace or no lace at all.

The little wrapper in the upper left-hand corner, Design No. 6223, is of pale pink crêpe de chine with kimono sleeves. The front, neck and sleeves are bound in ¾-inch satin ribbon to match and held in place with a row of chain stitch in hard, twisted silk. There is a row of the same hemstitching running from the neck halfway down the front, and a 1¼-inch val-lace edge is sewed on just beyond the satin binding. A tiny bonnet of the same pink crêpe must be added. This may be frilled and shirred to one's heart's content, but the simple little bonnet with a dainty lace edge and a few hand stitches on it will be found the one most useful for general wear. A washable crêpe de chine lined with china silk is the most practical. There is a cover around the face of the bonnet, finished in points which are picot-edged, and a five-petal flower, worked in what is called lazy-daisy stitch, trims each point. Edging these points and round the crown and face of the bonnet is a narrow val-lace edge. Satin-ribbon strings finish it, and net ruching is used round the face with the lace.

A carriage robe and pillow are also among the loveliest gifts for a baby. The one in the lower center of the page, Design No. 684, is 25 by 28 inches of palest sea-shell-pink flat crêpe. Quilting is delightful ornamentation when introduced in band effect. This band of flowers and squares is 3 inches wide and is 4 or 5 inches from the edge of the robe. A flounce 4½ inches deep is finished in points with a picot edge. The back of the robe is quilted in large diamonds. Lamb's wool is used for padding and a thin muslin for backing the quilt. Lamb's wool comes in 8-by-36-inch sheets.

The little pillow matches the robe in color and design and is 11 by 13½ inches. Of course, the finest down pillow is the only one for the little head to use. This set makes an exquisite gift, and countless other things can be included in the layette, such as squares of fine flannel bound in pink or blue heavy satin ribbon, padded quilted bibs edged in lace, and knitted bootees, sweaters and caps.

Knitting for a new baby is as much fun as sewing, and a tiny sweater and cap are very easy.

INFANT'S SACQUE. Directions for waffle stitch used in both sacque and cap. Cast on required number of stitches. *ROW 1, knit across in pink. ROW 2, knit across. ROW 3, purl across. ROW 4, knit across. ROW 5, join on white wool. Slip two pink stitches, knit two white stitches across. ROW 6, slip pink stitches, purl white ones. ROW 7, slip pink stitches, knit white ones. ROW 8, slip pink stitches, purl white ones.*

Repeat between stars, for required length. In repeating the unit each time, the slipped stitches are opposite the knitted stitches of the previous set of squares.

Caution: Hold yarn loosely as you carry it along back of slipped stitches, or your work will be puckered, as well as too small.

With white cast on 52 stitches. Knit 5 ridges in garter stitch. Join on pink, and knit and purl for 5¾ inches. Make yoke in waffle stitch for 4 units. Make unit for 16 stitches, then bind off 20 stitches for neck; unit again for 16 stitches for other shoulder. Place 16 stitches on holder, and on the other 16 stitches, knit 2 units for shoulder after finishing out unit already started. Cast on 14 stitches for front. Knit waffle stitch for 4 more units. Knit and purl in pink to match back, and finish off with 5 ridges of white. Finish other front to match.

Cast on 40 stitches for sleeve between yoke limits. Knit and purl for 5 inches. Make cuff with sock needles. Rib cuff, knit 2, purl 2, for 1½ inches, making 5 rows pink, 5 rows white, 5 rows pink, and bind off, knitting and purling. Make other sleeve to match.

Pick up stitches on each front, and knit 5 ridges to match bottom of sacque. Finish off neck edge with crochet beading for ribbon, one double crochet, two chain between, in white, and edge of 3 chain caught in each double to finish.

Wool cap and sacque knit in waffle stitch.

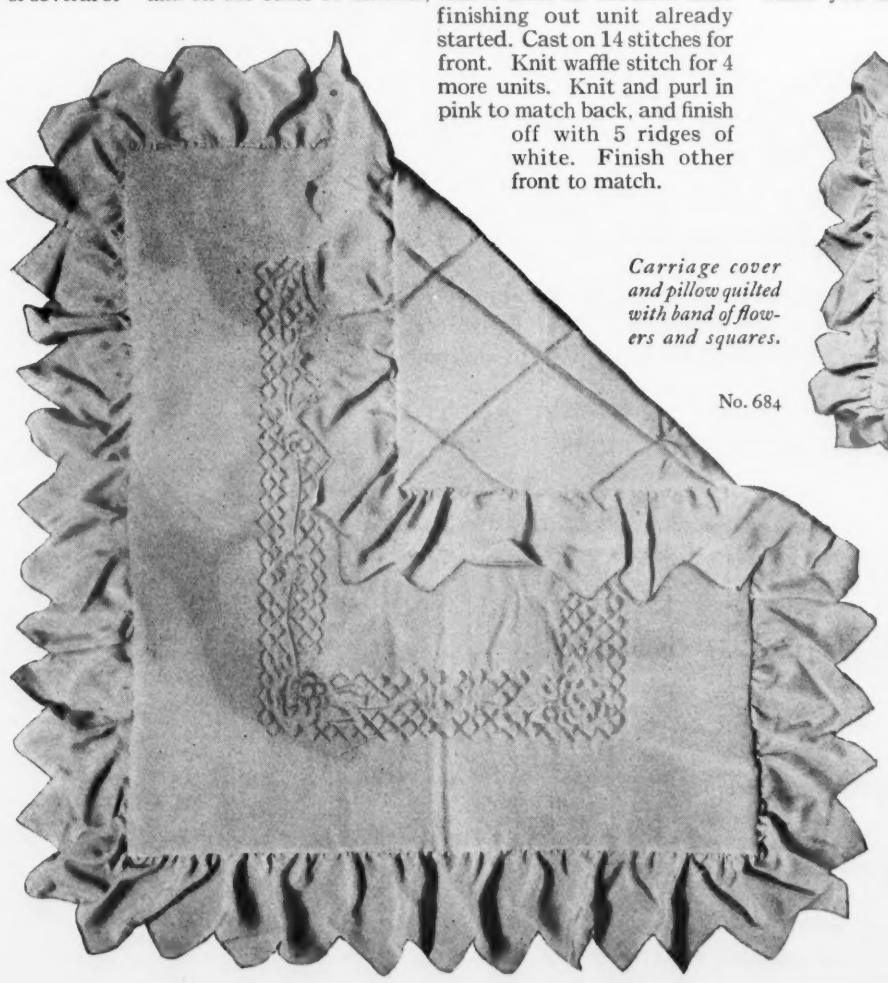
Materials for Sacque and Cap: Two ounces of pink saxony, one ounce of white saxony, one pair No. 3 needles, one pair sock needles for cuffs. Two yards of pink ribbon for sacque and cap, one small ribbon flower for cap.

INFANT'S CAP. Cast on 38 stitches. Knit waffle stitch for 9 units. At end of row in which you knit across, cast on 38 stitches for back of cap. Work four patterns of waffle stitch across the 76 stitches now on the needle. On the last row in which you knit across, bind off 38 stitches, and continue working other side of cap for 9 units. Holding wrong side of cap toward you, pick up stitches on front for turnover. About 68 stitches will be right. Be sure to have them smoothly and evenly distributed along edge, and neither too tight nor too loose.

Knit 8½ ridges in garter stitch, then put in hemstitching in color, thus: 1 row knit, purl back. Next row knit 1 stitch, yarn over, knit 2 together, to end of row. Purl back. Knit 2 ridges more of white, and bind off.

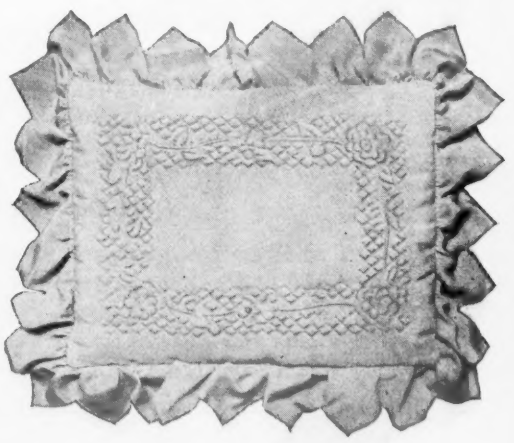
Sew cap together. Pick up stitches at bottom of cap, about 58 being right to hold cap in slightly. Hold right side toward you when picking up stitches. Knit 2, purl 2, for 3 rows.

Now make holes for ribbon, by purling 2, yarn over, and knitting 2 together. One more row of knit 2, purl 2, then bind off knitting and purling.



Carriage cover and pillow quilted with band of flowers and squares.

No. 684



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LINDA—Patent colt one strap, center buckle. Genuine lizard panel.

TONIA—Brown suede one strap, center buckle. Brown kid trim.

LOMBARDY—Dark blue kid oxford, fancy grey stitching.

New light weight

Light in appearance. Light on the foot. Thus assuring the utmost in graceful poise and carriage.

New exquisite lines

High beautifully curved instep. Narrow shank. Glove-like contours, glorifying the foot's natural charm.

New graceful heels

High. Slender. Elegant. The greatest of smartness and distinction.

New fall colors

Especially selected to go with the preferred shades in the new ensemble materials. Providing the contrast or harmony every woman desires.

New smart materials

A wide variety for every occasion—street, sports, afternoon, evening. Unusual finishes. Exclusive trimmings.

New Parisian designs

Original creations of Selby's Paris studio and clever interpretations of the Continental mode by Selby's New York studio. More than correct style. *Advanced* concepts of shoe beauty.

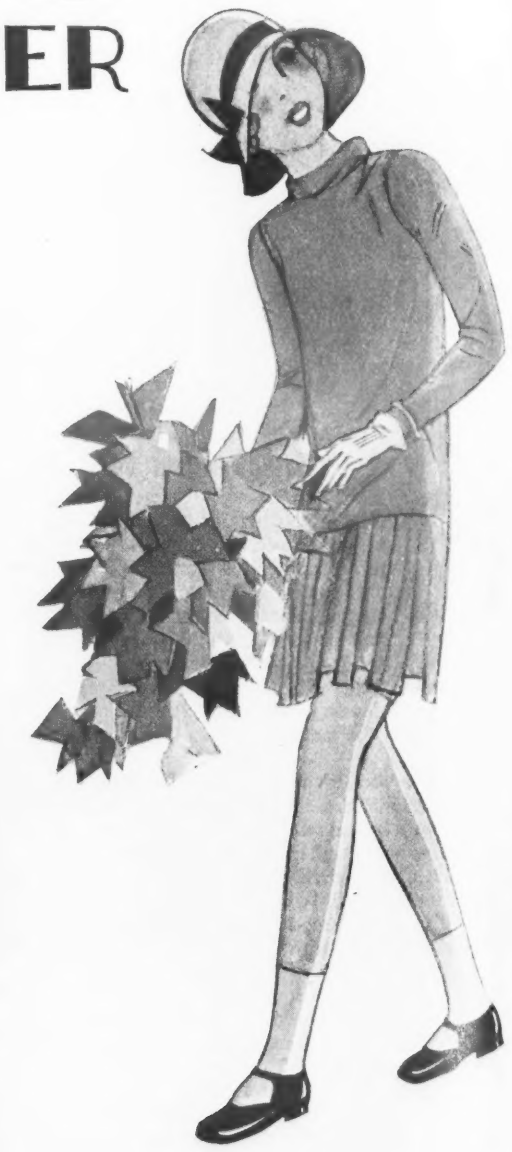
New nicety of fit

Exclusive Selby heel-to-ball fitting gives to these shoes all the personalized charm of custom-built footwear.

ROMOLA — Brown kid one strap, center buckle. Beige opal kid trim.

CLEONE — Almora kid one strap, center buckle. Brown kid and Almora kid trim.

LILITH—Satin one strap. Also in patent leather with dull kid trim.



Selby EXCLUSIVE FEATURE SHOES

ARCH PRESERVER

STYL-EEZ

TRU-POISE

Fromenti.

M. Fromenti, one of France's greatest fashion artists, shows how the new Selby Arch Preserver Shoes complete the smart fall ensembles.

But . . . with all of the exclusive Arch Preserver features essential for comfort and activity . . .

ALL of the famous Arch Preserver assurances of foot happiness and foot energy are hidden beneath the charming exteriors of these shoes—the arch bridge that prevents all strain and gives natural foot support; the metatarsal arch support that supplies new vigor to the step; the flat crosswise inner sole that eliminates pinching and derangement of the sensitive nerves and blood-vessels.

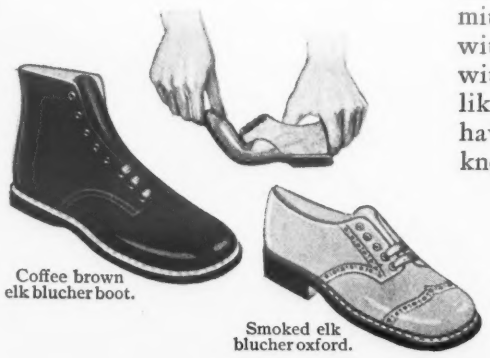
See these *New* creations at the Selby Fall Salon in the stores of 2000 leading dealers, September 9-21

Remarkable selections at $10. Other models up to $18

Whatever the occasion, here you will find perfect appropriateness and tomorrow's vogue; whatever the ensemble, its harmonizing complement in footwear. And in every model the patented features that keep smart, active feet comfortable all the time.

To Mothers . . . *Now Arch Preserver protection for the growing, active feet of your children.*

All the foot comfort, smart appearance, and healthful activity that Selby Arch Preserver Shoes give to grown-ups is now available to children of all ages. These juvenile shoes permit the natural development of growing feet, without restraint — providing ample room with perfect support where needed, and glove-like flexibility at the ball. Youthful feet that have the benefit of these shoes need never know a moment's discomfort in later life. For misses, too, they may be had in a variety of smart models along natural lines, yet without the suggestion of heaviness so common in healthful shoes.



Coffee brown elk blucher boot.

Smoked elk blucher oxford.

To Women . . . *who have been buying cheap imitation "Arch Support" Shoes.*

Here is good news! To meet the demand for a Selby Arch Preserver Shoe at a lower price, the New Styl-eez Shoe has been especially created. This good-looking footwear includes all the exclusive patented comfort and activity features which have made the Arch Preserver Shoe famous. Never before has there been such a shoe at such a price. Styl-eez is just another expression of Selby's ability to supply smart special feature shoes to satisfy every viewpoint and every purse.

MYRNA
Patent leather three-eyelet tie.

RAMADA—Dark brown calf, one strap buckle.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

Before You Complete Your Fall Ensembles Send for This Book

It gives you hints on selecting shoes appropriate for various occasions and harmonizing with the new fall fabrics and colors. We shall also include pictures of a great many more styles than we have room to show in this advertisement. Incidentally, if your shoe dealer does not have the privilege of selling these New Arch Preserver Shoes, we shall give you the name of the merchant who is ready to serve you.

The Selby Shoe Company, 112 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio. Please send your booklet L-12 on the New Selby Arch Preserver Shoes and pictures of models for all occasions and ensembles.

I usually buy shoes from.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Look for the De Luxe label attached to the GUARANTEED 25 YEARS ROME "DeLuxe" the Bedspring Luxurious The ROME Company *slats of every genuine Rome De Luxe Spring*

DE LUXE BEDSPRINGS

—famous for Comfort—

NOW APPEAR IN SMARTLY TAILORED SLIP COVERS

ALL the comfort of the famous Rome De Luxe bedspring, all the beauty of a trim, tailored-to-fit De Luxe Slip Cover . . . Yet at a cost so reasonable that every one may enjoy this luxurious sleeping equipment!

Although enclosing all visible parts of the bedspring, the new De Luxe Slip Cover leaves unhampered the exclusive De Luxe free coil construction under the mattress—*a comfort feature impossible with a completely enclosed spring.* Each coil moves with absolute freedom—yielding here to the pressure of hips and shoulders, rising here to support the vital organs between. Your body lies straight, relaxed.

The new De Luxe Slip Covers are made in a variety of attractive colors exclusively for the Rome De Luxe bedsprings. A special Talon "Hookless Fastener" aids in close fit and easy handling. One zip . . . it's on!

Arrange with your furniture or department store for a trial. Demand Rome De Luxe, and ask to see the colorful new De Luxe Slip Covers, available at slight additional cost.

THE ROME COMPANY, INC.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
BALTIMORE ROME, N. Y. SAN FRANCISCO

Distributing Warehouses Everywhere

ROME "DeLuxe" – the Bedspring Luxurious

Note the special Talon "Hookless Fastener" that makes the De Luxe Slip Cover fit better and handle easier. It is an exclusive Rome De Luxe feature.

The ROME Company

BEDSPRINGS • ROME METAL BEDS • DAY BEDS • COUCH HAMMOCKS

Smart Fall Sweaters

Designed by Merle Munn

MISS IRENE DELROY, engaging and lovely star of Follow Thru, is photographed here in two smart sweaters which are particularly attractive with tweed suits for fall wear. This season you may wear your jumper or sweater inside your skirt or outside, as your taste and your figure dictate. But in any case sweaters are distinctly smart, particularly if they are knitted in wool which matches the color of the tweed with which they are to be worn—or else is in direct and interesting contrast to the tweed.

PHOTOS. BY NICKOLAS MURAY

The sweater shown at the top of the page is a slip-on model knitted in a diagonal stripe and particularly designed to wear outside the skirt. It is designed in blue, gray and black, but could combine the color mixture of any tweed and would be smart in black, gray and white, or, if you are planning to wear one of the very fashionable new brown tweeds, in yellow, brown and beige, or even in dark brown and soft rose-pink the very chic combination introduced by Vionnet.

The model shown at the bottom of the page is a slip-on in solid color with a zigzag stripe in the modern spirit. With a short suit jacket it could be tucked inside the skirt, but Miss Delroy wears it with a three-quarter-length coat and skirt of novelty tweed-mixture wool from Golflex. The smart, stitched Knapp-Felt hat "Highways" matches the sweater.

Directions for knitting these two sweaters will be sent upon the receipt of a two-cent stamp sent to the Needlework Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

LOVELY, luxurious blankets . . . you never can have too many of them!

They're such charming things to own . . . such cheerful things to have about the house—they're so gay and colorful. So necessary, too, when nights grow cold.

And how nice it is to have extra blankets when overnight guests arrive! Dainty blankets whose charming patterns add a touch of smartness to your bedrooms . . . luxurious blankets whose soft folds keep your guests snug and warm the whole night through.

For the guest room, or any bedroom, Esmond Blankets are ideal . . . they're so fine in texture—so soft and warm and colorful. Truly lovely things . . . no woman ever had too many of them!

The Esmond Mills—"where the country air is clean and pure and wholesome."

BLANKETS *are such Intimate Things*

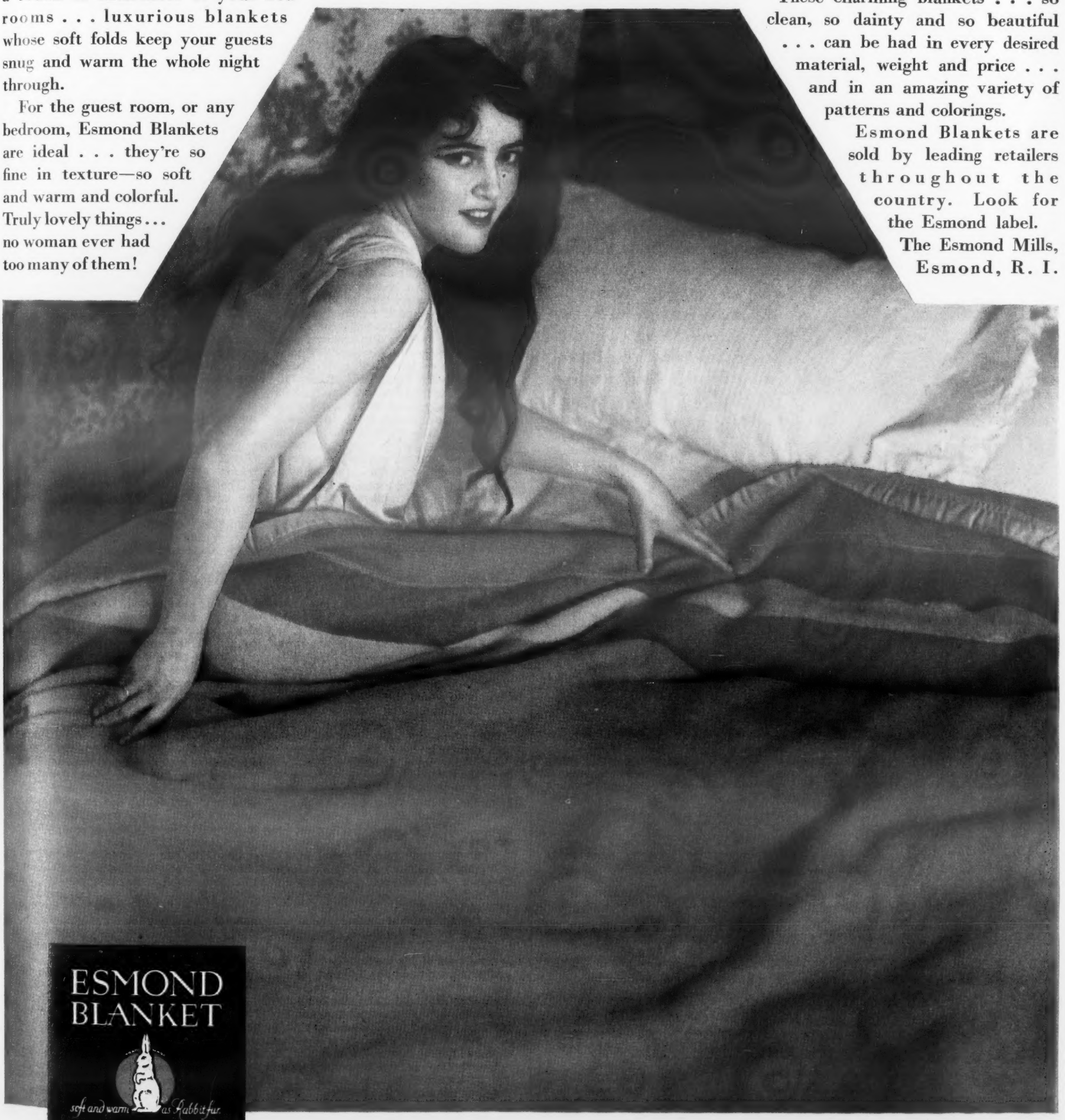
BLANKETS are such intimate . . . such personal things, it's well to know how and where they are made.

Esmond Blankets are made in a charming village in old New England . . . where the country air is clean and pure and wholesome. And there . . . in modern, sunlit mills . . . they are skillfully woven by careful, expert workers.

These charming blankets . . . so clean, so dainty and so beautiful . . . can be had in every desired material, weight and price . . . and in an amazing variety of patterns and colorings.

Esmond Blankets are sold by leading retailers throughout the country. Look for the Esmond label.

The Esmond Mills,
Esmond, R. I.



ESMOND BLANKET

soft and warm as Rabbit fur

The Young Foot Is the Happy Foot!

And the foot stays young and happy in Drew Arch Rest Shoes

Keep the foot young . . . it can be done so easily, so fashionably, so smartly, in Drew Arch Rest Shoes! Created with the modern mode in mind . . . these youthful styles for the fashionable foot . . . these youthful Shoes that keep the foot young, as well! The scientifically designed Drew Arch Rest construction is the secret . . . upholding the arch and instep, guarding against fatigue and strain, distributing the weight evenly . . . literally, keeping the foot young. Most styles $8.50, $10.00 and $12.50, at your dealers. Send the coupon below for the Drew Folio of Footwear Fashions. The Irving Drew Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

The Pandora

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women
"keep the foot small"

THE IRVING DREW COMPANY,
Portsmouth, Ohio

Please send me my complimentary copy of the new Drew Folio of Footwear Fashions.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Margaret Bondfield--Minister of Labor

(Continued from Page 35)

let go. An amiable foot—small, daintily clad, and extremely fond of the interpretative dance, one of her pet pastimes. Altogether, an appearance of charm, vivacity, kindliness, prettiness, "comfyness"—but never that to suggest a spectacular career in political life. But within her the cause of the worker has burned at white heat from her young girlhood until now, at fifty-six, she is placed officially in charge of that cause for her nation.

The years passed, and at length came her entrance into the House of Commons.

Her first speech in Parliament was not a success; she set to work to gain control of her voice and technic, and went at it again. Her next address left even the most crabbed cynic silent; a London paper summed it up as "the first intellectual speech by a woman the House had ever heard." The British lion grumbled but succumbed.

In the end that first Parliamentary experience of hers turned out to be an acknowledged success. She dealt with such widely diverse matters as home-training classes for women, and the control of railways and waterways; unemployed women and the failure of Trade Board inspection; and the disastrous change from wartime to normal industry, saying that its condition called for not "a mere temporary solution" but "a continuous policy."

In running over her achievements she is found to have been a big force in gaining the vote for women, in the work done for old-age pensions, for the prevention of infant mortality, for child welfare, and for the care of pregnant mothers. She was largely responsible for the Trade Boards Act. These are only a few of the fields where she has stood forth in big silhouette. But they sketch her outline of interests. She is a Socialist, a trade-union leader, a suffragist, but not a feminist by the English definition of feminism as the "anti-man attitude."

Her Range of Vision

LET me tell you a reply she made to a question I asked her some time ago. She had finished addressing a group of the National Federation of Women Workers when suddenly I asked her:

"What are the most important problems that England has to face today?"

Now, most of the British gentlemen who make speeches and are elected to Parliament would have said "Er-ahem!" and have tapped their eyeglasses and replied eventually that they would have to consider the matter. But, biff, Miss Bondfield answered:

"Extension of the franchise to women from age thirty to age twenty-one. As it stands, 70 per cent of women in industry cannot vote.

"Family endowment. I don't say which solution is best, but it must be worked out.

"Scientific dealing with the coal supply.

"Health and maternity. We lose three thousand mothers yearly in childbirth. The mortality of babies under one year is increasing."

I cite this fourfold answer, made offhand and without a moment's hesitation, to show the vast range of her picture. She sees the need of the newborn baby, of the mother, of the woman in industry, of the family, of the nation as an economic unit. Since that time, the coal strike has come to a head, and the franchise has been extended, and newer problems are occupying her; but the range of her vision is just as wide and just as human.

"Go slowly," I heard her advise a group of trade-union women in New York the last time she was in this country. "Take the time needed to carry the mass with you. There is no good of leaders without followers. When the advance gets too far ahead, stop, and wait to bring up the rank and file."

She is vehemently against violence, although she has been in the thick of it many a time. After the general strike of 1926 she spoke with pride of its decorum. "We have raised the movement to so high a level of self-control, ethically and morally, that there was practically no disorder. How proud we were of the restraint of these millions of people! I dislike strikes, although I have had to conduct them. They are a clumsy weapon, but the alternative is industrial conscription. A worker must at times choose between his manhood and his job. We are striving to avoid strikes. We are striving to get the machinery—of relations between employer and employed—so perfect that a settlement won't take over twenty-four hours."

Head of Six Million Workers

THAT, very briefly, is the point of view that this new Minister of Labor brings to her job. She believes in the union, but she believes in the battle of peace.

She was only a slip of a twenty-four-year-old girl when she made an impromptu speech to a great meeting out in Mile End, in the district of petty shops and dingy homes and too-popular pubs; the outcome of that speech was her appointment to represent London at the union conferences in Liverpool and Hull. She went; she was the only woman delegate, very small, but she made people listen, for she had something to say. She antagonized some, she surprised all by declaring that it was foolishly futile to toil in a minimum-wage campaign when only a small proportion of the entire body of shop assistants belonged to the union.

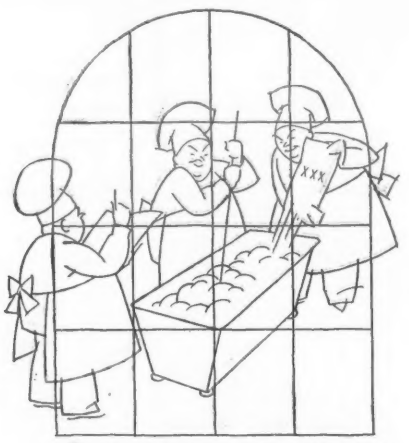
That was in 1896. A year or so later she gave up her shop position to build up the Shop Assistants' Union, and in the ten years that she worked it grew from two to twenty thousand. In those figures you have a statement of her belief in the union method. She left the work only to give herself to the larger cause of Labor as a whole.

In 1923 she received the greatest honor which the trade unions could confer when she was elected chairman of their general council. This meant that she, a woman, was placed at the head of six million organized workers of both sexes. But, like all great honors, the position had its price. The union situation was uncommonly bad. The worst phase of it was the boilermakers' lockout; for over half a year the leaders of Labor and Capital, the mayors of various towns, "the best male brains in the country," as one journal reported, had wrestled with it in vain. After a few conferences Miss Bondfield astonished England by "putting an end to a national calamity which had cost ten million pounds and involved seventy thousand workers." She had settled the strike.

How does she accomplish this sort of thing? Over and over it has occurred that this little mother-bird-like person has stepped in and straightened out a tangle that was too much for anybody else to handle. In the great strike of 1926, for instance, bitter, brooding men would listen to her when they turned away from all other speakers.

And there was the famous occasion in the month of the Armistice, when the Labor campaign opened, and Albert Hall had gulped ten thousand into its monstrous paunch and a portion of the ten thousand had given way to turmoil. Speakers struggled to make themselves heard—in vain. The chairman clanged his bell and roared—likewise in vain. Margaret Bondfield stepped forward, uttered one sentence; the rest of her speech was made to silent attention.

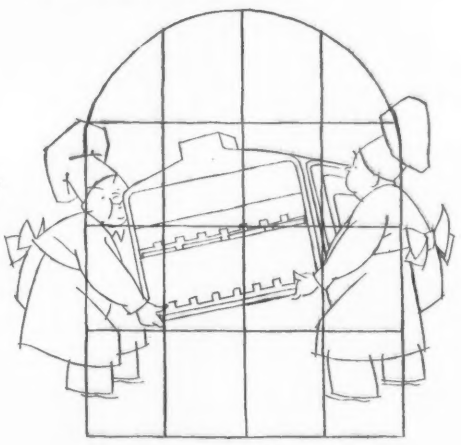
"OH, the THINGS I've seen --- through the thousand windows"



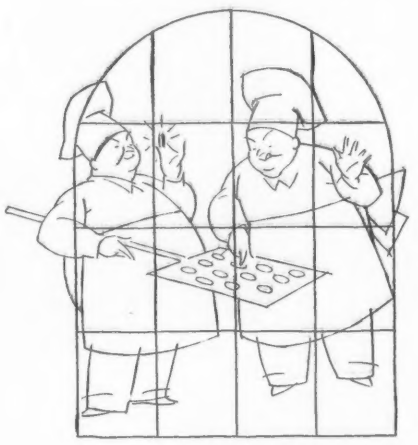
"I've been looking," says Old Man Sun, "through the thousand windows of Sunshine Bakeries for many years . . . luscious sights I've seen, too! . . .

"These Sunshine Bakers in their tidy white frocks, now . . . always up to something new, they are . . . got a knack for progress, they have . . .

"I remember, must have been twenty years ago, too, when they packed up and went to England . . . after something good, they were . . . I knew it . . .

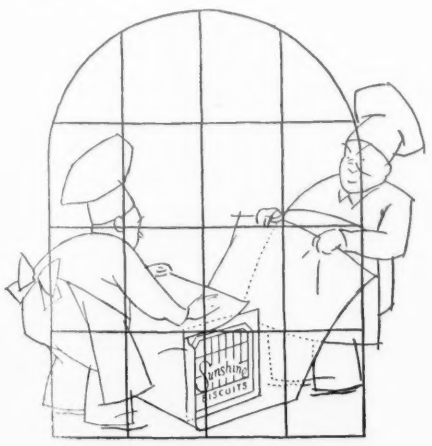


"They brought back special English ovens, set them up behind the thousand windows—and started baking those wonderful English Style biscuits—right here in America . . .

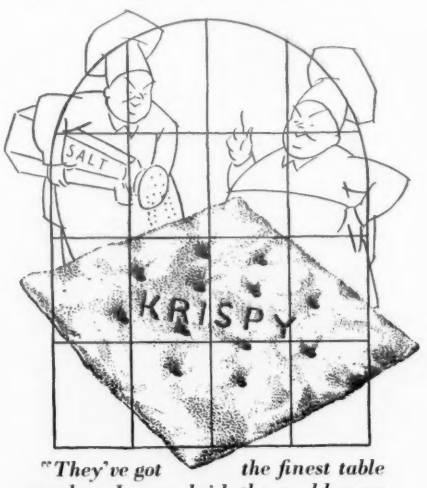


"I saw their faces light up . . . their lips smack . . . when they baked the first Sunshine Hydrox . . . never anything like it before . . . or since, for that matter . . .

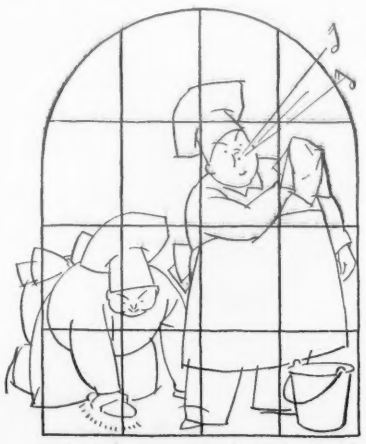
"Mighty fine biscuit, that Sunshine Hydrox . . . they put velvety cream, white as a fleecy cloud, in between two handsome chocolate cookies . . . there's a treat for you! . . .



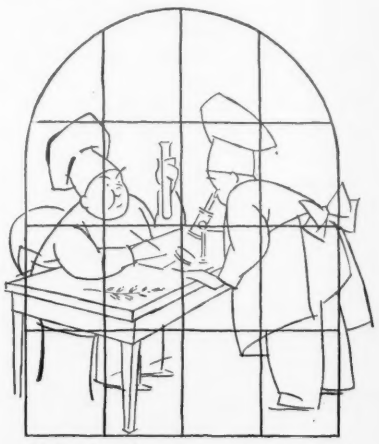
"They always seem to be ahead of the rest with new things . . . last few years they've taken to wax-wrapping their cracker packages on the outside . . . keeps moisture out . . .



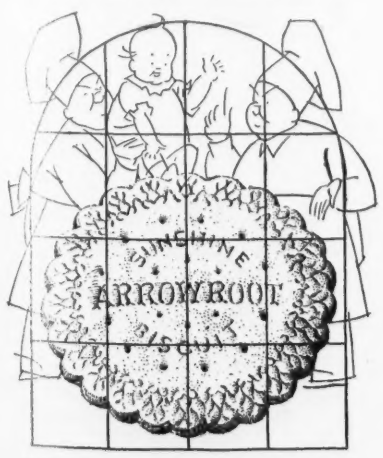
"They've got the finest table cracker I ever laid these old rays upon . . . Sunshine Krispy Crackers, they call 'em . . . dainty, salted squares . . . dimpled and browned . . .



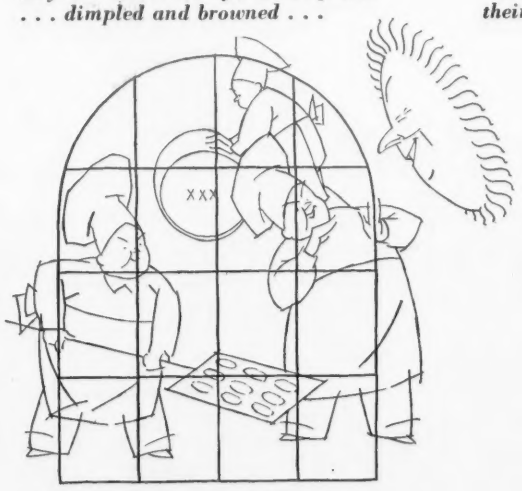
"And clean . . . say! I've looked into every corner of their bakeries . . . clean as the cusp of a new moon . . . makes me kind of proud they name their cookies after me . . .



"They're always peering into microscopes . . . always testing things . . . testing flour and butter and milk . . . everything . . . a bit too fussy, if you ask me . . . well, maybe not! . . .



"They're particularly watchful about these Sunshine Arrowroot Biscuits for babies . . . so careful to keep the mixture just so . . . got babies of their own, most of them . . .



"Well, I must be getting on . . . due in China pretty soon . . . hate to leave all these good things . . . if you want some, just mention my name in your grocery store."

Sunshine
..well worth saying whenever you want
CRACKERS
COOKIES
CAKES

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES *of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.*

ESSEX

CHOICE OF COLOR AT NO EXTRA COST

$695

. . . . And Up at Factory . . . .

all Motordom acclaims this thrilling new Challenge

At no extra cost—a Choice of Colors on any model, from a variety so wide you have almost individual distinction.

And, remember, this is only an additional feature to the great array of values with which Essex the Challenger has swept the field. With performance, challenging up to 70 miles an hour—with economy of 18 to 20 miles a gallon and upward—Essex the Challenger is outstandingly the most complete fine car ever offered in this price field.

At no extra cost—the comfort and stability of 4 Hydraulic Shock Absorbers. At no extra cost—the assurance and smooth, positive action of new-type double-action 4-wheel brakes.

At no extra cost—radiator shutters, air-cleaner, windshield wiper, starter on dash, electric gauge for fuel and oil on dash, safety lock, and all bright parts chromium plated for lasting newness and beauty.

In Essex the Challenger, you get above $100 in extra value in those items alone.

The Place Where the Sun is Tied

(Continued from Page 17)

There for the first time I began to notice the details of the surrounding buildings. On one side was a thirty-foot wall with three windows—undoubtedly a symbolic monument—built of irregular, dissimilar, many joined stones molded together with such incredible nicety that after supporting four centuries of jungle growth they had yet emerged brilliantly white, magically undisturbed.

At right angles to the wall was the Great Temple, an edifice with only three sides—and roofless like the rest—constructed of gigantic blocks which, as in the case of the wall, seem to have grown together. One block of a purity that resembles marble is fourteen feet long and eight feet high. How the builders of this granite aerie ever quarried such vast stones is puzzling enough, but how they ever moved them up to the pinnacles of these crags, which an unburdened climber ascends with the greatest difficulty, is many times more puzzling. Perhaps, like the angel architects of Cambodia, the Incas who built Machu Picchu understood the magic arts, causing monstrous stones to drop, already squared, from the granite cliffs and take wing across the canyons to the Temple walls. Otherwise the labor, the patience, the years required for the masons, with only stone hammers for tools, and only their own muscles for machinery, appalls the imagination.

In the starlight, with nothing but the far-off rumble of the Urubamba to break the stillness, I spread my supply of bread and bananas on the Temple altar—a single block of granite that must have weighed a hundred tons. Water came from a tiny spring near by. My elaborate dinner over, I set out to explore the city where the virgins of the sun had lived and died.

The Pinnacled City

TO GO anywhere in Machu Picchu one must climb either upstairs or down—and the steps are as imperishable and as ingeniously cut as the houses. By way of these stairs, with no other illumination than the stars, I wandered alone about the dim and ghostly city, trying to picture in my mind's eye the hundred last inhabitants, who, doomed to lifelong exile, cut off from the world, denied the company and the love of men, moved along these very streets. Here were the burial caves where, with all the honor deserving their rank, they had been interred. There, above, were rows and tiers of private dwellings in which they had lived, made of the purest unstained granite.

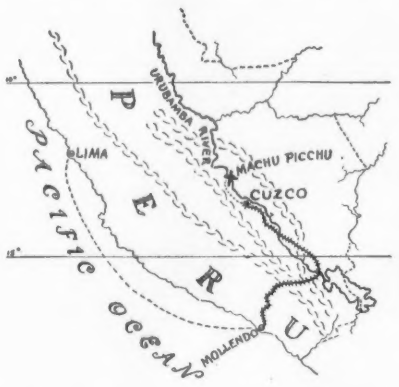
A few hundred yards farther on I came to the great military wall, stretching from precipice to precipice across the spur along the summit on which Machu Picchu is built. Beyond the wall I found the stone terraces where the ancient inhabitants tilled the tiny fields that climbed dizzily and with complete abandon up and down the surrounding cliffs. The limitations of the field supply soon made it evident that the city in its prime could never have sheltered a large population—probably no more than nine thousand people.

But that does not make Machu Picchu any the less extraordinary. Remember it is an eagle's nest eight thousand feet above the Amazon forests and two thousand feet above the waters of the canyons that all but surround it. The founders were seeking security, not expansion. They looked the length and breadth of the Andes and picked out the most aerial spot of all, where there was yet room enough to hold up a building without glue. No wonder it remained secret from the Spanish conquerors. No wonder the sun virgins chose it as their refuge.

Yes, Machu Picchu, compared to Cuzco, or Chichen-Itza in Yucatan, or Memphis on the Nile, or Athens, or Carthage, is small, but oh! How much grander in general effect than any one of these, how incomparably fiercer the power of its spell! These other ancient capitals in all their original glory could never have overwhelmed one as do the ruins of this audacious, pinnacled little Inca city in Peru.

Retracing my steps to the sacred plaza I seized my duffel bag and dragged it back up to the *Intihuatana* (*inti* is the Inca word for sun, *huatana*, roped), "the place where the sun is tied," the great stone dial at the very apex of the city where I had stood that afternoon and seen the sunset.

The *Intihuatana* was a romantic rather than a restful couch on which to spend



the night. Four feet in diameter, with a square hub a foot high in the center, the ancient clock had a very strong resemblance to an execution block.

Sleep was out of the question, so I lay listening to the ceaseless rumble that came clearly from the black abyss below me, increasing and fading in the volume of its music as the wind organist pressed the pedals, now *dolce*, now *sotto voce*, now *fortissimo*. What a resounding poem Homer or Milton could have written about this epic city, especially now in the starlight, when it seemed to be not of this world but of some farther, wilder planet that had not yet been touched with day, a planet still in the dim dark stages of its slow creation! I tried composing a resounding poem myself until the difficulties of finding rhymes for Machu Picchu, Intihuatana, and the like, proved too discouraging.

So I gave up being Milton and decided to watch the insects that flew and crawled about me in the darkness. Nowhere in the world had I seen such gorgeous fireflies. They did not glow and fade, but gave forth a continual blaze of light as they floated through the air.

Even more luminous were the glowworms. I watched one of these two-inch perambulating power-and-light plants crawl up the sundial, onto my hand, up my sleeve. A twig placed in its path, it would "go dark"; removed, it would swell with fire once more, and, like a string of bright-lit Pullman cars at night, wind radiantly on its interminable journey.

When I couldn't find any more bugs and beasts to entertain me I turned to the stars for amusement. The Southern Cross shone clear. The Dipper rested on the mountain tops. Sirius and Orion fought a duel across the spangled dome to decide which was the champion lighthouse of the skies.

Too bad I had to enjoy these meadows of the night all by myself, and this music, and these stones, these heights and depths, this visit to the moon. It was such a waste.

And yet I may not have been unaccompanied after all. There are ghosts in Machu Picchu, ghosts of the hundred virgins of the sun—some young ghosts, some middle-aged ghosts, some very old ghosts, but all very virginal ghosts.

The thought came to me that this refugee community of virgins must have been at the same time a curious as well as a tragic one. Never descending from their retreat, scrupulously guarding themselves from all contact with the outer world lest the secret of their existence reach the ears of Pizarro's ravagers, these high-born and beautiful maidens, governing themselves, complete within themselves, raising their own food, repairing their own shelters, without a single man, perhaps, to work for them, to guard them, to love them, lived out their chaste and barren lives. There were no cradles to rock, no children to sing to sleep, no sons to take pride in, no daughters to keep them company. Having known only chastity and seclusion all their lives, I wondered if they continued to be happy with this tiny sphere, this altogether feminine society? Were they content to be married to the sun?

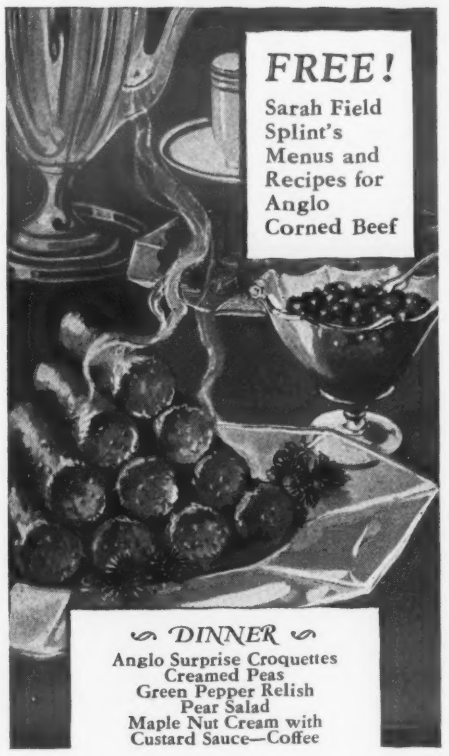
Or were they human after all? Did they darkly, vaguely, feel an indefinable hunger, a loneliness which all the company of their sisters could not satisfy? When the twilight brought the purple haze to the topless barriers across the canyon and the scarlet faded from the western snows, did they look out over the unfathomable depths that were their prison walls and with a touch of anguish realize that their loveliness had been given them to no end but this? Did they stop, a little wistfully, at the fountain, when their water jar was filled, and gaze into the water mirror, back into their own dark eyes, and wish in their secret souls that their lord, the sun god, who gave them his heat and his light, would look more deeply into their hearts and know that what they wanted more than these things was his love?

I wondered if at least one maid, less pious than the rest, sometimes climbed up, alone, when the moon was bright, to the sundial where I lay dreaming, and wished she had not been in such a beastly hurry to get away from the atrocities of Pizarro's lusty conquerors?

The Last Virgin

BUT Pizarro and his conquerors, by some strange mystery, never learned of the mountain trail that led to Cythera. The seasons and the years drag past. The virgins of the sun live on in Machu Picchu unaware that storm after storm is devastating Cuzco; that their temples have been hurled down, that their people have been slaughtered and enslaved, that their sun god is in exile, that Pizarro himself has been long since in his grave. In exile they grow old, still chaste, still childless, still lonely. One by one death overtakes these consecrated women. The burial caves receive them one by one as the ever-decreasing living entomb the ever-increasing dead. In time only a few are left alive, very aged, very weary, forgotten by the world, forgetting it. These also pass, until but two remain. Then one buries the other—and one lives on amid the desolate, miraculous granite walls, the empty temples, the barren terraces, with only virgin shades for company. Already the ruthless, ravenous jungle is creeping up; already the grass grows deep upon the stair-stepped streets, and the bamboo waves above the temple doors. The city's roofs of thatch have fallen in; the serpents sun themselves upon the granite dial, since no one ever comes to count the hours. Alone, in the midst of all this ruin, the old, old woman, the last of the sacred virgins of the sun, sits, listening to the far-away rumble of the river, and waiting—for the darkness.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the sixth of Mr. Halliburton's recent adventures in search of New Worlds to Conquer. The seventh, Monkey Business, will appear in the October Journal.



Famous Cookery Expert — Creates *new dishes for Corned Beef*

CORNED BEEF has possibilities you never imagined! Now its dishes are works of culinary art. We invite you to try these unique recipes using a corned beef distinguished by its remarkable flavor and tenderness. Anglo is cured by an exclusive process and includes the sirloins and porterhouses. No bone, surplus fat, sinew or shrinkage. Anglo should always be on your pantry shelf. It is ready-cooked in the original tin, retaining all the nourishing meat juices.

Anglo is packed, cooked and sealed by one of the world's largest meat packing organizations and is approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

Use the coupon below and please include your dealer's name.

ANGLO CORNED BEEF

This Coupon brings you a booklet of smart new corned beef recipes.

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Please send me booklet, "Tested Recipes".

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NOTE: *Please include your Dealer's name.* L. H. J. 9-29

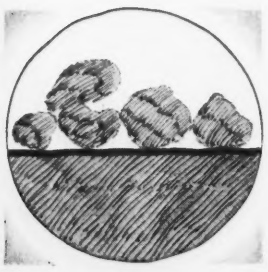
NEWS for women

Notice the difference between the two dust cloths in this actual photograph. One shows the "oily dust" that sticks to ordinary furniture polish. The other cloth used on a waxed surface is practically clean.

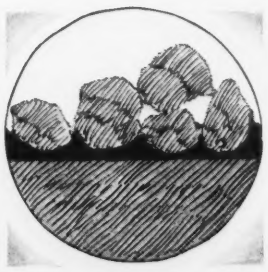
"Just look at the difference!"

"Mercy, Katie! We had better wax all *the furniture from now on."*

Science proves that dust on furniture is reduced ½ by Wax Polish



The powerful magnifying lens proves how smooth, hard, and dry is the Johnson's Wax Polish film. You can see how the little dust that lingers stays on top where it is easily whisked away.



Under the microscope, the oily film (shown in black) left by ordinary furniture polishes looks like a greasy, gummy mass. Notice how the dust sinks in, how it is caught and held.

A NEW and marvelous discovery has been made about wax polish. For generations, women have cherished the beauty of its sheen on floors and furniture. Almost everyone knows how it protects against scratches and scars. But who has guessed what Henry W. Banks, III, eminent New York chemist, has now proved?

After months of experiment, he makes this startling announcement: "Dust cannot cling to furniture polished with liquid wax. My tests show that the dust which accumulates on a waxed surface is less than half of that which clings to furniture polished with oily polishes."

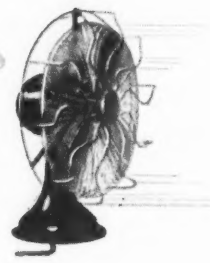
Why? The microscope quickly shows the reason. (See illustrations at left.) Ordinary furniture polishes leave an oily film that, powerfully magnified, looks like a greasy, gummy mass. Dust particles sink down into this film, are caught and held like flies on fly paper. Only hard rubbing with a dust cloth removes them.

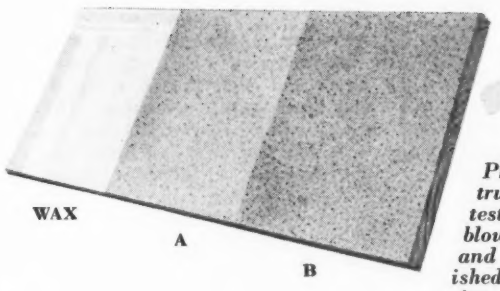
Proof! that dust doesn't stick to wax

How different the waxed surface! Hard, smooth, dry, and not the least bit sticky, dust cannot cling. The little that lingers stays on top, where it is easily whisked away.

With an interesting test, chemist Banks proved the advantages of the microscope's revelation.

who hate dust and dusting





Photograph showing true results of "blow test". Before a fan, blowing dust, panels A and B, which were polished with ordinary furniture polishes, soon became filthy. Hardly a speck clung to the panel polished with Johnson's Wax.

A white panel of wood was divided into three sections which were polished with furniture polishes A, B, and Johnson's Wax. An electric fan, turned toward these panels, duplicated the breeze that blows through your windows, scattering dust everywhere. Then a lot of dust was raised in the air . . .

Just look at the actual photographs above and see what happened with your own eyes. Hardly a speck of dust clung to the waxed section. The other two were soon filthy.

Would you be further convinced that Johnson's Wax will cut your dusting in half? Then try this simple test, yourself, in your own home:

Make This Amazing "Dust Cloth" Test Yourself

Select any two similar pieces of furniture, two table tops or a buffet and a cabinet, for instance. Polish one with any ordinary furniture polish. Polish the other with Johnson's Wax. Then leave both surfaces untouched for a day or two.

You will need no microscope to see the difference in dustiness. Now use a clean dust cloth on each. Notice how easily the waxed surface is dusted. *Then look at the dust cloths.* The one used on the wax will be almost clean, the other will be black. The dust soaked in the oil of the polish will stick to it as it clung to your furniture. There, in your own hands, you will have proof positive that your tedious dusting is ended.

Either in paste or liquid form

You will be delighted with the soft, satiny glow of the waxed surface. And, as days go by, you will discover that wax not only keeps dust away, but also protects your furniture from scars and blemishes. For this marvelous Johnson's Wax Polish is the very same that has protected beautiful floors from generations of tramping feet.

Why put up with dust another day? Mail the coupon and we will send you a regular 25c can of Johnson's Liquid Wax and a beautiful booklet on the many ways that it saves you work, all for our bare mailing costs, 10c. Mail it now.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Interior Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford, Ontario)
Waxes, Varnishes, Enamels, Wood Dyes, Fillers, Wood Finishes

The miracle machine that solves another great housekeeping problem.
Just walk behind the Johnson Electric Polisher and watch it burnish your floors to glowing beauty. No stooping. No pushing. Rent one at small cost from your neighborhood store . . . try it . . . then you will want to own your own at the phenomenal price of $29.50, complete with wax applying mop and ½ gallon of Johnson's Liquid Wax.

This wonderful furniture polish is the same Johnson's Wax, famous for floors

Johnson's Wax *Polish*

FOR FLOORS AND FURNITURE

. . . . . 25¢ Can of Wax and FREE booklet for 10¢ . . . Mail the coupon

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, *Dept. LJ9, Racine, Wisconsin*
Send me a regular 25c can of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Also your illustrated book on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.
☐ What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers?

NAME ..... ADDRESS ..... CITY ..... STATE .....

NO MORE CHILDREN OF DARKNESS!

TURN ON THE SUN

COOPED up in darkened houses and flats . . . working in artificially lighted offices and factories . . . living in crowded, smoke and dust laden centers, where very little sun penetrates . . . more than half the population of the United States are "children of darkness."

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK!

Floyd W. Parsons, nationally known writer and eminent physicist, has prepared a most interesting, instructive and understandable book on the vital light and heat rays which are today of such paramount importance to health, strength, growth and development. A copy will be mailed to you without charge. Write now before the supply is exhausted!

WE need more sunlight, for sunshine is nature's greatest blessing. It spreads health and strength wherever its golden beams penetrate! For ages man has sought to devise effective substitutes for the vital light and heat waves of the sun.

The Humphrey Radiantfire has been shown by physical tests, conducted by eminent authorities, to contain not only the visible rays but the infra-red and some of the ultra-violet of natural sunshine.

Join the host of more than a million Radiantfire users who "turn on the sun" and bask in its vital health-giving rays while they are enjoying the most flexible, convenient and economical form of household heating. The Humphrey Radiantfire is furnished in 32 beautiful models. It can be installed in any home quickly and economically.

Visit your local gas company or dealer now.

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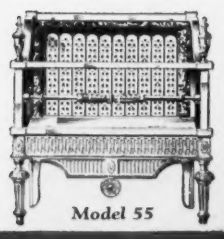
Model 55

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

FIRESIDE CHARM WITH SUNLIKE HEAT

To Have and To Hold

(Continued from Page 23)

of our citizenry neither need nor want charity. Their individual problems of finance are not of sufficient size, taken singly, to warrant the attention of financiers, and thus one of the very great and fundamental industries of our country stands out strangely in a world in which it is now the custom to make buying as easy as possible and not as hard as possible.

An automobile depreciates by one-quarter the very moment it is sold. The buyer can drive it out of the salesroom and never again be located. He can, by rough usage, render the car practically worthless within a year and under no circumstances whatsoever can that automobile ever be worth more than he paid for it. A house can not be taken away. It may depreciate in value through use or through a change in the character of the neighborhood, but this change is slow. On the other hand there is the chance—and a very good chance—that as the years go by the property will be worth more than when it was bought. Of course property bought at the top of a real-estate boom will be worth less when the boom collapses, but the boom values of one period are only the conservative values of a later period. Anyone who buys in the hope of making a quick sale at a profit must be prepared, if things turn out differently, to take a loss—at least for a while. The point is that a house is by all standards of credit a far better risk than an automobile, a piano, a sewing machine or the thousand and one portable articles which may be bought by the payment of 10 per cent down on the purchase price and stated payments at stated intervals over a considerable period of time. By a gradual evolution both the buying and the selling of many articles on the installment plan have been made wholly respectable. The obligations—that is, the notes—of the purchaser are now bought by finance companies as sound banking business and at commercial rates. The old Shylock methods in installment buying have been forced out because by actual experience it has been discovered that people do pay for what they buy and that therefore their obligations are good investments. It has also been discovered that these obligations to pay do not rest upon the collateral as evidenced by things but upon the integrity of the debtors.

Appraising Property

THIS new knowledge has touched nearly everything but real estate. There is no foot rule of value that can be applied to real estate. By a series of mental twistings and turnings, which for want of a better name are collectively called reasoning, a lender fixes a value on a piece of property for lending purposes. No two lenders except by collusion ever fix the same value on the same piece of realty for the same moment, and circumstances may cause them within a short period to revise their values either upward or downward. Yet when a reputable lender fixes a value it is presumed as of course that a loan up to 50 or 60 per cent of that value is absolute security. A good first mortgage is something to smack one's lips over. By a reasoning even more strange, the whole area between the amount of the first mortgage and the value of the property—which may or may not be the sales price—is a field where only usurers enter. The devotees of first mortgages regard second mortgages precisely as the Hindus regard their untouchables. The takers of first mortgages are wholly respectable—almost stiflingly so. The takers of second mortgages, with some exceptions, are not respectable.

All of this is further complicated by the fact that every house and lot is valued from at least five approaches. These are: First, the actual cost of the land, buildings and improvements; second, the price at which it was last sold, presuming that it has been sold; third, the price at which the owner will sell—for practically all real estate is for sale at a price; fourth, the value at which it is appraised for first-mortgage purposes and which probably will be below the actual cost, for the appraisers of some of the insurance companies, for instance, will not even allow for construction profits—appraisers for second mortgages may value somewhat higher—fifth, the assessed value for taxation, which is generally only a proportion of a conservative appraisal, but again it may be higher than any of the valuations.

These numerous methods of finding values are part of the tradition of real estate and they combine to put the whole of home financing in a peculiar and intricate condition. A first mortgage is, on its face, good; a second mortgage is, on its face, a speculation. A poor first mortgage may be far easier to get rid of than a good second mortgage. There is no definite standard of worth. Sales costs are never mentioned and their amount is unknown even to the seller. Real-estate brokerage is, generally speaking, small business.

The Down-Payment

THERE are no standards of value and the price of land is constantly changing. No one can give a measure of value for a newly subdivided tract of farm land. The value as farm land at once drops out, for the land is no longer to be used for crops. The value is not the amount spent on grading putting in streets and other improvements. These may result in values far above their cost; or again the subdivider may have made an unlucky guess and, as a result of his efforts, merely have spoiled some farm land. In this latter case the houses that have been built on the unsuccessful development will be worth less than they cost. The first mortgages will not be worth much and the second mortgages will not be worth anything.

Let us add another note of confusion to a confused situation. First mortgages are presumably good and second mortgages are presumably bad. Thus in every construction of a dwelling comes a financial twilight zone. A buyer is presumed to have enough money to pay the difference between 60 per cent of the price—which will be covered by the first mortgage—and the price. He is presumed to have saved that much money before attempting to buy. That is the tradition of real estate—the same tradition that caused so many bankers to wail bitterly when installment automobile buying first came in. The tradition is that saving should precede spending. The home-buying advice runs in this fashion:

"The home buyer so rarely defaults on his payments that capital regards the most humble purchaser as a good risk. On a home worth $4800, on a conservative appraisal, we will lend $3200, so that the buyer need only find $1600."

A statement of that sort is wholly disingenuous. The loan is not made to the purchaser but on the property. The phrase "conservative appraisal" probably means five or six hundred dollars less than the purchase price. To this must be added various costs and commissions. The purchaser will need $2200 or $2300 in cash. That, as a rule, is more than the buyer of a $5000 house ever saw at one time. To accumulate any such fund requires years of saving—and it is very difficult to save on a mere program. It is much easier to save in the process of paying for something in possession. Raising the cash for

(Continued on Page 184)

Bon Ami

'CAUSE IT'S SUCH FUN TO CLEAN WITH BON AMI

"My little daughter never tires of helping me clean with Bon Ami," a mother writes. *"Last week, I sent her to the store for a Cake and she came back with her basket full—because 'it's such fun to clean with Bon Ami.'"*

AFTER all, that's really not a bad idea—to keep plenty of Bon Ami on hand. This "good friend" cleans and polishes so many things. It takes the dinginess off nickel, brass, copper and pewter—routs the unwholesome odor out of the icebox—banishes the soapy "rim" from the bathtub—makes fine kitchen utensils sweet and clean—goes after specks and smudges on woodwork, mirrors and window panes. When it's cleaning time, no one wants to be out of Bon Ami.

A compact, handy *Cake*. And a snowy-white *Powder* too! Up-to-date housewives keep both forms on the shelf. Both operate on the same gentle principle—they blot up dirt instead of scratching or scouring it off. They never redden or roughen the hands.

A FAIRY BOOK FOR THE CHILDREN

THE adventures of the funny Bunny Knights and the beautiful Princess Bon Ami. Full of delightful illustrations and amusing rhymes which are sure to be enjoyed by any youngster. Send 4 cents in stamps to the Bon Ami Company, 10 Battery Place, New York City, for a copy of this interesting booklet.

Name _____

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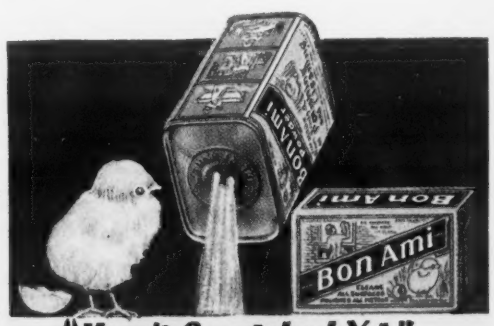
Do you use Bon Ami? (*Cake* ☐ *Powder* ☐ *Both* ☐)

Powder and Cake

EVERY HOME NEEDS BOTH

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK
In Canada—
BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL



"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Taste the Flavor of Sun-Ripened Oats

Vitamized by Natural Process

Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the natural vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red* 3) you will find these elements in just the proportion that Nature intended—unaltered by man.

Children Like the Delicious Flavor and Flaky, Appetizing Appearance

Mothers say that children need not be coaxed to eat 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES, for they like its new, nut-like flavor and the light, grainy appearance which make it so different from ordinary oats.

And you yourself will never know the delicious difference between Genuine 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red* 3) and ordinary oats until you have actually tried it in your own home. You would never believe that any oats could be so good.

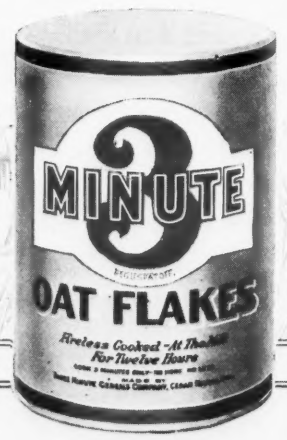
Fireless Cooked—at the Mill —for 12 Hours

Selected, whole white oats, still in their hulls, are *Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours*—in their own moisture. The 3-MINUTE process brings out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor, with none of the flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass.

Cooks Perfectly in Exactly 3 Minutes

Fireless cooking at the mill for 12 hours dextrinizes the starches to a point where thorough cooking is completed on your stove in exactly 3 Minutes—no more—no less.

Regular Package, 10¢; Family Size, 25¢
(Except in Far West and Canada)



VITAMIZED BY NATURAL PROCESS

3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES

Send the Coupon Now for a Trial Package Free

Served steaming hot on your own table, it will tell you and your family its own delicious story of flavor and wholesomeness.

The coupon will bring you a package and our interesting booklet telling all about 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES and our distinctive process.

Three-Minute Cereals Company, 901 Sixteenth Street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Gentlemen: I want to try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES—please send me a Free Trial Package and your new booklet.

My Name.....

Address.....

My Grocer's Name.....

Address.....

(Continued from Page 182)

the first payment is the big concern of nine out of every ten purchasers. It is bridging this difference between price paid and first mortgage that causes the average run of smaller houses to cost a great deal more than they should cost. No one in the succession of owners has ever had the cash in hand for the difference. From the builder on, they have had to borrow the money on all sorts of terms.

The down payment must be arranged before any of the details of the regular payments can be taken up. For this reason more than a few people, lured by a small down payment, shortly find themselves in trouble meeting the periodical payments. They are in dire straits when mortgages expire and new ones can be had only by the payment of heavy commissions. The point is not to select a house that can easily and comfortably be paid for out of a carefully budgeted income. The universal experience is that it pays to buy something a little more expensive than can easily be paid for. The point is to know not only what has to be paid at once but how much has to be paid over a term of years and what the money is being paid for. If, for instance, one buys in a new development, it is more than an even chance that the easy terms offered are not easy at all and that one will be paying mostly for the financing of the project. If the developing company has plenty of money and is willing to wait for its profits over a term of years, then the prices will not be greatly inflated in order to make the terms look easy. But it is more common for the house builders to be operating on a shoestring. In such a case one may pay only 10 per cent down. There will be on the property a legitimate first mortgage, but also there will be a second mortgage, and a third mortgage or some other obligation representing the difference between the cash paid down and the purchase price. The second and the third mortgages will be sold by the builder for what he can get—which often means a discount of a third or more. There are instances where the financial charges paid by the builders and promoters have amounted to nearly one-half of the sales price. On the other hand, quantity building does make for lower costs.

Planning the Mortgages

THERE can be no rule for estimating what a property is really worth. That is a case for judgment—and judgment on houses runs about as evenly as judgment on horses. An estimate of what the seller is adding to cover his financial charges may be had by discussing the cash price as opposed to the price on terms. It is quite possible that the price on terms will prove to be not unreasonable and that it will pay the buyer to take them. It is all a question of what the money is worth—to the seller and to the buyer. To the usual buyer it is worth a good deal. The important thing is to know what is being paid, and above all to know how the future payments will work out. Most of these are definite enough. Mortgage interest, taxes, insurance and general upkeep can be charted. In growing communities special assessments are likely to be levied. They can be estimated and, in any event, they never have to be paid all at once. The really important charges have to do with future financing, and particularly with the renewal of the mortgages. First mortgages may be written for definite terms of three or five years or, again, they may be written for longer terms on semiannual or other payments which include interest and payments on principal, so that the mortgage is paid off at the end of the term—usually ten to twelve years. The building-society mortgage is differently written, but the payments are applied to both interest and principal and result in amortization.

It may or may not be a good plan to have an amortizing first mortgage. It is true that the payments are a form of saving, but also they increase the amount of money which each year must be raised. Many owners prefer a first mortgage for a term and run their chances of renewing it at the end of the term. It is easier to sell a house with a good mortgage on it than one on which the purchaser has to find all the money. The renewing of a first mortgage does not offer many difficulties.

The rub comes on the second mortgage. It is rarely written for a term exceeding three years and usually provides for its payment during the term. The renewing of a second mortgage is always troublesome and usually very expensive. The takers of second mortgages make their money out of the charges and bonuses they collect over and above the legal rate of interest. It is the renewing of mortgages that causes terms which at first seem easy to turn out to be anything but easy. Nine-tenths of all the house buyers who smash do so on the rocks of the second mortgage. However, precious few do smash—which only goes to show the marvelous tenacity of the house buyer.

What Price House to Buy

NOT many houses are bought without a struggle. The fight may come in advance of buying—that is, in raising the money for the first payment—or it may come after buying on terms which turn out to be something different from what they appeared to be. Tables can be presented which show that any family with an income of $5000 a year and $2000 in cash can afford to buy a $10,000 house—which is about the standard house in these days. These tables work out that one can afford to buy a house the cost of which is just about double the annual income—if 20 per cent of the purchase price can be raised. These tables are worth what they are worth. Those who must be told how much they can afford for house purchasing or house renting need guardians more than houses. The figures anyone can compile will speak for themselves. In working out the net costs it does not pay to charge oneself with interest on the money invested in the house just as though it were invested somewhere else and fetching 6 per cent. That money is in the house and nowhere else, and no good end can be served by playing financial solitaire with it.

But if there are so many difficulties in the way of house buying, why bother to buy? Why make the struggle?

The operation is essentially a renting of capital. A $10,000 house on which 20 per cent, or $2000, is paid down can be carried for about $1400 a year. This includes about $500 toward retiring the mortgage, so that the net cost is around $900 a year. That is about as little as a house of this price can be carried for, and it does not include any commissions which may be paid for the mortgage or the costs of making the transfer of the house. These will amount to anywhere from three to five hundred dollars. A $10,000 house may be rented for between $1000 and $1200 a year—depending entirely on the state of the market. Buying a house thus does not decrease the cash outlay to any great degree until after the house is fully paid for. After the house is paid for, one is living out the investment. If second mortgages are used, then the net outlay will exceed the amount that might be paid as rent.

However, the comparison between renting and buying is not a fair one. It is rare indeed that a satisfactory house can be rented, for in this country it has become the custom to rent only such houses as cannot for some reason or other be sold. In these days very few houses are put up to be rented—except apartments or tenements. People in general have much more money than they used to have and it pays better to build for sale than for rental.

Anyone who wants a home in which to rear a family and live comfortably must

(Continued on Page 186)

"CAMPING FROM *Maine* TO *California*

—yet some of my Pequot Sheets appear good for *another seventeen and a half years!*" ★ ★ ★ ★

OLD STOCKBRIDGE
1750 A. D.
STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

March 4th, 1929

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co.

When I was married in September, 1911, my mother furnished my trousseau with the best of everything. Of course, that included Pequot sheeting - by the yard. (My sheets were made extra long, a luxury I have appreciated all these years.)

My Pequot sheets appear good for another seventeen and a half years! At any rate, I have never found the least sign of wear on any of them - and some have been "camping" from Maine to California! And camping is hard on everything.

My daughter shall be taught the value of good household linens, and no doubt she will some day proudly be using her mother's "heirloom" sheets!

Yours most sincerely,

Blanche Lewis Lonegren

March 11, 1929.

My dear Mrs. Lonegren:

It is most gratifying to receive such commendation as yours, and we appreciate the gracious thought which prompted the writing of your letter.

You may be assured that we make every effort to keep the famous Pequot brand up to the high standard it has so long maintained.

If it is not asking too much, we should like to have your permission to use the letter in our national advertising. Please accept our thanks for the nice things you write about our product.

Yours very truly,

By— J. Foster Smith,

...RIDGE
...00 A. D.
...OCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

March 14, 1929.

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co.
Mr. J. Foster Smith, Agent.

Dear Sir:

If my letter to you regarding my satisfactory experience with Pequot sheeting will be of use to you, you may use it with my willing consent.

If it will influence brides or other housewives to make a good investment, I shall feel that much good has been accomplished. One can hardly enumerate all of Pequot's good points in one brief letter. You may rest assured that my few words of praise are most sincere.

Yours very truly,

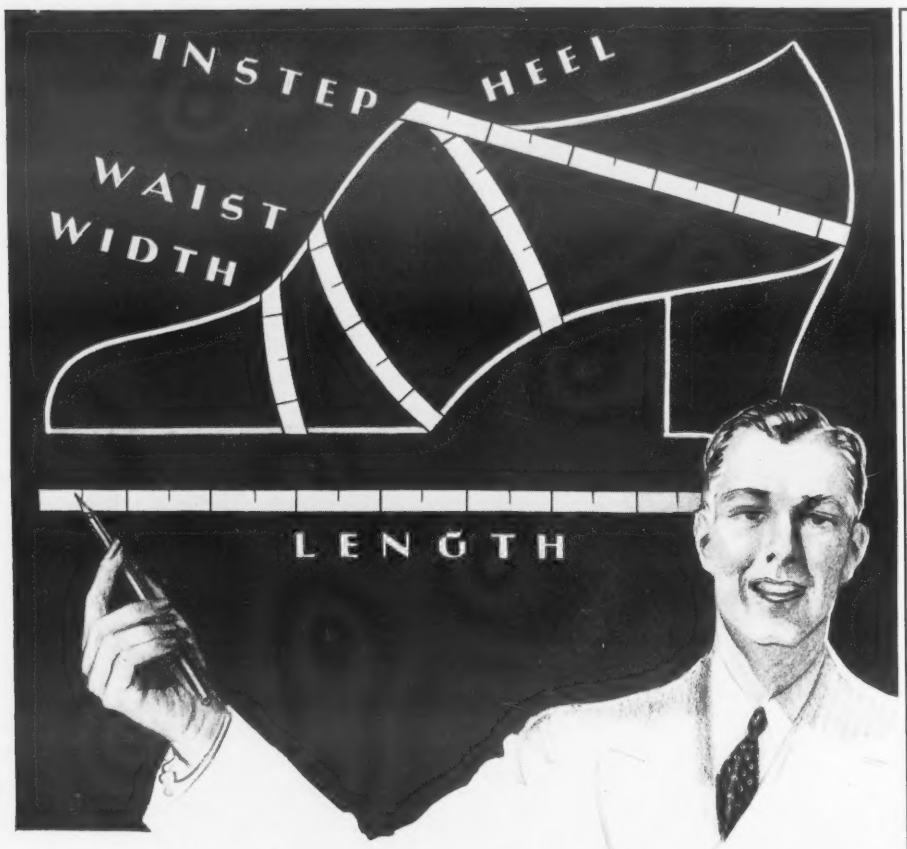
Blanche Lewis Lonegren

Hundreds of women have written us such letters—proving conclusively that Pequot sheets *wear longer.* We would be glad to have you tell us *your* experience with Pequot sheets and pillow cases.

PEQUOT REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF. SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Made in white, and in 7 lovely pastel colors, guaranteed fast. Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co., Salem, Mass. Parker, Wilder & Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston: Selling Agents.

THE MOST POPULAR SHEETS & PILLOW CASES IN AMERICA



WEAR SHOES FITTED AT ALL 5 POINTS····

··not merely length and width

HERE are heels that you can't make slip if you try. Arches that don't wrinkle. Sides that hug tight against the foot. Why?

You know that most shoes are fitted for length and width only. Wilbur Coon Shoes, in addition, are fitted to heel, waist, instep. There's the difference! Special Measurements, built-in at factory, give every woman a made-to-measure fit—in ready-to-wear shoes.

Also, because they fit so perfectly, Wilbur Coon Shoes give you a glorious comfort. Your foot actually feels restful in these shoes. From the very first step you enjoy that snug, supporting sensation of a new glove.

Can't you imagine how slender and dainty your foot will look, fitted like that? The lovely style that you buy is retained long after poorly fitted shoes are shapeless.

Sold only where foot fitting has been made an art, but there's at least one Wilbur Coon dealer in most cities. Write for the one nearest you. Learn how much quality and style you can buy for $8.50 to $11.50, with comfort and perfect fit.

Over 200 Sizes 1 to 12 — Widths AAAA to EEEEE

Wilbur Coon Shoes

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

A Made-to-Measure Fit in Ready-to-Wear Shoes

Free Book Gives Details

W. B. Coon Co., 81 Canal Street, Rochester, N. Y. Please send me your latest booklet *"How to Get a Perfect Fitting Shoe,"* and name of nearest Wilbur Coon dealer.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

(Continued from Page 184)

buy. This is nearly true of the cities. It is true of the suburbs, and people today, with the motor car, are discovering that the suburbs offer more life than the crowded cities. Buying may or may not be a matter of choice. It may be the only way to get a decent home.

On the purely financial side and considering only money, it will be found that the purchase of a house is not only a most excellent way of saving money but also about as sure a way of making money as can be found. Purely speculative buying is not to be condemned. Anyone who cares to buy a lot or two in some development miles from a city in the hope of reselling later at a higher price is operating in a perfectly legitimate fashion. The common sense of the purchase depends on circumstances. There are no sure things in real estate. But speculating in realty is something different from buying a home.

The purchase of a home on any well-considered plan that does not involve too great a price for the money borrowed is an adventure in constructive thrift and also a long-pull speculation. The monthly or annual gross outlay, unless a large down payment is made, will exceed what might be paid as rent—but for a poorer house. The net outlay—that is, the gross payments less the sums which are set aside to pay off the mortgages—may and probably will exceed the rent that would otherwise be paid. As the principal sum of the mortgage is reduced the required payments naturally fall. However, rent paid is simply money gone for current living. Payments made on a house are in the nature of compulsory savings and we all know that the most effective savings are the compulsory ones. After years of paying, the thing—the house—emerges free. And the wonder is how it all got paid for. Seventy cents a day in a building and loan society will amount to $9000 in twenty years. House payments belong in that same strange class as insurance payments in that somehow they are made.

That is the thrift side. It may be that payments cannot be made with regularity or the amount paid for the money borrowed is excessive. Then the charges will be much higher than rent. On the face of things that would be a bad buy. But real estate in this country is constantly increasing in value and it takes something approaching genius to buy a house which will not, at the end of ten years, sell for more than its purchase price. In part these increases are due to the change in the value of money. But, disregarding that factor, it is certain that so long as this country grows the value of residential real estate must grow—except where promoters have inflated prices and discounted many years of the future. Neighborhoods change and some properties decline in value, but these changes are never rapid. Any discerning person can see them coming and act accordingly. In general real estate can be counted on to increase in value over a term of years.

Such are the purely investment features. But there is more to house owning than that. The ownership of a house gives a community standing that has social advantages which need not here be gone into. But also this community standing has commercial advantages. The house itself gives a basis for retail and often for bank credit. Credit, properly used, extends the usefulness of any citizen by enabling him to bridge, in a business way, the shortages of income that inevitably come in the life of any striving family. The family that prides itself on always having paid spot cash for every purchase is merely confessing an inability to use credit. That is a subject all in itself. The truly provident man builds his credit just as he builds his savings, so that he may have recourse to a part of it in his daily affairs and to the whole of it in emergencies. A house owner is entitled to credit because he has shown the ability to organize his affairs to a definite end. That is the best basis of credit.

Those are only the dollars-and-cents phases of house owning. The intangible phases are quite as important. But this is not a sermon on home life.

The problem is how to make one's money go the farthest in house purchasing—what to avoid and what to take advantage of. That will be the subject of a second article.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Crowther. The second, Modernizing Home Finance, will appear in a future issue of the Journal.

Music and Modern Magic

(Continued from Page 13)

and the newspapers of the country the schools and parents were informed of our intended innovation.

Giving such concerts for the schools over the radio presented many new problems, and was therefore very much in the nature of an experiment. At my Carnegie Hall Young People's Concerts the children not only heard the music and my short verbal explanatory comments, but could see me and the orchestra with their musical instruments, and watch their playing and my conducting. All this is not yet possible over the radio, and I could not tell how far I would be able to interest an audience of youngsters that could see nothing but the loud-speaker from which the sounds of the orchestra and of my voice emanated. Mechanical problems of sound reception also had to be solved, but soon after our first concert the reports which arrived in the form of thousands of delighted letters from all over the country proved that in the main we had achieved our aims, and Mr. Sarnoff felt that the time had come to inaugurate a gigantic and new system of music education.

In order to gauge its importance we must envisage the average musical conditions surrounding the majority of the young people in our country. A small percentage living in the great centers may have had an opportunity to hear an orchestral concert now and then, but at least 98 per cent of our school population had never heard of Mozart, Beethoven or Wagner, and had never realized that music is a beautiful and highly developed universal language, which as a vehicle for human emotions and æsthetic perceptions goes way beyond the spoken word. In many of the schools singing had been introduced and the rudiments of music were taught. A few of them had even organized school orchestras, but some quickening impulse was necessary in order to increase the perception of the higher possibilities of music and to develop a joy in hearing and in cultivating it themselves. The children in the little red schoolhouses in the farming districts, in the small country towns, and indeed even in the larger cities, had grown up for the greater part as absolute heathens as far as music is concerned, and what musical instincts they had threatened to become vitiated by a monotony and monopoly of jazz, which excites the nerves without feeding either the heart or the head. Something had to be done and done quickly in order to balance the marvelous material development of our people and to teach the younger generation that all this prosperity was useless unless it not only permitted but encouraged beauty and its cultivation through art to permeate our lives.

The radio has proved itself as the great democratic leveler. It has been so widely

(Continued on Page 191)

Miss Jane Alda whose vivid beauty inspires genius · Says

"....I use the Melba ABC of Beauty because its lovely shades are Nature's own"...

Jane Alda

YOU know Miss Jane Alda. Her radiant loveliness attracts you time and again—flashes at you from every magazine stand. She is a favorite model of Rolf Armstrong, the noted artist. Her skin has the exquisite texture of a flower-petal, the sun-kissed bloom of fascinating youth. The happy curve of her warm red mouth is enchanting. But there are times when Miss Alda does not *feel* very radiant; long hours of posing are tiring—cheeks pale, lips droop—yet she conveys a brilliant impression of colorful loveliness *always*. That is because she uses the Melba ABC of Beauty, as she frankly tells you:

"I *use the* MELBA *A B C of Beauty*—the Face Powder, Lipstick and Rouge—because their lovely shades are Nature's own. They accentuate one's charm without intruding artificial tones. They lend that harmony and warmth of color that wise Mother Nature, who is very much of an artist herself, intended us to have."

ROLF ARMSTRONG, *whose brush translates Miss Alda's beauty into striking magazine covers, says...*

«Miss Alda's skin has a satin beauty, her cheeks and lips a warm depth of color, which make her brunette type truly an inspiration to the artist.»

Colors must be carefully selected, perfectly blended, in painting varying types of beauty... And you, too, must «select», «blend» with the same care and artistry—to perfect *your* individual type, to enhance *your* natural coloring.

A striking «back-stage view» of Miss Alda and Mr. Armstrong at work in the Bayside, L. I., studio of the artist.

In the Melba A B C of Beauty there is a tint especially developed to bring out the charm of your type. The Melba *Harmony Chart*—a fascinating booklet—is an authoritative guide to your particular shades of Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder. You should send for your copy... *It is free.* With the Melba A B C of Beauty in the shades most flattering to your skin tones, you will achieve gloriously colorful loveliness!

MELBA Lov'me

PARFUMERIE MELBA, INC. 233 SPRING STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Paris New York Toronto Chicago Los Angeles

For flawless beauty of skin use the specialized Melba Creams — Skin Cleanser, Tissue Cream, Vanishing Cream — a complete home beauty treatment.

The new PHILCO RADIO

When Jessica Dragonette, famous star of the Philco Hour, sings, her glorious voice goes over the air without blur or distortion. And yet on many sets, the tone which comes from the loud speaker is muffled or blurred. That is due to lack of balance in the receiving set. Often people become so accustomed to distorted tone that they don't realize they are being robbed of the sparkle and zest of the original program. Are you *sure* your present set is not depriving you of much radio pleasure which you *would* enjoy with a Balanced-Unit Philco? Hear the new Philco and you'll realize how revolutionary—how marvelously true and clear and rich—is the tone which Philco achieves by super-exact balancing of electrical units.

"... AND THEN HE GOT A PHILCO"

is singing its way into thousands of homes!

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE who, only a few months ago, were quite proud of their radios, now are replacing them with Balanced-Unit Philcos.

Why?... Because the new Philco makes worthy radios of the past seem inadequate. We believe you will find it several leaps ahead of any set to which you have ever listened. It is the finest radio the world has yet known, or is likely to know for a long time to come.

Dealers, with their expert knowledge of radio, quickly recognized this superiority. At the National Radio Dealers' Convention in Chicago, each manufacturer exhibited his new models; dealers *inspected* them all; dealers *listened* to them all, then *flooded* the Philco booth with orders.

Today, on a much larger scale, the events of the Chicago Radio Convention are being repeated in every city of the country.

And the reason is this: Philco's true, clear, wonderfully rich tone — even if there were not a single additional feature — would sell thousands of sets daily.

But the new Philco has *many* other features. Selectivity, for example, so sharp that in comes sweeping station after station which the ordinary set cannot pick up. Distance ability that reaches out for programs thousands of miles away. Cabinets created by the two leading furniture designers in America, built of costly and handsome woods — butt walnut, Oriental walnut, bird's-eye maple, arbor vitae burl — and in the case of the highboys, fitted with genuine tapestry over the speaker.

The new Philco will sell you too, when you hear it—and you can hear it at home on free demonstration. Perhaps you will duplicate the experience of hundreds of Philco owners who have often listened to Cuba, California, Mexico, Canada, and — if they're near the Pacific Coast—even Japan and Australia.

Of course location and weather conditions must be just right for distance so extraordinary as that, but even under ordinary conditions, the Philco Neutrodyne-Plus frequently brings in stations far across the continent.

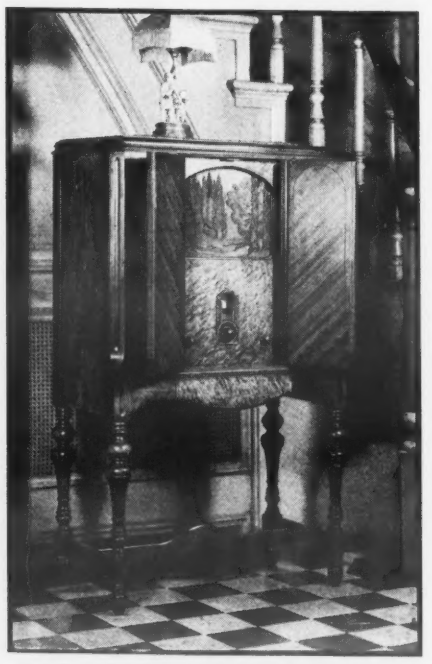
Hear it today. Your nearest Philco dealer will gladly arrange easy terms, if you decide to buy.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers also of the famous Philco Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

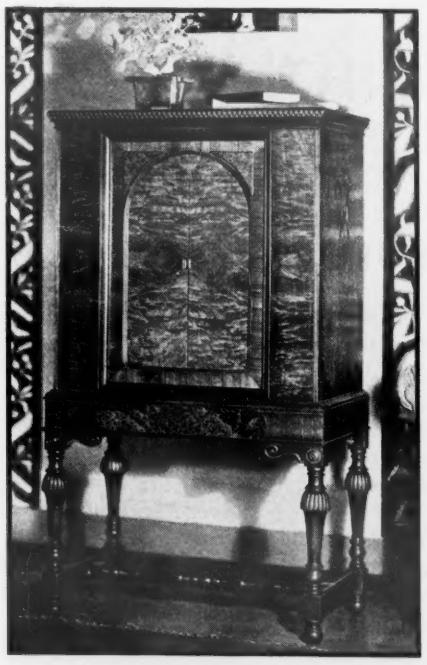
BALANCED-UNIT LOWBOY

Neutrodyne-Plus	Screen Grid
$129.50	$119.50



BALANCED-UNIT HIGHBOY

Neutrodyne-Plus	Screen Grid
$149.50	$139.50



BALANCED-UNIT HIGHBOY DELUXE

Neutrodyne-Plus	Screen Grid
$205.00	$195.00

BALANCED-UNIT TABLE MODEL

Screen Grid Receiver	Electro-Dynamic Speaker
$67.00	$32.50

Tubes extra. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West.

EVERY Philco model, regardless of price, uses a GENUINE Electro-Dynamic Speaker and TWO of the new extra powered 245 tubes, push-pull. *Tune in the Philco Hour every Friday night, 9:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time*

ALL-ELECTRIC PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Enjoyable living rooms by Kroehler

No. 756. With its soft tufted back and luxuriously comfortable cushions, this Kroehler Davenport is decidedly new. Covered in smart damask, as illustrated . . . **$137**

Of the same design as the davenport, High Back Chair No. 756 is especially attractive in mohair. The price, as illustrated **$76**

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

America's finest moderately priced furniture..

Master craftsmen, working slowly and beautifully by hand, make exquisite furniture. But the price is beyond the average home.

Kroehler, by combining the skill and handiwork of fine craftsmen with the facilities of a great, modern institution, has brought the enjoyment of fine living room furniture into millions of homes.

Kroehler Assured Quality Living Room Furniture and Davenport Beds are strictly up-to-date. The designs are smart. The coverings are of exquisite coloring and quality. It is furniture that will grace your living room with modern charm. It is furniture that will add to the comfort and hospitality of your home. Yet the prices are extremely moderate. Any family can afford it.

An important feature of Kroehler building is the superior inside construction. Only see the "Kroehler Assured Quality" label and you know that every hidden feature of the piece it marks is trustworthy.

Kroehler Hidden Qualities

Frames are of finest hard wood, with moisture removed to prevent warping. Corners are glued, doweled and firmly cross-braced, for durability. Compare this with cheap, soft wood flimsily nailed together.

A new and remarkable Spring Steel Underconstruction replaces common webbing. It never pulls out, sags or drops down. Gives box-spring comfort.

Seat cushions are constructed of many finely tempered, small springs, interlocked to form a single flexible unit. Filling is of choice quality moss. Only highest grade, clean, white, felted cotton is used for padding. These features contribute to the unusual cushiony comfort of Kroehler sofas and chairs.

The covering fabrics used on Kroehler-made pieces are stylish, colorful and of extra-fine quality. You may choose from beautiful silk damasks, rich tapestries, fine mohairs, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, Ca-Vel velvets, linen frieze and moquette. Also leathers of exquisite softness.

Yet Kroehler Assured Quality Furniture—because it is built in the ten great Kroehler factories where modern ideas of construction, modern manufacturing practices and tremendous volume reduce the cost of making—gives you this *finer quality* at moderate prices.

If you do not know the name of a nearby Kroehler dealer, write us. We will send his name and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms."

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill., *or* Stratford, Canada

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Tex.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont.

KROEHLER

This Kroehler Label

identifies the genuine

(Continued from Page 186)

distributed among millions of American homes that it has become the natural medium not only for amusement but for information and education of all kinds, and its entry into our schools marks a new era in the dissemination of education.

In order to supply the needs of older and younger students I decided to divide the twenty-four Friday morning concerts into four distinct series of half an hour each, every other week. Series A was intended for the youngest children in grades four, five and six; series B for grades seven, eight and nine; series C for grades ten, eleven and twelve, and series D for colleges as well as for adult music clubs. In a general way the programs as well as my verbal explanatory comments were adapted to the intellectual receptiveness of these grades, but I left it to the local teachers to determine which of the series was the most appropriate for their respective classes. I also emphasized the fact that the concerts were not to be a substitute for local instruction, but primarily to stimulate the love and interest in music and thus to encourage the children in self-expression through their own school singing and orchestras. Though I endeavored to impart a great deal of incidental instruction and prepared a Teacher's Manual, which contained a series of questions and answers on each program embodying my explanatory comments, these concerts could not fulfill their proper mission unless supplemented by instruction through local teachers in the rudiments of music, of singing and, among the high schools, of orchestral instruments. Under a misconception regarding this point some of the schools gave up their local teaching and relied altogether on my concerts. This is a mistake. As my orchestral concerts come for each grade only every two weeks, at least the alternate week should be devoted to teaching children something of singing and giving them enough musical instruction to enable them to take their part in a school chorus.

My Musical Family

EXPERIENCE of many years has shown me that it is easy to interest children in music by connecting it with their own imagination and feelings. In describing the orchestra to them I called it "my musical family," and the questions and answers in my Teacher's Manual of the first concert, for example, which was to be given to the children of grades four, five and six after I had played the program and explained the music, were as follows:

Scherzo from Symphony No. 5 (Dance of the Raindrops) Glazounow.
Whisperings of the Flowers, Von Blon.
March from the Lenore Symphony, Raff.

1. Q. What does Mr. Damrosch call his orchestra?
A. His Musical Family.
2. Q. Mention some of the instruments of an orchestra.
A. Violins, violas, violoncellos, double basses, flutes, piccolo, oboes, English horn, clarinets, bass clarinet, bassoons, double bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, bass tuba, kettledrums, bass drum, military drum, cymbals, triangle, bells, xylophone, celesta, harp. The pupil is not expected to give the entire list of instruments. Naming four or more correctly will be considered satisfactory.)
3. Q. What kind of language is music?
A. A language of our feelings.
4. Q. How does the language of music differ from other languages?
A. It can be understood and enjoyed even when the whole orchestral family speaks at the same time.
5. Q. What feelings can music express?
A. Joy, sorrow, hope, despair, love, anger, courage, fear, peace, excitement, reverence for God.
6. Q. What words did the scherzo by Glazounow suggest to Mr. Damrosch?
A. "Rain is falling, dancing up and down; Drenching all the children in the town." (Illustrated by the music.)
7. Q. What feeling does the scherzo by Glazounow express?
A. Happy excitement.
8. Q. What can music do besides express feelings?
A. It can describe scenes.
9. Q. What scene does the March from the Lenore Symphony describe?
A. The passing of soldiers as they march away to war.
10. Q. How does it describe this scene?
A. By beginning softly, as if the soldiers came from afar; then growing louder as the soldiers pass by, and dying away as the soldiers disappear in the distance. (Illustrated by the music.)

A Program for High Schools

THE music, as well as this comment, was intended for the child mind. In contrast to this I print here one of the last programs intended for the high schools and colleges. Having carried these older students during the winter through the various forms of music, the programs of the late spring were devoted to the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, and contained the following questions and answers:

SYMPHONY NO. 5—FIRST AND SECOND MOVEMENTS—BEETHOVEN

1. Q. What is a symphony?
A. A composition for orchestra, usually consisting of four parts, or movements.
2. Q. From what musical forms did the symphony develop?
A. From the suite and the sonata.
3. Q. Who was chiefly responsible for the development of the symphonic form and the symphonic orchestra?
A. Joseph Haydn.
4. Q. Who is generally acknowledged to be the greatest composer of symphonies?
A. Ludwig van Beethoven.
5. Q. In what form is the first movement of a symphony usually written?
A. In sonata form.
6. Q. Give a brief description of sonata form.
A. Sonata form comprises three parts, or subdivisions. In the first part two themes of contrasting character are introduced; in the second part the themes are "developed"; in the third part the themes reappear in their original form, as if to reidentify themselves before taking leave of their hearers.
7. Q. What is meant by development?
A. The free alteration of a theme in any manner the composer's ingenuity may suggest.
8. Q. What did Beethoven say of the principal theme of the first movement of his Fifth Symphony?
A. "Thus Fate knocks at the door." (Illustrated by the music.)
9. Q. What dramatic concept is the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony generally supposed to express?
A. The struggle of mankind against the opposing forces of Destiny.
10. Q. In what form is the second movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony composed?
A. In the Theme with Variations form.
11. Q. What picture did Mr. Damrosch evoke as a possible interpretation of the second movement of the Fifth Symphony?
A. A walk in a lovely garden, in which one finds a statue erected to the memory of some national hero. (Illustrated by the two principal themes.)

SYMPHONY NO. 5—THIRD AND FOURTH MOVEMENTS—BEETHOVEN

1. Q. What type of composition constitutes the third movement in most of Beethoven's symphonies?
A. The scherzo.
2. Q. What is a scherzo?
A. A movement of lively, and usually playful, character.
3. Q. Why did Beethoven omit the title of scherzo in the third movement of his Fifth Symphony?
A. Because the term would have been inappropriate to describe a movement of such weird, mysterious, almost gruesome character.
4. Q. What does this movement express?
A. The doubts and fears that beset one in the dark hour before the dawn. (Illustrated by the music.)
5. Q. How did Mr. Damrosch characterize the second theme of this movement, given out by the horns?
A. As a chant and dance of specters.
6. Q. What instruments, seldom used melodically, play the opening theme of the trio, or middle part, of this movement?

(Continued on Page 193)

Regular One-Piece Denton. Infants' sizes 0, 1 and 2 open down the back.

Back view Regular One-Piece Denton. Sizes 0, 1 and 2.

All sizes of Dentons have our patented extra-full drop seat.

Front view Regular One-Piece Denton. Sizes 3 to 14 open down the front and have patented extra-full drop seat.

Back view. Sizes 3 to 14.

The Denton Picture of Health

CHILDREN spend nearly half their growing lives in bed. Healthful sleep is therefore of vital importance.

Your child's health will be protected by our special hygienic fabric from which Denton Sleeping Garments are made.

Denton *Soft-Knit* fabric is made of *unbleached* double-carded cotton with some soft virgin wool. The result is a material that always remains wonderfully soft, warm and comfortable.

The loosely spun yarn and the open *Soft-Knit* fabric afford healthful ventilation to the skin. The tiny strands of soft wool carry off perspiration without chilling the body. Denton fabric is truly hygienic, and specially designed for sleeping garments.

Two-Piece Denton. In sizes 0, 1 and 2 only. Extras of lower piece sold separately Has drop seat.

Dentons are Durable

Made for lively, vigorous children. Amply proportioned, carefully tailored and thoroughly well made to withstand the wear and tear of rollicksome children. Strong flat seams; flexible rubber buttons; *extra heavy romper feel;* patented extra-full drop seat; double-thick collars and strong button holes, are some of the Denton quality features which mothers appreciate. Dentons are conscientiously made throughout.

Sold in 5,500 dry goods and department stores everywhere. If your dealer doesn't have Dentons, write us.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills

Centreville, Michigan, U. S. A.

KEEP THE HEART OF SUMMER IN YOUR HOME FOREVER

Nothing on earth can take the place of mother's solicitude for her child... and surely nothing should be omitted that can ease the burden of her responsibilities...Winter is no time to take chances with the children's health or hers...home must be assured of warm and even temperatures in all weathers...health must be fortified against storm and cold...nights and days are coming when the sleepless, twenty-four hour vigil of American Radiator Heating will be just as essential in the home as a mother's care! American Radiator Heating preserves health, promotes happiness, and caters to the human longing for continually finer living conditions in the home.

Not expensive...in fact...not an expense...but an investment in family welfare and property improvement.

I am interested in...

- receiving particulars of your convenient payment plan by which my home may be heated for less than $75 a room.

The fuel I plan to use is: • Coal • Coke • Oil • Gas

- receiving a booklet "About Your Heating and Hot Water Supply."
- receiving interesting book with illustrations in color..."Heat and the Span of Life."
- receiving information on the Arco Vacuum Cleaner

MY NAME IS _____ LHJ—9-29

MY ADDRESS IS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

40 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK • AND ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

(Continued from Page 191)

A. The violoncellos and double basses.

7. Q. What does the finale of the Fifth Symphony express?

A. Triumphant joy at victory over the adverse forces of Destiny. (Illustrated by the principal theme.)

8. Q. What innovation of formal design does Beethoven introduce in the finale of this symphony?

A. He interpolates, in the middle of the finale, a fragment of the third movement.

9. Q. Why does he do this?

A. As a reminder, in the hour of triumph, of the pains and travail through which victory has been achieved.

Such questions and answers aroused great interest, and the letters which I received from students as well as teachers show that the radio is making them ear minded, and that the influence of music seemed just as strong even though my performers were invisible and the imagination of the listeners was stirred only by what they perceived through the ear.

New Town Bands

IT IS impossible at the present time to compute the number of school children who listened in to our concerts last winter. As many thousand schools from all over the country have already provided themselves with radios and loud-speakers, there must have been several million children who followed the concerts during the season. I received thousands of letters from teachers and pupils from all parts of the country, literally from every state in the Union east of the Rocky Mountains. It was, of course, impossible for me to read all these letters personally, but our secretaries read them all, answered many of them, and turned over to me all those which contained something of special interest.

I was amazed at the keen interest and imaginative qualities which most of the writers displayed, and certain of our programs aroused their special delight. Fairies in music, containing Mendelssohn's Overture to Shakspere's A Midsummer Night's Dream, Berlioz's Dance of the Sylphs, and the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast as depicted in music by Ravel. Animals in music, as so delightfully pictured by Saint-Saens, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Strauss.

The children were quick to perceive the musical possibilities of the heavy-footed elephant, the buzzing bumblebee and the graceful dragon fly. That the percussion instruments, with the fascination of the kettledrums, military drums, the xylophone and cymbals, especially charmed the youngsters was to be expected, but perhaps one of the principal results of this, our first season of orchestral concerts, was the greater interest that the youngsters took in the instruments of the orchestra and their immediate desire to learn how to play them. From their letters it seems that the existing high-school orchestras were greatly stimulated and new school orchestras have been formed in many places. I hold this to be one of the most important results and, as now seems certain, if these concerts can be continued for a series of years, the result will be the formation of town bands all over the country.

These bands will supply a great need in the community. Their members will be composed of the former high-school students who will continue to practice and perform on their respective instruments as a pleasant occupation for their leisure hours and as a welcome relief from their daily work in shops, offices and farms. Such town bands will meet once or twice during each week for rehearsal, and you may be quite sure that they will practice not only jazz but some of the real music of the masters, and on holidays and ceremonial occasions they will furnish welcome music for their community. This will mean an America in which music will be cultivated not only by a small, overfed and sometimes overcritical community, but by millions of farmers, carpenters, plumbers and factory employes all over the country, to whom the names of Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner will be household words, and all this thanks to the greatest invention of our age—the radio.

The list of schools from towns and villages in thirty-nine states east of the Rocky Mountains who hear our concerts is very interesting in that it is a cross-section of all kinds of communities. From Alabama, with only one town represented, the numbers increase to thirty-four in Illinois, forty-one in Iowa, thirty-one in Massachusetts, and New York leading the procession with one hundred and seven. And these statistics are very incomplete, as we know of hundreds of schools which have provided themselves with radios and from which we receive letters, but which have never sent in their participation officially. Even Canada is represented by several public and parochial schools. A survey shows that in New York City alone three hundred and fifty schools have been listening in. In the state of Texas the school systems of Dallas and Beaumont were equipped with radios for the series. South Bend, Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, Baltimore, Montclair, Denver, Colorado Springs have reported that a large percentage of their school children have been hearing the series.

A letter received from one of the older pupils in Chicago says:

Some of the contemporaries of Michael Angelo thanked their stars that they lived when the latter did, that they more keenly enjoyed the great works of the master composers, interpreted in such a grand and glorious manner as you are doing. A most attractive feature of your concerts is found in the little speeches and explanations with which you precede each number. They give an insight into the music that follows, and add much to its beauty and loveliness.

From a farmer's wife in Massachusetts comes the message:

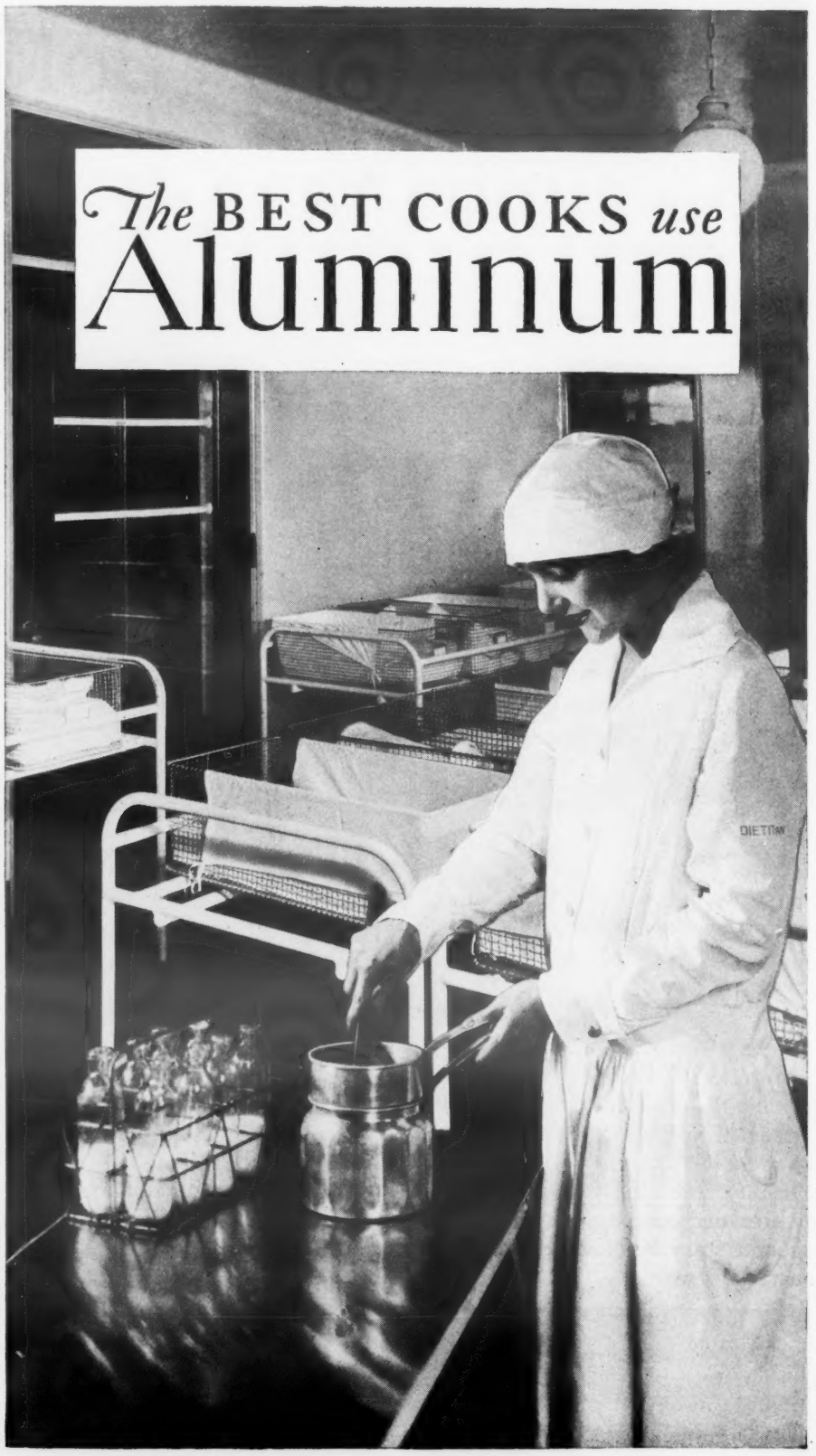
By accident this morning I turned on the radio and discovered your class in music. What it means to me I can never hope to convey to you. We live in a New England farm and have four small children. With little leisure and money, we must depend on the radio to satisfy our hunger for music. Some can appreciate the beauty of a landscape, but clearer vision is needed to quicken to slender birches against somber pines, spangled cobwebs in the morning sun. Such vision you are opening up to music lovers. It is the first and most far-reaching undertaking that has come out of radio. My regret is that I missed any of it, but farm folks don't usually have radio in the busy mornings.

How Radios are Bought

THE great problem for these communities has, of course, been how to provide the necessary ways and means for purchasing the equipment and installation of radios and loud-speakers. Only the best of these are good enough properly to reproduce the many thousand delicate gradations and variations of a symphonic orchestra. In some cases the boards of education voted the necessary money, but in many of the smaller communities the radios were either donated by parents of the pupils or other well-to-do citizens who had the interests of the younger generation at heart. Most touching are the accounts of schools where individual teachers paid for the radios out of their own savings or where the children by contributing ten to twenty-five cents apiece acquired a radio so that they, too, could hear the concerts. In scores of states parent-teachers' associations are supplying local schools with sets, and with that quick adaptability which is characteristic of our country, the schools accepted my general scheme and arranged their other studies accordingly. Here are a few characteristic letters by way of illustration:

One letter from a fourth-grade boy announces that:

"We went over to ——'s house. Her mother has a radio. All of us children



Safe Milk Saves Babies

Safe milk for the arriving generation! What could be more important? Is it any wonder that hospitals find *no* care too great to exercise in protecting the purity of milk for babies?

Milk feedings are prepared *in aluminum* in many of the country's foremost baby hospitals. Such noted institutions as the Milwaukee Children's Hospital, Sarah Morris Hospital, Chicago, and the Riley Hospital, Indianapolis, use aluminum utensils *in all departments* in recognition of their exceptional cooking ability, their economical durability, and their hygienic qualities.

That hospitals esteem aluminum so highly is a fact which the thoughtful housewife will weigh well. She, too, wants utensils that will serve her faithfully and thriftily, and play their part in appetizing, wholesome cookery. . . .

The best cooks use aluminum.

MAIL COUPON FOR BOOKLET

ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION

Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below:

It takes a *clever* cook *to make "left overs" really tasty . . .*

POT ROAST that you want to "quick-change" into stew—spaghetti to be warmed and served again—cooked tomatoes slated for a farewell appearance—it takes a clever cook to make left-overs really tasty. But try what a little change of seasoning will do.

Into the fragrant stew mix some golden drops of Gulden's Mustard. Stir a tablespoonful of Gulden's into two cups of spaghetti, and reheat. Disguise stewed tomatoes with softly browned fried onions and flavor them to spicy deliciousness the same successful way.

Stuffed tomatoes from left-over meat

2 cups chopped cooked meat	3 teaspoons Gulden's Mustard
1 medium sized onion	⅓ cup boiling water
1½ cup bread crumbs	Salt
1 tablespoon butter	6 tomatoes

To the meat add chopped onion and crumbs. Mix the mustard and butter with the boiling water and add to meat. If the crumbs used are dry, a little more water may be needed. Season to taste with salt.

Pack in tomatoes from which tops have been cut off and inside removed. This is equally delightful as a stuffing for peppers or eggplant. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven.

"Great," the man of the house will say, "These taste better than they did yesterday." That's how Gulden's gives a different, delicious flavor to food.

After that, you will use Gulden's in *all* your cooking. It's the method used by famous chefs in well-known hotels. Spread it on meats *before* they are broiled or roasted; mix it in vegetables when adding butter or cream sauce. Add it to gravies, salad dressings, soups and sauces.

Gulden's contains millions of atoms of flavor. They spread through your food, adding delicious, appetizing zest. The lively little mustard seed comes blended with rich, delightful spices. Only in Gulden's do you get this combination of mellow mustard and rare spices. That is why Gulden's is the *one complete seasoner* for cooking.

Send for sample bottle and 76 new recipes

SEND 10c. for a 2 oz. sample bottle of this delicious golden seasoning and a free copy of our recipe booklet, "Seasoning Secrets," containing 76 recipes with a new taste thrill. Or check coupon for *free* booklet only. Charles Gulden, Inc., (Established 1864), 50 Elizabeth Street, New York City.

CHARLES GULDEN, INC., Dept. Q-7
50 Elizabeth Street, New York City

☐ I enclose 10c. for 2 oz. sample bottle of your delicious seasoner.
☐ Please send me a *free* copy of "Seasoning Secrets," containing 76 recipes with a new taste thrill.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....*State*.....

◆ GULDEN'S MUSTARD ◆
USE IT AS A SEASONING IN COOKING

sat in her living room and heard you. Afterward D's mother gave us each an apple.

Another, from New Jersey:

When I read you were going to give a concert Friday morning I broke one of the ten commandments and became envious. I did not want to go to school in the morning because I didn't want to miss your concert. But one of our local radio dealers loaned the school a radio. That was seventh heaven.

Another characteristic letter comes from a third-grade boy in Minneapolis. He writes:

We went over to our teacher's house to hear your concert. We sat on the floor. We liked what you said about your stick. We can't see that stick go, but we can feel it. Our writing supervisor said she saw you with your musical family in Illinois. She told us that you do not use your stick hardly at all. Your program was on our music lesson. We wish we could hear your music every day. There was no part of the program we did not like. Some girls like the Raindrops. Some boys like the March best of all.

But when it comes to characteristic letters from children I hardly know where to begin or, more important still, when to end, as there are so many thousands of them.

We are about 4000 miles away from you. If I had not have wroten to you I would have felt sad.

I did not get to hear but a little of music last Friday. Because we all got to wiggling and twisting and Miss Brownie cut it off. But I enjoyed what little I heard of it. I hope I can hear it all the next time. Please write to me Mr. Damrosch.

We are afraid to clap for fear we might miss something.

I certainly was pleased with your music. I have heard beautiful music but still yours beat them all. You're funny and jolly, but your music is better than both.

THE BRONX.

We enjoyed the concert very much and are sending our letters to express our most extensive thanks. [6-C class.] There was hardly a person in the hall who did not listen intentively. So we left off English class to write letters. We hope none of your musical family was sick and not in the orchestra.

I cannot go to the radio and tell you how much I like it because if I go to the radio you would not hear me but I am writting you a letter and telling you how much I like it.

MT. PLEASANT, TENN.

The concert today was most beautiful and was of special interest to me because of the important part played by the clarinet, since my twelve-year-old boy is learning to play that instrument in his school orchestra. As I sat in my country home this morning listening to that wonderful music, I gloried in the thought that my boy was having the same happy experience in his schoolroom a mile distant.

You have no idea how everyone on the third floor of Howard School in Nashville, Tennessee, enjoyed your music. Everyone listened so attentively. I like music very much and I am taking lessons on the violin. We would not clap or answer any of your questions because we were afraid you would say something we couldn't hear. I am in the 6-C Grade in school. I wish you luck in music.

NOROTON HEIGHTS, CONN.

I save all the mending tasks I dislike most, stockings to darn, and buttons to sew on, and Friday mornings find me seated comfortably in my living room with the radio turned on. I have loved and listened to beautiful music since I was a tiny girl, but I always find I learn something from your delightful talks. I notice, too, that the kitchen door stands open on these mornings, and that my cook listens very carefully.

And at the end of the hour my mending is all neatly piled and my temper is neat also.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Before our school got a radio our class would have art. Now that we have a radio we miss our art and listen to you. I would rather listen to you than have art. Your remarks are more enjoyable than art. Don't forget to speak to us on Friday.

In several of the country towns whole classes were invited to the homes of people possessing radios, and assembled there regularly on Friday mornings at eleven in order to hear our concerts. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that by far the best results are obtained by installing a good loud-speaker in the classroom so that a limited number of pupils can listen and hear undisturbed. Auditoriums containing a seating capacity of 1200 or more are not so favorable either for hearing purposes or for the proper concentration of the listeners, and I hope that the local authorities will take recognition of such experience, gained during last winter, and arrange their radios and loud-speakers accordingly.

The Roman Catholic parochial schools were among the first to perceive advantages for their pupils in our concerts, as letters from Connecticut, Illinois, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Ohio, Texas, Pennsylvania demonstrated. Some of the letters by the good sisters are very charming and appreciative. One of them writes from Hartford, Connecticut:

I should be very grateful if you would send me a list of Doctor Damrosch's programs. Our high-school department has been listening with intense interest to the delightful Friday morning concerts, and with alacrity the students hasten to the assembly hall to listen to the wonderful music that Doctor Damrosch and his "musical family" present to the radio world. I wish that this hard-working leader could get a glimpse of our girls as they listen in a trance of delight to the beautiful strains of the orchestral instruments. They smile just as soon as they hear Doctor Damrosch's voice. They have conceived him as a very jovial gentleman who makes music a pleasant game; and they enter into his merry mood. With regret they leave the hall, probably labeling less-attractive teachers as inferior to this kindly gentleman who manages to teach so much while giving them a good time.

A pupil from Sacred Heart Academy in Texas writes:

Your music has been one of the brightest rays of sunshine in our young lives, even if the sun does shine almost 365 days of the year in our wonderful state.

From Horton, Kansas:

Music is one of the subjects I get a good grade. Mother says that if all the children in the United States could have the opportunity to hear you and the symphony often enough every one would soon be music lovers.

From Horace Mann School, New York:

The Horace Mann School this morning dedicated their new sound-producing instrument by assembling the entire school and listening to your concert. The reception was excellent and the students were so enthused that they burst into applause, after the numbers.

From New York City:

Dear Mister Damrosh: I sang all day long this haity [Haydn?] melody. You said we should rite some verses after and I wrote some.

Papa Damrosh he is smart
Teaches us the music art
In a way which I and Mike
Understand and really like.
First he plays the piano
Says that this is so and so
And that we him understand
Lets them play that instrument
Then he waves with his hand
Makes repeat his music band
All them instruments together
So that music we know better
And what Papa Damrosh says
We remember well always
And we thank from our heart
From his teaching music art.

Dear Mister Damrosh My ma says you are O. K. and on the rite pad and on the sqaire with them poor teachers and Ma teaches me piano and sing folksongs and soulfetshios and Mike is my highschool cossen and was promoted and plays violin but ma says he is not yet in tune. have you children. I love your voice and your shokes make us all late. We miss no radio concert and ma shot off all jazz and says is no good. I think so too when I lissen to you.

Do you wonder that I am looking forward eagerly to Friday morning, October eleventh, when, under the auspices of the National Broadcasting Company, I shall inaugurate our second year of school concerts over the radio?

Powel Crosley, Jr.
presents
NEW
Beauty in Radio
At prices so low!

Crosley Model 42. One of the new Crosley models, in two-tone walnut veneer

WHAT every woman has always wanted in radio! Charming models that take their place delightfully in any home as *beautiful furniture.*

The clever Crosley Model 31 above, for example. It gives you the enjoyment of the finest in radio. But more than that! It adds a touch of modern smartness to your home. It is useful. Beside your easy chair it is a convenient end table. It serves as an occasional table to hold flowers, magazines, bric-a-brac. It fits unobtrusively into any scheme of decoration. And prices are as low as $55 in table model form (without tubes or speaker), $60 with legs . . .

Cabinet models, too, that bring to your home the charm of exquisite taste in cabinet design . . the richness of satiny walnut and rare matched woods. Prices are $99.50 and up.

Go, we suggest, to the Crosley dealer near you and see these exquisite new models. Learn about the famous Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad—the year's sensation in radio performance. Ask for a free trial in your home. Any Crosley dealer will gladly grant it.

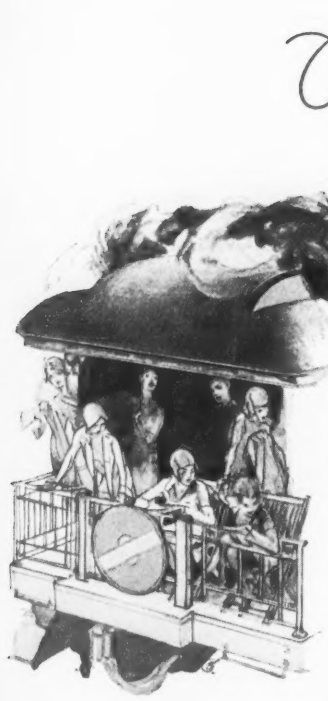
In addition to the extensive line of Crosley models, (including those shown here), the famous Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad set is available in cabinets produced by seven of the leading cabinet manufacturers of the country. There is a type of cabinet to fit every home and to suit every taste.

The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio. Home of WLW

You're there with a CROSLEY

The Sub-Deb

Illustrated By Earle Kirkbride



A Page for Girls

THE end of summer brings new problems for the Sub-Deb and her group to meet, new plans to be made and carried out, and—alas!—a great many good-bys to be said. Still, on the other hand, there are also jolly reunions waiting just ahead at school and college with friends you may not have seen during the summer vacation, which rather evens things up after all. Besides, fall is a pretty nice time of the year.

Here at the Sub-Deb Editor's desk, too, there has been much discussion of plans already carried out, and of many interesting new ones about which you will learn on your page, month by month. In particular, I have been sorting over the various booklets this department has offered you during the past year, and picking out those which I believe will be helpful and interesting just at this time of looking ahead to fall and winter problems. You will find the selected list on page 198.

There have been so many requests from all over the country for our booklet, Letting the Bob Grow Gracefully, that we have had to order another large printing, which means that the nine becoming styles it shows can still be called on to help you decide about changing your present way of wearing your hair before going off to school this fall. And—oh, yes, I had almost forgotten this—the vogue for knitted sports socks for hiking, golf and tennis continues to flourish, so we have ordered a leaflet of directions for the smartest-looking hiking socks you could want to own, to be ready by the time this JOURNAL reaches you. You can have them by sending a two-cent stamp to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. It's fun to be able to take all the latest fads and accessories back to school, isn't it—to talk over and compare notes on with the other girls?

—MARGUERITE ASPINWALL.

A Farewell Sing

JUST before any young crowd whose members have been together pretty constantly during vacation breaks up at the end of the summer, someone is bound to suggest a farewell party. Everybody feels a real urge to fight all the battles of the past season over again: the tennis matches, regattas, tournaments, races you did—or didn't—win, and why; to laugh for the last time at the good-natured collection of jokes, personal or otherwise, you have acquired by now at one another's expense, and to make plans, of course, for meeting again next year.

All this being the case, the party that will suit your mood best is an old-fashioned "sing." Reviving old fashions is popular today, if you do it with an up-to-date slant on the proceedings. Besides, group singing never goes out; and if one feels rather emotionally pent up at the prospect of good-bys ahead, shouting out all the good old favorites and the newer hits of musical comedy or revue is at once a relief and a famous gloom-dispeller.

It's a good plan to have an informal sit-down supper first, at card tables, each seating four. And as, presumably, many of the group are going off to boarding school or college, if the young hostess of the evening is willing to take a little extra trouble beforehand she can add to the fun by using the college idea in her decorations and menu.

Tack a sign up over the front door, where your guests can see it on arriving: "Ye Olde Campus Inn," and hang as many school and college pennants and banners on the walls of dining and living rooms as you can beg or borrow. Let each small table represent a different school or college, using paper tablecloths and napkins in the proper colors, and tiny footballs, tennis rackets, hockey sticks or basket balls for place cards, each having two narrow slips of cardboard in the college colors attached, bearing the girl's or boy's first and last names. They can be tied with the college ribbons.

If any of your guests strum a bit, on guitar, uke or banjo, ask them beforehand to bring their instruments with them, and after supper give everyone a slip of paper and a pencil, and let each write the name of a song he is prepared to lead the company in rendering. The slips are folded and dropped, unread, into a hat, which is passed around. When all the selections have been handed in, one of the group is asked to draw a slip out and read aloud the title of the first song. The boy or girl who wrote the selection on that slip of paper must then rise and give the rest of the company the key. This is almost inevitably bound to be funny, as through stage fright or inexperience the amateur leader is more than likely to pitch the song so high that one by one the singers will drop out, squeaking and breathless, or so low that their singing of that particular musical number will have all the rumblings and growlings of some sort of subterranean anvil chorus.

A prize might be awarded at the end of the evening to the best leader, and an old-fashioned tuning fork, to assist his ear, solemnly presented to the one who got his followers into the most ludicrous difficulties.

For Boarding School

HERE are two charming dresses—both designs straight from Paris—which the Sub-Deb will want to add to her school wardrobe this fall.

Redfern 1190 — *Philippe et Gaston* 1186

The little school frock, Design No. 1186, sponsored by Philippe et Gaston may be made either of silk crêpe or a woolen material like jersey. The stitching gives the slim lines we all like, and the flat, turned-down collar adds a smart and extremely becoming note. It is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. "Gaby," Design No. 1190, the new Redfern creation on the left, cannot fail to give any girl that pleasantly triumphant, well-dressed feeling at the next dance to which she wears it. Although we are showing it here in yellow, the original model was made up in a luscious green—and it does not take much imagination to see it as equally lovely in flowered chiffon. You will be guided in this, of course, by your own coloring, and your ideas of what is most becoming. This dress, too, is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

New Monograms

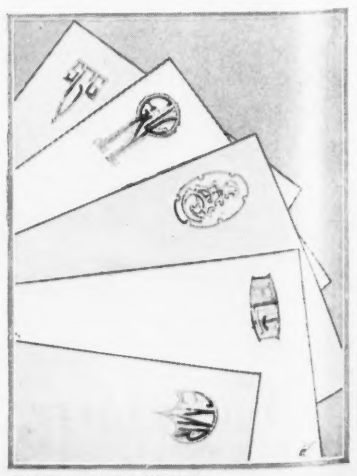
IF YOU want your note paper monogrammed now in your school colors—or in the colors you have chosen for the hangings and furniture of your room—there is a new process of die-stamping on the market which makes this possible. The effect is very smart and distinctive, and is one of the season's novelties you girls like to know about. The sketch below shows some of the many possibilities.

Another interesting feature of this stamping is that the monogram on each sheet of note paper is different. The design of the lettering, of course, remains unchanged, and the same colors are used in the stamping, but the colors themselves vary in position on the letters, so that you can feel every note you write is just as different as the message it contains. Which is rather a nice thought, in an age when the older generation is given to complaining that we're becoming terribly standardized in all that we say, wear and do.

Two Farewell Gifts

A LITTLE Red Riding Hood manicure kit with all fittings in the smallest size obtainable for compactness is just the gift to give your chum when she goes back to boarding school. The doll's embroidered face is a bag stuffed with absorbent cotton that you may pull out from the back; her feet are the tips of scissors; her hands a small orangewood stick and file; her apron is a sheet of cleansing tissue, and wee bottles of nail bleach and polish slip into the pockets left in the sides of her skirt. A couple of bobbed hairpins caught in the hem of her skirt prevent the scissors from slipping out. A little booklet of directions for making Red Riding Hood, and which contains also simple rules for the care of your hands and nails, will be mailed to anyone for a two-cent stamp. Address the Sub-Deb Department.

The other present you can make for your friends, or for yourself, is a novel necklace case in which beads will be safe from breakage and foreign entanglements when you travel. It is made of two cardboard ovals covered in silk, with wired silk cord such as is used for hanging pictures forming interior divisions and a strong edge. Directions for making this case, and six new, smart designs for stringing your own bead necklaces, may also be had on request to the Sub-Deb Department, if accompanied by a two-cent stamp.



COURTESY WILLIAMS & MARCUS CO.

Sports

FORM a committee of both boys and girls, chosen from the enthusiasts of as many kinds of sports as you can. Then set

(Continued on Page 198)

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Price, 65 cts.; Canada, 65 cts.

A beautiful bathroom need not be costly

Bathroom beauty has its beginning in the plumbing fixtures. And, with the advent of "Standard" colors, pure and exquisite as those of historic porcelains, no bathroom need be commonplace.

Nor need its individuality depend upon the amount of your expenditure, for *all* "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures, including the least expensive, are available in the new colors. The distinction of color can be obtained in the small and simpler bathroom at but a moderate cost.

Ming Green, Clair de Lune Blue, Ionian Black, Meissen White, Rose du Barry, T'ang Red, St. Porchaire Brown, Ivoire de Medici, Orchid of Vincennes, and Royal Copenhagen Blue—these new "Standard" colors make possible an almost infinite variety of color combinations and decorative schemes.

A book "Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration" has been published by "Standard" to illustrate the correct and harmonious use of plumbing fixtures in each color. It reproduces complete color schemes for bathrooms which are highly original in design and color harmony. If you are planning to build or remodel your home, or have out-worn or out-dated plumbing fixtures which should be replaced, you will want a copy of this authoritative work. It will be mailed to you on request.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
PITTSBURGH

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

Accept . . . 15c Package . . . Note Coupon

A New Discovery *in* Tinting Hosiery *and* Lingerie

A New, Far Quicker, Easier and Simpler Way

NO STREAKS . . . NO DYE SPOTS . . . NO MUSS OR FUSS

MODERN color science has made new discoveries in home tinting and dyeing. A far quicker, simpler and from 50% to 75% more *economical* way has been found.

Developed by the makers of RIT—world leaders in home dyeing and tinting—it is now embodied in all RIT dyes.

Let us give you a full-size package to try. We believe it will amaze you.

No Streaks, No Spots, No Muss or Bother

The illustration above shows the whole process. Note how amazingly simple it is.

You just "swish" a cake of RIT in a basin of warm water a few seconds. Then put the cake aside for next time. One cake will do for three or four times. Then "dip" the article to be tinted in the basin. Rinse thoroughly, and fold loosely in a towel to dry. That is all. You can do 10 pairs of stockings, 5 to 6 step-ins or a whole frock in a few minutes.

You Get:

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If you tint, dip or dye things, accept a package of this unique creation. Find out what it will do. Clip the coupon now before you forget. Circle color that you want and get cake now. Rit Products Corp., 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

GOOD FOR 15c PACKAGE

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I enclose 4c in stamps. Please send me your full-size 15c package of RIT of any one of the colors circled below. Only one package to a person.,

Tan, Pink, Ecru, Coral, Flesh, Orange, Orchid, Yellow, Old Rose, Dark Blue, Rose Pink, Dark Grey, Light Blue, Light Green, Golden Brown, Emerald Green, Copenhagen Blue.

Name.....
(Print name and address plainly)

Street.....

City.....*State*.....
(Note: be sure to circle the color you want on the list above)

(Continued from Page 196)

aside the first week in September for a general meet, in which all the favorite games and outdoor sports shall be represented. If a number of you belong to some nearby country club as junior members you can probably arrange to have many of the events held on the club grounds, where you will have all the facilities for golf, putting contests, tennis, the swimming pool for water sports, and so on. But if this does not seem practicable, you can arrange it so that the various days of sporting events shall each be held at the home of one of the boys or girls whose grounds lend themselves best to that contest.

Monday, for instance, might be Tennis Day; Tuesday Golf Day; Wednesday, let us suppose, will be Water Sports Day, if you have access to an outdoor pool, river or lake. Thursday can be Boat Race Day.

If, however, you live in an inland town, it is always possible, of course, to stage some other sport for that day. A track meet might work out interestingly, letting both boys and girls compete.

Friday might witness a baseball game, in which a girls' team plays the boys—the latter being suitably handicapped, of course. Saturday should give everyone a rest from such violent activity, and a dog show, with ribbons for all sorts of classes, will provide just the right relaxation as well as plenty of excitement. After the dog show, serve supper on the lawn or veranda, at small card tables seating four, and in the evening have an informal dance.

Are You Ready for School?

You Can Earn for Fall Expenses and Fun

SEPTEMBER and schooltime. . . . How exciting it is to meet all your friends and talk over the summer!

But—are you ready for school?

Will you start in "the first day" with a fresh new frock . . . with a shiny new brief case and other classroom equipments . . . with a jingle of money in your purse?

You know the "just right" feeling new clothes give you. . . . A girl once told me that she could recite better if she knew that she looked pretty.

And all these desirables—the becoming clothes, the school equipment, the spending money—may be yours *soon* when you belong to our Girls' Club. For our hundreds of schoolgirl members everywhere are earning *their own spending money for school fun and expenses*, and wonderful prizes are adding to their joy. You'll be eager to join, after reading these letters from girls with interests like yours:

$26.00 for Expenses

Dear Manager: **Was I happy over the $26.00 I earned in The Girls' Club? You can imagine how I looked! With the money I bought a new hat . . . a slicker for school . . . gloves and a dress and paid my car fare to school. I've won a wrist watch as a prize too. —Evelyn B., Pa.**

$4.00 in One Day

Dear Manager: **I never thought I could earn as much money as I have in The Girls' Club. Think of earning four dollars in one day. I'm going to wear my blue-and gold club pin on my best dress. —Bonnie C., Texas.**

A Girl Scout Earns $5.00

Dear Manager: **As to the money I earned, it was easy. Five dollars in two days and here's what I did with the money. As I'm a Girl Scout, I paid for some of my merit badges and partly for my suit. —Edna S., Mont.**

YOU'LL be just as delighted as these schoolgirls were at how easy it is to earn your own money. You'll be thrilled, too, with the prizes, such as a desk set for your room . . . an automatic pencil for school . . . a crystal ball for parties, and so many others. Don't you want to start winning them at once? Write me a note: *Dear Manager: Please tell me how to win money and prizes*, and I'll let you in on the secret. No expenses or obligations. Tell me your age too. That's important.

Address:

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
362 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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ANY of these booklets, prepared specially for the Sub-Deb, will be sent upon receipt of the necessary postage. Write to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

LETTING THE BOB GROW GRACEFULLY. With nine sketches of French and American coiffures. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS CLOTHES. Directions for making a knitted three-piece sports suit, a separate pullover sweater and a charming wool purse in matching design. Price, 2 cents.

PRINTED LINGERIE. Designs for pajamas, kimonos, step-in and nightgowns showing the latest vogue in printed materials, inclosing actual samples, and suggesting patterns for making up these materials. Price, 4 cents.

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PATTERN AND DESIGN FOR NOVELTY CAT CUSHION. Price, 4 cents.

DIRECTIONS FOR CROCHETED WOOL TRIMMINGS FOR SPORTS FROCK. Price, 2 cents.

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appear MORE BEAUTIFUL *in perfectly woven Phoenix*

BECAUSE they make graceful legs seem still more beautiful, Phoenix Silk Stockings have become the choice of all women of taste and fashion. This deserved popularity results from two things: Phoenix Hosiery is made to the proportions of the most beautiful legs in America and it is accurately woven by the most perfect process known . . . Florenz Ziegfeld, world-famous authority on feminine loveliness, selected the ideal legs which provide the pattern for Phoenix. Three hundred girls from his Broadway shows, representing the country's fairest, were entered in the contest which ended in the choice of Barbara Newberry as the Phoenix Girl.

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Average in size, this young ingenue's legs are considered typical of the majority of attractive women. Stockings made to her measurements distinguish themselves by their excellent fit . . . Through the use of the recently patented *Accurator,* which measures and counts every stitch in knitting, Phoenix stockings are now woven with exactness never before thought possible. Used only by Phoenix, this magical device creates full fashioned hosiery which will delight you with its evenness, sheer quality and perfect shape . . . Phoenix colors, also, keep step with the increased beauty of the knitting. In many shades—Paris-chosen—there is a smart choice for every Autumn costume. $1.50, $1.95, $2.95.

* * *

Florenz Ziegfeld's booklet, "How I Selected America's Most Beautiful Legs," will be sent you free. Address Room 501, Ziegfeld Theatre, 6th Avenue and 54th Street, New York City.

MISS BARBARA NEWBERRY
painted from life by R. John Holmgren

PHOENIX

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This Style Book offers smart shoes, specially constructed; newest hats and corsets for stout women; hosiery, house dresses, underwear—everything in wearing apparel, specially designed for ***you.***

Dresses and Coats, the newest fashions redesigned to give slenderizing lines—and without annoying tightness at arms or hips—embodying all the skill and knowledge acquired in our 28 years' experience as specialists for stout women.

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Authoritative Styles—Always at a Saving

Lane Bryant has seven large retail stores in seven cities. In New York, its large Fifth Avenue store serves the best informed Stout Women in America. This, in itself, is a guarantee of both authoritative style and low price.

The same Styles—the same Low Prices—may just as well be yours. This is your opportunity. ***One copy of this new Style Book is yours free. You need merely fill in the coupon below.***

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Dear Madam:

Please mail my free copy of your new Fall Style Book.

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The Green Complex

(Continued from Page 5)

want to hurt you. I'm going to give you a sporting chance. You know that it isn't healthy to report without your side arm." Barclay threw the weapon afar into the field. "Follow a bee line from that bramble and you'll be able to find it. Better start. It's getting darker every minute. Fists won't do any good. We don't want to maul you."

The M. P. darted for the wall and vaulted it. Instantly Barclay fell into an easy run, Porky at his side.

"Can you hold this gait?" asked Barclay.

"I gotta."

Which was the whole business of the military in a phrase.

Porky began to call up reminiscences, because he had learned from bitter experience that one's feet began to hurt only when one began to think about them.

Funny how little he knew about this guy doing double time beside him. Game and square. Young women and old and kids and dogs, they all fell for him. You might fool a woman, but you couldn't fool kids and dogs. It wasn't all due to his handsome phiz, or Porky Mallory wouldn't be shagging along beside him. John Adams Barclay, born in New York, was some day going to be a novelist; beyond that, a smoke screen. Had a way of digging everything out of a guy and spilling nothing himself.

IN THE beginning, a quiet guy, obeying orders on the jump, and when duty was over, crawling into a hole and pulling the hole in after him. Not a good mixer, and never would be. Taking all kinds of razzing and never batting an eye. Took the derisive monniker Handsome without protest. Smiled when they called him Mamma's Pet. All this before that rumpus with the machine-gun Heinies. Cleaned them up alone and got a slug through the shoulder. And Porky Mallory had hauled him into a shell hole till night, a bullet through his own leg. Gee, but that had been a night! A bit different when they turned him out of the hospital; up in the air today, down in the dumps tomorrow. A guy who could sit in the village grocery that had a bar and never make a peep for an hour among a lot of noisy souses. And yet, if he did speak or sing, how those guys closed in to listen! No war stuff, but funny old French songs that would make madame come over and stand by the table, nodding. Could have been a liaison officer if he had wanted to.

Crosses and citations, but all in a day's work. The boys never had anything to say about that. But what was still talk was that night Handsome had been in Madame Dupont's and heard Bull Corcoran playfully insult madame's daughter, who didn't understand a word of English. Bull was champion of the regiment and a mean dog, and nobody got in his way. Except Handsome.

IT HAD scared the rest of the gang—the utter ferocity of the attack. It had been like a fight between a leopard and a barnyard cat. They had had to help Bull back to billet. And, of course, after that everybody had tried to get on the right side of Handsome. But still he wouldn't mix. Except with a guy named Porky Mallory, which was the queerest thing of the whole business. Porky Mallory, big-time crook, who had sneaked into the Army just as the bulls and dicks in little old New York were beginning to tumble.

Gone to war to get bumped off because a Follies jane had given him the gate. Now gone A. W. O. L. in order to get to Paris to lamp her once more.

Darker grew the way and brighter grew the stars.

"There's the main road!" cried Barclay, seizing his comrade by the arm.

To the north they could see brilliant beams of moving light.

"The old lady told me that the inn these days is quite a place for the smart folk. There's a dining room for the gentry and one for the clodhoppers. Garlic hanging from old beams. Pre-revolution; an old post inn, I take it. Improve your education."

"Handsome, all I want is little ol' Broadway."

"Tin-horn alley. In Paris I have some friends—French. From time to time I'll have to run away from you to borrow. Some night or other one of these friends will turn over a letter to me. There'll be fifteen hundred in it. But this draft will have to be cashed by my friend. It can't be sent to the American Express, where there'll be a couple of M. P.'s all day long. A few trinkets a friend in New York has sold for me."

DESTINY led them to a quaint old structure of stone and stucco and tile, with queer gables, gray oaken doors, with an inner court into which many a post chaise and coach had rattled and jingled in the days of wigs and furbelows. Three series of galleries ran around the sides of the court, the flooring of which was smoothly worn cobbles; deeply set windows, through which poured cheerful and promising light.

Along the highway stood several smart cars. The village proper sprawled along the road perhaps a quarter of a mile to the west. Porky gave these cars a quick scrutiny. So far as he could see, no war chariot was among them.

The two pinned on their war crosses and boldly entered the court. Barclay quizzed one of the lounging chauffeurs.

"Twenty-two miles from Paris. We enter the middle door at the left. Two beers for you and no more; and no chatter."

They entered the barroom, where the tables were covered with oilcloth and a man could keep his hat on and smoke his pipe. Two hanging lamps flooded the room with topaz light. Barclay indicated a table by the wall, and they sat down. Porky's back was toward the light.

There was a staircase at the left with a banister as broad as a ship's rail. Halfway up, the stairs were in semidarkness due to the painted tin shades over the lamps. At the foot of the stairs was an open doorway with three steps leading up to it. Beyond was the main dining room. And Barclay could see men and women in evening dress.

A YOUNG woman in black, with black hair and sad black eyes, took their order. Potato soup, bread and beer. But first Barclay requested her to change the twenty-dollar bill. She came back promptly with two foaming glasses of beer in one hand and bank notes and brass in the other.

The soup and bread disappeared and the glasses were emptied.

There appeared on the stairs, in the semidark area, a young woman in evening dress. She paused to survey the room and saw Barclay's face. Her mouth opened slightly and her eyes grew wide. Her face expressed not recognition but astonishment. The handsomest young man she had ever set eyes on! And, of course, he had to be a French peasant! From the Vosges, probably; one of the Blue Devils. At least, the blue tam o' shanter suggested it. He wore a cross. She sighed.

Immediately there stepped down beside her an officer, a handsome gray-haired American whose insignia marked him as

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Utterly new and distinctly modern are these smart designs in Zion Lace Curtains, recently created by noted stylists. Fascinating new motifs add both grace and charm to modern windows. In almost unending variety, these exquisite examples of artist-craftsmanship may be seen at nearby stores. Or curtain No. 06595, illustrated, sent for $8.00 per pair and your merchant's name and address.

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attached to the staff of the provost marshal in Paris. He stepped to the right of the girl; and so when Barclay glanced up he saw only the soldier. The two passed into the main dining room, and Barclay saw the girl's lovely back casually.

"Brass hat!" he whispered to Porky. "Beat it!"

He laid down fifty francs; and together he and Porky quietly departed into the night.

HER name was Margaret Allison, but all who knew her called her Dick. She deserved a nickname.

She was twenty-three. That is an age! She was lovely. She had been to war. She was subject to blushes. She traveled alone. Her Americanism was a substantial but not an intrusive thing.

She was an orphan. Her mother's brother was with her tonight. She was at present living in Paris with her father's sister. She had uncles and aunts, two of each; and as they were childless, she was as the core of their very hearts. But they couldn't do much with her; not that they tried very hard. She went her own way, as the saying goes.

"What a duck of a place, unky!" she exclaimed.

"We better have champagne. We can be sure of that. The onion soup, however, is a miracle."

"Unky! Go to the door and look into the bar. Two young men in corduroys. Frenchmen."

"What about them?"

"One of them is the handsomest young man I ever saw."

Her uncle stared at her astonishedly.

"He has a war cross," she went on. "I think he's from the Vosges. . . . Why do you look at me like that?"

"Well, I'll be hanged! You've given the cold shoulder to every shave-tail in Paris. All right. Want me to bring him in and quiz him?"

"Heavens, no! I merely want you to see what I consider a handsome man."

"Oh, well!" Her uncle pushed back his chair and stalked into the bar. He returned shortly.

"Was I right?" Dick asked.

"Your hero is gone. The girl out there says she never saw the pair before. Americans."

"Americans? I can't believe it!"

"The pretty fellow spoke French fluently, but the slight accent marked him as an American. He was a very handsome young gentleman. He had the *croix de guerre*. Wish I'd seen him. Some beggar A. W. O. L., I'll wager. The woods are full of them. Well, if you got a thrill. . . . Now let me order the dinner. Got to get back by midnight."

All the way back to Paris that night she was haunted by that virile handsome countenance. And the fact bewildered her considerably. She had seen millions of men, but this was the first time since '17 that she had noticed one out of the mass. For a moment or two—then to step out of her life forever. Funny old world!

III.

THREE o'clock of a November morning, in the year 1895, two sons were born in New York, four miles apart. For one moment they enjoyed—possessed—in identic proportions, liberty, equality and fraternity; that is to say, each was introduced, pinkly naked and squalling, to an indifferent world. After that moment they ceased to be equal, upon so many points that it would be a waste of time to enumerate them. But fate—sardonically inclined as always—wrote down in her book, from which nothing is permitted to be expurgated, another date, 1917. John Adams Barclay and Patrick Mallory were born equal again—equal in misery, pain, fear, monotony, routine, food, clothing. By war.

Barclay had gone to war to die; Mallory, to hide. The latter went to the former for his intellectual food; and

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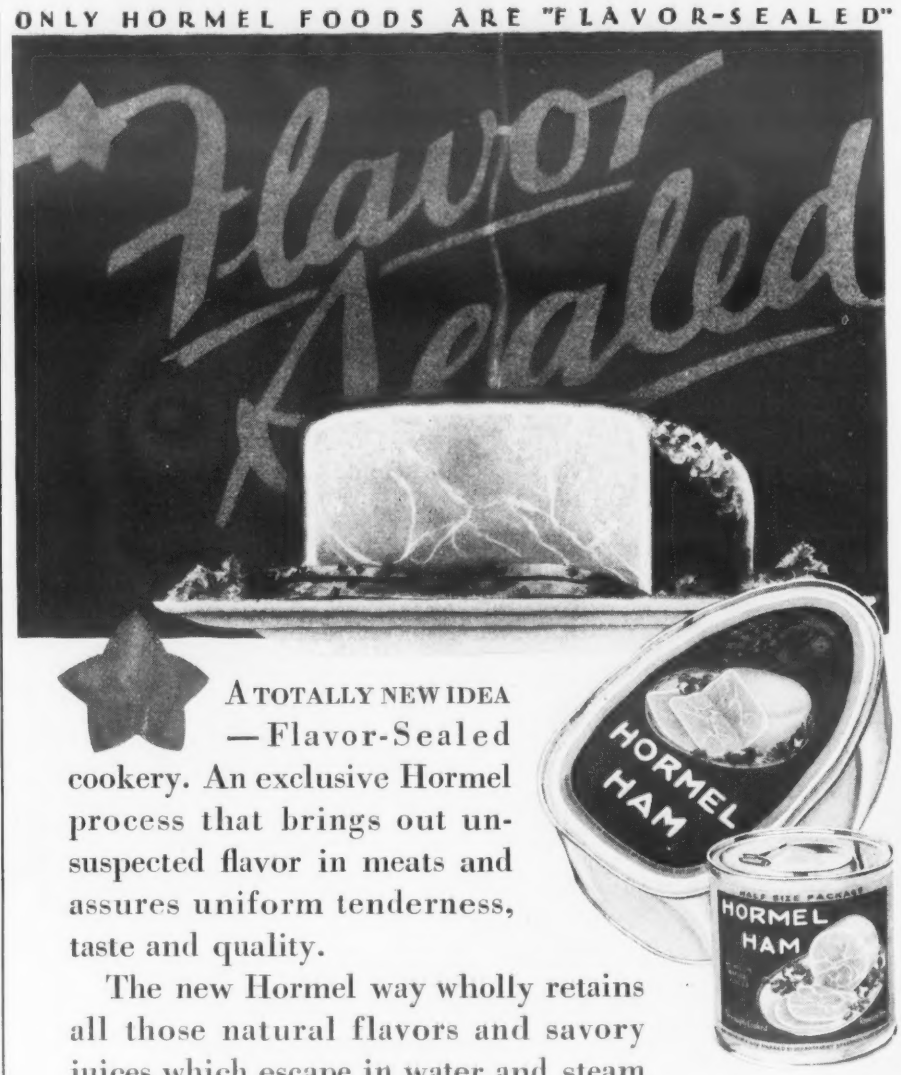
ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"



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The new Hormel way wholly retains all those natural flavors and savory juices which escape in water and steam by the usual cooking methods.

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Everything is saved, nothing is lost. This process also saves hours of kitchen time and labor for the housewife. Flavor-Sealed Ham is instantly ready to serve cold. For baked ham, simply heat through and brown (30 minutes, half size; 60 minutes, whole ham).

Indispensable among the emergency shelf goods of the household. Economical. No bone, no skin, no waste. At leading stores—or write, naming dealer. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

★ *Hormel Flavor-Sealed Foods are first packed in vacuum sealed containers, then vacuum cooked in their own juices. Still sealed in vacuum they are delivered to you—fresh, flavorful, tender.*

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BAB-O... modern magic! It is the supreme achievement of the famous B. T. Babbitt laboratories... the first product created expressly to brighten enamel and porcelain... to keep your bathroom twinkling and immaculate. A sprinkle of BAB-O on a damp cloth... "a wipe and it's bright." Tubs, tiles, basins, nickel and floors assume their original, colorful, showroom lustre. Dull film, stains, rust and water-lines vanish at its touch. Even the kitchen sink, refrigerator, gas range, walls and chinaware... glisten as never before. ¶ What will most delight you is the amazing ease with which BAB-O does its work. BAB-O is a snow-white, velvety powder that will not scratch the finest surface or roughen tender hands. BAB-O is not to be confused with ordinary, old-fashioned scouring powders... no, indeed! Try BAB-O once and you will never be without it. Refuse substitutes.
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BAB-O

brightens bathrooms
works like magic all over the house

Bathroom by **CRANE CO.**, Chicago

At all grocers 15¢

(Continued from Page 201)

Barclay found an amusing companion when he was in the doldrums. At first Mallory had been a character to study; and Barclay had emptied him as a siphon empties a bottle. Then he had come upon the gold which was immovable. Mallory had confessed frankly that he had been a crook, and to prove it had taught Barclay a number of tricks. The pupil became adept; but always with the notion in the back of his head that some day he would use this material in a novel—if he lived.

The sad green heart of youth! For Barclay had come to France solely for the purpose of dying, of laying upon the conscience of a woman without a conscience forever the tragedy of his demise. For a woman who, had she heard of his death, would have said: "So Johnny Barclay is dead? Where'll we go tonight?"

MONTH by month the war hardened and ripened him, physically and mentally, till now he frequently laughed sardonically at the thought of throwing away his life for any woman. But Nita Jordan still remained a glowing image in his heart, for all her jewels and divorces.

Porky was clever; but clever as he was, he could not find a breach in the walls Barclay kept within. This mysterious background was still unexplored when the two of them entered Paris.

Outside the environs they bought shoes and store clothes and did up in a bundle the corduroys and sabots. Later Barclay intended to send them back to the old lady who had succored them.

As Barclay knew Paris better than he knew New York, he was not long in finding suitable lodging, suitable to the present deflated condition of the common purse. A room on the fourth floor of a cheap *pension* was secured in the Boulevard Saint Michel, the windows obliquely overlooking the Luxembourg Gardens.

The escape from France had already been plotted: Forged passports; Antwerp; sailing from there to Montreal; dropping from the tramp before they reached that city and stealing across that part of the border which was not patrolled. All this required money, a good deal of it; and this was Barclay's job.

Barclay began a series of evanishments—afternoons, the greater part of the nights, sometimes all night. Porky asked no questions. He knew what was on. His buddy was scouting around to get a look-see at that Follies jane who had bounced him into the hall, as the saying went. And why not? He'd gone A. W. O. L. on her account, hadn't he?

IT WAS a drizzly night, in the middle of September, that the whirligig—this particular whirligig—gained its perilous momentum, involving Dick Allison, John Adams Barclay, Porky Mallory, two Parisian crooks, a lady nobody liked, the Prefecture of Police, and the prefect himself. Swords of Damocles hanging over every street corner; Nemesis stalking the alleys; even Diogenes going about with his blinking lantern!

For the first time in his life Porky was idle day after day. Essentially a man of action, the invisible leash galled him. There was a touch of prison in this enforced idleness. He was not only walled in by bricks, more or less; he was walled in by an alien tongue, which was far worse.

So then, Barclay being absent, Porky put on his cap and went down into the Boulevard. Drizzle or no drizzle, he would walk this restlessness out of him.

He hadn't a centime in his pocket, but that was of no importance. Their finances were at ebb again, and Barclay had gone out to borrow. These borrowings could be easily taken care of when the fifteen hundred turned up.

He was quite astonished when at length he discovered that his undirected footsteps had taken him up Montmartre.

Suddenly he beheld an unbelievable thing: Handsome, wearing dinner clothes and a pearl-gray fedora, in the act of entering a dance-and-booze den!

IV.

IT SEEMED to Porky that his brain had swung loose from its moorings and was slowly turning around in his skull, not unlike a Ferris wheel. But this phenomenon ceased almost immediately. He saw the point. Handsome had borrowed the soup-and-fish from the guy who was fixing up the passports. And a good disguise too. No snooping Marines would pay any attention to a boiled shirt. The jane was probably inside. And a jane who could make Handsome go A. W. O. L. must be very easy on the eye. So Porky decided to stick around.

At one side of the cabaret was an alley. Porky stationed himself just inside the alley so that he could watch both the front and side entrances.

Fifteen minutes passed. Then Porky saw his buddy emerge from the side door, which he closed, step a few feet away from it, turn and assume a pose. Porky had seen this pose so often at ringsides that he knew instantly what was about to take place.

On each side of the alley door was a window. The light from these windows brought dimly into relief the rain-glossed cobbles and Handsome's silhouette. The rest of him and the night offered only conjectures.

A fight. About what and with whom?

Muffled jazz music penetrated the night. Shadows passed and repassed the ground glass of the windows.

Porky flattened himself against the wall as much as he could. Bewilderment got hold of him again. Hunting trouble when both of them were walking on ice so thin that the bullheads were visible!

The door opened suddenly. The cobbles bulged like golden bubbles. An officer of the American Expeditionary Forces in France stood on the threshold for a moment. Shadow shapes, swimming in a pall of tobacco smoke, were visible beyond him. Then the officer stepped into the alley and closed the door. This coming and going of the rectangular space of light affected the civilian with a temporary blindness, as in reverse the blackness of the night affected the eyes of the soldier.

THE two came together swiftly. A blow was struck. No word was spoken. One heard the slip-slap of sole leather on the greasy cobbles, the queer hollow sound of blows to the body, a snarl now and then, a cough as a body blow got home. A step forward, a step in retreat, but no more; they circled, each trying to maneuver the other into the light. An opened newspaper, so it would seem, would have filled the requirements of a ring.

The jazz music went on. It was as though the two were dancing to it.

Frequently Porky could see the shirt front. Both hat and cap lay in the alley mud. A yellow patch from time to time came into the light, marking a face. He could hear the thud of fists, and his own body ached in sympathy. Toe and toe; it was a fight to a finish, till one of them went down. When that happened Anglo-Saxon civilization would begin functioning again. The winner would step back; he wouldn't use his boots.

The fight came suddenly to an end, as this kind of fight always does. One of the two stood alone. It was Handsome. Porky saw him stand motionless for a space, then kneel. An astounding thing happened. The victor proceeded deftly and quickly, even expertly, to rifle the pockets of the vanquished officer! Then he recovered his hat, made two or three futile efforts to restore it to normalcy, in the end to put it on and put it down to his ears savagely.

Porky swung around into the street and sought a doorway. The action was

(Continued on Page 205)

For cleaning the garments, dresses and costumes in our Wardrobe Department we use Energine exclusively and find the results highly satisfactory.

Head of Wardrobe Dept.
Lasky West Coast Studio
Paramount Famous-Lasky Corp.

Wardrobe Managers

of the World's Greatest Studios

Insist on Energine

WARDROBE MANAGERS of the world's greatest studios insist on Energine. Why? Because Energine cleans better, of course! Why does Energine clean better? Because it is not only quickly effective but pure—absolutely non-injurious to the most delicate skin or daintiest fabric.

Absolutely Pure

Energine contains no harmful sulphur, paraffin, caustic, acid or alkali. Many physicians use Energine to cleanse fresh wounds and to remove adhesive tape.

Chemists agree that Energine is the most perfect solvent of grease. It is grease that attracts and holds dirt.

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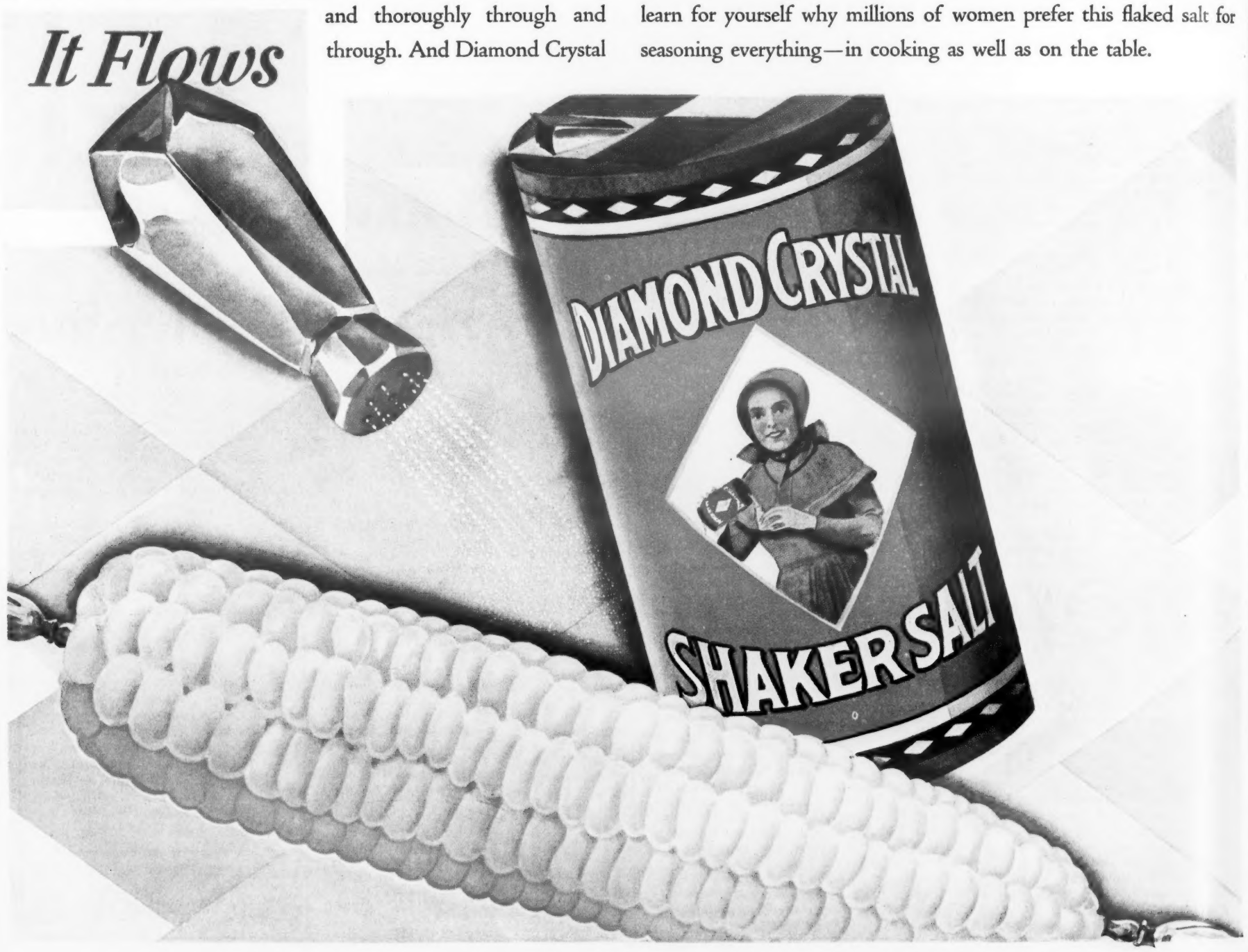

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PLAIN *IT'S FLAKED* IODIZED

(Continued from Page 203)

energized by his subconsciousness. Nightmare—from Coblenz to Montmartre! But soon he would wake up, reveille splitting his eardrums; and the dull routine of peace soldiering would begin again.

Handsome came bolting out of the alley and rushed down the hill.

Then Porky awoke to the fact that this particular nightmare lay outside the realms of sleep. He ran into the alley and hastily inspected the face of the insensible officer, but put no hand on him. A major from some embarkation port. Handsome had hung the K. O. sign on him. He'd snap out of it presently. Porky ran into the street again. The alley was no longer healthy. With a hawklike glance he picked up Handsome, who had slowed down to a walk.

Knocked him cold, then frisked him!

"Where do we go from here?" Porky whispered grimly, picturing the future.

HE DREW the peak of his cap over his eyes and strode after what now became his quarry—the best guy in the world!—rage and terror, despair and bewilderment blending and weaving in his pulse.

From Montmartre to the Avenue Hoche. Once he saw two M. P.'s. He cursed them, even though they were on the opposite side of the street.

The trail ended in the Avenue Hoche. Porky saw Handsome enter a *pension* of the first class. He waited, perhaps for an hour; then he saw Handsome come out—in his store clothes.

Porky began to run, keeping in the shadows. He ran faster than he had ever run before. He must reach the Boulevard Saint Michel first.

He entered a room on the fourth floor and lit the gas. He got out of his damp clothes with a celerity which spoke of long practice in the theater of dubious exploits. He put on a cotton nightgown and sat on the edge of his cot. Terror. But this terror was not based on fear. It had its being in a revelation.

The best guy in the world, sticking up souses in Montmartre! Knocked them cold, then frisked them!

Shell shock.

All the queer puzzling links rushed together into a perfect chain. Shell shock and a jane who'd given him the gate. But that was only the half of it. Who had taught Handsome how to frisk a pocket and all that stuff? Who had put the idea into Handsome's bean? Porky Mallory, a smart guy on whose shoulder no bull had ever put his paddle. A second home in a swell district where he could change and hike back here, pretending he'd been borrowing from friends. Ye-ah. So this was how the money had come in to keep them going?

Dodging M. P.'s for weeks, and now highway robbery for good measure! The Paris flatfoots taking a hand in the game! Ten to twenty years, and then some—the frying pan and the fire! Between that toe-dancing Follies jane and Porky Mallory, Handsome had had a fat chance. Ye-ah.

But what to do? Porky beat his skull with his fists. Full of soup; he couldn't make it think! Ye-ah. But think he must!

WITH a gesture of fury and despair he rose and turned out the gas, slipped into his cot and lay there, staring at the fantastic patch of light on the ceiling cast there by the street lamp over the way. Kid gloves. He would have to handle Handsome with the utmost care—or lose him. Five minutes passed. Then he heard the door open cautiously.

"That you, Handsome?" he called instantly.

"Yes, Porky."

"Where yuh been?"

"Oh, wandering around."

"Nice night for it."

"I was restless. Ran into a bunch of toughs in Montmartre and got bunged up a bit."

The alibi, thought the man in the cot. One of the funny things about shell shock, so the medicos said, was that it made a truthful man a prime liar.

"A fight?"

"Yes. Pushed me off the sidewalk. I lammed the chap on the jaw, and his friends took a hand. I had to beat it."

"Uh-huh. Got any money?"

"Thirty francs." The voice was weary.

"Coupla days' grub."

THIRTY francs, net. Mallory wadded the pillow under his ear and pretended to fall asleep. He stared at the blank wall, his jaws set, his eyes hard, so deep were his bitterness and bewilderment. Shell shock. Court-martial, Sing Sing, and a French stir, all right where you could reach for them! No trouble at all!

Porky accounted the hour as being after midnight. Every night, at one o'clock, hard by the Gare d'Orléans, a shrill whistle split the silence of the night. Porky knew how to wait, to lie still or to sit still. Before the war his liberty had often depended upon his ability to keep still. So he waited. Handsome always turned over at the sound of the whistle; after that he fell into dreamless slumber. Anyhow he never moved again till morning.

By and by the wail of the whistle trailed through the night. Porky heard his comrade turn over. Half an hour later he slid out of his cot to the floor. As soundless as a cat he maneuvered to the chair upon which, neatly folded, lay the other's clothes. He found three ten-franc notes. It wasn't necessary to see them; touch was sufficient. Then his expert fingers came into contact with a smooth oval stone. Right away he knew it to be a jewel; he could not guess what kind. He knew all about whites—diamonds—and if this had been a diamond it would have been sufficient to purchase the Ritz over in the Place Vendôme.

Then an invisible hand seemed to strike Porky in the pit of the stomach. Why, over in the Avenue Hoche there would be a regular cache, any amount of loot. And Porky Mallory's job would be to go over to that *pension*, get the loot and dump it into the Seine.

He restored the jewel and crept back to his cot. All the trouble in the world in one bucket! And he must empty it!

V.

THE next afternoon. From the *pension* window Barclay could see obliquely the bright green and autumnal colors of the Luxembourg Gardens. The sun had long since drunk up last night's rain.

Presently his gaze dropped to his palm, upon which lay a stone. It was oval in shape, an inch and a half long, an inch wide and perhaps half an inch deep. It was green. In all her adventures in alchemy, Nature has produced one stone without comparison. A piece of real chrysoprase is incomparable. One cannot hold it beside any other object and declare that there is a likeness. There is no leaf, no flower like it. The diamond and the morning dewdrop, the ruby and the pigeon's blood, the sapphire and the cornflower, the emerald and a rain-washed lawn, jade and apples, and so on; but for the chrysoprase no comparison exists.

Porky, carefully rolling a cigarette, watched his comrade. Two courses lay open: To remain silent but on guard, or speak his piece and throw a scare into this poor crock, as the Tommies called them. But could he scare Handsome? If it came to a clash mightn't Handsome beat it? Well, for the present, silence, galling and helpless.

"What is it?" he asked casually.

"Chrysoprase."

"Uh-huh. Never heard of it."

"It's not a commercial stone, Porky."

"Where'd yuh find it?"

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Barclay frowned. "I didn't find it."

Porky caught his breath. "One o' those trinkets from home?"

"After a fashion. It's a long story."

It would be, thought Porky bitterly. "Ye-ah. From *pension* to hoosegow, in one reel."

"What do you mean, *pension* to hoosegow?" asked Barclay, putting away the green stone.

"Isn't that what it's gonna be if either of us slips?"

"Do you think I stole this stone?"

Porky trembled. "What are yuh gonna do with it?"

"Keep it. This stone was once mine, Porky. I gave it to a woman. To me it was then, as now, the loveliest thing on earth; and I thought she would see it as I saw it, and be glad that there was such a beautiful thing in the world. But her middle name was Precious Pearls, and I didn't have any. I wrote and begged her to return it. But she ignored the letter."

PORKY nodded. He knew that Handsome was going to write stories some day, and this sounded like a promising start. All right; he'd ease Handsome along.

"The jane yuh went A. W. O. L. for?"

"Yes."

"She give it back?"

"No; I haven't seen her yet. But I saw her husband last night—Major Holway; and took it away from him. He's worth millions, but a bounder. I ran into him last night. He flaunted the stone. I invited him into the alley, knocked him cold and frisked him. Highway robbery. But I couldn't help it. That bit of chrysoprase has been in the Barclay family for four generations."

Porky had read somewhere that an insane man was infinitely more cunning than a normal one. All right. He would accept the story.

But, night after night, from now on, he would shadow Handsome. There wouldn't be any more stick-ups.

"How about going over to the Luxembourg Gardens to watch the kiddies sail boats?" suggested Barclay, smiling.

"That's *beaucoup* with me. There's some nifty nursemaids over there."

So they started for the Luxembourg, Barclay silently cursing the folly of last night's adventure, and Porky cursing the hour he had listened to Handsome back in Coblenz instead of reporting to the top sergeant.

They found chairs near the great fountain and sat down.

And Dick Allison saw Barclay. She was conscious of Porky's presence, but he did not register. The young man of the old post inn! Her heart began to go thump-thump against her ribs.

VI.

FOR a moment Dick sat perfectly still. Then she raised her book and pretended to read. As a matter of fact, the book was upside down and she was covertly looking over it. His face was leaner; but she knew that it appeared so because this was not lamplight but sunlight. Who was he and what was he? Did she know anybody he knew? No man had a right to be so good-looking. Shabby clothes. What did that signify? Did he often drop in here? Four chairs away. She saw at once a thousand barriers, not one of which she dared overstep, because, manlike, he would misinterpret the gesture. What a tantalizing situation!

She righted the book and read one sentence over ten times.

"Green things are beautiful, Porky," Barclay was saying. "A tree fascinates me, a well-kept lawn. I had to have that bit of chrysoprase. Legally it isn't mine any more; but I had to have it. Emeralds, jade, chrysoprase, malachite, peridot, garnets. Few people know it, but there is a green garnet. Ever since I was a kid green stones have fascinated me. I used to bring home bits of green bottles."

"Uh-huh."

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Porky gave but slight attention to this monologue. He was trying to discover means by which he could get control of Barclay's keys for a few hours. There would be a cache over in the Avenue Hoche, and he must get to it before the police did. Off his bean, the best guy in the world!

All about were young couples, arms around waists, planning the future; which was, according to Porky, full of brickbats. As Barclay's gaze roved carelessly it was caught by a bit of green dress. Because the dress was green, he turned his gaze deliberately upon it. Green silk stockings, green shoes. A young woman, reading, four chairs to the north of him. She wore a panama hat, the brim down to keep the sun out of her eyes. A lovely chin. Catching the tint of green from dress, the color of her throat startled him. It was the nearest thing to the color of his chrysoprase that he had ever seen. There was an odd necklace, too, that seemed to be green. His gaze returned to her shoes. She was an American. A great and appalling loneliness swooped down upon him.

DICK, who caught this glance, blushed and grew furious. She was perfectly idiotic! On a par with the French maid in an English comedy drama! But she dared not rise and go elsewhere.

Suddenly Porky found himself between the devil and the deep blue. Coming toward them from the south were a man and a woman. The man was the major Handsome had hung the K. O. on last night! If he warned Handsome, his buddy would know; if he did not warn him, this rhinestone major might recognize Handsome and summon the pair of police who were watching the children around the basin.

"Pipe down!" Porky whispered from the corner of his mouth.

"But I haven't said ——"

"Pipe down! That rhinestone yuh punched in the jaw last night—he an' a dame comin' this way. Pull your cap over your eyes. Was she a blonde?"

"Yes!" Barclay fixed his cap, but after that he knew that his body had become stone. His vitals seemed to cease functioning. Nita! . . . coming toward him, and he must look at her or die! Presently, from under the shading brim of his cap, he saw her. For a moment he doubted his eyesight. Was it Nita? Yes. But the picture he had carried in his mind all these months was not visible to the eye. He became strangely indignant. He felt that he had been let down. She was no longer exquisite. She had grown stout. No; fat! She and Major Holway were arguing bitterly. Her mouth was not pretty.

The wrangling pair approached and passed. The queer sensation of stoniness left Barclay's body and was succeeded by a glowing which was as strange as it was pleasant and exhilarating. In a fleeting moment he had seen Nita Jordan—all there was to her! He began to laugh. This laughter had an alarming note in it.

PORKY did not like the quality of that laughter. It was one of those shell-shock signs.

"Will yuh pipe down!" whispered Porky fiercely.

"And we jumped our beans—for that! When I heard she was in Paris, and I couldn't get leave . . . I had to see her. And I have seen her! I can't explain it to you, Porky. You'd think I was crazy if I did. She was a rainbow end; and if I hadn't seen her today I'd have chased the rainbow to the end of my days. Oh, good Lord!" And Barclay burst into laughter again.

Dick wondered what the joke was.

Porky caught Barclay by the arm and shook him roughly. "Snap out of it, yuh big stiff! There's a coupla cops over there. Go home. I'll trail those turtledoves. Good job to see where their hangout is. See yuh six o'clock. Gimme ten francs."

The ten francs were put into his hand, and he turned hastily to follow the pair, who were evidently going toward the gates which gave out upon the Boulevard Saint Michel. There were plenty of people, coming and going, so Porky's business was unnoticeable. He managed to eavesdrop a little, catching Fool and Dolt and Nag. A barmaid's voice, thought Porky. Gee! And Handsome had gone A. W. O.L. for a hard-boiled jane with a voice like a calliope. Not to make love to her but just to pipe her phiz once more.

The pair left the gardens and outside entered a limousine. Porky climbed into a taxi, wondering if the limousine would go farther than his ten francs would. For a little while he forgot M. P.'s

Dick decided that it was about time to start for home. She closed her book and rose. Barclay got up too. No reason in the world why he shouldn't follow her if he wanted to. He had just slain a dragon. Dick took the path for the Boulevard Saint Michel; so did he. Once he managed to approach near enough to get a good look at the necklace. Good girl! The necklace was chalcedony, impregnated with green salts of nickel, giving a white stone a glorious green color. They sold them in Florence as chrysoprase. Somebody else who had the green complex, evidently.

A slim and graceful figure, a confident stride; the hair was chestnut, thick, abundant. Would her eyes be blue? He wondered. He would find out where she lived because, at this moment, he knew himself to be slightly crazy.

HE WAS following her! Dick's heart fluttered, for no reason whatever. It wasn't fright. She didn't know what it was. She remembered vaguely of getting into a taxicab and of giving the cabby her address. Never in all her life had she felt like this before. She would make so: ebody pay for this horrible embarrassment.

Barclay followed in another cab; and this initial adventure closed with his learning the fact that she lived in a small and select hotel in the Avenue d'Jéna. It established her as a tourist of economical but critical habits. Her face was lovely and warm and lively. Of course it was the green dress, the green necklace, the green shoes and stockings. But for these he wouldn't have given the young woman any notice whatever. He laughed. Nita and Holway—squabbling!

He ordered the cabby to drive to the Avenue Hoche. He got out and approached the *pension*, not without several quick glances over his shoulder.

Porky's quarry got out at the Ritz in the Place Vendôme. They were still jangling verbally as they entered the hotel. Porky paid his cabby six francs fifty and loitered for a moment in the white twilight. The blackened column interested him. Handsome had given him the history of it. Mobs had hurled it down and kings had put it up so many times that a witty Frenchman had suggested they put hinges on it.

"Hey, Porky!" thundered a voice.

Porky whirled, his Adam's apple for the moment paralyzed. He saw Mike Holloran and Jimmy Page of the old squad. He flew down toward the Rue de Rivoli, twisted and dodged and ducked his way over the Seine, where his Adam's apple permitted him once more to swallow effectively.

"Whadda yuh know about that?" he said, to the river, to the Eiffel Tower, to the world in general. "Those two guys, right on top o' me, like that!"

VII.

PORKY, his lungs burning, burst into the room, threw his cap on one of the cots and wiped the beads and trickles of sweat from his face and forehead.

He sat down and put his bewildered head in his hands. Handsome, gone cuckoo

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Use it wherever you use soap and water

from shell shock, turned stick-up, and Porky Mallory seen on the street by a couple of the old gang! The provost marshal and the prefecture working together—all because Handsome had had to see that fat, hard-boiled Follies jane! It was like those comic strips in the Sunday supplements. Ten to twenty years, at home or abroad. As you were!

His head came up with a jerk. He heard a whistle on the landing below, a shrill, sweet, melodious whistle. Thump-thump; some one was coming up the stairs three at a bound. Ye-ah. He could whistle. He hadn't a trouble in the world. That was another thing about it: you lost all sense of responsibility when you had shell shock, and there were ten thousand different kinds.

The door flew open so violently that it slammed against the wall.

BARCLAY sailed his cap across the room so accurately that Porky was forced to duck.

"That you whistlin'?" Porky asked with a twisted grin.

"It was."

"That jane of yours——" began Porky.

"She's no jane of mine. And if the Lord hadn't been good to me she might have been! High, wide and handsome; that's me. She was squabbling with him. It was the sight of that that snapped me out of it. Squabbling!"

"She was squabblin' with him when they entered the Ritz. She was givin' him the glad hand from the left side."

Silence.

"Porky, how did you recognize Major Holway?" asked Barclay quietly.

Here it was, thought Porky. He saw that he must come out into the open, halfway.

"Handsome, I got lonesome last night. I went on the prowl an' saw yuh go into that cabaret. I saw the fight. When yuh frisked him an' hiked I was afraid yuh might 'a' croaked him. So I had look-see. When I found that he was just K. O., I beat it for here."

He must never mention the Avenue Hoche, or Handsome might check out of there.

"I'm sorry about last night," Barclay admitted. "I went berserker. Now, listen to me. If sometime I'm not back here—gone over twenty-four hours—you go to the provost marshal's and give yourself up. That'll keep you clear of my folly."

"It's fifty-fifty, Handsome. I ain't runnin' away from nothin'. We did the big walkout together, didn't we? Whatever you get, I get. An' that's that."

"Porky, part of our difficulties are over."

"You tell 'em, big boy!"—ironically.

"The check came, and the cash is in my pocket."

PORKY felt cold inside. What kind of money would this be? "Yuh got it?"—putting into his voice an enthusiasm he did not feel.

"Here it is." Barclay took from his pocket a fat bundle of French banknotes and divided them. "There's seven hundred and fifty for you. Porky, after you left the gardens I saw a beautiful American girl in green."

Porky eyed his comrade astonishedly. "Another frail, after the lickin' that Jordan jane gives yuh? Ain't there gonna be no between rounds? An' when this one gives yuh the gate, what yuh gonna do, there bein' no war on just now?"

"But Nita Jordan wasn't the right one. Talk with a pretty woman; that's all it means. I'm so darned happy I've got to do something to blow off steam. We'll celebrate."

Instantly the scheme by which he could frisk Handsome of his keys came to Porky. He would engineer Handsome into a grand souse, get him back here, put him to bed, get the loot in the Avenue Hoche place and dump it into the Seine.

"Let's go!" he said with real jubilation.

The evening fell out as Porky had plotted it. At eleven o'clock he helped Barclay up the long flights, put him to bed, and then deftly got his keys and fared into the night.

Arriving at the door of the *pension* in the Avenue Hoche, he put a pair of socks over his shoes. The keys were old-fashioned, and he soon found the front-door key. Stepping into the hallway, he listened. At the same time he was surprised by a sense of distaste for the adventure. The word "sneak" had never before carried any meaning. Yet what he was doing was for Handsome's sake, to save him if he could.

He must try each door till the key fitted. Luck was with him. The key opened the door of the apartment on the first flight. He entered and locked the door after him, found the switch and flooded the room with light. Sitting room, bedroom and bath. A dress suit lay folded upon a chair. He turned out the inside pocket of the coat. An English tailor, on the Avenue de l'Opéra. Porky began to go through things. The bureau drawers, the table drawer, the bed, the insides of fresh shirts, the insides of shoes, the pockets of all the suits; he overlooked nothing in which something might be hidden. In the new kit bag he found a letter portfolio, and out of this he extracted astounding news. Newspaper clippings that had to do with John Adams Barclay. Porky went over to the light with these. For a little while the reader forgot where he was and the real object of his visit.

THE son of George Worthington Barclay, disinherited out of millions. Porky remembered the place on Park Avenue. He had often contemplated it with interest and resentment. One of the greatest amateur jewel collectors in America—special hobby, green stones. Like father, like son. A place as safe from predatory hands as the Subtreasury. Handsome's father. Left penniless by the old man and given the gate by the girl. Smashed, going and coming. Old Handsome, the best guy in the world. And to leave things around like this for the nosey police! Had the green whachmacallit handed down to him, and all his loot would be green.

Calmly Porky destroyed this evidence and put the scraps into a pocket, intending later to distribute them along the way back to the Boulevard.

He had explored every nook but the bookshelves. He found no cache of jewels, but inside of one of the books he discovered, neatly folded, twenty one-thousand-franc notes. These he restored carefully. Handsome had been clever to dispose of the loot at once. It was to Porky a relief to know that. No signs of the yellow streak after a job was done; he had "fenced" his loot at once.

This was where he had come whenever their finances had been at ebb. He had occasionally slept here for the night to allay any doubts the other tenants may have had. Borrowed from friends he had in Paris. Borrowed was good. Ye-ah.

At one o'clock Porky was back in the Boulevard. Handsome was sleeping.

VIII.

"AUNTY," said Dick Allison to a beautiful elderly woman who sat by the window, "do you remember me telling you of the handsome chap I saw that night unky took me to the old post inn?"

"I seem to. Why?"

"Well, he followed me out of the Luxembourg yesterday."

"Did he try to speak to you?"

"Oh, no."

"How were his clothes?"

"Shabby."

"What were you wearing?"

"My green frock."

"No, no; I mean in jewelry."

"My imitation chrysoprase."

(Continued on Page 211)

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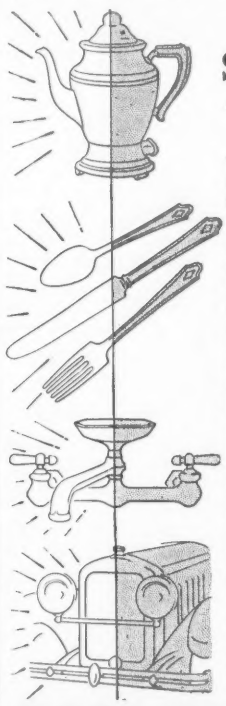

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Paris Pattern 1209. *Maison Nicole Groult,* in Sept. issue of Ladies' Home Journal.

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Then place the Thor Speed-Ironer in the wringer position. Swing around to any of the 5 wringer positions. Sit down and iron.

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Even to the seam down the back

by

ELIZABETH WEBSTER

A very important message to women on one of the most important items of the wardrobe

I have just visited the cradle of full-fashioned hosiery in America, and what a revelation it was to me who has always taken my hosiery so much for granted . . . as probably you have, too.

Here, in this plant in 1891, was made some of the first full-fashioned hosiery in this country. And ever since that time . . . for almost forty years . . . quality has been the unchanging purpose of these craftsmen workers.

That year, were imported from Europe, not only the machines to make these full-fashioned stockings, but the workmen to run them as well. And from these first few machines and this guild of twenty-five craftsmen, has grown, through that single idea of quality, a mighty industry occupying more than fifteen acres of floor space, and employing an army of craftsmen whose skill is not surpassed in all the world. Truly, here was an inspiration in sincerity!

Here I saw the silk as it came in from abroad, saw it inspected, and saw much of it rejected because their standards are so high. Here I watched these men and women who have grown up in the most demanding apprenticeship known to hosiery manufacture anywhere. First, into the hosiery school, then through months working on full-fashioned cotton stockings, then through months on lisle, and finally, when constant skill has been achieved, on to the fashioning of stockings worthy to bear the name *Munsingwear.*

It is said that longer time is given to make one pair of Munsingwear Full-Fashioned Silk Stockings than for any other made in America.

And how these stockings show it!

Not alone in their sheerness, their evenness, their freedom from flaws and rings . . . but they fit perfectly . . . no bagging knees, or wrinkled ankles. Even the seam down the back of the leg is smaller, and neater, with never a suggestion of a snaky twist. Perhaps that's why they look so perfect packed in their lovely boxes—so wonderful for gifts!

And the colors . . . exactly as fashion decrees . . . are so marvelously lasting!

Beautiful hosiery . . . stylish hosiery . . . in sheerest chiffons and service weights . . . that just wears and wears and washes and wears and wears!

In any hosiery you can choose your own shade and sheerness . . . *in Munsingwear Hosiery you can be sure of the quality too!*

I've stopped looking for bargains. They are really never bargains after all. I've found Munsingwear hosiery and I know there is no better. There's a style and a price for every preference.

May we send you Elizabeth Webster's Book, "Cutting Your Hosiery Budget in Two?" You'll like it immensely and so will your purse. Write
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Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

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(Continued from Page 208)

"He might have thought them emeralds."

"I doubt it."

"Maybe he was leaving the gardens and followed you accidentally."

The dimple flashed. "There's a feel about it, aunty, in the back. Eyes boring into you. Besides, he left his chair when I left mine. He was an American and no doubt recognized me as one. Lonesome and homesick."

"How far did he follow you?"

"I lost him at the gates."

HER aunt studied her thoughtfully. Mrs. Robinson was worldly-wise but kindly. Her temper was always equable, there being a good balancing humor in the middle of it. Her niece was in a mood which was just beyond the reach of analysis. This mood had palpably its leaven of boredom; beyond that, however, was a blank wall.

"You know," said Dick, "I believe I'll accept Rolly Morgan's invitation to the Villa Fanny."

"Tours will be lovely now. Perhaps that's just what you need."

"Paris makes me sad. I believe I'll go over to the Luxembourg this afternoon. Want to come along?"

"You want me to see that young man?"

"You know I have no secrets from you, aunty,"—demurely. "Alas, he may never go to the gardens again."

"If he is in Paris he will."

"Why?"

"Because—you know it as well as I do that you are a lovely little mortal. Though I don't know what's come over you lately. Why don't you take up your needle-point again? It's calming."

"Aunty, that's the whole trouble. Everything is too calm."

"Something tells me that you wish to meet this young man," returned Mrs. Robinson.

"I wonder?"

Dick went in search of her Gobelin bag, which was stuffed with a half-finished chair cover and numerous skeins of colored yarn. The bag was a comfort on a journey. You could put fruit and bottles and novels in it.

This particular Gobelin bag had a future.

IX.

THAT night Porky shadowed Barclay, who wandered aimlessly about for a while, then went to the hotel in the Avenue d' Jéna. There were window balconies. The September night was mild and beautiful, but no one came out on the balconies. Nor did Barclay go into the hotel.

Getting the lay, thought Porky bitterly. That jane's necklace; he had to have it. That kind of kink.

He saw Barclay turn on his heel and make for the Seine—home, probably. Then Porky—a touch of the past tingling his blood—went about the business of getting the lie of the hotel for himself. He needed a little amusement. He was on the verge of going cuckoo himself. The hotel wouldn't be a hard nut to crack if a guy knew how to handle himself. But Handsome—it would be like a ten-year-old trying to break into the Sub-Treasury. When he got back to the room he found Handsome in bed.

Porky was no sooner stretched out on his own cot than he raised his head, astonished by the idea that had entered it. He began to surrender to the hypnosis of it. He didn't get to sleep for a long while; too much excitement in his head.

At four o'clock Porky, munching fried potatoes which he carried in a greasy paper bag, strolled into the Avenue d' Jéna. Sooner or later his buddy would show up. You had to get the inside lie as well as the outside. Handsome, in glad rags, would go inside and cleverly plant his questions. When he left he would know which floor the jane lived on. That was the way it was done. Handsome had been easy to teach.

There he was, coming in from the Arc de Triomphe end of the street. Ye-ah. All dressed up to meet the bride. Spats and all. There wasn't an M. P. in the world that would have noticed him. Slick.

When Barclay reached the hotel entrance he entered boldly and approached the concierge's desk.

"I wish to know the name of the young lady who wore a green dress yesterday."

The concierge eyed him coldly.

"I believe," went on Barclay, "that I know her. But yesterday I could not get near enough to see." He spoke in French.

"This is a very private hotel, monsieur," replied the concierge, with increasing coldness.

But Barclay was bent on crossing this tight rope. "Ah, but yes!"

He extended his hand toward the concierge, palm downward. Automatically the concierge replied to the gesture, palm upward. During this trifling exertion a hundred-franc note was transferred. The shiny-nosed dragon melted.

"Jean!" he called to the idle lift boy, who came running. "What lady was dressed in green yesterday?"

"Mademoiselle Alleeson." The boy grinned into Barclay's face. "Mademoiselle Marguerite Alleeson, New York, monsieur."

Barclay gave him ten francs, then turned to the concierge. "Thank you. I have made a mistake. A resemblance misled me. The lady is unknown to me."

X.

"WELL," inquired Mrs. Robinson, "did you find your young man in the Luxembourg?"

"No." Dick flung her Gobelin bag on the lounge.

"Dick, please don't start anything you can't handle."

Dick gestured. The action expressed boundless restlessness. "Aunty, I'm dreadfully bored."

"How many times have you seen him?"

"Only twice."

"Is he as handsome as all that?"

They both laughed. They understood each other thoroughly and were good comrades.

"I think I'll go over with you."

"Good idea. It won't hurt him to see that I have a chaperon, and that I'll grow old beautifully."

Let her run on the leash, thought the aunt. Some harmless adventure might cure her of a bad case of doldrums.

But on the following afternoon they did go over to the Luxembourg gardens. There was going to be a military parade for some reason not announced in the newspapers. It would start from the Avenue Marceau, wind past the Arc de Triomphe and down the Champs-Élysées to the Place de la Concorde. Dick still loved military parades and decided to see this one.

And in the crowd Barclay saw her. She was, to his delight, wearing her charming green model. Beside her stood another young woman in flaming scarlet. But Barclay had no eyes for this one. He had never seen the woman before; indeed, he was to see her only once again. Nevertheless, she was to leave a scar upon his future. So fate moves her chessmen about.

PORKY had been induced against his will to be a spectator. He had seen all the parades he cared to see, now and hereafter; and he had consented to this ordeal only because he feared to leave Barclay alone.

"There she is, Porky. The one in green."

"Ye-ah"—wondering if Page and Holloran were in this jam.

The parade at length passed on and the crowd broke. Barclay, looking around for Porky and finding that he had vanished, decided to follow the green dress.

So did Porky.

He saw the young woman cross over to the Avenue d' Jéna, and he walked along

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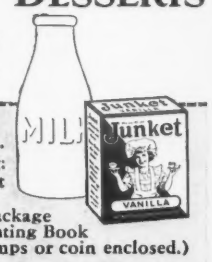

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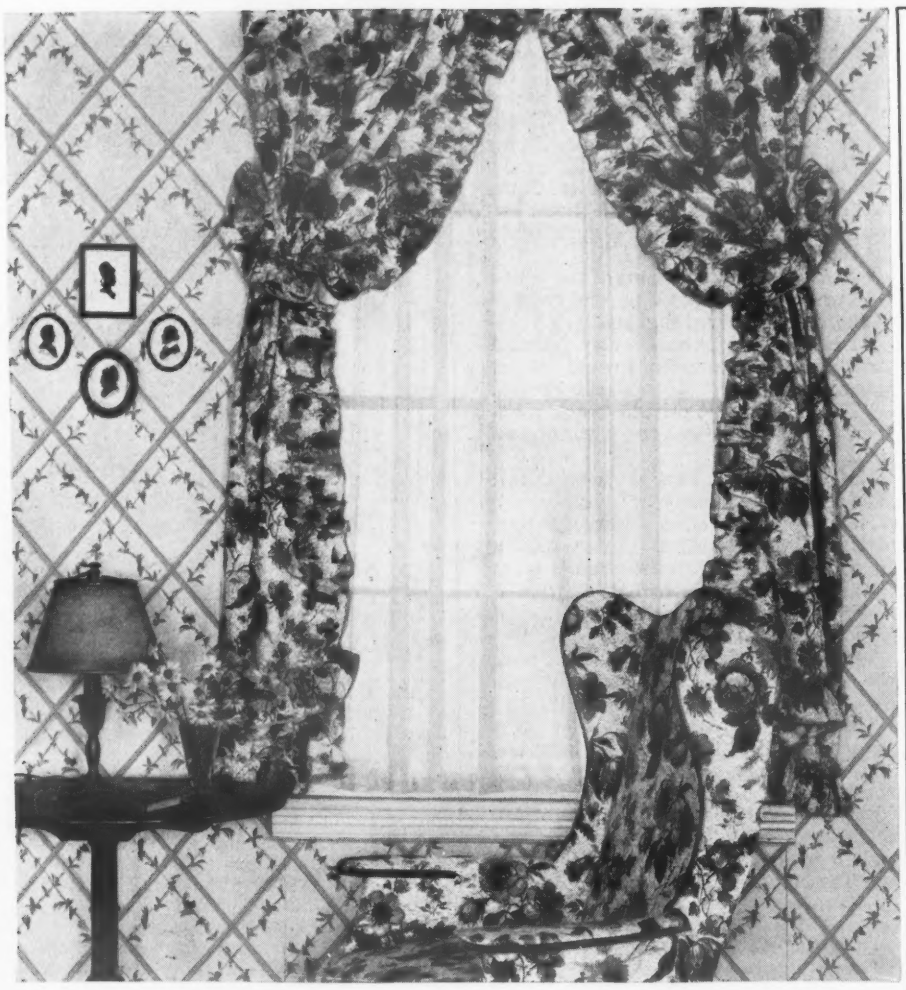

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Without a cent of cost to you, our decorator will help you achieve a home your friends will admire. All you do is this: Check the description of your room on the coupon below and you will receive a plan for your particular room designed by Miss Rosalie Norton, well known decorator. Her plans include actual clippings of the lovely fast color Puritan Cretonnes, harmonizing clippings of glass curtains, upholstery and wallpaper. She also suggests the color for furniture, rugs and woodwork.

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Sirs: Please send plans for rooms checked below at no charge ☐
I am also interested in booklet, "Cretonne Solves the Problem," 25c ☐
And 16-page booklet, "50 Points on Making Draperies," 10c ☐

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Living								
Dining								
Bedroom								
Sunroom								
Kitchen								

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

If rural, in what town do you shop?.....

after her, keeping to the opposite side of the street, however. She entered the hotel; and Porky set himself to watch the windows, and by and by he was rewarded for his patience. The first floor. The inspection over, Porky hailed a taxi and got in.

"Rue d'Assas," he ordered.

In the Rue d' Assas there was a little metal shop he had often peered into. Littered about in the show window were many familiar little objects. You could buy what you needed without having the purchase relayed to the police. Porky entered the shop, indicating what he wanted by the simple use of his index finger. Then he made the old metal dealer write down the price. Later he entered a glove shop.

XI.

BARCLAY followed the girl in green—down the Champs-Élysées. As the Avenue d' Jéna travels south from the Place de l'Etoile—the Arc de Triomphe—and as the Champs-Élysées takes an easterly line, a confusion becomes apparent.

Still restless, having been only mildly thrilled at what she had witnessed, Dick Allison decided to do a little window shopping. Because she hadn't any particular window in mind, because any window would serve, her gaze roved across the avenue as well as down it. And obliquely she saw Barclay.

Instantly she decided to punish him, turn upon him and destroy him. Any kind of puzzle infuriates all kinds of women. She could see his reflection in the great show windows. He was following her. When she reached what is now known as the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, she whirled and walked toward him.

"Are you an American?" she demanded.

"Yes!" He was taken aback in such astonishment that he was forced to balance himself on his heels for a second.

"Then, if you persist in following me, I shall summon a policeman." Knowing that she would do nothing of the sort.

"I beg your pardon! Yes, I am following you. I followed you the other day from the Luxembourg."

"Why?" She was direct, this lady.

"Because I saw that you were an American, and because I haven't talked to an American lady in a long time." All of which was perfectly true.

"Were you in the war?" asked Dick.

"Yes."

"Then where is your uniform?"

"In lavender. I checked out of Coblenz in July."

"Then why are you not back in America?"

"Waiting for money from home."

"Transports are free," she said. "If one has been honorably discharged," she added. Nevertheless, he was very handsome. "You were an officer?"

"Oh, no. Just a private."

She really liked that. It was so easy to lie about it, to say that you were captain or major of troops long gone home and now difficult to find out about.

"To what division did you belong?"

He named it readily. She nodded. That division, she knew, was in Coblenz.

"Have you ever seen me before?"

"Except in the Luxembourg, no."

"What holds you here, when a transport will take you back home for nothing?"

"My buddy."

"He is ill?"

"No. But he is in a peculiar difficulty, one which I may not explain."

"What is your name?"

"John A. Barclay."

"Has this buddy of yours committed some military offense?"

He smiled and shook his head. That smile ended the interrogatory. She decided to treat him as she would a stray dog or cat—with kindness.

"The Ambassadeurs is but a little way. Come and have tea with me."

So these two unconventional young persons—knocked about considerably by war, not yet on an even keel—went to tea.

Without protest Barclay permitted her to pay the reckoning.

"You haven't asked me my name," she said as they went out among the trees.

"Do you want me to know it?"

"It is Allison; to persons who know me I'm Dick—if I permit it."

"Dick," he repeated.

"But I haven't permitted you to call me Dick!"

"I was memorizing it," he replied.

"Well ——"

WHAT lovely color! he thought. But what he said was, "Do you often go over to the Luxembourg?"

Not so fast, young man, she thought; not so fast! "That depends upon the weather and my mood."

He did not press the question. "I'll be getting back to my buddy," he said wisely.

"Well . . . good-by."

As he turned away he saw a pair of M. P.'s striding toward him, grimly resolute. One was the M. P. he had roughly disarmed on the way to Paris. So he immediately broke into a run.

He must reach the Métropolitain (subway) at St. Philippe du-Roule station first. Which he did. The guard slammed the door just as the M. P.'s rushed onto the station platform. He was beyond the reach of their authority. But what the devil would Dick think about it?

A. W. O. L.! . . . Mauling an M. P. and taking his gun away from him! . . . Knocking out Holway and frisking him of the chrysoprase! Some day he would have the provost marshal over in the Rue Ste. Anne standing on his head.

(To be Continued)

Redecorating a Fifteen-Year-Old Living Room

(Continued from Page 31)

companion by the doorway were upholstered in black-striped tapestry material and this was found to work in nicely with the new scheme and they did not have to be redone. The glass shades were removed from the wall brackets and were replaced by those of simple parchment.

Only the choicest of the pictures and bric-a-brac were retained in the new scheme. The floral oil painting, which repeated many of the colors in the linen, was hung flat against the chimney breast. The mahogany-and-gold clock, which had simple, pleasing lines, and the pair of brass candlesticks were the only ornaments used on the mantel. Upon the bookcase shelves the pair of ox-blood ginger jars on teakwood stands were the only pieces used. The horizontal colored print which had hung on one side of the windows was now hung low over the couch. A new cover of dull gold damask was purchased for the round table in the window group.

When the room was finished it was found that Mrs. Brown had spent exactly $499.38. She was completely satisfied with the result, and indeed she might be, for the room had a new charm and livable quality which it had not had before. Less than five hundred dollars had been spent for a new room which still holds, however, all the things she really cherished either for their value or their association. And Mrs. Brown has decided that next year she will follow the decorator's suggestion of replacing the Orientals with one large plain rug which will cover more of the floor and, she may even replace the upright piano with a small apartment grand.

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Flying for Sport

(Continued from Page 12)

Augusta and Atlanta, Georgia. By the way, some of these fields are all right for a small ship to "sit down" in, but not for a large one, as most of the terraces are cut up with irrigation ditches, and in any case they are pretty soft.

In Birmingham we found a good deal of air interest, due to the splendid work and record of the National Guard Aero Squadron, which has the greatest number of miles and hours without accident to their credit of any of the National Guard units, but Birmingham is badly in need of fields. This is a difficult problem for the city as well as for the formation of a club, since the uneven contour of the land naturally forces the prices of property very high.

After leaving Augusta, we found Will Rogers' proverbial "head winds," and were destined to meet them most of the way to the coast. Since, therefore, with a head wind the hop from Birmingham to Memphis was quite a long one for the Fledgling's limited gas supply, we decided to pick up fuel "somewhere in Mississippi." At the present time there are no landing fields across the northern part of the state, and so we telephoned the little town of Tupelo, which we found on the map in line with our course, and were told that there was a strip of farm land long enough to land on. The country around this section has woods and low mountains, with no particular landmarks. For about half an hour we felt we were lost, but decided to stick to the old compass and, sure enough, Bob hit Tupelo right on the nose.

At Tupelo we were greeted by wide-eyed farmers' wives and their daughters, who on hearing me called Ruth were quite disappointed to find I was not the famous transatlantic Ruth Elder. Most of these women were anxious for opportunities to fly, unlike the fashionable timidity shown by their sisters in more metropolitan centers.

From here on to Tulsa, Oklahoma. We were able to stay only one night in Memphis, although a city of most delightful people. We passed over the marshes of the Mississippi Valley, and the next day were to know the appearance of its flooded country.

Speeding South

ON LEAVING Memphis, I was in the lead and, seeing nothing ahead but flooded area, decided to take altitude. In a wink we had about four thousand feet. The other ship was faster and could easily overtake me, so I was not much concerned about its position. But when I glanced around about thirty miles out of Memphis I could find no orange-colored speck. I looked up and down, back and forth. Then I scoured the marshes for about ten miles and finally decided that Bob and Beddie must have turned back or else came down somewhere where it would be impossible for another ship to land. Little Rock, Arkansas, being the objective, I decided to speed on, and if no word had been heard from Memphis on reaching the airport, to send out more ships for observation and an automobile to make connections. Having, for a wonder, a tail wind, we made record time, though it seemed quite an eternity; and then, to cap the climax, five minutes after landing at Little Rock, in glided the other ship. How we ever passed each other so many times without seeing each other is a mystery to us both. For it seems that my fast acquisition of altitude in the glare of the sun was a bit too speedy for the other ship, which gradually slipped behind. Suddenly realizing that I had disappeared, Bob and Beddie turned around and performed the same search that I had done for them with attendant alarm.

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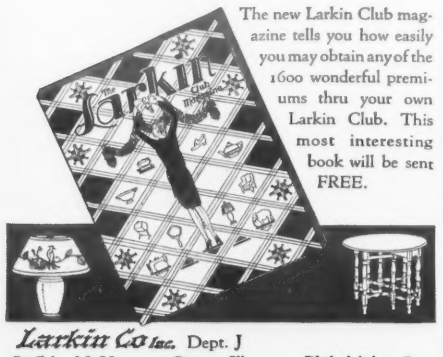

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apt to stay pretty close to the Arkansas River as there is more open ground near the river, although even that land is mostly marsh. On all sides the mountains rise in lofty eminence. A stiff wind was blowing and a few murky clouds kept us constantly on the lookout for the black bowl-shaped mass which is the forerunner of a tornado. We were fortunate enough not to encounter any, but read later in the newspapers of the havoc played by those we had missed.

Numerous large air fields and open country around Tulsa came as a complete delight and change. Flying there is rampant, and Tulsa's aeronautical future, due to its wealth, air interest and topography, should be brilliant. There will be an aviation country club here in the very near future. The South as a whole is not up to the rest of the country industrially and for perhaps a year and a half will only be represented by three aviation clubs in the twenty-five that we will have completed by January. From here to the western edge of Texas we passed over what might be called the pilot's dream of flying country—namely, one eternal landing place beneath. And with the exception of a hurricane which kept us hangar-bound just after we left Shreveport, Louisiana, we had days of perfect visibility.

At Dallas we were joined by another member of Aviation Country Clubs, Charles Taylor, of Little Rock. He continued with us, keeping us in stitches of mirth all the way to Los Angeles.

As one passes Ranger, Texas, the Old West of mesquite, greasewood and cowboys begins. Reaching Midland, therefore, one late afternoon, I thought to myself, What could be nicer than a long canter over the plains at dusk? But after many phone calls and diligent search for miles around finally had to admit that the nearest bit of horse flesh was fifteen miles away, too far to reach before nightfall. Such is life in horseless Texas.

Sky Views of Desert Color

PECOS and Midland, whichever you choose, are the jumping-off places for the Guadalupe Range and the desert. Up to that point, flying was so ideal that for an hour there was no need to touch the controls and I was able to read a couple of chapters in a book on navigation, which I carried in the cockpit. We had quite a time trying to bridge the gap between Pecos and El Paso, as the distance is one hundred and ninety miles, with mountains at eight thousand feet and about a forty-mile wind on our nose. Striking a down current on the leeward side of the range made climbing very difficult, and finally when we scrambled over the top of the pass and down the other side—wasn't the desert hot! That is where the bumpy air really starts, as a result of radiation currents. Moreover, the overheated air and strong head wind slowed us up to a precarious degree. Some of the drops were so sudden that the motor cut out twice and I began to think we might have need for the knapsack after all. But by adjusting the mixture control, it soon "took" again, and we continued through sand storms and miniature whirlwinds of alkali dust, finally reaching El Paso with but one gallon of gasoline in the tank!

The landing was a bit exciting, since because of the high altitude in this section of the country one has to be, figuratively speaking, on one's toes. As a matter of fact, the field at El Paso is at an altitude of four thousand feet, and at this height the air becomes much rarer than at sea level, and requires, therefore, a much faster landing speed. At the same time, the ground was extremely sandy, necessitating a stall landing, in order not to "nose over," and the wind currents from the mountain passes were irregular, to say the least. But it's all a lot of fun and not at all dangerous as long as you are aware of the existing conditions.

The loveliest part of all was experiencing the Arizona desert from the air. One has often read about the color of these mountains in romances of the West, but never does one fully realize their possibilities until actually soaring past glistening masses tinted by the setting sun into rose quartz, slowly turning to cobalt blue and violet at sundown, and the desert sand splashing out waves of sand dust over blackened lava flows, which still retain some of their old craterlike formation, though worn down almost level with the surrounding country; or again, until jumping the giant cactus spiking up in stubbornness against a sky, kaleidoscopic in its riotous change of color. It is so breath-taking that one loses all sense of attachment with the earth.

Over the Mighty Sierras

THE evening we reached Tucson, after a parching hot day, I wanted to seep in some more of that West, in which most of us have such meager time to refresh ourselves before being hurried back into the whirl of city life. I, therefore, slipped off by auto with a native of Tucson, into the Papago Indian Reservation, way out of the city and situated in smiling contentment beside the mountains. We arrived at an old alabaster mission just as the vesper bells were ringing. An aura of color in the background, quietly toned monks and graceful sisters in their striking black-and-white robes were peacefully walking a path up to a rocky hill overlooking the valley. On one side of the summit nestled a sanctuary of the Virgin Mary, similar to many I have seen in Palestine; and from all points of the compass Indian women, bucks and children were gathering, eventually to kneel by the shrine in a simplicity and reverence which would have been a credit to any Quaker meeting. Then arose quaint old hymns sung out into vastness which finally ended in night. A never-to-be-forgotten sight.

The following morning we realized that our last day of flight, before reaching the coast and the completion of half of our tour, was at hand. Yuma, where we lunched, was certainly hot! As soon as we had taken the air, we could see on our right the American Sahara, a long strip of white sand dunes, where many romantic desert movies have been taken. On and on over this sea of sand we flew by compass course, ever keeping an eye on the hairlike highway away off to the left, our one touch with water and transportation, should the one out of a million chance of motor failure occur. And then, like a mirage, sprang up ahead, the vivid green Imperial Valley, contrasting strikingly with the Salton Sea to the north.

We now had nearly five thousand feet of altitude, knowing that the towering Sierra Nevadas, that last wall to be scaled before the Pacific was to be ours, was just ahead. And truly these mountains are rocky and are high. If you don't believe it, come take a look. But their sheerness and often formidable aspect comforted me with the realization that, although the desert might be irrigated into a fertile valley and although some hills and low mountains such as formerly existed under the city of San Francisco could be razed, yet here at last were real eternal mountains, which could not be hacked and leveled by man's machines and man's domains, at least during my lifetime. These and many other philosophical reflections are borne upon one while gliding through the box canyons and sandy draws, while sheering around the crags to an occasional emerald pasture or brilliant blue glacial lake. Thus we flew until far off in the distance glistened a silver Pacific.

Three years ago I vowed I would never again come West by train, and the prophecy has so far come true. I am equally certain everyone else will agree with the choice when once they have tried that marvelous alternative—the air.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In another article Miss Nichols will conclude the story of this trip, telling of the homeward flight over the high Northwest.

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Fiancée for Rent

(Continued from Page 19)

lot of them remembering her. I suppose you're one of the crowd."

"I'll not be, much longer. You see, she wired me—said she wanted me to come back. And that from Rita ——"

Cherridah looked at him, and though she'd always envied other girls—gay girls, pretty girls—she was sick with envy of this Rita.

"Come on," she snapped tartly. "I might as well take you back to Los Angeles. If I don't you'll weep on my shoulder in another minute."

Jock followed with alacrity. If she could take him back, he thought it up to her to do it. After all, she'd staged that wreck. "D'you suppose your car will run?" he asked.

"My car will run," retorted Cherridah, "with four wheels off and the engine lost. It's a car—not an experiment." And with that she darted off in the direction of it.

It seemed that Cherridah's car, in spite of its look of having been in bad company, could still run, and with Jock at her side she started off.

THEY reached the outskirts of the city and, Jock doing the guiding, circled to a district south of town. When Cherridah spoke, it was to utter words that matched her moody little face, but mostly she didn't speak at all. A minute longer and she, who had been given a glimpse into somebody else's love affair, would be on her way again—the same restless, lonely way that life and two undependable parents had laid out for her.

And then, quite suddenly, things began happening that only happen in books. For Cherridah swung sharply in through a curving driveway, and because she drove, as always, with the demon of speed at her elbow, the two who stood on the darkened terrace had no time to spring apart before her headlight caught them in its revealing glare. There could be no denying the effectiveness of the picture they made—like the fade-out in a De Mille picture, thought Cherridah.

There was a moment's silence as she stopped her car; then beside her she heard the sharp intake of Jock's breath. The next moment a voice—mocking, and oh, so cool—drifted to them:

"Hello, Jock, darling. Aren't you a little late?"

Cherridah knew without looking that Jock's young face was a white mask. So this was Rita—Rita the exquisite—who sent for Jock to come back to her and gave her kisses to another man while she waited for him. Cherridah, who had scowled her blackest at Jock, could have slain Rita in that moment for what she was doing to him. She muttered under her breath, "Go on—be a nice goat for the sacrificial torture chamber!"

PERHAPS it was the jeer in her voice, perhaps it was the white rage in his own heart that made Jock Hamilton stiffen suddenly. For all his battered appearance he was still the sort of man the Ritas of this world do not give up easily. Which was why, perhaps, the silver voice of Rita called out again, "I want to see you, Jock, dear. I've waited all evening."

"Sorry." Jock's voice was so polite that Cherridah didn't recognize it. But his politeness wasn't half as startling as his next words: "Didn't realize it was so late, Rita. I just dropped around to introduce my—fiancée—to you."

Fiancée? Cherridah blinked. What was the man saying? Why, he didn't even know her name!

For a moment there was silence on the terrace. Then, "Fiancée?" Rita's tone held mockery. "Why, Jock, dear ——"

But that moment had been enough for Cherridah, who hadn't lived an artificial life for nothing. She thought frantically "His name is Jock!" and she whispered jerkily, "Put your arm around me!" Then, cool as a cucumber, she laughed rather breathlessly as a Rita as lovely as moonlight came beside them.

"I'm Cherridah Sorrel," she said sweetly, "but Jock, who has evidently forgotten to play master of ceremonies, calls me Cherry. And of course it's a ridiculous hour to come calling—but then, we're ridiculously happy, you see."

CHERRIDAH smiled, and Jock, who could have kissed her boots for holding up her end of it, was relieved to see she wasn't half bad-looking when she smiled. So sulky she'd been! As for Rita, she saw more than that smile—she saw Cherridah's clothes, which came from Paris, and she sensed Cherridah's poise, which came from the same place. If she'd never wanted Jock before she determined to get him back now.

Rita laughed softly. "How complicated for Jock. You see, I rather thought I was engaged to him myself!"

Oh, she was beautiful, thought Cherridah viciously. And cruel. But if she thought she was going to silence Cherridah, she didn't know her antagonist. For Cherridah laughed, too, the while her eyes crossed swords with Rita's. "Jock's the kind that makes people think they're engaged to him, isn't he?" she murmured sweetly.

Rita's smile froze stiffly. Jock Hamilton had been her slave, and, after all, she'd always intended to marry him. Rita wasn't blind to the wisdom of marrying wealth. She sensed that there was more than met the eye in the matter of this girl at Jock's side. She turned to him:

"Jock, I can explain. I imagine you can too. I'll see you in the morning."

Perhaps—for she was so beautiful it made one sad—Jock might have surrendered if it hadn't been for the man who stood back in the shadows. And if Jock hadn't been through the same torment many times before. He did not look at Rita—he was afraid to look at her—but his words were for her. He said, turning to Cherridah, "Here's where my explanations belong—and my mornings, Rita." And deliberately he kissed the red mouth so near his own.

AT THAT kiss—Jock's defiance flung in the face of the girl who had hurt him—Rita turned and darted into the house. But Cherridah could not escape so easily. She could only start her engine with a rush, steering blindly with eyes that hardly saw the driveway, furious at herself, not because Jock Hamilton had kissed her to defy another girl, but because she—she raged at herself—had kissed him back. She had! She needn't deny it!

"You—you ——" she stormed, furious with herself for trembling so. "Kissing me—whether I wanted you to or not!"

Jock Hamilton, staring into space, shook his head impatiently. "D'you suppose I wanted to kiss you?" he asked.

"Just because I haul you out of a wreck—drag you back ——"

"Oh, stop talking!" cried Jock wearily. "Words—what's the use of them! Let's get out of here."

His own car being piled up in pieces miles away, it was evident he expected Cherridah's car to do the getting away. She could have murdered him, as could any girl whom Jock kissed and then forgot, but she only dug her foot upon the throttle and drove, she didn't know where, until the road she followed came to a dead end.

"It doesn't seem to occur to you," she pointed out, "that I might have something to do besides driving you all night."

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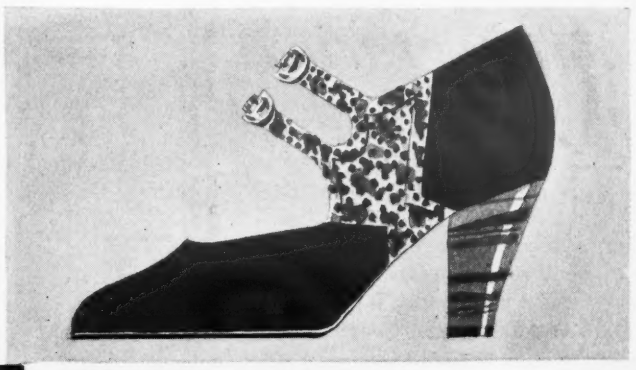

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Jock lifted a restless head. He'd actually forgotten all about her.

"Sorry," he said, so politely that Cherridah, seeing the tortured look in his eyes, could have sobbed. "I'm afraid I've been quite beastly to you. I'll just hop out here and let you run along." And he opened the car door.

Cherridah caught his arm, futile exasperation in her voice. "Don't be such an idiot!" she snapped fiercely. "And don't be so polite! For pity's sake, sit still!" He did. "And shut that darned door!" He shut it. "And tell me what you're going to do now!"

He didn't seem to care. "Get drunk, I suppose." He stared down at his hands, clasped between his knees.

For a moment Cherridah was silent. Then, with a viciousness that wasn't lost on him, she said savagely, "How do we get back to Rita's?"

"Rita's?" He glared at her. "What the devil do you mean?"

"You might as well go now, you know, as crawl back tomorrow. Oh, you might get drunk and stick it out for a day or two, but you're too weak to face the truth that you've cared for a rotter; so you might as well sneak back and beg her to forgive you. If you were a man—but you aren't, are you? You're just a poor creature that any woman can lie to and cheat and then get back by crooking her little finger. You ——"

BUT her taunts had got under Jock's skin now. Wishing he could slap her, he roared, "Shut up! You don't know what you are talking about!"

"But isn't it what you'll do?"

He said curiously, "What's it to you if I do?"

"Nothing!" She said it passionately. "But—she's not worth it! I know her kind—I ought to—I've lived with them."

He eyed her strangely. "I suppose she's not, but sometimes that doesn't seem to make much difference, you know."

For a moment she was quiet. Then, "Do you love her—that much?"

"I think I hate her—sometimes—but I can't stay away from her. But"—he jerked his head—"I'm not going back. You're wrong about that."

"She'll send for you, and you'll go."

"You forget—she thinks I'm engaged to you."

Cherridah laughed shortly. "And will she think so tomorrow when I'm gone?"

Jock saw what he had done—played right into Rita's hand—with that ridiculous bit of byplay. Turning to Cherridah desperately Jock said, "Look here, can't you stick it out a few days? Have you got a family? Some place you have to go?"

"My family," returned Cherridah evenly, "is partly in Italy and partly in Canada at the moment. But as for my staying here and seeing you through—it won't work."

"Why not?"

"For one thing, you'd never stick it out. And for another, I—well, I just can't."

Jock stared at her, a new thought occurring to him. He said jerkily, "Look here. If it's a question of money—staying at the right hotel and getting the right clothes ——"

"Are you trying to hire me as your fiancée pro tem?" demanded Cherridah incredulously.

"I am. At your own price." There it was, for her to take or leave.

CHERRIDAH took it. Partly because there was no reason why she shouldn't; partly because she wanted to slay Rita, vicariously if she couldn't do it otherwise; but mostly because Jock had kissed her, and Cherridah wasn't forgetting that kiss, if Jock was.

"But remember," she warned him frankly, "if I start out with it, I'll see it through. And if you try to fire me before my month is up, I'll be a thorn in your side, I'll be a burr in your hair, I'll be the bane of your existence."

It took Rita English four days to realize that Jock was actually staying away from her, and during those four days Cherridah got in a lot of good work.

It was on the fifth day that Rita entered the lists. Cherridah knew the moment Jock walked into her sitting room at the hotel that he'd heard from Rita. She could imagine the conversation—probably by phone, probably mostly by Rita.

"I'm afraid our arrangement was—a mistake," he said diffidently.

Cherridah looked interested. "Did Rita call?"

Jock scowled. "That hasn't anything to do with it! I—I see now, I didn't have any business asking it of you."

CHERRIDAH smiled beatifically, and Jock found time to wonder again at the change a smile could make in her.

"We'd better run along if we're going to play that foursome," she said cheerfully. "And as for me, don't you worry about that. I—I need the money, you see, so I'm glad to do it." And Cherridah Sorrel, who had half a million or so, managed to look as if she meant it.

The golf game lasted four hours, due to Cherridah's amazing knack of taking sixteen shots to every hole, so that Jock, who had casually mentioned a luncheon engagement, was forced to miss it. Cherridah smiled—she had an idea who his engagement was with—and drove into every bunker on the course. But she told herself that things would happen now. Cherridah knew her Ritas of the world.

And, in truth, things did begin to happen, no later than that afternoon. For Rita, looking far too lovely for any man's peace of mind, came trailing into the hotel grill where Cherridah and Jock, not to mention various of Jock's friends, were having tea. Just the look in Jock's eyes when he saw Rita across the room should have told Cherridah that her working days were over. But Cherridah smiled at Rita sweetly, knowing that every eye at the table was watching that meeting, and said, "Won't you sit here between Jock and me? I'm sure he has millions of things to say to you."

Whereupon, naturally, Jock had nothing at all to say.

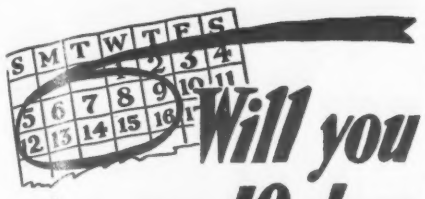
RITA looked at Cherridah—at her foreign-looking little face with its green eyes and its moody red mouth—and, quite ignorant of the fact that Cherridah was discovering things about herself, felt reassured. Jock, who loved her beauty, could never care for this little nobody. She said sweetly, "Jock is dropping around this evening—about nine, didn't you say, Jock, dear—and he can say those million things then. Yes, please, one lump, no cream. Oh!"—Rita's slim white hand darted out to touch Cherridah's, lifting the silver teapot—"what a pretty little ring! But you have it on the wrong finger, you know!"

Cherridah looked at the ring, an exquisite thing, to the casual eye, far too simple for an engagement ring. Six pairs of eyes, including Jock's, turned swiftly to inspect it, and five of them, thought Cherridah grimly, veiled suspicion. As for Jock, he was glad he'd never thought of the need for a ring. The farce could end now.

But it couldn't. Cherridah saw to that. For a moment she stared down at that delicate ring, as if perturbed, then she laughed softly. "Jock's ring—it is so big, you see, I sometimes forget to wear it. Jock scolds me for it."

"You haven't lost it, I hope?" Rita's voice was frankly mocking. "Or left it in your room today?"

"Oh, no. I always have it with me. There—I shall be quite proper now!" And from her bag Cherridah brought forth a ring and slipped it on her finger—the correct finger. Such a ring as Rita, in all her life, had never expected to see! Such a ring, in truth, as Jock had never seen! He stared at Cherridah. Where, in heaven's name?



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Jock didn't, when that tea ended, follow Rita. He didn't dare. The Lord only knew where Cherridah had got hold of that diamond. He asked Cherridah the moment he had her alone in her sitting room.

"Don't be afraid," she murmured comfortingly. "Nobody will put me in irons. I merely put on my engagement ring and—left off my wedding ring."

"Wedding ring!" barked Jock. "You mean—you're married?"

"But what difference does it make! I shall stick like a burr, until my month is up."

Jock took a turn or two round the room. "Then where's your husband?" he growled. Not that he cared, but the whole thing was upsetting him.

"I don't know," sighed Cherridah, and in truth she didn't.

JOCK took another turn about the room. He told himself that he didn't care a hang if Cherridah Sorrel had a dozen husbands and wore the rings of all of them, but just the same. . . .

"You never included a husband in your family history," he said abruptly.

"I suppose I forgot him," sighed Cherridah. "After all, he wasn't included in this—arrangement. Suppose we forget him, and drive out somewhere for dinner. Or are you fasting?"

"Fasting?"

"Before you go to the sacrifice—at nine."

"I didn't," he said rather stiffly, "make any engagement with Rita, as a matter of fact. But I think I shall go." And he eyed her as much as to ask what could she do about it.

She couldn't do anything then, but as she dressed for dinner she thought of a number of things, including a slim, green frock from Poiret for one, and the effect any clever girl can achieve with even a passable face, for another.

So that when Cherridah later joined a somewhat stiff and moody Jock he looked at her twice. It was beginning to dawn on him that there was something unforgettable about her.

The dinner went off very well, Cherridah not even scowling once. To be sure, she did most of the talking, but she did it well and so that didn't matter.

SO NINE o'clock came, and Jock did not go to Rita, for he was quite convinced that if he did Cherridah would go with him. She was quite capable of it. Nor did he go to Rita in the days that followed, for the simple reason that he never got a chance. Never had there been such a devoted fiancée as Cherridah. Never, in truth, such a persistent one. He never had a phone call from Rita, who was bombarding him with them, but what he was sure Cherridah knew about it. A slanting, wise little look from her green eyes made him self-conscious; the scornful curl of her red lips made him squirm. But just about the time when he'd make up his mind to stop resisting and return to Rita, Cherridah would turn on the light of a new personality, and Jock would stay to puzzle over her.

The next two weeks were for Jock far more disturbing than the past three years had been. He was beginning to realize that hiring a fiancée wasn't nearly so simple as it sounds. He hadn't forgotten Rita—how could he, with her caressing voice drifting over the phone to him at any and all hours—and, in addition, he now had Cherridah on his mind—how much, he refused to admit.

As the days stretched out, Cherridah became more and more aware of her own effectiveness. She became so vivid that even Rita at last faced the fact that if she wanted Jock she'd have to play her trumps. Rita, be it known, had no knowledge of a husband in Cherridah's background.

Rita's trump card was, of course, her face that had been given her by a kind Providence and a mother not half so

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clever as Cherridah's had been. And because she knew how best to snare the eye, Rita gave a costume ball. She was the kind that would. She took two weeks to create her costume, and on the night she met her guests she looked like Guinevere when she rode through a May world and made the heart of Lancelot stand still. She was very confident, for how was she to know that Cherridah, who had been born and bred among intrigue, had learned one lesson very well—never to compete with the incompetible?

CHERRIDAH might have gone to Rita's ball as a Spanish infanta and been quite blotted out by Rita's white-and-gold loveliness. Or she might have gone as something daring and modern and met defeat before Rita's femininity. Instead she went as a slim, impersonal minstrel boy, and she slung an old guitar across one careless shoulder. For nobody, she knew, goes to a ball with a musical instrument without being asked to do something with it! And between a golden Guinevere and a casual minstrel boy there is no competition—there is only choice.

So Cherridah went to Rita's party and had a very nice time of it. She didn't dance, because she was wise enough to know that it wasn't in the picture for a minstrel boy to dance. She strolled about interestedly, strumming her handy guitar, which was as clever a thing as she could have done. For nobody, not even a Guinevere, can safely wander off with a man to blow old ashes into a flame when a slim, mocking minstrel is apt to pop up at any moment, a careless song on her lips.

To be sure, Cherridah didn't actually trail Jock. She didn't need to. From the moment she had slipped out of her cape and stood before him, a curious restlessness had filled him. It wasn't that he was not aware of Rita and her beauty, for no man could look on Rita as she was that night and not be stirred by her, and particularly a man who had one short month before worshiped her. It was just that Cherridah was there, strangely arresting, and against his will she drew Jock's eyes like a loadstone. It might be mentioned that Cherridah knew how to wear her minstrel suit.

FOR the first time Rita, realizing that charm might lurk in cool green eyes and a *farouche* little face, was afraid—definitely afraid. She told herself that if she was ever to get Jock back she had to do it now. She put her pride in her pocket and reminded him that he hadn't danced with her yet, and when that dance was over she managed, in the way any girl can, to take him out into the shadows of the garden. Cherridah, seeing them go, told herself that if she was ever going to earn her money as a fiancée, now was the time to do it!

Out in the perfumed shadows, Rita wove her spell. Her voice was a muted cadence, her mouth a breathing promise. She murmured, "I was so foolish, Jock—and a little mad—that night. But I was hurt because you hadn't come. It was my hurt pride that made me—kind—to Marty. And—I was kissing him good-by."

Jock looked down at Rita. Lord, how beautiful she was! But it hit him straight between the eyes—did a man want beauty, and nothing else?

"You're not happy," sighed Guinevere, seeking a lost Lancelot. "That girl—she can't make you happy." She touched his hand. "I've been miserable, too, Jock darling. Can't we end it?" She lifted the fragile loveliness of her face to his.

It was Jock's cue to kiss her, and perhaps he might have, for a kiss is a thing no gentleman refuses. But in that moment a voice rose, singing. It was the voice of a minstrel boy, singing, and Jock's heart, that had been curiously disturbed for the past two weeks, leaped at the sound of it.

If Rita had been the true Guinevere, and Jock her Lancelot, it would have been quite perfect—the minstrel weaving his lady's spell. But the minstrel was Cherridah, and Rita froze with fury, for she knew that no woman enchants a man to the spell of another woman's singing. As for Jock, his arms fell to his side and he stared out into the shadows. But he did not see Guinevere, nor listen to the minstrel boy. His eyes saw Cherridah—he faced it now, and wondered that he'd ever called the thing he felt for Rita love—whom he loved, and had to lose, because she had a husband and a wedding ring and no place at all in her life for him!

Like all things that are planned for a purpose that doesn't materialize, Rita's ball, for all practical purposes, ended with that song. To be sure, the music went on playing and a lot of people went on dancing, but Rita left the shadows of her garden with the taste of ashes in her mouth, and Jock, left to himself, buried his haggard young face in his hands. As for Cherridah, she didn't see Rita return, and when fifteen minutes passed and Jock had not put in appearance, she turned quite white. She, who had always worshiped beauty because she'd never had it, told herself that Rita had done her work all too well. Because there was nothing else left for her to do, she wrapped her cloak about her, smiled mechanically as long as there was anyone to see, and went out into the night.

FOR a moment, as she sat behind the wheel of her car, she fought the temptation to rush back and save Jock in spite of himself. Then she flung up her head, tightened her red lips, thrust her foot against her throttle and roared off down the highway.

She didn't know where she was going and she didn't much care. All her life she'd been running away from people who hurt her, and now she was running away from the sight of Rita and Jock, reunited. She didn't drive to a nursery rime this time, but rather to a wild, jangling discord. Once again she, who had traveled lonely roads ever since she could remember, was on the wing.

"Love!" Cherridah tossed the word to the four winds. What was it? A lovely face, with nothing behind it? A caressing voice that could woo a man as easily as it could betray him? Ah, no! Cherridah knew what love was now! It was holding a man's bloody head against one's breast. Taunting a terribly hurt man back to manhood. Standing like a shield between him and a cool, mocking girl who stuck a knife in him, then twisted it in the wound. Love! It meant sobbing hotly, "Go back to her—if you will be such an idiot! See if I care! And when she hurts you again—as she will—see if I come to your rescue!" while all the time her heart was crying out, "Why did I have to love him! Me—a cross, tart, green-eyed creature he'd never look at in a million years! Oh, Jock—Jock!"

With the pain in her heart making her throat ache and the roar of her engine filling her ears, Cherridah was unconscious of the car that tore down the highway behind her. The next moment she was in the ditch, staring wildly up at a white-faced, furious Jock who stood beside her running board.

WITH one reach of his long arms he yanked her out of her seat and, none too gently, for he was trembling still at the thought of where her crazy driving might have brought her, he deposited her on the ground. Then, "You—little idiot!" he roared. "What are you trying to do—kill yourself?"

He looked as if he could have shaken her, and he felt as if he wanted to. In from Rita's garden he had come, to find her gone, the tail light of her car careening madly down the driveway. And something in the way she'd taken the corner on one wheel had told Jock Hamilton that Cherridah was running away from him. He'd followed—why he didn't know, save that he couldn't help himself—and

(Continued on Page 222)

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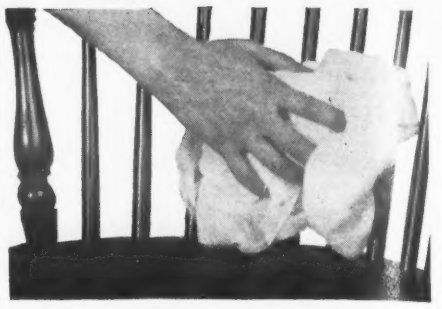

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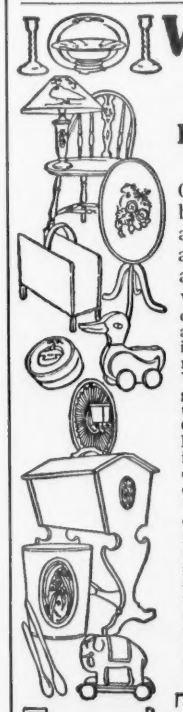

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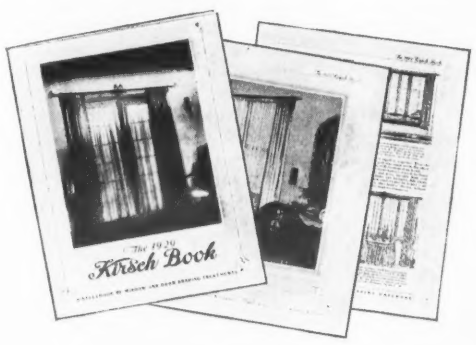

DO YOU know how to drape wide windows to make them look narrower, and narrow windows to make them look wider? How silk curtains should be laundered? What are the most effective treatments for windows at the sides of a fireplace?

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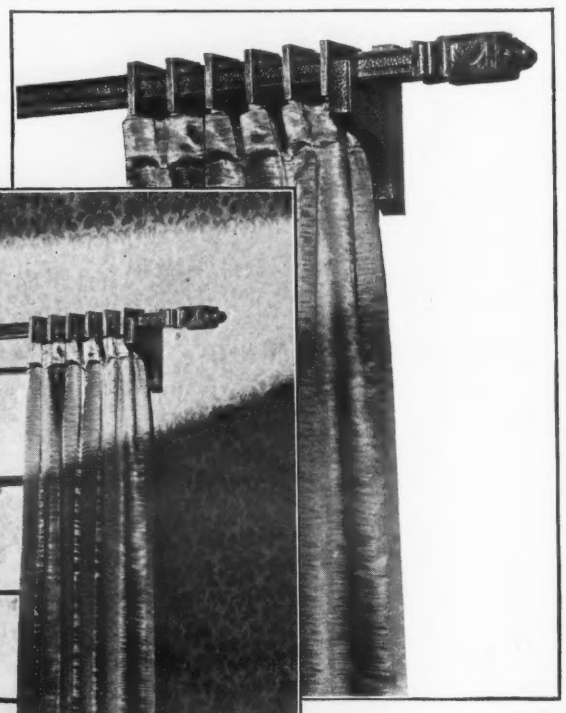

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(Continued from Page 220)

every moment of the twenty miles before he'd caught her he'd expected to find her body draped around a telephone pole!

Cherridah stared back at him, and white rage filled her own heart. Why couldn't he let her alone?

"And what if I was?" she snapped fiercely. "What business is it of yours? Our farce is ended!"

"It may be ended," returned Jock grimly, "but you needn't run away as if I were the plague. You and your scowl! Trying to break your fool neck! Besides, you needn't clear out. I'm leaving tomorrow."

Cherridah felt her heart stop beating. She wouldn't have been feminine if she hadn't asked, "With Rita?"

Jock stared steadily over the top of Cherridah's head. If he looked at her he knew he'd make a fool of himself, say the things he had no right to say. "I don't know if that has anything to do with it," he returned stiffly, "but, as it happens, I'm going alone."

Cherridah's heart turned over, then began to beat once more like a trip hammer. She scuttled back to the safe familiarity of the rôle she'd been playing for a month. There she felt on firm ground.

"I'm sorry," she said hastily, "that I didn't prove more satisfactory. I'm sure I did my best to make you forget Rita. But—you were very stubborn."

Jock looked down at Cherridah—a foolish thing to do, since she was practically under his nose, far too close for safety. After all, he was only human. And in love besides, which never did go for making a man more self-controlled. With one sweep of his arms he had her in them—and this time, when he kissed her, it wasn't for the benefit of any watching Rita. He said grimly, "There—take that back to your husband, and try forgetting it!"

It was plainly no time for finesse. Cherridah, still breathless over that kiss, knew that. Besides, she couldn't stand the look in his eyes—so hopeless, so miserable. "I—never had a husband!" she cried quickly. "I never had a wedding ring! That diamond—I bought it. You see, I lied about the money too. I didn't need it. I have quite a lot of my own."

"Then why did you hire out as my professional fiancée?"

"That woman ——" muttered Cherridah despairingly. "I knew she'd never make you happy!"

For the first time in a month the old elation lay on Jock's face. "In that case," he pointed out, "and for my future safety—before we have any more wrecks in the process of settling my life—don't you think you'd better take me yourself?"

Cherridah stared at him, her fay eyes becoming two green pools in which he felt himself plunging headlong. She cried, "Are you asking me to marry you—to save your neck?"

But Jock had had enough of arguing. "Must I run you into the ditch a second time to make you realize I can't lose you, and that a broken neck is nothing to a broken life, and that I love you?"

She wasn't beautiful, but she had eyes like a pixy, and a mouth that couldn't be forgotten. Her eyes looked as if they'd seen a sunrise and her mouth was a love song. "Idiot!" smiled Cherridah, though her green eyes blinked with something bright. "As if you could lose me—ever. A thorn in your side—a burr in your hair"—and then, as she kissed him—"a heart in the palm of your hand!"

The Bleating of the Lamb

(Continued from Page 26)

"Hello, Tim," she said as casually as if she were meeting him in the street, with nothing at all of importance in the offing. "Egg done?"

"Why—I suppose so."

"Had breakfast yourself?"

"No."

"And dinner last night?"

"No," he said.

Mary Jane sniffed. "The book says no gentleman ever goes to prison on an empty stomach. Um-m. . . . I rode all night on a sleeper."

"I thought you were to be away a week," said Tim tonelessly.

"Something came up to make me change my mind," she said. "A friend of mine stepped on a banana peel."

"Oh," said Tim.

"Don't be so bright and playful," said Mary Jane; "it makes me nervous. So you let them find marked bills in your pocket, eh?"

"Mary Jane," asked Tim, "why did you come here?"

"Three reasons: To get an egg; to get a job; and because I wanted to. You look worried."

"I'm more than worried," said Tim.

"Of course," she said carelessly, "you're going to plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

"No," he said.

"Better get a lawyer, hadn't you?"

"I suppose so."

"How'll I do?" asked Mary Jane. "I'm expensive, but I'm good."

"You keep out of this," he said. "It'll be bad enough for you as it is—because folks know we're friends and ——"

"And what?" she asked.

"And," he said, "that I'm in love with you."

"You never mentioned it to me," she said. "Of course you've asked me to marry you, but that's different. I thought you just wanted a smart lawyer in the family. Well, well, this is a surprise. What did you want with another fifty thousand dollars? You've got too many of them already."

"You don't think I took that money as a bribe, do you?"

"I couldn't see any sense to it. But how did it get in your pocket?"

"I put it there."

"Where," asked Mary Jane, "was Boss Milliken at the time?"

"He had nothing to do with it."

"Who did, then?" asked Mary Jane.

"Parties from New Salem," said Tim. "They've been dickering with me for a week to buy that lot of mine on Jackson Avenue. Wanted to put up a big business block."

"Oh," said Mary Jane. "And they bought it?"

"Yes."

"And made the payment in cash?"

"Yes," said Tim.

"Well," said Mary Jane, "I might have fallen for that myself. It was pretty smart. So you met them at the hotel and gave them the deed, and they gave you the money. What became of their deed?"

"I've no idea," said Tim.

"I have," said Mary Jane. "Of course there were dictaphones in addition to the cameras. And, of course, they made the conversation sound as they wanted it to. As if you were taking fifty thousand dollars for giving the contract for the new disposal plant to Brown and Kingsley." Her eyes twinkled. "Am I your lawyer or not?"

"Is this the sort of thing for you to tackle? At the best it's going to turn out nasty."

"I'll give it standing and character and a little *bon* and a great deal of *ton*. So now that's settled, you will take directions and obey them and bear in mind that your head is for something except to identify you. From now on until I give you permission you are to be still. You will give no interviews, you will satisfy no curiosity.

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You will take it on the chin without a word of defense. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Tim with a wry smile.

"Now for facts. These two men, Packins and Wadham, paid you fifty thousand dollars in cash for your Jackson Avenue property?"

"Yes."

"How did you get in touch with them?"

"Through Jackman, the real-estate man."

"Who called upon you, of course. No letter?"

"The negotiations were all carried on by word of mouth."

"I'll bet they were," said Mary Jane. "And how much did you investigate Packins and Wadham?"

"None. Jackman introduced them. It was their proposition to pay in cash, and in a deal such as this cash down was enough recommendation."

"It was, indeed," said Mary Jane. "Who drew the deed?"

"Jackman," said Tim."

"Naturally. So that the only people who can testify to this real-estate transaction are the men who beset you with pitfall and with gin. You did not employ your own lawyer to draw the deed; you have no letters from them; you have no copies of letters of your own to them. And Packins and Wadham have confessed to being representatives of Brown and Kingsley, contractors, who wanted badly the job of building the disposal plant. And the marked money was found on your person and you were photographed in the act of taking it and you were listened to by dictograph. All as cozy and compact as a jackknife." Mary Jane wrinkled her nose. "Somebody," she said, "must have seen a nice profit in getting rid of you—to spend fifty thousand dollars on the luxury."

"It seems so," said Tim.

"Now who would that be? Who, I pause dramatically and ask you, who?"

"Guessing the answer and proving it in a court of law," said Tim, "are two different red apples."

II.

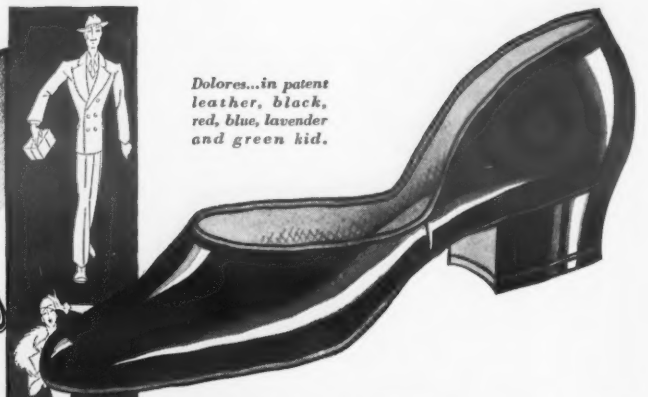
MARY JANE went back to her office and hung up her little hat. "I'm not to be disturbed by anybody," she said to her stenographer, "and that includes Tom, Dick and Harry." Whereupon she went into the silence and remained there for upward of sixty minutes—which was a very long time for Mary Jane Ware to remain motionless.

In the beginning she concentrated on the fifty thousand dollars. It had been in thousand-dollar bills and she wondered if they were traceable. But so old a campaigner as Boss Milliken would not make such a mistake as that. He—if, indeed, it were he who occupied the center of the web—would have gathered them one by one in different places and by different hands. It would, then, be a waste of time to work along this line. Then she studied the known conspirators—or the visible persons who must be conspirators if Tim Hyde were innocent. Of them all—of all the people in Jonesboro—Milliken was the only man who could afford, and who could derive a profit from, the investment of such a sum of money in the mayor's ruin.

Fifty thousand was not an exorbitant price to pay for a return to such power as he had enjoyed before his eviction. But Packins and Wadham, having worked in other days with Milliken, would be hard-boiled persons who knew how to take care of themselves. That left Jackman, the real-estate man, an unknown quantity. Mary Jane determined to commence by investigating Mr. Jackman.

In pursuance of which policy she called up Kate Wiggins, society editor and reporter for The Free Press, and asked her to drop in at the office at once. Kate came, because she recognized Mary Jane as an opulent source of news.

"Kate," said Mary Jane, "I want to find out about this man Jackman. I'd like to have you interview him and scrutinize him



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and peer with enlightened feminine eyes into his soul. Produce an autobiography for me."

"No sooner said than done," Kate promised, and in an hour she returned with a full report.

"Mr. Jackman," she said, "turns out to be a young man with a cast in his left eye and a nervous disposition. He's thirty. Not married. Business—real estate and insurance, but not much of either. He can't be so sneaking as he looks because nobody could. You could slap his face and he wouldn't fight. Been in Jonesboro a year and came from Royalton."

"Where Brown and Kingsley have their main office," said Mary Jane.

"His mission in life, if I'm any judge, is to cheat widows out of their life insurance," said Kate. "He invited me to lunch, which bespeaks a certain degree of prosperity, for my appetite is well known. It might be sudden prosperity."

"You didn't accept?"

"No, but I left an opening. I told him I might have to come back for more facts tomorrow."

"I'm glad you're a nippy-looking person, Kate. Go tomorrow just before noon and use your best lipstick. Little men with casts in their eyes like to brag to lovely ladies. Can you be a wicked woman, Kate? Good. Be very busy while I'm away."

"Where?"

"In Royalton. I have a desire to know why Mr. Jackman moved his base."

MARY JANE packed a week-end bag and took train to Royalton, where, being a knowing young person, she called first on the president of the Real Estate Board, to whom she needed no introduction. Having had a father who had been on the bench for a quarter of a century was a very handy circumstance in many emergencies.

"Mr. Hamelin," she said, "I've come over to find out more about a man named Jackman than anybody knows."

"H'm. Jackman, eh? We kicked him out. Crooked as a dog's hind leg. Managed to keep just inside the law, though I do think we could have got him if we had needed to. What's he been up to?"

"I'm trying to find out. I think he's been pulling out somebody's chestnuts."

"He's cagy. It'll be hard to pin anything on him and make it stick."

"If," said Mary Jane, "you think Jackman is cagy you ought to meet the folks he's doing business with. Will you have your facts ready for the grand jury if I scream for help?"

"Gladly," said Mr. Hamelin, and he drove Mary Jane to the depot in time to catch the next train for Jonesboro.

On her return she called Kate Wiggins and invited her to dinner.

"Kate," she said, "Mr. Jackman is our catnip. I know all the scales he can sing, and you've got to play his accompaniment. Do I look like a helpless female?"

"You do," said Kate.

"It seems," said Mary Jane, "that I've money but I'm avaricious and I want more. I want to get rich quick. Do you suppose Mr. Jackman could think up a way to help me?"

"I'll bet you he'd try," said Kate positively.

IT WAS two days before Mary Jane saw Kate again and then in a very private manner. "I'm to get twenty-five per cent," Kate said delightedly. "I drove a hard bargain with him. For leading the lamb to the slaughter I get a quarter of the mutton."

"Good for you," Mary Jane answered. "But how am I to be made mutton? Is it nice and crooked?"

"It's beautiful. Something snappy in real estate. You know Sunset Lake, about five miles out?"

"Where everybody's building a summer cottage?"

"The very place. You are about to own property there. Mr. Jackman has got hold of a patch of lake frontage and he's subdivided it. You are to get the pick of the property before it is offered to the public—and at a dandy price. Only you're not going to get a deed to what you think you are buying."

"How," asked Mary Jane, "will he arrange that iniquity?"

"Half of Jackman's subdivision is fine and high and valuable. The other half is marsh and not worth a nickel. But he's subdividing all of it. You will be taken out to see it, and then you will be shown a map on which the lots are numbered one, two, three, four, five, and so on, along the water front. But that's not the map filed with the register of deeds."

"Ah," said Mary Jane.

"NO. In the real map the division is in two parts. Thirty lots of high land on the left, and all these have odd numbers like one, three, five, seven. The marsh is all even numbers. It's very smart. You are offered as many alternate lots as you have money to buy at a bargain price. Only lot two isn't between one and three at all, but across the creek and in the swamp."

"Very neat, I should say. And when do I get swindled?"

"I promised to bring you in this afternoon at two o'clock."

Mary Jane presently went out of the office to encounter seemingly by chance a gentleman named Small who was, in business hours, a lieutenant of detectives owing his promotion to Mayor Tim Hyde. To him Mary Jane made plain her desires.

"I get you," he said. "Two o'clock. And the adjoining office is vacant, eh?"

"Here," said Mary Jane, "is the key."

Promptly at the hour Mary Jane and Kate Wiggins rapped upon Mr. Jackman's door and were received in a gracious manner which was marred somewhat by its oiliness.

"I've been telling Miss Ware about your development," Kate said.

"Ah, yes. The expenses have been considerable, and I am willing to part with a few lots, choice lots, before the subdivision goes on the market. At a figure, I may say, far under the actual value and twenty-five per cent lower than they will be offered to the public. You know yourself how eager people are just now to get good sites at the lake."

"Yes, indeed," said Mary Jane.

"HERE is the map of the division," said Jackman. "I can't let you have a solid block of lots; but I can give you a number of choice alternate pieces. Now, say you were to buy these five lots, two, four, six, eight and ten, at the price I agreed with Miss Wiggins to sell to you at. I guarantee your profit will be not less than a thousand dollars a lot in two weeks."

"How nice!" exclaimed Mary Jane. "I think it's lovely of you to let me have these lots. And when may I have them?"

"Why, now," said Jackman. "In fact, acting on Miss Wiggins' statements, I have prepared deeds for the five I speak of."

"And I," said Mary Jane, "stopped at the bank and got the money. Kate said you would rather have the money than a check."

"I would," said Mr. Jackman.

Mary Jane took a huge roll of bills from her bag and counted them out upon his desk; but in the midst of this financial operation the door burst open suddenly and Detective Lieutenant Small stepped into the office frowning.

"And what," he asked roughly, "is going on here?"

"Who are you?" demanded Jackman.

"I'm the fellow that's got your number, Jackman. We've had our eye on you ever since you came to town. Your reputation in Royalton followed you. And now we've got you where we want you."

"For what," Jackman blustered. "Is it a crime to sell real estate?"

(Continued on Page 226)

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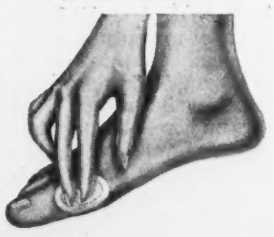

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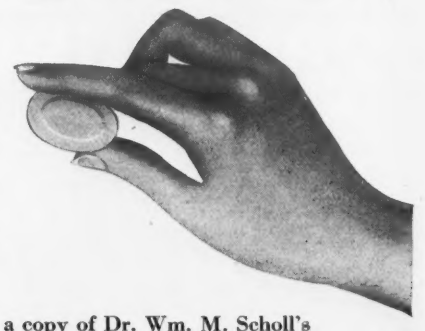

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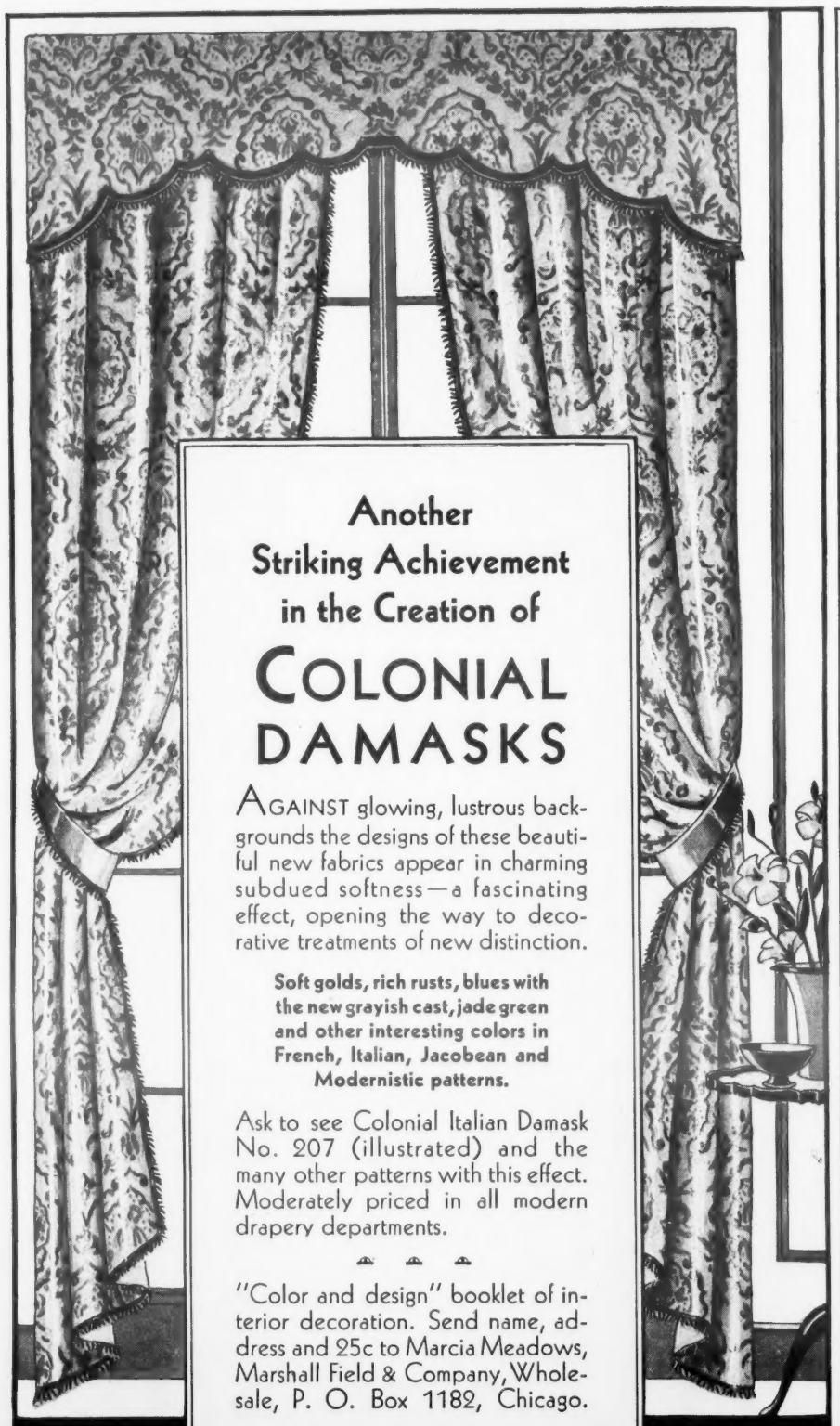

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(Continued from Page 224)

"It is a crime to defraud women and children," said Small. "You have just sold this young lady some worthless swamp by making her believe it was usable lake frontage. You've bamboozled her with a fake map of your subdivision, and you've taken ten thousand dollars away from her for something worth about a nickel. So put on your hat and come along." He turned to Mary Jane sternly. "After this, young lady, consult your lawyer or your bank before you do business. And you'll have to appear in court against this fellow."

"Oh," exclaimed Mary Jane, "what has he done? I don't understand. I think you're interfering, officer, because I was going to make some money."

"Yes, you were," said Small grimly. "Put on your hat, Jackman. I'll just gather in this money and these deeds and that fake map as evidence. Now, you run home, young lady, and turn on the radio."

Mary Jane and Kate stood in the corridor as Detective Small walked away with his prisoner and then Mary Jane sighed. "Opening chorus," she said. "It went over big. I think the folks are going to like the show."

"He'll be out on bail in an hour," said Kate.

"And you'll be the reception committee," Mary Jane answered. "Got your act rehearsed?"

"Even to the properties and the scenery," said Kate.

KATE'S prediction was fulfilled; in less than an hour Mr. Jackman was released on hastily procured bail, and Kate met him as he emerged from police headquarters.

"I've a taxi waiting," she said. "We'll go to your office. I—I think I'm going to be arrested and we've got to talk this over."

Once in Jackman's office they closed the door and faced each other.

"A swell mess you've got me into," said Jackman.

"I got you into nothing, and if we quarrel it's going to be bad for both of us. We've got to do something, and do it quick."

"Do something! Do what?"

"I don't know. Gosh, Mr. Jackman, I wish we had a drag with Boss Milliken. He could rig this thing for us. And nobody else can." She shrugged her shoulders. "But there's no way of getting him interested. I don't know him and neither do you."

Jackman frowned and bit his lip. "Milliken, eh? Um-m. . . . It happens I do know Milliken, and he owes me something. I'd have thought of him myself in a minute. You bet your life he'll get us out of this if he can." He grinned in a canine sort of way. "I did him a little favor a while back, and I'm telling you he'll get me squared on this count or he'll go with me."

"Not really."

"Really and then some," said Jackman.

"Well, you'd better get busy with it."

"And now is the minute."

"Don't talk over the wire. Can you get him to come here? Where it'll be safe."

Jackman nodded. "He'll be here—and on the run," he said. "Just you listen, girlie, and see."

HE WENT to the telephone and gave Milliken's number. Presently that gentleman replied, and Kate listened with no little interest to the conversation.

"Jackman speaking. I'm in a jam, Milliken . . . Eh? What's it to you? It's a lot to you and you can write that on your cuff. I want to see you bad. Neither of us can do much talking over the wire, but this office is safe. And I'll be waiting for you here. If you aren't here inside of an hour I won't be the only one that's in a jam . . . Eh? Be right down? Good."

"I'd better clear out then, and leave you to fix it," said Kate.

"If Milliken can do the trick it's as good as done," Jackman said.

"He's a hard citizen," Kate told him. "You want to get the jump on him. Make it plain to him on the start just what you've got on him and that'll put you in the driver's seat."

"Don't you worry about my making it plain," said Jackman. "Now beat it."

In less than half an hour Milliken strode into Jackman's office without the courtesy of a knock, and stood scowling. "What's the game, eh?" he demanded. "What's the line of chatter over the telephone? Sounded kind of like a threat to me. Well, you crooked little rat, let me tell you ——"

"YOU'LL tell me nothing," said Jackman. "I'll do the telling. I'm in a jam and you've got to fix the cops. Or we both have to fix the cops. Do you think I'm going to do a stretch when I've got as much on you as I have? Eh? Where'd you be if our deal about Mayor Hyde was uncovered? Tell me that."

"Shut up," said Milliken sharply.

"Shut up nothing. I'm just telling you so you'll see where we stand and so you won't be stubborn about things. You bet you! You got me to job Mayor Hyde. It was you fixed up with me to buy that property of his and make a deed and engineer the whole thing. And I don't need to worry about it. So far as I'm concerned it was a straight out-and-out real-estate proposition. Now, wasn't it? But if I came forward and told my story I guess Hyde would be on top of the heap and you'd be breaking stone at the bottom. You know and I know that fifty thousand dollars he took was payment for land. And you put up the fifty. And worth it to you, I imagine."

"Hush your noise," said Milliken, lowering his voice. "If you spilled that story how long do you think you'd last?"

"Long enough to see you in the next cell," said Jackman. "But what's the use squabbling? I landed Mayor Hyde for you pretty slick, didn't I?"

"I'm not disputing that," Milliken said furiously.

"I faked the whole deal and put him where you could frame him, didn't I? Well, doesn't that entitle me to something?"

"It'll entitle you to a lot, if you start threatening me, you rat. Do you think I'd use you if I was going to be afraid of you afterward? Just because I used you in a little political deal, do you think that gives you a general ticket of admission? Take another think. Open your mouth once, Jackman, and the lilies'll be getting a strong spring growth out of you."

"MAYBE," said Jackman, "but there's one piece of insurance you don't know about. I've got the deed."

"Eh?"

"Sure. Thought it might come in handy some day. So I cabbaged it from Packins and Wadham after that hotel-room fracas, and it's in a safe place."

Mr. Milliken was upon the point of making a rejoinder, but there came a soft rapping on the door. The men looked at each other, and Jackman called uneasily to know who was there.

"Just me," said Mary Jane, opening the door and stepping inside. "Good afternoon, Mr. Milliken. You remember me, don't you? And you've got your coat on and your feet aren't up on the desk! Did you have a nice little chat with Mr. Jackman?"

Milliken scowled in silence, but Jackman demanded nervously to know what she wanted.

"Oh, nothing. You see I've got it. Oh, quite. Mr. Milliken sets such fine examples with cameras and dictographs and stenographic reports of conversations that a girl just can't go wrong. And thank you."

"What you talking about?" demanded the Boss.

Mary Jane walked to the left-hand wall of the office and pointed to a round dark

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spot. "Not dirt, Mr. Milliken, but a hole. It goes right through and there's a camera behind it. And your office is nicely wired, Mr. Jackman, and we've not only stenographic but phonographic record of the recent conference. All of which, in my sweet, woman's way, I've arranged for your benefit and behoof. It only remains for me to present to you my friend, Detective Lieutenant Small, who will show you a warrant for your arrest on the charge of criminal conspiracy, Mr. Milliken. And I hope you will go along quietly. As for me I shall remain and ask Mr. Jackman politely for that deed. Are you there, Mr. Small?"

"Here," said the detective. "Well, Milliken, how about it?"

MILLIKEN shrugged his shoulders. "Coming," he said, and then faced Mary Jane. "My mistake," he said, "was in not attending to your case a year ago."

"Who knows?" Mary Jane said pleasantly. "But last year's rose will never bloom again. Have we all the evidence we need, Lieutenant Small?"

"Enough," said the detective, "when you get that deed."

She smiled affably upon Jackman. "Our friend will oblige," she said.

An hour later, the deed in the hands of the district attorney, and the photographic and stenographic and phonographic records duly in preparation for presentation, Mary Jane drove to the residence of Tim Hyde, mayor of Jonesboro. Young Mr. Hyde was in his library and arose eagerly as she was announced.

"Where have you been, Mary Jane?" he asked. "What have you been doing?"

"Bleating like a little lamb. Would you like to hear, or will you wait for the evening papers?"

"Hear what?"

"That we have met the enemy and they are ours."

"You mean?"

"Milliken is under arrest. The grand jury will indict him for criminal conspiracy tomorrow, and Mayor Tim Hyde will be completely exonerated of everything—except a too great faith in humanity."

"Honest? Honest Injun?"

"Cross my heart."

"My dear! My dear, you're a—a ——"

"Stop. Anything you say may be used against you. May I put a question?"

"Why—of course."

"EARLY in these negotiations," she said in her most businesslike manner, "you intimated that you entertained a degree of affection for myself, which, in your own words, was—er—sufficient to justify you in believing you actually were in love with me. Is that intimation true?"

"It is true," he said emphatically.

"On several other occasions you have asked me to enter into a contract of marriage with you? Were you speaking seriously, or only frivolously and with intent to entertain?"

"I was serious," said Tim.

"Well, I've been considering your proposition of even date, and if you are to be kept out of jail or other distressing predicaments, I feel I shall have to accept. I've got to marry you to keep you intact. Without my guiding hand and wise counsel you'll come a cropper and land on your nose."

Tim took a step forward. "Honest? Do you mean it, Mary Jane? You'll give up your profession and everything and marry me?"

"If I'm any judge," Mary Jane said demurely, "you'll be profession enough for any hard-working girl."

"Mary Jane, may I ask you a question?"

"I think so," said Mary Jane.

"Do you love me? Do you?"

Mary Jane paused a moment before replying. Then she nodded her head in the affirmative. "Oh, gosh, Tim," she said, "I love you like everythin'."

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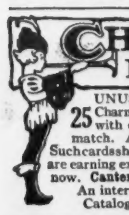

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The Infamous Mr. Conker

(Continued from Page 25)

all unopened, and thrown away. She could eat no tea that day and departed early. They noticed she was vague and distrait.

"Miriam," said Clara complacently, "is breaking up. I can't think why she doesn't join the convent altogether and become a nun. After all, what is there for her?"

The book sold and sold. Messrs. Griffiths and Griffiths, the agents, informed Miss Atterley that it had been bought also by an American firm, for a price that made her quite dizzy. Money poured into her bank account. She did not know what to do about it. She did not know what to do with it. Mr. Svenson, when she called to see him with her threadbare clothes and her faded air, and her little fur that was so terribly like a whiting, said:

"But you must really spend something upon yourself. You are a rich woman."

MISS ATTERLEY was terrified to buy as much as a new hat. If she did, she felt everyone would guess. But she could not go on living at the convent, which was intended for the genteel poor. She had twenty thousand pounds and the book was still selling. And there was her father's legacy. She hadn't the face to keep it now. She mentioned the matter to Mr. Svenson, and handed it over entire to her brother.

Bob arrived down to see her the next afternoon, with Clara.

"What's all this about, Miriam? It is extremely generous of you, my dear."

"I am only glad to be able," said Miss Atterley.

"And when do you join—take the veil, dear? We must come to the ceremony."

"But, Clara, I have never considered such a thing. I am thinking of moving about a little. London, perhaps."

They could only imagine the poor woman had gone off her head.

"Travel. But you will have no money!"

"I made some ——"

"You made some? My dear Miriam, what on earth are you talking about? You made it. How?"

Miss Atterley said firmly, "That I prefer not to tell you."

Clara and Bob looked at one another.

"And how much money do you think you have made?" her brother asked.

She had not meant to tell him even that, but she knew in the end he would find that out. She said:

"Twenty thousand pounds."

Bob sat down suddenly on the hard convent chair.

"You ask me to believe that you have suddenly, and in some secret fashion, amassed twenty thousand pounds in your spare moments, while I, working every day and all day in the City, have not acquired one-quarter of that?"

"I don't ask you to believe it, or disbelieve it. There it is. You can ask the bank manager."

MISS ATTERLEY moved into rooms. Exciting rooms that smelt engagingly of tobacco, having recently been inhabited by young men. She began to shop. She found a kindly woman in a hat shop who took a real interest in her.

"You'd be ever so good-looking if you'd have your hair cut and waved, miss. And wear your hats proper. Not all perched up on top like the last tier of a wedding cake. If you'd just try."

Miss Atterley tried, and discovered as things went she was hardly old at all. Her soft white hair, cut and waved, might, from a distance have been blond. Her sheltered life had left her with a wonderful skin, very fine and pink and white. She had a little willowy figure, which, once she got it into the right sort of underwear, gave her a very youthful look. Day by day Miss Atterley came more and more unfaded.

"You could knock me down with a feather," said Clara. "Positively indecent, I call it. Showing her legs at her age."

Meanwhile, in her new and exciting rooms in Oxford, Miss Atterley was a little surprised to get a letter from Aunt Mary. Aunt Mary had never taken any notice of her before. And Uncle Lewis, from Leeds, suddenly came to life also and sent her a picture post card of the town hall. Hoping that if she ever came up that way she would not fail to let him know. Miss Atterley was immensely touched by this sudden manifestation of interest. Everything seemed changed. Clara came to see her almost every day, and made her go for a walk down the High Street and have coffee and biscuits at the café, for which Miss Atterley paid. Clara's whole attitude toward her sister-in-law had changed. She told her about a viscountess who was willing to chaperon girls through a London season for money. She only wanted a thousand pounds, said Clara, to chaperon two. Miss Atterley thought it a lot. Presently she sensed what Clara had in mind, and after that thought it would be cheap at the price.

Aunt Mary's first letter was followed by a second.

I wonder if you would advance me some money for a knitting machine. One can make a lot of money out of a knitting machine. My investments have not done well of late and as you know I am getting on in years.

BY THE same post came Uncle Lewis' request for five thousand pounds to buy himself a sleeping partnership in a boot factory. Miss Atterley liked Uncle Lewis' way of doing things best. There was no beating about the bush with him. He went abruptly to the point, and did not, as in the case of Aunt Mary, throw in bits of scenery to smooth it all over.

Miss Atterley went to see Mr. Svenson. She laid the letters and Clara's urgent hints before him.

"I suppose I had better let them have it," she said gently.

Mr. Svenson leaned back in his chair and looked at her.

"You have got to keep your head, and think things out, my dear lady," he said. "After the thousand pounds to the viscountess, there will be other things. Expensive trousseaux. Expensive layettes. Every kind of expensive thing. And they will all be brought to you to solve, these expensive problems. You are up against what everyone who has a little money has to face. For one man with a florin, there are always three trying to get it from him. If you allow yourself to be eaten up, eaten up you will be, until once more you are back where you started from, in which case you will get as much assistance from your relations as you had before. Not much, I understand."

"Not—much," said Miss Atterley.

"Your nieces are strapping girls. They will be better off working for their living than endeavoring to shine in a society that does not really want them. There is, I imagine, little chance of your repeating this, er—this—um ——"

"None whatever," said Miss Atterley.

"IN THAT case your income properly invested, and after paying taxes, will be somewhere in the region of eight hundred a year, and you cannot afford to give it away in thousands."

"But what shall I say to them?"

"Say no," said Mr. Svenson agreeably. "And begin at once."

(Continued on Page 230)

Masters of food flavor... the French. A bit of this, a dash of that, and... voilà!... a dish, gloriously flavored. The secret? It's all in the seasoning. A. 1. Sauce combines, in perfect proportion, the very spices and condiments that season those French dishes so cleverly. And here in America *you* can easily use it, too. Sold by grocers everywhere at not more than 35 cents per bottle... usually at less. *Send to G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. 39, Hartford, Conn., for a free copy of the novel recipe booklet,* **"25 WAYS TO A MAN'S HEART."**

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1¾ c. granulated sugar
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½ c. boiling water
2 egg whites
½ tsp. Mapleine

Boil sugar, cream tartar, and water till it spins a thread when dropped from tip of spoon (or 240 degrees F.). Do not stir after mixture starts boiling. Pour syrup gradually over stiffly beaten egg whites, into which a pinch of salt has been added. Add the Mapleine, continue beating till mixture is thick enough to spread.

Alice Bradley's "Mapleine Cookery" sent free upon request.

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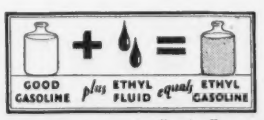

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Thistle Engraving & Pub. Co., Dept. L, 20 Vesey St., New York

(Continued from Page 228)

Easier said than done. Miss Atterley, unable to face it, weakly fled. She fled to London, without saying good-by to Clara and Bob. It seemed very mean, but it was that, or giving them all she had.

The agents in London were interested to note that Mr. Gerald Conker's letters now went to a London address, and begged that gentleman to call upon them at his earliest convenience.

It was distressing. You no sooner solved one difficulty than another beset you. It would be horrible to be called upon. To be discovered in one's lair, an impostor. She decided there was nothing for it but to put a brave face on the matter.

ATTIRED in her new coat and skirt, a neat dark gray, and wearing her squirrel furs, Miss Atterley set off for the Adelphi. The cold wind kept her cheeks supplied with roses, and her fluffy white hair could quite well have been blond beneath the little close-fitting black hat. People looked twice at Miss Atterley as she went by. The agents' young ladies were pleasantly impressed with her appearance, though rather disappointed when the door opened to admit her. They were expecting someone else. Noses were well powdered in the office that afternoon, silken bobs brushed out to their utmost capacity, in anticipation of the infamous Mr. Conker.

Miss Atterley said nervously, "I want to see Mr. Griffiths, please."

"What name shall I say, please. Mr. Griffiths is, I know, expecting someone."

"I—yes, he's expecting me. It's—Mr. Gerald Conker."

Mr. Griffiths was a man of the world, and you could have knocked him down with a feather. He wished to talk to her about her next book. They were prepared to make her very favorable terms for her next book.

Miss Atterley was noncommittal. She murmured something vague and shook hands with him, and departed so hastily he thought perhaps she was not well. As the door of the office closed behind her she heard the muffled laughter of the agents' young ladies. She stood at the head of the stairs, waiting to let the man who was coming up pass her. The man who was coming up almost ran into her, for he did not look where he was going. He had a preoccupied air and a scholarly face. She knew him before he knew her.

"Brian," she whispered.

He looked at her, first blankly, then with dawning recognition.

"Miriam! It's—it can't be—Miriam!"

His great hand enveloped hers. He caught her by the arm.

"Look here, we must go somewhere and talk. I can't let you go like this. My business can wait. I want to hear about you. I want to know what you are doing. After all these years. But you've married, of course."

He looked at her smart clothes, her squirrel furs, her bunch of violets.

She laughed up at him. "No, Brian. No one ever asked me."

THE tea place he took her to was unfashionable and cheap. His clothes, she noticed, were threadbare and poor as of old. Her nightmares of other days were without foundation. Brian had not become rich and forgotten her.

"Well, here I am, broke as ever, Miriam." He smiled at her over the hot crisp pile of buttered toast. "I'm doing literary criticisms for one of the weeklies, but that's my only regular job, and it doesn't bring in much. Funny I've never managed to strike oil—not for lack of trying, either."

"Reviewing ——" An idea shot into Miss Atterley's brain. "I wonder if you reviewed that book by—Gerald Conker?"

He looked at her in surprise.

"I did. You haven't read it, surely?"

"Not exactly read it," she prevaricated. "But what did you think of it?"

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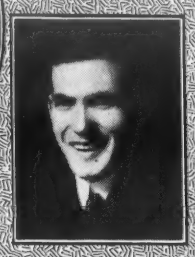

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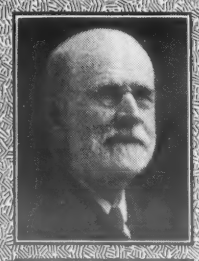

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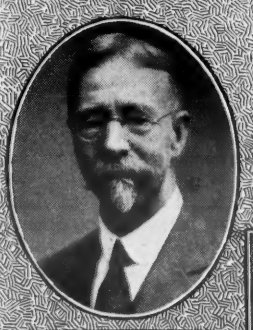

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"The usual sort of tripe. I can't think what all the fuss was about."

"Didn't you think it—wicked?"

"No, my dear. I thought it slop, to be frank with you. I have a secret theory of my own. I believe it was written by a woman. No man ——"

It seemed wonderful that of all the world he was the only one who guessed.

"Oh, Brian, you are right. You are quite right. Only I'm so relieved you don't think it is wicked. Because I wrote it. Yes, I did. In the convent in Oxford. I had to do something. I never meant it to turn out like it did."

"You wrote it?" He threw back his head and laughed. Like Mr. Griffiths his first instinct was to ask her if she was quite sure. "You wrote it? And to think I cannot air my suspicions in public now, without giving you away. You wrote it!" And then, a little shadow coming over his mirth, "Why you must be a rich woman, Miriam!"

"I certainly have got a little money now. Some ——" She was embarrassed as ever at the mention of cash, more so now because Brian wouldn't marry a rich woman and live on her.

"Where are you living?" she asked.

"Hampstead—Heath Road. Quite decent rooms." He spoke gloomily. "I've never been able to afford anything but rooms, and never shall, now."

"You'll write to me, Brian. We must meet again," she said tremulously, when they parted. She sat at her hotel and waited. No letter came from Brian.

There was, however, a letter from the agent. A long letter all about her next book.

Miss Atterley stood beside her window, tying her handkerchief into many knots. Then she called a taxi and drove up to Hampstead. Brian's landlady looked frowzy, the house had an elderly smell.

"He's in," said the landlady. "He hasn't been well. He may be in bed."

Brian wasn't in bed. He was sitting over the fire, his head in his hands. He did not hear her come in.

"Oh, Brian," she said.

He turned to her, astonished.

"Brian, I've come to you because you are the only person who can help me. Brian, I've got to have someone."

He got up and put an arm round her anxiously.

"My dear, what is the matter?"

"Everything. I've got to have someone to deal with my relations—or they will eat me up. Mr. Svenson said so, and they are doing it. And now the agents—writing and writing to me. I don't know what to say to them all. Oh, Brian, darling, please marry me. Then they will leave me alone, or if they don't you can write to them," sobbed Miss Atterley.

He put his arms round her. He felt suddenly strong and useful. He'd soon settle the people who were bothering the poor little thing.

Miss Atterley dried her eyes on the lapel of his coat. "It was the only way," she said to herself. "Brian being like he is, it was the only way."

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—Mary F., *Va.*

. . . I saved every dollar and now I'm the proud owner of a portable electric sewing machine earned with my own money.
—Mrs. C. W. T., *Minn.*

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

Your radio and your home

—now they just suit each other!

THE DAY of limited choice in cabinet radio is past. Atwater Kent has found a way of letting you select a cabinet just as you select other choice pieces of furniture for your home.

First, you decide (as so many others are doing) that your radio must be an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid. This settles the question of performance. Then you make up your mind what sort of cabinet will be appropriate for *your* home—and what price you wish to pay.

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Sunday Evenings, 9:15
(Eastern Daylight Time)
WEAF Network of N. B. C.

On the Air
Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program
Thursday Evenings, 10:00
(Eastern Daylight Time)
WJZ network of N. B. C.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY *A. Atwater Kent, President* 4701 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Hostess

WITH the appearance of September on our desk calendars we come into the golden harvest month of all hard-working hostesses, wherein for a few short weeks responsibility ceases to sit heavily, possible fiascoes lose their bugaboo terrors, and practically any kind of entertaining may be attempted light-heartedly, excepting only winter sports, which by an unfortunate insistence of physical laws seem inextricably connected with freezing weather. However, counting out this single exception, we may range fearlessly and far.

COURTESY STERN BROTHERS

A smart new French dinner gong in modernistic design; each gong signed by the artist.

The days are still warm enough for picnic meals to be popular and the weather is usually consistently fine for long stretches together, when motor trips may be planned ahead; also the evenings are cool enough to make dancing really enjoyable once more, and to excuse occasional open fires indoors. The winter's more conventional entertaining is still to come, but the summer's lazy, comfortable informality gains a new impetus and ambition with the coming of cooler breezes.

Let any one, or all of these together, be the real reason, early fall parties certainly develop a reassuring hardiness and are apt to thrive, with any ordinary amount of planning and care. Then, too, the shops are showing this year such extra-alluring aids to festivity that the hostess who is alert for new ideas has not far to look.

For instance, what could be smarter in appearance, or more convenient to carry, than the new fitted picnic suitcase we are showing on this page? It is made of a fabric material resembling leather, which makes the case light in weight, even when equipped with its white enamelware plates and cups, with their cool green rims, and the green-handled knives and forks, which match the green-and-white checks of the lining. There is an air-tight box for sandwiches and cake; cunning pepper and salt shakers, and six teaspoons have their own niches in the straps that hold the cutlery and plates in place; and there are two long compartments in the case, in which you can fit either two vacuum bottles, or one bottle and an extra vacuum box for salad, cold dessert, and the like.

THESE cases will take up almost no room in a car, for motor picnics; or if you plan to go by train or boat, here you have all your picnic necessities in just the kind of swagger-looking suitcase you would never be ashamed to carry when traveling anywhere. They are not expensive, either, which decidedly surprised us, when we first picked one up the other day in a shop and peeped inside. The charming printed-linen lunch cloth and napkins shown with it will add a gay note to your meal from the start.

If you happen to own one of the new portable moving-picture cameras, by all means make it the other important feature of your first fall picnic. And—a tip to the far-sighted hostess—don't, by all your hopes of future successful parties, waste your film footage on the scenery, on this particular occasion, no matter how great the temptation. Set your guests to work building the camp-fire, and helping cook the meal, and then take your pictures. Don't miss any of the minor catastrophes, either—there are always catastrophes on picnics, especially when a number of cooks are industriously spoiling the broth together. It won't even do any harm to help the comedy element by deliberately improvising spur-of-the-moment situations which your camera can catch and preserve for a future occasion. Try to engineer these without letting your guests know your purpose, if possible.

The "future occasion" may be an informal dinner to which you will invite the same group—and a few carefully selected extras—a week or two later, when your picnic film has been developed and is ready to show.

Have some of the funniest situations or groups developed separately as stills, and mount them on small mats for place cards. Whenever possible, choose stills that do not show the full face clearly, and have the place cards passed around during dinner for guesses as to the various actors' identities. The guesses can be written on the back of the cards, with the guessers' initials after them, and some small, amusing prize offered for the guest having the greatest number of correct names to his or her credit.

If it can be conveniently arranged, the picnic picture will be most effectively shown, a little at a time, in the dining room itself, between courses, putting the lights out for a timed period of one or two minutes, and then stopping the film at a specially funny or exciting spot, to be continued after the next course. This can be made even more amusing by running parts of the film off in slow time, as one sees done occasionally in news reels or short comedies, to emphasize some particular action. Of course, if your dining room does not lend itself to running off the picture during dinner, it can be shown afterward, in living room or hall, before settling your guests at game or bridge tables.

And speaking of bridge tables, we wish we could have shown you the exquisite orange-ground and blue inserts in the Spanish-linen bridge or luncheon set shown here with

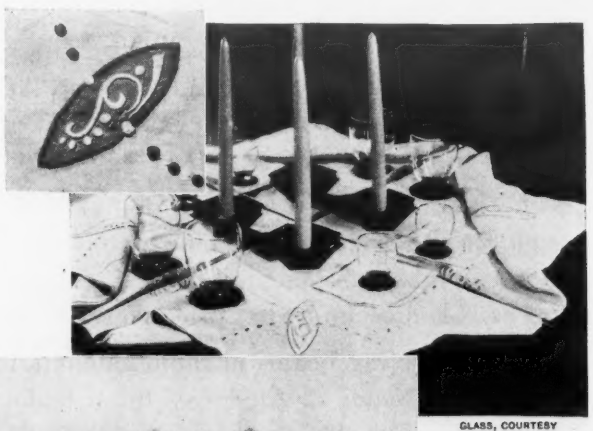
COURTESY R. H. MACY & COMPANY

the stunning black-and-white glass that is the latest cry of the hour in smart table appointments.

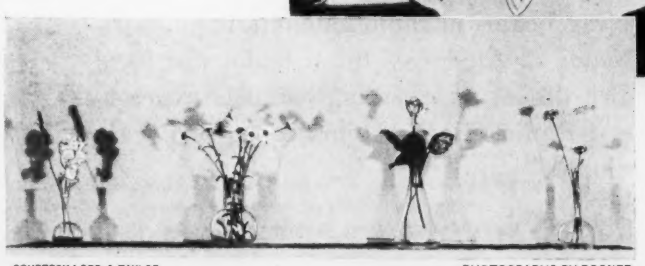
Up to now Spanish embroidery has been done on heavy cream linen, such as we described on this page a month or two ago. But now the most delicate of handkerchief linens, in brilliant or pastel shades as one chooses, are coming over from Spain. Each piece is embroidered in fine handwork, in matching or contrasting colors, with the typical Spanish feature of an appliqué of white linen forming part of the design.

There are all sorts of sizes, shapes and shades in the new Spanish luncheon sets, and each is lovelier and more completely beguiling than the last. Used in conjunction with the fad for black-and-white glass, you can achieve an effect that is at once sophisticated, unusual and very, very lovely to behold, a combination which is rare as it is beautiful.

COURTESY STERN BROTHERS



GLASS, COURTESY STERN BROTHERS
LINEN LUNCH SET, COURTESY JOHN WANAMAKER



COURTESY LORD & TAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOONER

From such a severely practical source as the laboratory of a chemist come unusual little glass flower vases, made on the exact lines of the newest test tubes science has evolved for its own uses. For a long time chemists had been using them with no thoughts of any æsthetic by-products such as flowers and tea tables and the adorning of a pretty breakfast tray. But the possibilities were there, and even in a laboratory someone finally had a frivolous thought—with the charming result shown here.

There are still stranger designs, which we have not room enough to include—X-shaped vases, long, delicately curving ones, and acute-angled, modernistic evolutions—every one capable of contributing to an artistic table decoration, as well as toward the cause of science.

AND while we are on the subject of unusual flower bowls we must not forget to mention the novel glass bowls and vases of alexandrite which have just appeared from Czecho-Slovakia, and which change color when you move them, in a perfectly absurd—and beautiful—chameleon manner that there's no explaining, unless you believe in magic and fairies and Peter Pan. No, they are not iridescent; you can't explain them that way. They are solid color—a soft mauve or orchid—when you set them down on this side of the table, and a heavenly blue if you suddenly decide you'd prefer them on the opposite corner. We haven't heard of their borrowing any other colors as yet; but just think of the effects you can get with one bowl, two distinct colors, and a garden of flowers to be called on!

A quite different but equally rewarding effect can be coaxed from the black glass bowl shown below, and almost any kind of flowers you may wish to combine with it. The more vivid blossoms are set off by the black glass, and the bowl's unusual shape, in an arresting fashion; but the softer pastel shades also gain a new loveliness in contrast with it, so, florally speaking, the world is yours to adventure in. You simply can't go wrong, if your fingers are at all deft.

The low, black glass candlesticks and the oddly shaped goblets with the black glass stands also deserve a special little pat of approval and an editorial exclamation point.

If you had actually handled the lovely things, as we have, you would promptly and covetously see them on your own lunch table at your next party, fitting in with your particular pattern of silver and china as if they had been created to go together.

By the way, another direction in which this vogue for black and white is carrying us leads to costume jewelry. Odd, striking and very smart are the many black and white designs, especially in bracelets and necklaces, which the woman who likes to be up to the hour in fashion's latest will be seen wearing this fall. The mirror motif is even introduced into some of the more unusual pieces.

A discussion of jewelry leading any feminine mind, by perfectly natural sequence, to new clothes, brings us—postscript fashion, as usual—to several Paris frocks which the JOURNAL'S fashion editor showed us only this morning. Two of them would be just the thing for such an evening party as the moving-picture dinner we described at the beginning of this article, and the third, an afternoon dress, will doubtless interest you for your next luncheon or bridge.

The fourth suggestion isn't dress at all, but an enchanting evening coat by Redfern, with the new, longer-in-the-back line of the scalloped hem. Turn to page 40, and you will find the coat, "Banco," design No. 1215, and beside it, one of the evening gowns we spoke of, "Lady," design No. 1217, a bewitching thing of chiffon and lace, as Philippe et Gaston knows how to combine them. The second evening dress is on page 45, a Drecoll-Beer creation, design No. 1216, suggested here in gray georgette with lace to match, but possible, of course, of being equally smart in any other not-too-vivid shade.

The bridge or luncheon frock, "Promenade," by Dœuillet-Doucet, design No. 1205, on page 42, won our own special interest because of the tricky little flounce-effect coming to that long, slim-looking point in front. The fashion editor recommends for it either silk crêpe or satin crêpe.

If you would care to see our newest booklet, Informal Entertaining—Indoors and Out, send a two-cent stamp to The Hostess, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Why is an individually designed Spencer always necessary? The answer is that

FIGURES, *even of Twins,* are never identical

Photograph by Wynn Richards

Miss Marian and Miss Marguerite Cook of Meadville, Pennsylvania, appear to be identical in loveliness, but a figure diagnosis by a Spencer Corsetiere revealed individual differences. Although both girls are naturally slender, their Spencer Slenderettes especially designed for them reduced the hip measurement of each more than two inches!

OF all the hundreds of thousands of women whose figures have been analyzed by the designers of Spencer foundation garments, no two have ever been found exactly alike at all points, so in each case a special garment had to be designed to meet the individual need.

"But," we are often asked, "what about twins? Surely they could wear exactly the same garment." So we searched the country over for an outstanding example of "identical twins."

At last we found them, young, slim and so alike in their loveliness that even their father and mother could not tell them apart. They wore exactly the same gloves, shoes and clothes throughout. Even their "mental measurements" seemed to be the same, for they had graduated from college and a Conservatory of Music with only an eighth of a point difference in their grades!

But when careful figure measurements were made, an interesting difference was discovered. The one who played the pipe organ was slightly larger through the right hip, while the other, who sings a great deal, had developed a fuller diaphragm.

This proves that even though you may be able to wear the same size dress as someone else, with no alteration, you would, nevertheless, need an individually designed foundation garment in order to keep from developing some figure fault.

Call the Spencer Corsetiere

Wherever you live, a Spencer Corsetiere will come to your home and make a careful analysis of your figure. From this study a special design may be created for you to meet any specific need of figure control or support for sagging muscles.

Look in the telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere." If you do not find a corsetiere living near you, send us the coupon below. Write to The Berger Brothers Company, New Haven, Conn. (In Great Britain—Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, England.)

The Slenderette

This attractive garment may be designed for slender women of good posture who want to keep a smooth line over the hips and abdomen. Entirely boneless, it is nevertheless so cleverly designed that it gives abdominal control and keeps the hips from spreading.

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Anne Spencer will give you personal advice free upon any problem you may have about the control or correction of your figure.

Anne Spencer, Sept., 1929
c/o The Berger Brothers Co.
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Please send me a free copy of your interesting illustrated booklet, "The Way to Youthful Grace."

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Do you want to make money?

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Get one properly designed, sturdily built, well insulated. Keep it well iced for safe food preservation at low cost. Ask your own ice company to help you select a good ice refrigerator. Write for free folder, "The ice box check-up book."

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES, 163 W. WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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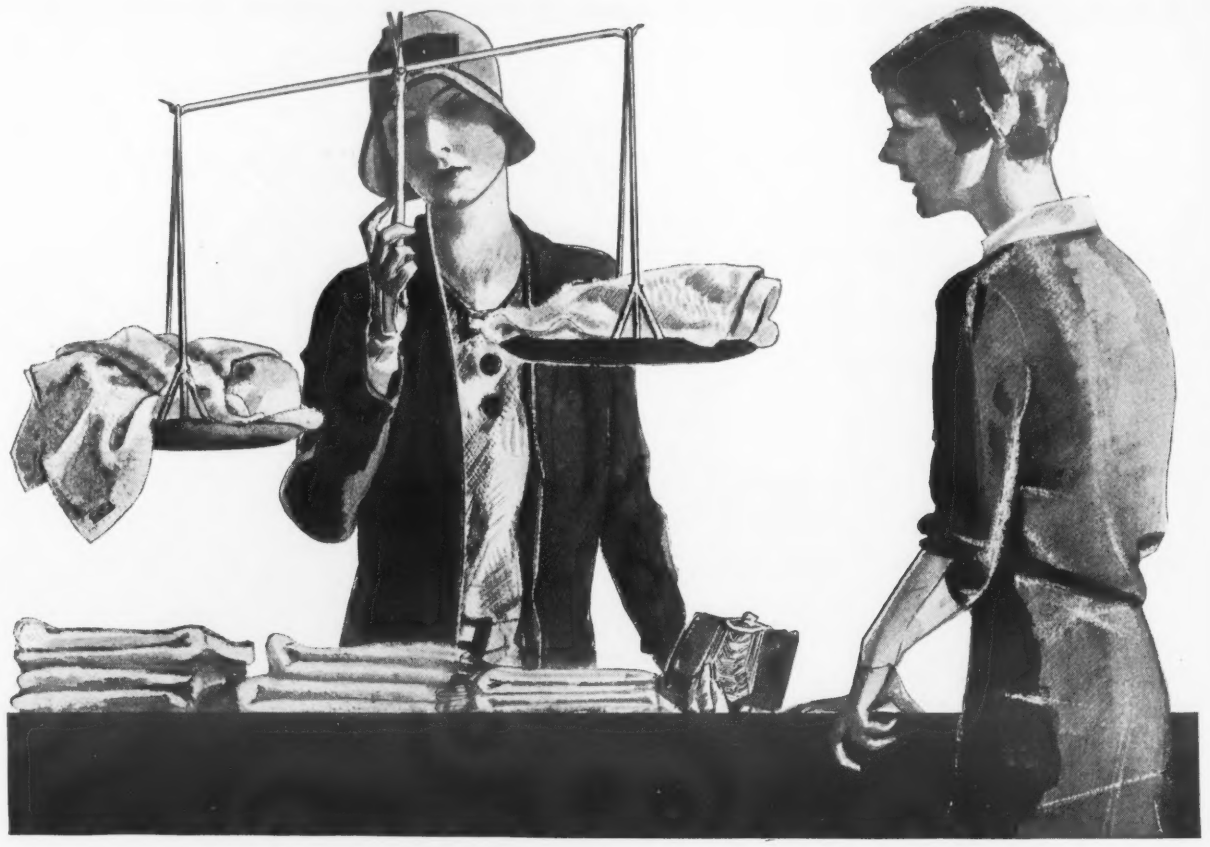
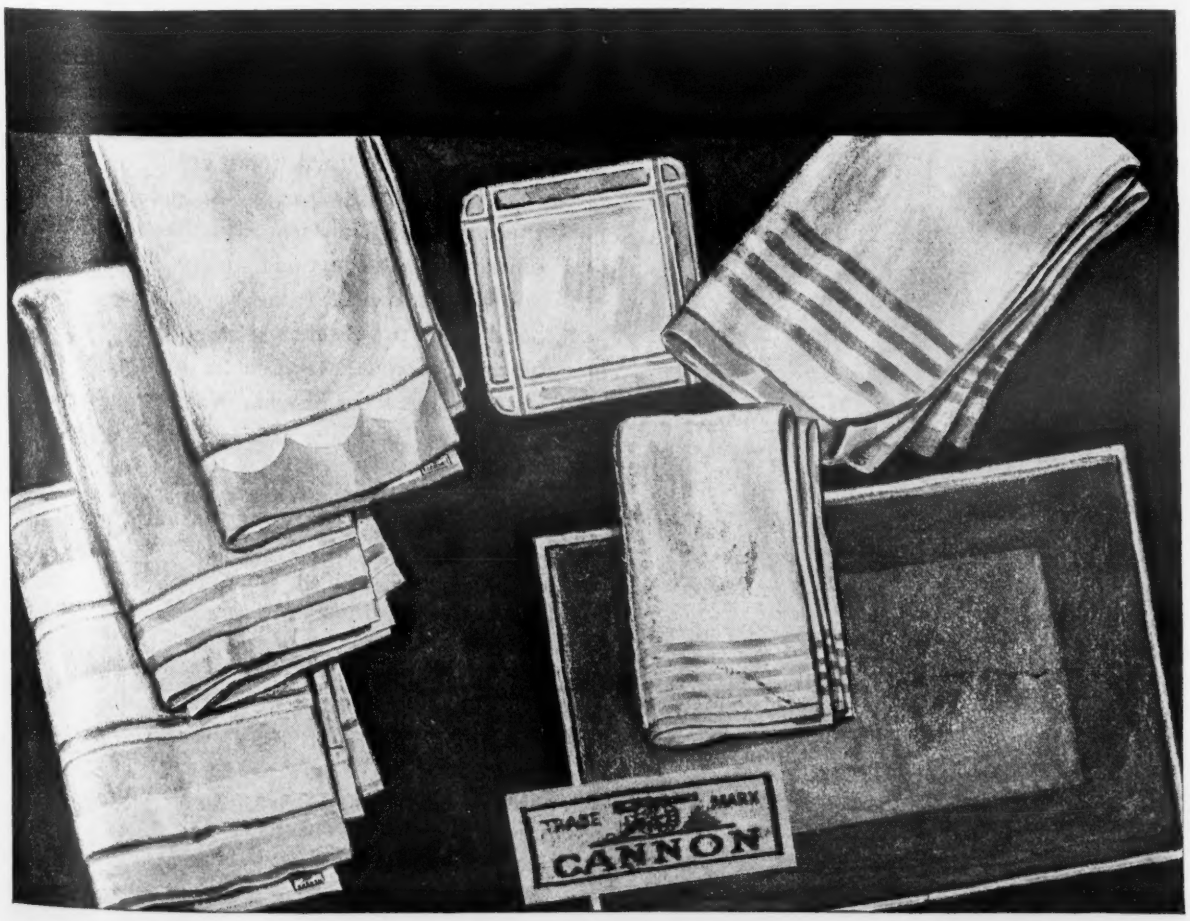


TYPE FOR TYPE and price for price, the towel that contains the most material has the greatest absorbency, gives the longest wear, and provides the most for your money. And that is something you can easily see with the aid of a pair of scales. When you weigh any Cannon towel against any other towel of similar style and the same price, you'll find the verdict of the scales is always in the Cannon towel's favor.

In tests we had made for us, buying Cannon towels and other towels in a group of department and dry goods stores, at prices ranging from 25 cents to $2, it was found the average weight of Cannon towels is 16% greater than the others.

Together with this extra value you obtain the newest styling in color and designs; beauty you will immediately recognize as the achievement of leading decorative artists. New colors are jade, orchid, maize, peach, rose and turquoise. Each shade of these colors was selected to blend with any of the others as well as with all your bathroom furnishings. Patterns are fresh and new as tomorrow's dawn, in many cases extending the full length of the towel, with the complete design showing clear and bright on both sides, the colors reversing.

There is, of course, a reason why Cannon towels give you such exceptional wear and beauty. It is Cannon's enormous production, the largest in the world. Millions of women buy Cannon towels regularly. The great savings effected by making more than half the towels sold in this country are passed on to you in better towels at any price you pay. All you need do, to be certain of the most for your money, is to look for the Cannon label on the towels you buy; and also on the Cannon bath mats and wash cloths that match your towels in color, in styling and in value. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.



CANNON TOWELS

These Cannon towels, wash cloths and bath mats are typical of those you will find in department and dry goods stores. The towels range in price from 25c to $3.00. The Cannon assortment offers a choice of snowy white towels, towels with stripes and decorative borders, and towels with reversible all-over patterns and all-over colors, with bath mats and wash cloths to match.

SEND FOR THIS NEW BOOKLET

CANNON MILLS, Inc. LHJ-3
70 Worth St., New York City

Kindly send me your new booklet, "Modern Ideas About Towels." This request places me under no obligation whatever.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

A play you ought to read

The Tragedy of Neglected Gums

Cast of Characters: Your Dentist *and* You

YOU: *"My gums are responsible for this visit, doctor. I'm anxious about them."*

D.D.S.: "What's the matter?"

YOU: *"Well, sometimes they're tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right. Just how serious is a thing like this?"*

D.D.S.: "Probably nothing to bother about, with a healthy mouth like yours. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their gums."

YOU: *"That's what worries me. Pyorrhea—gingivitis — trench mouth—all those horrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out."*

D.D.S.: "Yes, such things *can* happen. Not long ago a patient came to me with badly inflamed gums. I X-rayed them and found the infection had spread so far that eight teeth had to go. Some of them were perfectly sound teeth, too."

YOU: *(After a pause) "I was reading a dentifrice advertisement . . . about food."*

D.D.S.: "Soft food? Yes, that's to blame for most of the trouble. You see, our gums get no exercise from the soft, creamy foods we eat. Circulation lags and weak spots develop on the gum walls. That's how these troubles begin. If you lived on rough, coarse fare your gums would hardly need attention."

YOU: *"But, doctor, I can't take up a diet of raw roots and hardtack. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad."*

D.D.S.: "No need to change your diet. But you *can* give your gums the stimulation they need. Simply massage or brush them twice a day when you brush your teeth. And one other suggestion: use Ipana Tooth Paste. It's a scientific, modern dentifrice, and it contains special ingredients that stimulate the gums and help to prevent infection."

* * *

An imaginary dialog? An imaginary "you"? Admittedly, but the action is real. It is drawn from life—from real tragedies and near-tragedies enacted every day in every city of the land!

And if dentists recommend Ipana, as thousands of them do, it is because it is good for the gums as well as for the teeth. Under its continual use, the teeth are gleaming white, the gums firm and healthy. For Ipana contains ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic well known to dentists for its tonic effect upon gum tissue.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to appear before you start with Ipana. The coupon will bring you a sample, gladly sent, which will quickly demonstrate Ipana's pleasant taste and cleaning power.

But to know all Ipana's good effects it is far better to go to your nearest druggist and get a large tube. After you have used its hundred brushings you will know its benefits to the health of your gums as well as to the brilliance of your teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-99
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

A lunch for the famous Greenwich Hunt

KATHERINE CROSSON, "professional" cook to the notables of Greenwich, Connecticut, scores another triumph in this fashionable New York suburb

Katherine Crosson, famous "professional" cook of Greenwich

A few of Mrs. Crosson's well-known patrons are:

MRS. CHARLES D. LANIER
MRS. F. BAILEY VANDERHOEF
MRS. WILLIAM HODGE
MRS. H. J. FISHER
MRS. JOHN D. BARRETT
MRS. STEPHEN W. PRATT
MRS. HERBERT McCORD
MRS. JAMES QUAN
MRS. R. B. THOMPSON
MRS. HARRIET V. SEWELL
MRS. RODGER BALDWIN
MRS. C. D. MALLORY

Baked Ham Slices—one of Mrs. Crosson's luncheon specialties. Here is her recipe:

Moisten two 1 inch slices of Swift's Premium Ham and rub with ⅓ cup brown sugar and 2 tbsps. flour. Cover with milk; bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 40 minutes. On one slice of ham place apple rings cut to ½ inch thickness. Cover with second slice of ham. Around ham place remaining apple rings, the center holes filled with raisins. Bake until apples are tender, about 15 minutes. Arrange ham on platter, surrounded by apple rings. Serve thickened sauce separately.

It must have been brilliant indeed—the luncheon that could make such a stir in this sophisticated community. For fashionable Greenwich is accustomed to lavish hospitality, and these beautiful estates are the scene of constant entertaining.

Of all the festive meals served for the notables of the Greenwich Hunt, this luncheon was one of the most discussed. And like so many other outstanding events of the Greenwich season, it was prepared by Katherine Crosson.

Mrs. Crosson is the "professional" cook whom the important hostesses of Greenwich call in to take charge of such affairs. She not only plans them, cooking the main dishes herself, but often goes into one of the larger houses for two or three weeks at a time, to supervise the ordering and the menus.

A dish that Mrs. Crosson finds a particular favorite with her distinguished patrons is the one pictured on this page. Two tender slices of juicy ham—and between them and over them, the accenting goodness of tart, delicious fruit sauce.

In giving her recipe, Mrs. Crosson added a hint that she says is even more important than the recipe itself: "To make certain of the mild, yet distinctive flavor that blends so perfectly with the apples and raisins, I am always careful to get Swift's Premium Ham. Its rich savor and its juicy tenderness are indispensable for real success. I always use Swift's Premium in my cooking, whether for myself or others."

This famous cook is only one of thousands of women throughout the United States who have long prized the rare goodness of Swift's Premium Ham.

For years its mild, distinctive flavor, its delicacy and tenderness have made Swift's Premium the first choice of those who know the secrets of good living.

For your guests, or for the simple family dinner, you will find a new pleasure in Swift's Premium Ham. Order a slice from your dealer today and try Mrs. Crosson's unusual recipe.

Swift & Company

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM: *Swift's new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Swift's Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

This NEW SPOUT makes Wesson Oil more convenient than ever to use ——

A spout that *really* pours. When you get your new can —— turn the spout *out* and punch holes where marked.

Tilt the can and you can pour this delicious salad oil—sparkling, clear-as-crystal—straight into your measuring cup. A clean, pleasant way—no oil dripping down the sides of the can to spill on the table—no waste.

Doesn't that make it more convenient than ever to use this fine salad oil for baking and frying? Just *pour it to measure,* and *pour it to mix . . .* When you're through, a turn of the spout covers up both the holes.

This modern idea of cooking with a fine salad oil is growing in popularity. It will inevitably supplant old-fashioned methods. Why don't you try it? . . . We'd like to send you a copy of the Wesson Oil recipe book "Everyday Recipes"—free. Address the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.